Complete Works of

Jonathan Swift

DELPHI CLASSICS

Series Three

The Complete Works of

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

Contents

The Satires

A TALE OF A TUB
THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS
THE BICKERSTAFF-PARTRIDGE PAPERS
THE SWEARER'S BANK
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, 1726
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, 1735
A MODEST PROPOSAL
AN EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN ABUSES
A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION
DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS
MINOR SATIRES

The Sermons

THREE SERMONS
BROTHERLY LOVE AND OTHER SERMONS

Other Religious Works

LIST OF RELIGIOUS WORKS

The Political Works

DRAPIER'S LETTERS
LIST OF POLITICAL WORKS

The Historical Works

THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS OF THE QUEEN
AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND
REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE
REMARKS ON LORD CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION"
REMARKS ON BISHOP BURNET'S "HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIME"
NOTES ON THE "FREEHOLDER"

The Journalism

CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'THE TATLER'
CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'THE EXAMINER'
CONTRIBUTION TO 'THE SPECTATOR'
CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'THE INTELLIGENCER'

The Poetry Collection

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

The Poems

LIST OF POEMS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER
LIST OF POEMS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

The Memoir

A JOURNAL TO STELLA

The Biographies

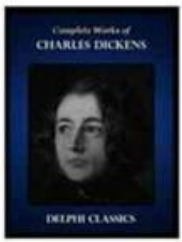
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. JONATHAN SWIFT by R. Phillips
DEAN SWIFT by James McGee

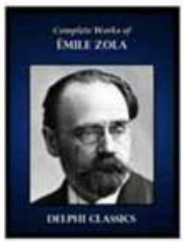
© *Delphi Classics 2013*
Version 1

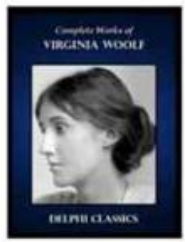
DELPHI CLASSICS

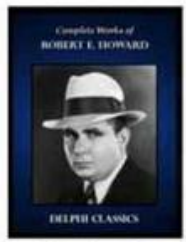
Explore our many series of eBooks...

Main Series 1 to 5

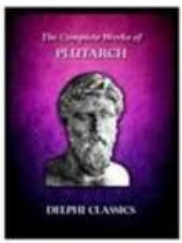


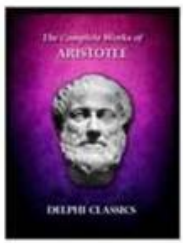


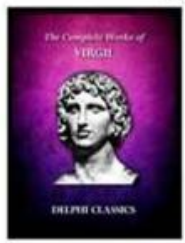


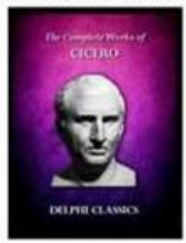


Ancient Classics Series

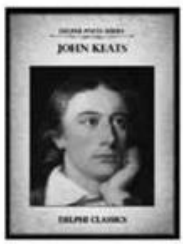




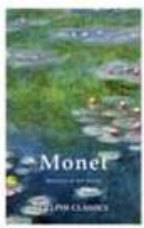


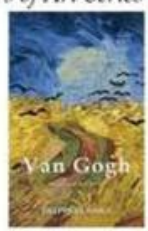


Delphi Poets Series



Masters of Art Series





www.delphiclassics.com

Free downloads and buy an entire series at a special discounted price

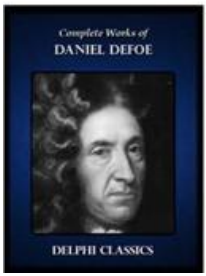
The Complete Works of

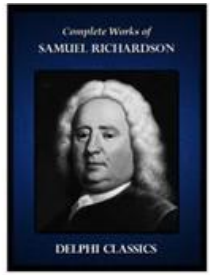
JONATHAN SWIFT

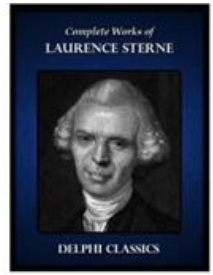
By Delphi Classics, 2013

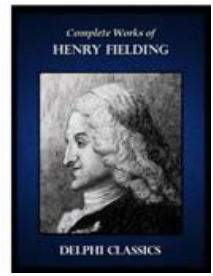
Interested in Eighteenth Century literature?

Then you'll love these eBooks…



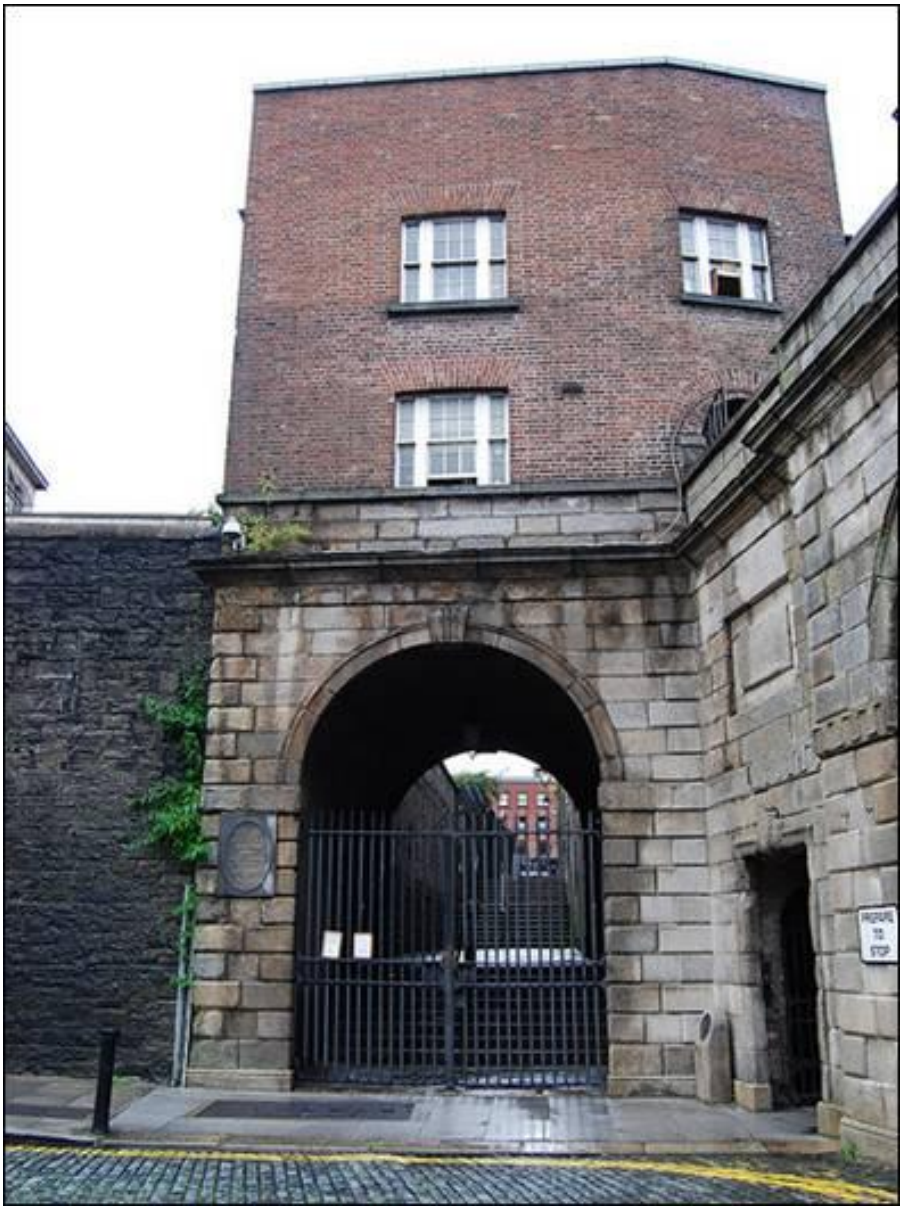






For the first time in publishing history, Delphi Classics is proud to present the complete works of these writers, with beautiful illustrations and the usual bonus material.

www.delphiclassics.com



Ship Street Little, Dublin — Swift's birthplace

The plaque commemorating the author's birth

Swift was the second child and only son of Jonathan Swift (1640–67) and his wife Abigail Erick of Frisby-on-the-Wreake. His father, a native of Goodrich, Herefordshire, accompanied his brothers to Ireland to seek their fortunes in law after their Royalist father's estate was brought to ruin during the English Civil War. Swift's father died at Dublin before his son was born and his mother was compelled to return to England. The young Swift was left in the care of his influential uncle, Godwin.

A TALE OF A TUB

Swift's first satire was ostensibly published in 1704 by John Nutt, who handled the distribution of the book and allowed his imprint to be used to conceal Swift's connection with the text. However, the true publisher was in fact Benjamin Tooke, an important printer of Swift's works and those of his employer, the diplomat and author Sir William Temple. Swift had acted as Temple's secretary, amanuensis and emissary to the court of William III.

Whilst working in Temple's library, the young author read widely in political and ecclesiastical history, travel writing and the classics. It was at this time that Swift conceived the idea for *A Tale of a Tub*, which features the allegory of three brothers representing the three main branches of western Christianity: Roman Catholicism (Peter), Anglicanism (Martin) and Dissenting Protestantism (Jack). The Tale also includes 'An Account of a Battel between the Antient and Modern Books in St. James's Library', known as 'Battel of the Books', which is an elaborate defence of Temple's controversial attack on 'modern' branches of knowledge in his *Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* (1690).

A Tale of a Tub is often regarded as a satire on religion itself, presenting a consistent lampoon of religious excess, while providing digressions in a series of parodies of contemporary writing in literature, politics, theology and medicine. The overarching parody is of enthusiasm, pride and credulity. From its opening (once past the prolegomena, which comprises the first three sections), the book alternates between Digression and Tale. However, the digressions overwhelm the narrative, both in terms of the forcefulness and imaginativeness of writing and in terms of volume.

At the time it was written, politics and religion were still linked very closely in England, and the religious and political aspects of the satire can seldom be separated. The work made Swift infamous, being widely misunderstood, especially by Queen Anne herself, who mistook its purpose for profanity. Due to this misunderstanding, Swift was prevented from obtaining later preferment within the church.

A TALE OF A TUB.

Written for the Universal Improvement of Mankind.

Diu multumque desideratum

To which is added,

An ACCOUNT of a BATTEL BETWEEN THE Antient and Modern BOOKS in St. *James's* Library.

Basima cacabasa canaa irrauriſta, diarba da cacotaba fobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib* 1 C. 18.

——— *Jurvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Muſæ Lucret.

LONDON.
Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall.*
MDCCIV.

The first edition's title page

CONTENTS

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS.
THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER
THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY
THE PREFACE.
SECTION I. - THE INTRODUCTION.
SECTION II.
SECTION III. - A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.
SECTION IV. - A TALE OF A TUB.
SECTION V. - A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.
SECTION VI. - A TALE OF A TUB.
SECTION VII. - A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.
SECTION VIII. - A TALE OF A TUB.
SECTION IX. - A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.
SECTION X. - A FARTHER DIGRESSION.
SECTION XI. - A TALE OF A TUB.
THE CONCLUSION.
THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.
A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.
THE HISTORY OF MARTIN - Continued.
A PROJECT FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

ADVERT

Treatifes writ by the fame Author, moft of them mentioned in the following Discourfes; which will be fpeedily publifhed.

A Character of the prefent Set of Wits *in this Iſland.*
A Panegyrical Eſſay upon the Number THREE.
A Diſſertation upon the principal productions of Grub-ſtree.
Lectures upon the Diſſection of Human Nature.
A Panegyrick upon the World.
An Analytical Diſcourſe upon Zeal, Hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logically *conſidered.*
A general Hiſtory of Ears.
A modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble *in all Ages.*
A Deſcription of the Kingdom of Abſurdities.
A Voyage into England*, by a Perſon of Quality in* Terra Auſtralis incognita*, tranſlated from the Original.*
A Critical Eſſay upon the Art of Canting, *Philoſophically, Phyſically, and Muſically conſidered.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS.

My LORD,

Though the author has written a large Dedication, yet that being addressed to a Prince whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our present writers; and I being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprices of authors, I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God and your Lordship know their faults and their merits; for as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book at all the worse upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on in the usual method to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your Lordship, but I was diverted by a certain accident. For upon the covers of these papers I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO, which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out that none of the Authors I employ understood Latin (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language). I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the Curate of our Parish, who Englished it thus, *Let it be given to the worthiest*; and his comment was that the Author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion who it was that the Author could mean. He told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred, but by the description he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and at the same time he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess. Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark winding stairs; but found them all in the same

story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now your Lordship is to understand that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me that your Lordship was the person intended by the Author. But being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper filled up on every side. They swore to me that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe they imposed upon my ignorance, because when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these Authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I took upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket to no manner of purpose.

If by altering the title I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines they have all assured me plainly that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the House of Austria; or of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in algebra, metaphysics, and the Oriental tongues: but to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue either of a public or private life which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few which for want of occasions to exert them might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true I should be very loth the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign; and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men that as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patron's liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this, especially when it is offered by one who is, with all respect and veneration,

My LORD,
Your Lordship's most obedient
and most faithful Servant,
THE BOOKSELLER.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER

It is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written, for the Author tells us in his preface to the first treatise that he had calculated it for the year 1697; and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the Author, I can give no manner of satisfaction. However, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge, for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person since dead, and being never in possession of it after; so that, whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question - why I published them no sooner? I forbore upon two accounts. First, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the Author and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, "fitted to the humour of the age," as they have already done with great felicity to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyère, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY

SIR,

I here present your Highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this; the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands during a long prorogation of Parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your Highness, whose numberless virtues in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes. For although your Highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission, fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours; but in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your Highness is committed, has resolved, as I am told, to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me that this person should have assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your Highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well that when your Highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you; and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know by long experience he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely that, when your Highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer - for I am well informed of his designs - by asking your Highness where they are, and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the abyss of things? It is certain that in their own nature they were light enough

to swim upon the surface for all eternity; therefore, the fault is in him who tied weights so heavy to their heels as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? Who has annihilated them? Were they drowned by purges or martyred by pipes? Who administered them to the posteriors of —— — . But that it may no longer be a doubt with your Highness who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth; consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting, and then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh, that your Highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maître de palais* of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors du page*.

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that, of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of. Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed before they have so much as learnt their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die, some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb, great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart is for our Corporation of Poets, from whom I am preparing a petition to your Highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first race, but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death, and your Highness is to be made believe that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess immortality to be a great and powerful goddess, but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices if your Highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been sometimes thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene that they escape our memory and delude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your Highness as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh

upon all gates and corners of streets; but returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and booksellers, but I inquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, devoid of all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highness that we do abound in learning and wit, but to fix upon particulars is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture, in a windy day, to affirm to your Highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an ass, a third to the westward with claws like a dragon; and your Highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would be all chanced in figure and position, new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor, perhaps, may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of those immense bales of paper which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilated, and to of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your Highness and me to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes or an oven, to the windows of a bawdyhouse, or to a sordid lanthorn. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it and return no more.

I profess to your Highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing; what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal I can by no means warrant; however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller, if lawfully required, can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. Bentley, who has wrote near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller; he is a writer of infinite wit and humour, no man rallies with a better grace and in more sprightly turns. Further, I avow to your Highness

that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good-sized volume against a friend of your governor, from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour, in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with utmost politeness and civility, replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use, and embellished with traits of wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yoke-mate to his fore-mentioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation; their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your Highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least but your Highness will peruse it as carefully and make as considerable improvements as other young princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.

That your Highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,
Your Highness's most devoted, &c. *Decemb*. 1697.

THE PREFACE.

The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of Church and State begin to fall under horrible apprehensions lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets and other offensive weapons ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity that some present expedient be thought on till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer, that seamen have a custom when they meet a Whale to fling him out an empty Tub, by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the Ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the Whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's "Leviathan," which tosses and plays with all other schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the Leviathan from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The Ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype the commonwealth. But how to analyse the Tub was a matter of difficulty, when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved, and it was decreed that, in order to prevent these Leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by "A Tale of a Tub." And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an interim of some months to employ those unquiet spirits till the perfecting of that great work, into the secret of which it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended that a large Academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons, which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island . These are to be disposed into the several schools of this Academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed, to

which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large pederastic school, with French and Italian masters; there is also the spelling school, a very spacious building; the school of looking-glasses; the school of swearing; the school of critics; the school of salivation; the school of hobby-horses; the school of poetry; the school of tops; the school of spleen; the school of gaming; with many others too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands certifying him to be a wit.

But to return. I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface if my genius, were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to take the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty, the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the moderns, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman and his patron to the patient. This was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio* . When I went through that necessary and noble course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting, because I have remarked that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. Whatdyecall'm, or in a summer's morning, any of which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this Mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is that will not pass out of Covent Garden, and such a one that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde Park Corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must need subscribe to the justice of this proceeding, because I cannot imagine why we should be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours; wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplished person who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August 1697 should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime throughout this treatise, I hold it fit to lay down this general maxim. Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method than by putting himself into the circumstances and posture of life that the writer was in upon every important

passage as it flowed from his pen, for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair - as far as brevity will permit - I have recollected that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed in a garret. At other times (for a reason best known to myself) I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger, and in general the whole work was begun, continued, and ended under a long course of physic and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless upon the several difficulties emergent he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me for proceeding thus far in a preface without declaiming, according to custom, against the multitude of writers whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus: "For a man to set up for a writer when the press swarms with," &c.

Another: "The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers who daily pester," &c.

Another: "When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists," &c.

Another: "To observe what trash the press swarms with," &c.

Another: "Sir, it is merely in obedience to your commands that I venture into the public, for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers," &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse; secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding, because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions; upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank in Leicester Fields had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy crowd is here. Pray, good people, give way a little. Bless need what a devil has raked this rabble together. Z —— ds, what squeezing is this? Honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver that stood next him could hold no longer. "A plague confound you," said he, "for an overgrown sloven; and who in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider that you

take up more room with that carcass than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof I hope there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority; for it is here to be noted that praise was originally a pension paid by the world, but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple, since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity," which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise the form aforesaid is implied, which I mention to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed, which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline. First expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know anything of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction, for there is not through all Nature another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers, for it is well known among mythologists that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound; may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the

lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite are best of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach, for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire than by any other productions of the brain, the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author why dedications and other bundles of flattery run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of anything new, not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease the lethargy in this island, whereas there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but I think with a great deal of injustice, the solution being easy and natural, for the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted; for as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions, so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind are to be counted upon a few fingers, but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round, but the reader quickly finds it is all pork, with a little variety of sauce, for there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas, and when ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first; for this being bestowed only upon one or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest who have no share in the blessing. But satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the World, which are broad enough and able to bear it. To this purpose I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet to rail aloud and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an

Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general was immediately caught up and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits; whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind in the face of the world; tell them that all are gone astray; that there is none that doeth good, no, not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa; with any other common-places equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bills* ; and when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, further, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else; against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery at Whitehall. You may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns-of-Court chapel, and in a City pulpit be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far as to drop but a single hint in public how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest; how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play; how such a one runs out of his estate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loath to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or how such an orator makes long speeches in the Senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; - whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*, to have challenges sent him, to be sued for defamation, and to be brought before the bar of the House.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been for some years preparing material towards "A Panegyric upon the World;" to which I intended to add a second part, entitled "A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages." Both these I had thoughts to publish by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue - which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small - yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch; and having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

SECTION I. - THE INTRODUCTION.

Whoever has an ambition to be heard in a crowd must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it is the difficult point, it being as hard to get quit of number as of hell.

" - Evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

To this end the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain edifices in the air; but whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation, I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, that the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight and ever out of hearing. Secondly, that the materials being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventures, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are the Pulpit, the Ladder, and the Stage-itinerant. For as to the Bar, though it be compounded of the same matter and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the Bench itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phoenician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, "The place of sleep," but in common acceptation, "A seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs;" *senes ut in otia tuta recedant* . Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation,

that as formerly they have long talked whilst others slept, so now they may sleep as long whilst others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the Bench and the Bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred to a degree that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of Nature, reducing, including, and adjusting, every genus and species within that compass by coupling some against their wills and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number, wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines, in place as well as dignity, is the Pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts, but I esteem only that made of timber from the Sylva Caledonia, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of sound and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and, best of all, without a cover; for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly where it is rightfully used, by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of Ladders I need say nothing. It is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in their early publication of their speeches, which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof I am informed that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, has made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates, - a work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the Stage-itinerant, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.* It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings, there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest that for obtaining attention in

public there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me that very few philosophers have fallen into a true natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with is this, that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus , continually descending, must needs be more so when laden and pressed down by words, which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us, and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim nor fall down with a sufficient force.

"Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus."
- *Lucr*. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators Nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage with due regard to the institution above deduced, that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready open to devour them. Then the boxes are built round and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies, because that large portion of wit laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions and little starved conceits are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombast and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles or machines contains a great mystery, being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the Pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them

from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood, and that upon two considerations: because it is the quality of rotten wood to light in the dark; and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms - which is a type with a pair of handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The Ladder is an adequate symbol of faction and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because …(Hiatus in MS.)… Of poetry, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the Stage-itinerant are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man, such as "Six Pennyworth of Wit," "Westminster Drolleries," "Delightful Tales," "Complete Jesters," and the like, by which the writers of and for Grub Street have in these later ages so nobly triumphed over time, have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub Street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham and of Will's , to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of ours. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries, not only of our planting, but our watering too. I am informed our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with license from our president, I humbly offer two answers. First, we say the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair , including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second. Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge, but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it shall be left to decide which society each book,

treatise, or pamphlet do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present, for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and newfangled writers most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which we think it very unbecoming our prudence that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves, when our adversaries by briguing and caballing have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject, because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots, which I think, from the present course of their studies , they most properly may be said to be engaged in, and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received, next to the transitory state of all sublunary things, has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. It is a cheese which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat, and whereof to a judicious palate the maggots are the best. It is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg. But then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the Grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard nor consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travail in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society, which, besides their beautiful externals for

the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts, as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago by one of our most eminent members. He began with the "History of Reynard the Fox," but neither lived to publish his essay nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt, which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made and communicated to his friends is now universally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of "Tom Thumb," whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is "Dr. Faustus," penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ* and an adeptus; he published it in the nine hundred and eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida*; and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

"Whittington and his Cat" is the work of that mysterious Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the Gemara of the Jerusalem Misna, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

"The Hind and Panther." This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living , intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen from Scotus to Bellarmine.

"Tommy Potts." Another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The "Wise Men of Gotham," *cum* Appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of modern learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and the ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea as well as a taste of what the whole work is likely to produce, wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill

worn to the pith in the service of the State, in pros and cons upon Popish Plots, and Meal Tubs, and Exclusion Bills, and Passive Obedience, and Addresses of Lives and Fortunes; and Prerogative, and Property, and Liberty of Conscience, and Letters to a Friend: from an understanding and a conscience, threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions, and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who (as it afterwards appeared) were professed enemies to me and the Government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six-and-thirty factions. But finding the State has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher, having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men.

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour that the brief specimen I have given will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance, that they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and most mystical part, I have throughout this treatise closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete I have with much thought and application of mind so ordered that the chief title prefixed to it (I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversation of court and town) is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles , having observed the humour of multiplying them, to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of godfathers , which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example, but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty Lords of my acquaintance that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECTION II.

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young, and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:-

"Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you, and at last, with much care as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well! Pray, children, wear them clean and brush them often. You will find in my will (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats, wherein you must be very exact to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive and not otherwise."

Here the story says this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation, the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands-Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil . On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception, and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down-stairs, ate at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess and spoke never

a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billet-doux of quality; came ever just from court and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of Senators who are silent in the House and loud in the coffeehouse, where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in town. But all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol , who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house on an altar erected about three feet. He was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor sitting on a superficies with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign, whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, Hell seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating, to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or *Deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus . Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and the needle, whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief which seemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green, or the sea but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature hath been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a

microcoat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute, but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipped down for the service of both.

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes are in reality the most refined species of animals, or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures or men. For is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inseparable proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament-, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses. It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes or dresses, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor; if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge, and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a Bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and the celestial suit, which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by Scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being: as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcass. By all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humour, and a coat full of powder was very good raillery. All which required abundance of finesse and delicatesse to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have with much pains and reading collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking very different from any other systems, either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story, that, knowing the state of dispositions

and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to (whom we have named already) were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread without a positive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and besides, so neatly sewn you would swear they were all of a piece, but, at the same time, very plain, with little or no ornament; and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulder-knots came up. Straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the quota of shoulder-knots. "That fellow," cries one, "has no soul: where is his shoulder-knot?" Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse, the doorkeeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler." If they stepped into the "Rose" to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale." If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with "Pray, send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? What temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. "It is true," said he, "there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots, but I dare conjecture we may find them inclusive, or *totidem syllabis*." This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine the will. But their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing; upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, "Brothers, there is yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis* nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo* or *totidem literis*." This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R, when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing brother (for whom we shall

hereafter find a name), now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. "It is true," said he, "the word *Calendae*, had in Q. V. C. been sometimes writ with a K, but erroneously, for in the best copies it is ever spelt with a C; and by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language to spell 'knot' with a K," but that from henceforward he would take care it should be writ with a C. Upon this all further difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline, for a certain lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace. Whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a —— , and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point, but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant. It did *aliquo modo essentiae adhaerere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read "Aristotelis Dialectica," and especially that wonderful piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself, like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. "Brothers," said he, "you are to be informed that of wills, *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory and scriptory, that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur*, but *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say when we were boys that he heard my father's man say that he heard my father say that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it." "That is very true," cries the other. "I remember it perfectly well," said the third. And so, without more ado, they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin for linings, and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen. "An please your worships," said he, "my Lord C — and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pin-cushion by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search

they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice in their father's will to take care of fire and put out their candles before they went to sleep . This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command, and being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal, says he that was the scholar, "I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously. I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the Corporation of Fringemakers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe , and according to the laudable custom gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: "Item, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats," &c., with a penalty in case of disobedience too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe does also signify a broom-stick, and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broom-stick; but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children . Here they had no occasion to examine the will. They remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the

matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will; besides, they did not wear them in that sense, as forbidden by their father, but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching further evasions and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong-box, brought out of Greece or Italy (I have forgot which), and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver; upon which the scholar pronounced *ex cathedrâ* that points were absolutely *jure paterno* as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible *todidem verbis* from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical, and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother so often mentioned was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it; insomuch, as having run something behindhand with the world, he obtained the favour from a certain lord to receive him into his house and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

SECTION III. - A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

Though I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns, yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it. In their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in or tasting it, but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit, and that a critic who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of these two have been for some ages utterly extinct, and besides to discourse any further of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the true critic, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat

Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves, as Hercules most generously did, and hath upon that score procured for himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons I suppose it is why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane or hemp, or from some convenient altitude, and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received before that operation was performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true, ancient, genuine critic: which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to peruse and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung; or else to drive away a sort of dangerous fowl who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those Stymphalian birds that ate up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic: that he is a discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be further put beyond dispute by the following demonstration:- That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds wherewith this ancient sect hath honoured the world, shall immediately find from the whole thread and tenor of them that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers, and let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own, by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors, by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern, and consequently that the

critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic agreeable to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection - from the silence of authors - will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error, from which I should never have acquitted myself but through the assistance of our noble moderns, whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them . Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented and brought to light by much later pens, and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made in art or nature have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age, which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to, and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or panegyric upon the true critics, in imitation of their masters, the moderns. Now, in the commonplaces of both these I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues, and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times.

Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered upon occasion into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes, yet whatever they touched of that kind was with abundance of caution, adventuring no further than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few which I am very confident will put this question beyond doubt.

It well deserves considering that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story according to their affections or their wit. For first, Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics, and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the

superfluities and excrescences of books, which the learned at length observing, took warning of their own accord to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: That the Nauplians in Argia learned the art of pruning their vines by observing that when an ass had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice, telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Libya there were asses with horns, upon which relation Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India; adding, that whereas all other asses wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part that their flesh was not to be eaten because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were, whose very voice was so dreadful that a legion of authors would tremble and drop their pens at the sound. For so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ass. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof that were more cautious and mystical. So Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say that in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation.

"Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem retro consueta necare." - *Lib*. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words. "Among the rest," says he, "there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite, but if its vomit (to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon anything, a certain

rottenness or corruption ensues. These serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice, whereof whoever drinks, that person's brain flies out of his nostrils."

There was also among the ancients a sort of critic, not distinguished in specie from the former but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars, yet because of their differing employments they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these young students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a grey critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth, like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of Malevoli.

Now it is certain the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided like Themistocles and his company. One man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics, and withal an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both. That the "Tailor's Hell" is the type of a critic's commonplace-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose. That it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar as of the others to the composition of a man. That the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. Much may be said in answer to these invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company than of any other you can name. For as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth, so before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind, which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this Empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self . A certain author, whose

works have many ages since been entirely lost, does in his fifth book and eighth chapter say of critics that "their writings are the mirrors of learning." This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his inventions there as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass and fine mercurio, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been and must be for ever the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and when it is skilfully burnished will cast reflections from its own superficies without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is a horseback he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company, and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic in the perusal of a book is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones .

Thus much I think is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics, and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

SECTION IV. - A TALE OF A TUB.

I have now with much pains and study conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big and to take mightily upon him, insomuch that unless the gentle reader out of his great candour will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him, his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. Peter; and then he must be styled Father Peter, and sometimes My Lord Peter. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to, after much thought he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord Peter's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them, without considering much the order they came out in, because I think authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that of the several Academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers the Eastern missionaries that I have purely for their sakes made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the Oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *Terra Australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage; upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again and again, and again and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the

worms, especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights; as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object, and by no means break wind at both ends together without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the cholic, as likewise of all eavesdroppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites and buffoons, in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears, which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows . . . . and rivers, that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original, though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows, the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery for which he was much renowned was his famous universal pickle. For having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter with great cost as well as art had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings (and has been often that way applied with great success), but for its may sovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlim-pimp, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race

was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden-fleece. Though some who pretended to observe them curiously doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste, because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an alloy from intervention of other parents from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world - whatever was the cause, it is certain that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved, as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster beside that in. Horace, "Varias inducere plumas," and "Atrum definit in piscem." For these had fishes tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a roaring to fright naughty boys and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance, where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the Golden Fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil till you flung them a bit of gold; but then *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry and children fall into fits; who to this very day usually call sprites and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the North-West got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money, which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:-

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. And it you fail hereof, G — d — mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell. Your most humble man's man,

"EMPEROR PETER."

The wretches trusting to this lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti* may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain arcana are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an inmuendo.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride) he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head, three storey high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time, where his first *boutade* was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too, and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers could be

met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals . Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept in default of a sirloin to his brown loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life, in which bread is contained inclusive the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard, and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a City feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton ; or hold, now my hand is in, I'll help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord," said he, "I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake." "What!" says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with." "None in the world, my Lord; but unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart." "How," said Peter, appearing in great surprise, "I do not comprehend this at all;" upon which the younger, interposing to set the business right, "My Lord," said he, "my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordship hath promised us to dinner." "Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you, either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another, though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder." "What then, my Lord?" replied the first; "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while." "Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present;" but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. "My Lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes and fingers, and teeth and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word. "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf." "Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter in a rage, "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G — , it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall Market; and G — confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a

thundering proof as this left no further room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration" - "Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of reason." "Very well," said Peter. "Here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret. Here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his Lordship. "That you shall," said Peter, "I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable; wine moderately taken is a cordial. Here is a glass apiece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape; none of your damned vintner's brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate further would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death than allow himself to be once in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions, and swearing not only to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches, and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough on it to build sixteen large men-of-war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, "Z — nds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? By G — , I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never told a lie in his life, and at every word: "By G —— gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth, and the d — l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave; and his two brothers, long weary of his ill-usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly

desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera* , by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused, their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door and get a little good drink to spirit and comfort their hearts . In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which, their next work was to discard their concubines and send for their wives . Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client, and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king. In the midst of all this platter and revolution in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECTION V. - A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance and never-dying fame if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe! is the adventurous attempt of me, thy secretary -

”Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.”

To this end I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained, till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture and in due symmetry, so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress further in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another like a nest of boxes, I do affirm that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery: that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways - instruction and diversion. And I have further proved my said several readings (which, perhaps, the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate) that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed, his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights, and accordingly throughout this divine treatise have skilfully kneaded up both together with a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce to a degree that our choice town wits of most refined accomplishments are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or no; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy

modern, Dr. Bentley. I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail that no famous modern hath ever yet attempted an universal system in a small portable volume of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O-Brazile. The method he proposed was by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which after his untimely death I found among his papers, and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf's skin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil in *balneo Mariae*, infusing quintessence of poppy Q.S., together with three pints of lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting (first shaking the vial) three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, excerpta quædams, florilegias and the like, all disposed into great order and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own it was by the assistance of this arcanum that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before but by a certain author called Homer, in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and for an ancient of a tolerable genius; I have discovered many gross errors which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic , it is manifest he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect perfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica . He is also quite mistaken about the *sphaera pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for, and (if the reader will admit so severe a censure) *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument a save-all; for want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax

this author with; I mean his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the Church of England. A defect, indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatise of ancient and modern learning; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece while I was penning this treatise.

But besides these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood; but I challenge any of his admirers to show me in all his writings a complete account of the spleen. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? and as to his method of salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand, and I dare venture to promise the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others, whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my "New Help of Smatterers, or the Art of being Deep Learned and Shallow Read," "A Curious Invention about Mouse-traps," "A Universal Rule of Reason, or Every Man his own Carver," together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as possible into the beauties and excellences of what I am writing, because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill nature of critical or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to

one whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny that whatever I have said upon this occasion had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer. I claim an absolute authority in right as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monstermongers and other retailers of strange sights to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This has saved me many a threepence, for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric, "Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin." Such is exactly the fate at this time of Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomenas, Apparatuses, To the Readers's. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence that the world would never have suspected him to be so great a poet if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so. However, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers in our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the usual modern stint), as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits by reading nothing else. Into which two factions I think all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort, and therefore having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work, where as it now lies it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume, a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for and a universal censure unprovoked, by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellences and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECTION VI. - A TALE OF A TUB.

We left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren, both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on, scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous Author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off; whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence, by gradual steps, raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time, returning, where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of a historian, to follow the truth step by step whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles so nearly united in fortune and interest took a lodging together, where at their first leisure they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell of the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them, when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules, about the wearing of their coats, in the perusal whereof the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things, horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved without further delay to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called Martin, and the other took the appellation of Jack. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do, men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same. But when they came forward into the world, and began to display

themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different, which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject. Because, memory being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other; upon which account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion, never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive, and this to a degree that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen, but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribbands, and fringe, and embroidery, and points (I mean only those tagged with silver, for the rest fell off). Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points, and with a second pull stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far he demurred a while. He knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work, having already very narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the points, which being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sewn to preserve them from falling. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children, against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe. These, with much dexterity and application, were after a while quite eradicated or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthened any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury, which he thought the best method

for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his father's commands, since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal, which is, perhaps, the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language, as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject, wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physiological account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and from thence in a hot summer ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having already had such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and further provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What!" said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his crusts upon us for mutton, and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions? A rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom ; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread thread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery; for being clumsy of nature, and of temper impatient withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate, in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continuing his career, "Ah! good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible. I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that

might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means, for he never would get such another; desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter's, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed, and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all defensible, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction.

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind (the true ultimate end of ethics), but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent, disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam; so it happened here that the weight of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence, while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau half rifled by bullies, or like a fresh tenant of Newgate when he has refused the payment of garnish, or like a discovered shoplifter left to the mercy of Exchange-women , or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat resigned into the secular hands of the mobile . Like any or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear; he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments as he could muster up for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it, or as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition, and observing he said all to little purpose, what alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain

reported that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the Bald, sometimes Jack with a Lanthorn, sometimes Dutch Jack, sometimes French Hugh, sometimes Tom the Beggar, and sometimes Knocking Jack of the North . And it was under one or some or all of these appellations (which I leave the learned reader to determine) that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned Jack for their author and founder. Of whose originals as well as principles I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

"Mellaeo contingens cuncta lepore."

SECTION VII. - A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I have sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-shell, but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions. The late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which among men of a judicious taste are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees and ragouts.

It is true there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations. And as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold as to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution, and to see a man hunting through an olio after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Further, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions without further expatiating from the subject than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army encamped in a fruitful country, which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on, till provisions being spent, they send to forage many a mile among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have

discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either first to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms, therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back-door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules' oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late with a world of martial discipline drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in Nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others hath borne the most and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has in some sort been both invented and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the signs of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears

any vogue besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies whose stature did not exceed above two feet, *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia*. Now I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open, like the Scythians , who had a custom and an instrument to blow up those parts of their mares, that they might yield the more milk; yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry and past all recovery, and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an uncontestable argument that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains, therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes and little compendiums? Quotations must be plentifully gathered and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas are to be nicely dwelt on by some called the sieves and boulters of learning, though it is left undetermined whether they dealt in pearls or meal, and consequently whether we are more to value that which passed through or what stayed behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks there starts up many a writer capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his commonplace book be full? And if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself as often as he shall see occasion, he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label, never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library, but when the fulness of time is come shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature, for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the field - a happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors, among whom the number of pens was so infinite that the Grecian eloquence had no

other way of expressing it than by saying that in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length, and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he please. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

SECTION VIII. - A TALE OF A TUB.

The learned Æolists maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved, that the same breath which had kindled and blew up the flame of Nature should one day blow it out.

"Quod procul à nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans."

This is what the Adepti understand by their *anima mundi*, that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; or examine the whole system by the particulars of Nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*, what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Further, what is life itself but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils, whence it is very justly observed by naturalists that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus* and *inflatus*, applied either to the emittent or recipient organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts deducible from it are by no means to be omitted; among which, the following maxim was of much weight: That since wind had the master share as well as operation in every compound, by consequence those beings must be of chief excellence wherein that primordium appears most prominently to abound, and therefore man is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three, by this *quartum principium* taking in the four corners of the world. Which gave occasion to that renowned cabalist Bombastus of placing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia* extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously boarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of belching to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To

cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year you might behold the priests amongst them in vast numbers with their mouths gaping wide against a storm. At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason with great propriety of speech did usually call their bodies their vessels . When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue for the public good a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed or confessed that learning puffeth men up; and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: "Words are but wind, and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind." For this reason the philosophers among them did in their schools deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first by their turbulence and convulsions within caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relievo. At which junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of Latria, was the Almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece had likewise in highest reverence. "Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant." This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *caelum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called £Ç¿Ä¹±, the Land of Darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original, from whence in every age the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders,

and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned that the virtuosos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages, and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, though, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated, and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this barrel upon solemn days the priest enters, where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance, which issuing ex *adytis* and *penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and griping. And the wind in breaking forth deals with his face as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples, of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath, others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds, and gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world, because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true indeed that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as with due management has been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstasy. And to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is further insisted that this custom of female priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists , who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the Sybils.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil, his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted, till, having soared out of

his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing he falls down plump into the lowest bottom of things, like one who travels the east into the west, or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse, or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness, or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which has stood me in so much circumstance is altogether true, that as the most uncivilised parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a God or Supreme Power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough, for it is with men whose imaginations are lifted up very high after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so, that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus in the choice of a devil it has been the usual method of mankind to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of the Æolists possessed themselves with a dread and horror and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster called Moulinavent, who with four strong arms waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with gods as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are beyond all doubt a most authentic branch, of whom I therefore cannot without injustice here omit to make honourable mention, since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest as well as inclinations with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to times and circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions as well as practices have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions to remove prejudices and place things in their truest and fairest light, which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECTION IX. - A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

Nor shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be, a person whose intellectuals were overturned and his brain shaken out of its natural position, which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or frenzy. For if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men, which are the establishment of new empires by conquest, the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy, and the contriving as well as the propagating of new religions, we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaptation and at proper seasons, and it is of no import where the fire was kindled if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air, the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that as the face of Nature never produces rain but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding seated in the brain must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention and render it fruitful. Now although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crop they produce differs both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed, the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectation towards what point the storm would burst, the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a

scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope and setting up the Reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon , gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now is the reader exceeding curious to learn from whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? What secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, who was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quaeque*, for

"Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire." - *Lucr.*

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a woman who has jilted him naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

The other instance is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author of a mighty king , who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns, beat armies and be beaten, drive princes out of their dominions, fright children from their bread and butter, burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis* , and gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence is it where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed. The same spirits which in their superior progress would conquer a kingdom descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy,

and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new systems with such an eager zeal in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known; from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples, because it is plain that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and, indeed, by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed or out of their wits, having generally proceeded in the common course of their words and actions by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason, agreeing for the most part in their several models with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam, whose merits and principles I shall further examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others, who, if they were now in the world, tied fast and separate from their followers, would in this our undistinguishing age incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man in the natural state or course of thinking did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that one time or other a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual jostlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see before he died the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, rapt and drawn within his own vortex. Now I would gladly be informed how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name beside that of madness or frenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples, and I think the reason is easy to be assigned, for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will by a secret necessary sympathy strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for, if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the

differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when, writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words, *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere* . For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher; which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts as a very seasonable innuendo.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend Mr. Wotton, a person in appearance ordained for great designs as well as performances, whether you will consider his notions or his looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base, detracting world would not then have dared to report that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake, which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, whoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence in all ages have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current. Of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now the former postulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends, it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch, and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpensity, for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain . . . *Hic multa . . . desiderantur.* . . and this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having, therefore, so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion that, if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire,

in philosophy, and in religion. For the brain in its natural position and state of serenity disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions, and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding as well as common sense is kicked out of doors, the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others, a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth, and the reason is just at our elbow: because imagination can build nobler scenes and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or Nature will be at the expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived, and so the question is only this: whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist as those that are seated in the memory? which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How sad and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! How shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of Nature, so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish, and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides and publishing infirmities - an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depths of things and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the

inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting Nature, one of whose eternal laws it is to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader that in such conclusions as these reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognisance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in, whereof I have been further convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcass of a beau to be stripped in my presence, when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen, but I plainly perceived at every operation that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us, in number and bulk; from all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to sodder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of Nature, will deserve much better of mankind and teach us a more useful science than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them (like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic). And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art, he that can with Epicurus content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superfices of things, such a man, truly wise, creams off Nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity called the possession of being well-deceived, the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapour; therefore, as some kinds of frenzy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain. Now it usually happens that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which for want of business either vanish and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their causes, over-hastily assigning the first to deficiency and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is to furnish employment for this redundancy

of vapour, and prudently to adjust the seasons of it, by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country. Another achieves the same enterprise, but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love, that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins *ingenium par negotiis*, or (to translate it as nearly as I can), a sort of frenzy never in its right element till you take it up in business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowles, John Howe, Esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a Bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam and the parts adjacent, who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records, to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor, to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour, by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, . . . civil and military, proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of that high esteem I have ever borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piecemeal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his vessel in the spectators' faces? Let the right worshipful the Commissioners of Inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here mislaid! Let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence in his pocket , and away with him to Westminster Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel, a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *Ecce cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony, talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon, bars up the wooden of his cell constantly at eight o'clock, dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now what a figure would all these acquirements amount to if the owner were sent into the City among his brethren! Behold a fourth in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures, his countenance chequered

with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolator of monosyllables and procrastination, so ready to give his word to everybody that he never keeps it; one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound; extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, "Sir," says he, "give me a penny and I'll sing you a song; but give me the penny first" (hence comes the common saying and commoner practice of parting with money for a song). What a complete system of court-skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel, first stopping your nose, you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination, like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath. He holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now is it not amazing to think the society of Warwick Lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt; to him alone is allowed the liberty of the ante-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not further enlarge. . . . Hark in your ear. . . . I am strangely mistaken if all his address, his motions, and his airs would not then be very natural and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians that the world might recover by such a reformation, but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried or at least misapplied. It would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry that all these would very much excel and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds, which I think is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance, that even I myself, the author of

these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience to be a very light rider, and easily shook off; upon which account my friends will never trust me alone without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind, which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECTION X. - A FARTHER DIGRESSION.

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem without a preface full of acknowledgments to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to His Majesty and both Houses of Parliament, to the Lords of the King's most honourable Privy Council, to the reverend the Judges, to the Clergy, and Gentry, and Yeomanry of this land; but in a more especial manner to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's Coffee-house, and Gresham College, and Warwick Lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland Yard, and Westminster Hall, and Guildhall; in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generosity and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and to the utmost of my poor capacity shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded, "Why, truly he thanks his stars the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain." And yet he wrote it in a week at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs, as it is a hundred to one you may see further in the preface, to which he refers you, and for the rest to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question, "He blesses his God the thing takes wonderful; he is just printing a second edition, and has but three left in his shop." "You beat down the price; sir, we shall not differ," and in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; "And pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will; I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate."

Now it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning, - but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away

to a degree most woeful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous troglodyte philosopher. "It is certain," said he, "some grains of folly are of course annexed as part in the composition of human nature; only the choice is left us whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed, and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings called "Second Parts," and usually passes under the name of "The Author of the First." I easily foresee that as soon as I lay down my pen this nimble operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrange, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration; and if it should so happen that the furniture of an ass in the shape of a second part must for my sins be clapped, by mistake, upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to his own house till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the meantime, I do here give this public notice that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal, and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat may be given to the poor, and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones . This I understand for a more generous proceeding than to turn the company's stomachs by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions, and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes - the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned, and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter, which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader (between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to stare, which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will

here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm that, whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime it is my earnest request that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon (if their Majesties please) with all convenient speed, because I have a strong inclination before I leave the world to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers can seldom reach till we have got into our graves, whether it is that fame being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow and much less ripen till the stock is in the earth, or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a carcass, or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety as well as extent of their reputation. For night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion they are dark, and therefore the true illuminated (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholiastic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them, the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendos that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of 0's multiplied by seven and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the Rosy Cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth section they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigè, and be sure not to forget the qualities of Acamoth; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitiâ solida, et à timore mobilis*, wherein Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECTION XI. - A TALE OF A TUB.

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way, whereof, though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling. If a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), if his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty; but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best. He spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step. All their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end, and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean or convenient, entertains his company there as agreeably as he can, but upon the first occasion carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of Nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves, and be d — n'd. He'll overtake them at the next town, at which arriving, he rides furiously through, the men, women, and children run out to gaze, a hundred noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge. But should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack, the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be from two of the foregoing to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to

countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect either from undoubted tradition or indefatigable reading, and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types, who can make shadows - no thanks to the sun - and then mould them into substances - no thanks to philosophy - whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment, and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect, yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary as well as the most paltry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased, so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe; or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny - they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the praise of his Will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once at a strange house he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate, and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back, he chose rather, as the more prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed; neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again, because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber is not known) which seemed to forbid it .

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat, nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian .

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle , which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in

his belly, which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night like the skull of an ass wherein a roguish boy hath conveyed a farthing-candle, to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lanthorn.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post or fall into the kennel (as he seldom missed either to do one or both), he would tell the gibing apprentices who looked on that he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip or a blow of fate, with whom he found by long experience how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff, and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swingeing fall or a bloody nose. "It was ordained," said he , "some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter, and therefore Providence thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse, for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man with all his foresight about him. Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way, and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lanthorn among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But further, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true I have broke my nose against this post, because Providence either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age of posterity to trust their noses unto the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides, miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of destruction. But alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall - a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco , who was Lord of the Silver Bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog."

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers, by some called Babel, by others Chaos, who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would of a sudden bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible to let in the ambient heat, and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out .

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of hangman-general, and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish either by the view or the sound between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease the reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula, and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bagpipes . But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster Hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and upon that account bore a cruel aversion to painters, insomuch that in his paroxysms as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaded with stones to pelt at the signs .

Having from his manner of living frequent occasions to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in .

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears . It was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaister of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a groaning like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps;" to another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick in

the rear;" "Madam, shall I entreat a small box in the ear from your ladyship's fair hands?" "Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders." And when he had by such earnest solicitations made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke," said he, showing his bare shoulders; "a plaguy janissary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours mine, this broken head deserves a plaister; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French King long before this time of day among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Moghul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not - God bless us - already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to affectation, to bear towards each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other, and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest, unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds that they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet, the reason of which is easy enough to apprehend, for the frenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre, which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien; insomuch as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner;" or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms: "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long, and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours

against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery, but at the same time went on with so much violence that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation, for as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance in the dark or by short-sighted eyes, so in those junctures it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both . . . *Desunt nonnulla*, . . .

The old Sclavonian proverb said well that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm, and it hath been verified by repeated experience, that -

"Effugiet tamen haec sceleratus vincula Proteus."

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors with great allowances to times and persons; for if we look into primitive records we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them, which I think we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*; and how can it be otherwise, when in these latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For if only the slitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations to which the ears of our fathers and our own have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior; and therefore in that truly pious age the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us that when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes a eunuch, and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them; whereof those who had already used the means looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect; others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as

discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon as if they had been cloven tongues, but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude, which upon that account he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people in his rhetorical paroxysms, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other; from which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day among their professors styled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member, and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if in process of time a cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard ; upon which some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general "History of Ears," which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast must have recourse to some other methods. Now he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough may discover several handles, whereof the six senses afford one apiece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and of all others affords the firmest grasp; curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain, and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his grip.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained by the aforesaid handle a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp, leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing or mislaying among my papers the remaining part of these memoirs, which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising, and therefore calculated in all due points to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But alas! with my utmost endeavours I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full

account how Peter got a protection out of the King's Bench, and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain rainy night to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter, upon which Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse and ate custard . But the particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions, but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy, I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore by a courtly modern least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

Going too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short, and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit who first adventured to confess in print that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble notion for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide shall be neglected as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the bulk and the subject, and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward and said, "I doubt we shall have a bit of bad weather. However, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse), or a small treatise upon the it would run like wildfire. But if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which I am sure will turn to account."

At length we agreed upon this expedient, that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in the vogue, and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers, and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late, and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive, therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells. A person with good eyes can see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and that often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors,

which is to write upon nothing, when the subject is utterly exhausted to let the pen still move on; by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loathe to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast, where few are satisfied to depart *ut plenus vitae conviva*. For men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to dose or to sleep out the rest of the day. But in this latter I differ extremely from other writers, and shall be too proud if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the repose of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose; for among a very polite nation in Greece there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse, but give some allowance to the author's spleen and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own, and lay it seriously to his conscience whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window, to criticise his gate and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being witty upon occasion where I could be neither wise nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed that from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common places, I have not been able after five years to draw, hook, or force into common conversation any more than a dozen. Of which dozen the one moiety failed of success by being dropped among unsuitable company, and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now this disappointment (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author, and I have since found among some particular friends that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly

neglected or despised in discourse, which hath passed very smoothly with some consideration and esteem after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my observanda begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause awhile, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

[In some early editions of "The Tale of a Tub," Swift added, under the title of "What Follows after Section IX.," the following sketch for a "History of Martin."]

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

Giving an account of his departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, on which account they were obliged to travel, and meet many disasters; finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin succeeds in the North; Peter thunders against Martin for the loss of the large revenue he used to receive from thence; Harry Huff sent Marlin a challenge in fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended victory, which encouraged Harry to huff Peter also; with many other extraordinary adventures of the said Martin in several places with many considerable persons.

With a digression concerning the nature, usefulness, and necessity of wars and quarrels.

How Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much from the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards, and finding the Thuringians, a neighbouring people, disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them, where, making it his business to cry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off, the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches. How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one who, not having had enough of one wife, wanted to marry a second, and knowing Peter used not to grant such licenses but at a swingeing price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other Northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations declaring Martin and all his adherents rebels and traitors, ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large rewards, &c., upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff , lord of Albion, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin to fight him on a stage at Cudgels, quarter-staff, backsword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting so

well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders, though unknown everywhere else. How Martin, being a bold, blustering fellow, accepted the challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators; and, after giving one another broken heads and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious, in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory, and how Lord Harry's friends complimented him on the same score, and particularly Lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap , to be worn by him and his successors as a perpetual mark for his bold defence of Lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, began to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench. How some of Lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly, as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How Harry Huff, after a deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy , who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to spread everywhere, and take deep root in Ambition. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady , who was violently in love with Lord Peter. How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now declared the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into ambition, now under another landlady , more moderate and more cunning than the former. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers; but finding, no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master, and allow no other salves, powders, or plasters to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books, and of this medley or hodge-podge made up a dispensatory of their own, strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen. How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother, and set up herself in his place as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend, which has likewise

been worn with no small ostentation to this day by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter. How Lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolve on a further alteration, to purge it from a great deal of Peter's trash that still remained in it, but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a North-Country farmer , who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to show his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and windmills, and claimed great honour for his victories. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish in his Northern farm the same dispensatory used in the Southern, but miscarried, because Jack's powders, pills, salves, and plasters were there in great vogue.

How the author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his history a new sect different from the three he had undertaken to treat of; and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number three obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number; and for that end to drop the former Martin and to substitute in his place Lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true history. This weighty point being cleared, the author goes on and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between Jack and Martin; how sometimes the one had the better and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms, till at last both sides concur to hang up the landlord , who pretended to die a martyr for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.

A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

This being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically and at large in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war, natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man, fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take everything its nature requires. Brutes, much more modest in their pretensions this way than men, and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them, and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take everything from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War, therefore, necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c., as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruption in bodies politic. A comparison of these three - the author is to write a panegyric on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal; those that cannot or dare not make war in person employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers or surgeons. Brutes having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c., that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the author's panegyric on mankind.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN - Continued.

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind, quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished his whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsy-turvy, till everybody grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established. How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to everything his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty. How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner and turned out the landlord; in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country. How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destroy Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the North, and put himself in possession of a whole canton, to the great discontent of Martin, who finding also that some of Jack's friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the south parts of the country, grew highly discontented with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve. Of several attempts to cure Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack . What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper . . .

Here the author being seized with a fit of dulness, to which he is very subject, after having read a poetical epistle addressed to . . . it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N.B. - Some things that follow after this are not in the MS., but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

A PROJECT FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

The author, having laboured so long and done so much to serve and instruct the public, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in ninety-six large volumes in folio, an exact description of *Terra Australis incognita*, collected with great care, and prints from 999 learned and pious authors of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers, one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported; and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the public charge, or out of the parish rates, for every parish church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging. And that every family that can command £10 per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes nearly; and considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print proposals against next term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream. Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if he comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages by most nations of Europe, as well as Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself from all those different princes and states, and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed in those different countries and languages before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project almost as good as this, by establishing insurance offices everywhere for securing people from shipwreck and several other

accidents in their voyage to this country; and these officers shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c., that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries; but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large and communicate to his friend.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

This short satire was published as part of the prolegomena to *A Tale of a Tub* in 1704. It depicts a literal battle between books in the King's Library, housed in St. James's Palace, as ideas and authors struggle for supremacy. In France at the end of the seventeenth century, a literary debate arose over the question of whether contemporary learning had surpassed the works of ancient Greece and Rome. The "moderns", represented by Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, argued that the modern age of science and reason was superior to the superstitious and limited world of the Ancients. In his opinion, modern man saw farther than the ancients ever could. On the other hand, those in favour of the Ancients believed that all that is necessary to be known was still to be found in Virgil, Cicero, Plato and especially Aristotle.

This literary contest gained increased interest in England when Sir William Temple, Swift's employer, published an answer to Fontenelle entitled *Of Ancient and Modern Learning* in 1690. His essay introduced two metaphors to the debate that would be reused by later authors. First, he proposed that modern man was just a dwarf standing upon the "shoulders of giants". They possessed a clear view of nature, and modern man only reflected their vision. These metaphors, of the dwarf/giant and the reflecting/emanative light, would show up in Swift's satire and others. Temple's essay was answered by Richard Bentley the classicist and William Wotton, the critic. Temple's friends/clients, sometimes known as the "Christ Church Wits," referring to their association with Christ Church, Oxford and the guidance of Francis Atterbury, then attacked the "moderns" (and Wotton in particular). The debate in England lasted only for a few years.

Swift worked for Temple during the time of the controversy and added *The Battle of the Books* to *The Tale of a Tub*. In the shorter piece there is an epic battle fought in a library when various books come alive and attempt to settle the arguments between moderns and ancients. Swift subtly avoids saying which way victory falls, portraying the manuscript as having been damaged in places, thus leaving the end of the battle up to the reader.

An early woodcut depicting a scene from the satire

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

This discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time, with "The Tale of a Tub;" I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now Earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the BOOKS in St. James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books, in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS IN SAINT JAMES'S LIBRARY.

Whoever examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time, will find it remarked that War is the child of Pride, and Pride the daughter of Riches: — the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for Pride is nearly related to Beggary and Want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case), jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other (whether real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case), has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at; for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of

which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance into their place; or else the said Ancients will give leave to the Moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the Moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it if they did or did not know how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the Moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit, in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war), so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a

Battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up all in public places, either by themselves or their representatives, for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior while he is alive; and after his death his soul transmigrates thither to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemeteries, where some philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it — which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later — and therefore, books of controversy being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest, and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle, and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead; but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all polemics of the larger size should be hold fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved if a new species of controversial books had not arisen of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken; and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the Ancient and Modern Books in the King's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being

possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce champion for the Moderns, and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed with his own hands to knock down two of the ancient chiefs who guarded a small pass on the superior rock, but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre, a quality to which those of the Modern party are extremely subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount, but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients, which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the Ancients was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library, for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting, whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake and clap Descartes next to Aristotle, poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side and Wither on the other.

Meanwhile, those books that were advocates for the Moderns, chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all, fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries; whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed and worse clad; their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few, by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and,

above all, their great merits toward the Moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder how the Ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the Moderns were much the more ancient of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have been so mean as to borrow their subsistence from you, but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we French and English), were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago, their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath, he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, by — , he believed them.

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Sir William Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients, who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive; upon which, several of the Moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the Ancients, was, of all the Moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went, where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many

thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they know each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he; "is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here; could not you look before you, and be d — d? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll; "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden, but whatever I collect thence enriches myself without the least injury to their

beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lesson or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fall of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding, and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a Modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest key that in all his life he had never known two cases, so parallel and adapt to each other as that in the window and this upon the shelves. "The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the

behalf of you, his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us, the Ancients, thinks fit to answer, that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the Moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spiders' poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us, the Ancients, we are content with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to till our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The Moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Wither. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Descartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors; or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stinkpot-flingers from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great aga: part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore

Vergil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest was a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place came infinite swarms of calones, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder, all without coats to cover them.

The army of the Ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates, the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the Milky Way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the Ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt, the covers of celestial turkey leather, and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: those are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men accidents or events; but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in

her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? who then hereafter will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British Isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus, having thus delivered himself, stayed not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form on such occasions, began a soliloquy: "It is I" (said she) "who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents, by me beaux become politicians, and schoolboys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart Ancients dare to oppose me? But come, my aged parent, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosos, she stayed awhile to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breast: for at the head of a troup of Modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton, to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body grow white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the Moderns, indistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave Wotton," said the goddess, "why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour and opportunity of the day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half-overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave Ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold . . . *Hic pauca . . . . desunt*

They bore the wounded aga on their shields to his chariot . . .

Desunt . . . nonnulla. . . .

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant Modern and went whizzing over his head; but Descartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a

defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bow-man round till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex *Ingens hiatus* . . . .
hic in MS. . . . .
. . . . when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last! First, Gondibert advanced against him, clad in heavy armour and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour: madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout Modern, who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Sam Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body; he was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the visor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good Ancient; called him father, and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark

of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worsen than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid and utterly unable to mount. . . *Alter hiatus*

. . . . *in MS.*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous Modern (but one of the mercenaries), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen and turned off the point. "Brave Modern," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you, for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed on the Modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. . . .

Pauca desunt. . . .

. . . .

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening aloud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew — , and — and Oldham, and — , and Afra the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light-horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen Cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided present death if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus. And now both heroes drew their swords; but the Modern was so aghast and disordered that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape. At last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant,

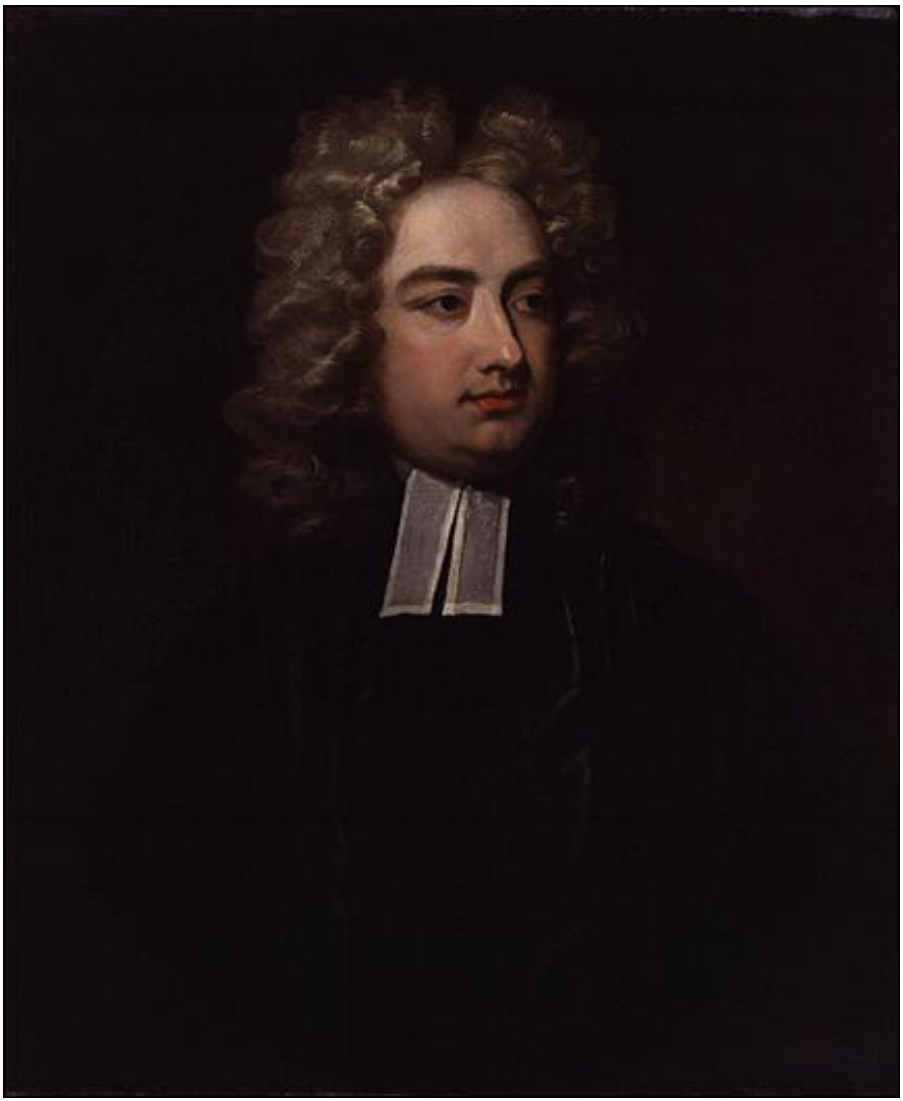
“Godlike Pindar,” said he, “spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, beside the ransom which my friends will give when they hear I am alive and your prisoner.” “Dog!” said Pindar, “let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.” With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses’ feet; the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which the leather grow round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and, being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. . . .

. . . . *Hiatus valde de-*

. . . . *flendus in MS.*

THE BICKERSTAFF-PARTRIDGE PAPERS

This collection of satirical works is notable for containing *Predictions for the Year 1708,* first published in a small pamphlet by John Morphew in 1708, and later reprinted in the 1711 and 1727 *Miscellanies*. Earlier in the year, a cobbler named John Partridge published a popular almanac of astrological predictions. As Partridge falsely determined the deaths of several church officials, Swift attacked Partridge in *Predictions for the Ensuing Year* by Isaac Bickerstaff, a parody predicting that Partridge would die on March 29. Swift followed up with a pamphlet issued on March 30 claiming that Partridge had in fact died, which was widely believed, despite Partridge's statements to the contrary.



Swift as a young man

CONTENTS

Predictions For The Year 1708
The Accomplishment of the First of Mr Bickerstaff's Predictions;
An Elegy on the supposed Death of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker.
An Epitaph on Partridge.
Partridge's reply
A vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;
A famous prediction of Merlin, the British wizard.
Dr. John Arbuthnot and Alexander Pope

Predictions For The Year 1708

Wherein the month, and day of the month are set down, the persons named, and the great actions and events of next year particularly related, as will come to pass.

Written to prevent the people of England from being farther imposed on by vulgar almanack-makers.

By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

I have long consider'd the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors, who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine, the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations: And whoever has not bent his studies that way, may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lyes, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, tho' they descend from no greater a height than their own brains.

I intend in a short time to publish a large and rational defence of this art, and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present, than that it hath been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the rest by Socrates himself, whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspir'd mortals: To which if we add, that those who have condemned this art, though otherwise learned, having been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications; their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the students in astrology, the philomaths, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt; but rather wonder, when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in parliament, poring in Partridge's almanack, to find out the events of the year at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting-match, till Gadbury or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers, but conjurers too, if I do not produce a hundred instances in all their almanacks, to convince any reasonable man, that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor even in their prefaces write common sense or intelligible English. Then for their observations and

predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world. "This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness." This the news-papers will tell them; for there we find at the end of the year, that no month passes without the death of some person of note; and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, when there are at least two thousand persons of not in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanack-maker has the liberty of chusing the sickliest season of the year where he may fix his prediction. Again, "This month an eminent clergyman will be preferr'd;" of which there may be some hundreds half of them with one foot in the grave. Then "such a planet in such a house shews great machinations, plots and conspiracies, that may in time be brought to light:" After which, if we hear of any discovery, the astrologer gets the honour; if not, his prediction still stands good. And at last, "God preserve King William from all his open and secret enemies, Amen." When if the King should happen to have died, the astrologer plainly foretold it; otherwise it passes but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject: Though it unluckily happen'd in some of their almanacks, that poor King William was pray'd for many months after he was dead, because it fell out that he died about the beginning of the year.

To mention no more of their impertinent predictions: What have we to do with their advertisements about pills and drink for the venereal disease? Or their mutual quarrels in verse and prose of Whig and Tory, wherewith the stars have little to do?

Having long observed and lamented these, and a hundred other abuses of this art, too tedious to repeat, I resolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general satisfaction of the kingdom: I can this year produce but a specimen of what I design for the future; having employ'd most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made some years past, because I would offer nothing to the world of which I am not as fully satisfied, as that I am now alive. For these two last years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon, with all its particulars; and the loss of Admiral Shovel, tho' I was mistaken as to the day, placing that accident about thirty-six hours sooner than it happen'd; but upon reviewing my schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the Battle of Almanza to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof. All which I shewed to some friends many months before they happened, that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open at such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two, very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forbore to publish them till I had perused the several almanacks for the year we are now enter'd on. I find them in all the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: And here I make bold to tell the world, that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will

be content, that Partridge, and the rest of his clan, may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any singular particular of moment. I believe, any man who reads this paper, will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding, as a common maker of almanacks. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have set my name at length, to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they shall find I deceive them.

In one thing I must desire to be forgiven, that I talk more sparingly of home-affairs: As it will be imprudence to discover secrets of state, so it would be dangerous to my person; but in smaller matters, and that are not of publick consequence, I shall be very free; and the truth of my conjectures will as much appear from those as the other. As for the most signal events abroad in France, Flanders, Italy and Spain, I shall make no scruple to predict them in plain terms: Some of them are of importance, and I hope I shall seldom mistake the day they will happen; therefore, I think good to inform the reader, that I all along make use of the Old Style observed in England, which I desire he will compare with that of the news-papers, at the time they relate the actions I mention.

I must add one word more: I know it hath been the opinion of several of the learned, who think well enough of the true art of astrology, That the stars do only incline, and not force the actions or wills of men: And therefore, however I may proceed by right rules, yet I cannot in prudence so confidently assure the events will follow exactly as I predict them.

I hope I have maturely considered this objection, which in some cases is of no little weight. For example: A man may, by the influence of an over-ruling planet, be disposed or inclined to lust, rage, or avarice, and yet by the force of reason overcome that bad influence; and this was the case of Socrates: But as the great events of the world usually depend upon numbers of men, it cannot be expected they should all unite to cross their inclinations, from pursuing a general design, wherein they unanimously agree. Besides the influence of the stars reaches to many actions and events which are not any way in the power of reason; as sickness, death, and what we commonly call accidents, with many more, needless to repeat.

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the Sun enters into Aries. And this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he enters Libra, or somewhat more, which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted, upon account of several impediments needless here to mention: Besides, I must remind the reader again, that this is but a specimen of what I design in succeeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: It relates to Partridge the almanack-maker; I have consulted the stars of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of

March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of April will be observable for the death of many great persons. On the 4th will die the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris: On the 11th the young Prince of Asturias, son to the Duke of Anjou: On the 14th a great peer of this realm will die at his country-house: On the 19th an old layman of great fame for learning: and on the 23rd an eminent goldsmith in Lombard-Street. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider it is of very little use or instruction to the reader, or to the world.

As to publick affairs: On the 7th of this month there will be an insurrection in Dauphine, occasion'd by the oppressions of the people, which will not be quieted in some months.

On the 15th will be a violent storm on the south-east coast of France, which will destroy many of their ships, and some in the very harbour.

The 19th will be famous for the revolt of a whole province or kingdom, excepting one city, by which the affairs of a certain prince in the alliance will take a better face.

May, against common conjectures, will be no very busy month in Europe, but very signal for the death of the Dauphin, which will happen on the 7th, after a short fit of sickness, and grievous torments with the strangury. He dies less lamented by the court than the kingdom.

On the 9th a Mareschal of France will break his leg by a fall from his horse. I have not been able to discover whether he will then die or not.

On the 11th will begin a most important siege, which the eyes of all Europe will be upon: I cannot be more particular: for in relating affairs that so nearly concern the Confederates, and consequently this Kingdom, I am forced to confine myself, for several reasons very obvious to the reader.

On the 15th news will arrive of a very surprizing event, than which nothing could be more unexpected.

On the 19th three noble ladies of this Kingdom will, against all expectation, prove with child, to the great joy of their husbands.

On the 23rd a famous buffoon of the play-house will die a ridiculous death, suitable to his vocation.

June. This month will be distinguish'd at home, by the utter dispersing of those ridiculous deluded enthusiasts, commonly call'd the Prophets; occasion'd chiefly by seeing the time come that many of their prophecies should be fulfill'd, and then finding themselves deceiv'd by contrary events. It is indeed to be admir'd how any deceiver can be so weak, to foretel things near at hand, when a very few months must of necessity discover the impostor to all the world; in this point less prudent than common almanack-makers, who are so wise to wonder in generals, and talk dubiously, and leave to the reader the business of interpreting.

On the 1st of this month a French general will be killed by a random shot of a cannon-ball.

On the 6th a fire will break out in the suburbs of Paris, which will destroy above a thousand houses; and seems to be the foreboding of what will happen, to the surprize of all Europe, about the end of the following month.

On the 10th a great battle will be fought, which will begin at four of the clock in the afternoon; and last till nine at night with great obstinacy, but no very decisive event. I shall not name the place, for the reasons aforesaid; but the commanders on each left wing will be killed. — I see bonfires, and hear the noise of guns for a victory.

On the 14th there will be a false report of the French king's death.

On the 20th Cardinal Portocarero will die of a dysentery, with great suspicion of poison; but the report of his intention to revolt to King Charles, will prove false.

July. The 6th of this month a certain general will, by a glorious action, recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes.

On the 12th a great commander will die a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

On the 14th a shameful discovery will be made of a French Jesuit, giving poison to a great foreign general; and when he is put to the torture, will make wonderful discoveries.

In short this will prove a month of great action, if I might have liberty to relate the particulars.

At home, the death of an old famous senator will happen on the 15th at his country-house, worn with age and diseases.

But that which will make this month memorable to all posterity, is the death of the French King, Lewis the fourteenth, after a week's sickness at Marli, which will happen on the 29th, about six o'clock in the evening. It seems to be an effect of the gout in his stomach, followed by a flux. And in three days after Monsieur Chamillard will follow his master, dying suddenly of an appoplexy.

In this month likewise an ambassador will die in London; but I cannot assign the day.

August. The affairs of France will seem to suffer no change for a while under the Duke of Burgundy's administration; but the genius that animated the whole machine being gone, will be the cause of mighty turns and revolutions in the following year. The new King makes yet little change either in the army or the ministry; but the libels against his grandfather, that fly about his very court, give him uneasiness.

I see an express in mighty haste, with joy and wonder in his looks, arriving by break of day on the 26th of this month, having travell'd in three days a prodigious journey by land and sea. In the evening I hear bells and guns, and see the blazing of a thousand bonfires.

A young admiral of noble birth, does likewise this month gain immortal honour by a great achievement.

The affairs of Poland are this month entirely settled: Augustus resigns his

pretensions which he had again taken up for some time: Stanislaus is peaceably possess'd of the throne; and the King of Sweden declares for the Emperor.

I cannot omit one particular accident here at home; that near the end of this month much mischief will be done at Bartholomew Fair, by the fall of a booth.

September. This month begins with a very surprizing fit of frosty weather, which will last near twelve days.

The Pope having long languish'd last month, the swellings in his legs breaking, and the flesh mortifying, will die on the 11th instant; and in three weeks time, after a mighty contest, be succeeded by a cardinal of the imperial faction, but native of Tuscany, who is now about sixty-one years old.

The French army acts now wholly on the defensive, strongly fortify'd in their trenches; and the young French King sends overtures for a treaty of peace by the Duke of Mantua; which, because it is a matter of state that concerns us here at home, I shall speak no farther of it.

I shall add but one prediction more, and that in mystical terms, which shall be included in a verse out of Virgil,

Alter erit jam Tethys, & altera quae vehat Argo. Delectos heroas.

Upon the 25th day of this month, the fulfilling of this prediction will be manifest to every body.

This is the farthest I have proceeded in my calculations for the present year. I do not pretend, that these are all the great events which will happen in this period, but that those I have set down will infallibly come to pass. It will perhaps still be objected, why I have not spoke more particularly of affairs at home, or of the success of our armies abroad, which I might, and could very largely have done; but those in power have wisely discouraged men from meddling in publick concerns, and I was resolv'd by no means to give the least offence. This I will venture to say, That it will be a glorious campaign for the allies, wherein the English forces, both by sea and land, will have their full share of honour: That her Majesty Queen Anne will continue in health and prosperity: And that no ill accident will arrive to any of the chief ministry.

As to the particular events I have mention'd, the readers may judge by the fulfilling of 'em, whether I am on the level with common astrologers; who, with an old paultry cant, and a few pothook for planets, to amuse the vulgar, have, in my opinion, too long been suffer'd to abuse the world: But an honest physician ought not to be despis'd, because there are such things as mountebanks. I hope I have some share of reputation, which I would not willingly forfeit for a frolick or humour: And I believe no gentleman, who reads this paper, will look upon it to be of the same cast or mould with the common scribblers that are every day hawk'd about. My fortune has placed me above the little regard of scribbling for a few pence, which I neither value or want: Therefore let no wise men too hastily condemn this essay, intended for a good design, to cultivate and improve an ancient art, long in disgrace, by

having fallen into mean and unskilful hands. A little time will determine whether I have deceived others or myself: and I think it is no very unreasonable request, that men would please to suspend their judgments till then. I was once of the opinion with those who despise all predictions from the stars, till the year 1686, a man of quality shew'd me, written in his album, That the most learned astronomer, Captain H. assured him, he would never believe any thing of the stars' influence, if there were not a great revolution in England in the year 1688. Since that time I began to have other thoughts, and after eighteen years diligent study and application, I think I have no reason to repent of my pains. I shall detain the reader no longer, than to let him know, that the account I design to give of next year's events, shall take in the principal affairs that happen in Europe; and if I be denied the liberty of offering it to my own country, I shall appeal to the learned world, by publishing it in Latin, and giving order to have it printed in Holland.

The Accomplishment of the First of Mr Bickerstaff's Predictions;

being an account of the death of Mr Partridge, the almanack-maker, upon the 29th instant.

In a letter to a person of honour Written in the year 1708

My Lord,

In obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have for some days past enquired constantly after Partridge the almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions, publish'd about a month ago, that he should die on the 29th instant about eleven at night of a raging fever. I had some sort of knowledge of him when I was employ'd in the Revenue, because he used every year to present me with his almanack, as he did other gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him. I saw him accidentally once or twice about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, tho' I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, and was confin'd first to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed, where Dr. Case and Mrs. Kirleus were sent for to visit, and to prescribe to him. Upon this intelligence I sent thrice every day one servant or other to enquire after his health; and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me that he was past hopes: Upon which, I prevailed with myself to go and see him, partly out of commiseration, and I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seem'd surpriz'd at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it as well as he could, in the condition he was. The people about him said, he had been for some time delirious; but when I saw him, he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spake strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. After I told him how sorry I was to see him in those melancholy circumstances, and said some other civilities, suitable to the occasion, I desired him to tell me freely and ingeniously, whether the predictions Mr. Bickerstaff had publish'd relating to his death, had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He confess'd he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension, till about a fortnight before; since which time it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper: For, said he, I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr. Bickerstaff spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself. I told him his discourse surprized me; and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me what reason he had to be convinc'd of Mr. Bickerstaff's ignorance. He reply'd, I am a poor ignorant

fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by astrology are deceits, for this manifest reason, because the wise and the learned, who can only know whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read. I then asked him why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with Bickerstaff's prediction? at which he shook his head, and said, Oh! sir, this is no time for jesting, but for repenting those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart. By what I can gather from you, said I, the observations and predictions you printed, with your almanacks, were mere impositions on the people. He reply'd, if it were otherwise I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things, as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanack, as he thinks fit; the rest was my own invention, to make my almanack sell, having a wife to maintain, and no other way to get my bread; for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood; and, (added he, sighing) I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physick than my astrology; tho' I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could at least do no hurt.

I had some other discourse with him, which now I cannot call to mind; and I fear I have already tired your Lordship. I shall only add one circumstance, That on his death-bed he declared himself a Nonconformist, and had a fanatick preacher to be his spiritual guide. After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being half stifled by the closeness of the room. I imagine he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house with orders to come immediately, and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after; when, looking upon my watch, I found it to be above five minutes after seven; by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. In the other circumstances he was exact enough. But whether he has not been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confess'd the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavour to account for it by chance, or the effect of imagination: For my own part, tho' I believe no man has less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without some expectation, the fulfilling of Mr. Bickerstaff's second prediction, that the Cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the fourth of April, and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I must own I should be wholly surprized, and at a loss, and should infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest.

An Elegy on the supposed Death of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker.

Well, 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Tho' we all took it for a jest;
Partridge is dead, nay more, he dy'd
E're he could prove the good 'Squire ly'd.
Strange, an Astrologer shou'd die,
Without one Wonder in the Sky!
Not one of all his Crony Stars
To pay their Duty at his Herse?
No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd?
No Comet with a flaming Beard?
The Sun has rose, and gone to Bed,
Just as if partridge were not dead:
Nor hid himself behind the Moon,
To make a dreadful Night at Noon.
He at fit Periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly Motion varies;
And twice a Year he'll cut th' Equator,
As if there had been no such Matter.

Some Wits have wonder'd what Analogy
There is 'twixt Cobbling* and Astrology:
How Partridge made his Optics rise,
From a Shoe-Sole, to reach the Skies.

A List of Coblers Temples Ties,
To keep the Hair out of their Eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the Diadem
That Princes wear, derives from them.
And therefore Crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with Golden Stars and Rays,
Which plainly shews the near Alliance
'Twixt cobling and the Planets Science.

Besides, that slow-pac'd Sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis?
But Partridge ended all Disputes,
He knew his Trade, and call'd it **Boots.

The Horned Moon, which heretofore
Upon their Shoes the Romans wore,
Whose Wideness kept their Toes from Corns,
And whence we claim our Shooing-Horns;
Shows how the Art of Cobling bears
A near Resemblance to the Spheres.

A Scrap of Parchment hung by Geometry
(A great Refinement in Barometry)
Can, like the Stars, foretel the Weather;
And what is Parchment else but Leather?
Which an Astrologer might use,
Either for Almanacks or Shoes.

Thus Partridge, by his Wit and Parts,
At once did practise both these Arts;
And as the boading Owl (or rather
The Bat, because her Wings are Leather)
Steals from her private Cell by Night,
And flies about the Candle-Light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the Dark from Leathern Cell,
And, in his Fancy, fly as fair,
To peep upon a twinkling Star.

Besides, he could confound the Spheres,
And set the Planets by the Ears;
To shew his Skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in Aspect Mali'n;
Then call in Mercury for Aid,
And cure the Wounds that Venus made.

Great Scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip, King of Greece was dead,
His Soul and Spirit did divide,
And each Part took a diff'rent Side;
One rose a Star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each Art,
The Cobling and Star-gazing Part,
And is install'd as good a Star
As any of the Caesars are.

Triumphant Star! some Pity shew
On Coblers militant below,
Whom roguish Boys in stormy Nights
Torment, by pissing out their Lights;
Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke;
Inclos'd Artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy Sphere,
May'st follow still thy Calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phoebus newly tann'd and dry'd.
For thee they Argo's Hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy Sides for Wax.
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided Hair to make thee Ends.
The Point of Sagittarius' Dart
Turns to an awl, by heav'nly Art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his Wife,
Will forge for thee a Paring-Knife.
For want of Room, by Virgo's Side,
She'll strain a Point, and sit astride***,
To take thee kindly in between,
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

*Partridge was a Cobler.

** See his Almanack

***Tibi brachia contrahet ingens Scorpius, etc.

An Epitaph on Partridge.

Here, five Foot deep, lies on his Back,
A Cobler, Starmonger, and Quack;
Who to the Stars in pure Good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep all you Customers that use
His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes;
And you that did your Fortunes seek,
Step to his Grave but once a Week:
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,
You'll find has so much Vertue in't,
That I durst pawn my Ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In Physick, Stolen Goods, or Love,
As he himself could, when above.

Partridge's reply

Squire Bickerstaff detected; or, the astrological impostor convicted by John Partridge, student in physick and astrology.

It is hard, my dear countrymen of these united nations, it is very hard that a Briton born, a Protestant astrologer, a man of revolution principles, an assertor of the liberty and property of the people, should cry out, in vain, for justice against a Frenchman, a Papist, an illiterate pretender to science; that would blast my reputation, most inhumanly bury me alive, and defraud my native country of those services, that, in my double capacity, I daily offer to the publick.

What great provocations I have receiv'd, let the impartial reader judge, and how unwillingly, even in my own defence, I now enter the lists against falsehood, ignorance and envy: But I am exasperated, at length, to drag out this cacus from the den of obscurity where he lurks, detect him by the light of those stars he has so impudently traduced, and shew there's not a monster in the skies so pernicious and malevolent to mankind, as an ignorant pretender to physick and astrology. I shall not directly fall on the many gross errors, nor expose the notorious absurdities of this prostituted libeller, till I have let the learned world fairly into the controversy depending, and then leave the unprejudiced to judge of the merits and justice of the cause.

It was towards the conclusion of the year 1707, when an impudent pamphlet crept into the world, intituled, 'Predictions, etc.' by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; — Amongst the many arrogant assertions laid down by that lying spirit of divination, he was pleas'd to pitch on the Cardinal de Noailles and myself, among many other eminent and illustrious persons, that were to die within the compass of the ensuing year; and peremptorily fixes the month, day, and hour of our deaths: This, I think, is sporting with great men, and publick spirits, to the scandal of religion, and reproach of power; and if sovereign princes and astrologers must make diversion for the vulgar —— why then farewel, say I, to all governments, ecclesiastical and civil. But, I thank my better stars, I am alive to confront this false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of science and resentment. The Cardinal may take what measures he pleases with him; as his excellency is a foreigner, and a papist, he has no reason to rely on me for his justification; I shall only assure the world he is alive —— but as he was bred to letters, and is master of a pen, let him use it in his own defence. In the mean time I shall present the publick with a faithful narrative of the ungenerous treatment and hard usage I have received from the virulent papers and

malicious practices of this pretended astrologer.

A true and impartial account of the proceedings of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; against me ——

The 28th of March, Anno Dom. 1708, being the night this sham-prophet had so impudently fix'd for my last, which made little impression on myself; but I cannot answer for my whole family; for my wife, with a concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold; and, between the hours of eight and nine, to go to bed: The maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street, who the bell toll'd for? Dr. Partridge, says he, that famous almanack-maker, who died suddenly this evening: The poor girl provoked, told him he ly'd like a rascal; the other very sedately reply'd, the sexton had so informed him, and if false, he was to blame for imposing upon a stranger. She asked a second, and a third, as they passed, and every one was in the same tone. Now I don't say these are accomplices to a certain astrological 'squire, and that one Bickerstaff might be sauntring thereabouts; because I will assert nothing here but what I dare attest, and plain matter of fact. My wife at this fell into a violent disorder; and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident. In the mean time one knocks at my door, Betty runs down, and opening, finds a sober grave person, who modestly enquires if this was Dr. Partridge's? She taking him for some cautious city-patient, that came at that time for privacy, shews him into the dining room. As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him, and was surprized to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring my walls, and taking the dimensions of the room. Pray sir, says I, not to interrupt you, have you any business with me? Only, sir, replies he, order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one. Sir, says I, my name is Partridge: Oh! the Doctor's brother, belike, cries he; the stair-case, I believe, and these two apartments hung in close mourning, will be sufficient, and only a strip of bays round the other rooms. The Doctor must needs die rich, he had great dealings in his way for many years; if he had no family coat, you had as good use the escutcheons of the company, they are as showish, and will look as magnificent as if he was descended from the blood royal. With that I assumed a great air of authority, and demanded who employ'd him, or how he came there? Why, I was sent, sir, by the Company of Undertakers, says he, and they were employed by the honest gentleman, who is executor to the good Doctor departed; and our rascally porter, I believe, is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and sconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time. Sir, says I, pray be advis'd by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice, (which by the by, is pretty distinguishable) and in that corner of the room stands a good cudgel, which somebody has felt e're now; if that light in her hands, and she know the business you come about, without consulting the stars, I can assure you it will be employed very

much to the detriment of your person. Sir, cries he, bowing with great civility, I perceive extreme grief for the loss of the Doctor disorders you a little at present, but early in the morning I'll wait on you with all necessary materials. Now I mention no Mr. Bickerstaff, nor do I say, that a certain star-gazing 'squire has been playing my executor before his time; but I leave the world to judge, and if he puts things and things fairly together, it won't be much wide of the mark.

Well, once more I got my doors clos'd, and prepar'd for bed, in hopes of a little repose after so many ruffling adventures; just as I was putting out my light in order to it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window, and ask who's there, and what he wants? I am Ned the sexton, replies he, and come to know whether the Doctor left any orders for a funeral sermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked? Why, sirrah, says I, you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me in this manner? Alack-a-day, replies the fellow, why 'tis in print, and the whole town knows you are dead; why, there's Mr. White the joiner is but fitting screws to your coffin, he'll be here with it in an instant: he was afraid you would have wanted it before this time. Sirrah, Sirrah, says I, you shall know tomorrow to your cost, that I am alive, and alive like to be. Why, 'tis strange, sir, says he, you should make such a secret of your death to us that are your neighbours; it looks as if you had a design to defraud the church of its dues; and let me tell you, for one that has lived so long by the heavens, that's unhandsomely done. Hist, Hist, says another rogue that stood by him, away Doctor, in your flannel gear as fast as you can, for here's a whole pack of dismals coming to you with their black equipage, and how indecent will it look for you to stand fright'ning folks at your window, when you should have been in your coffin this three hours? In short, what with undertakers, imbalmers, joiners, sextons, and your damn'd elegy hawkers, upon a late practitioner in physick and astrology, I got not one wink of sleep that night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. Now I doubt not but this villainous 'squire has the impudence to assert, that these are entirely strangers to him; he, good man, knows nothing of the matter, and honest Isaac Bickerstaff, I warrant you, is more a man of honour, than to be an accomplice with a pack of rascals, that walk the streets on nights, and disturb good people in their beds; but he is out, if he thinks the whole world is blind; for there is one John Partridge can smell a knave as far as Grubstreet, — tho' he lies in the most exalted garret, and writes himself 'Squire: —

But I'll keep my temper, and proceed in the narration.

I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street; Mr Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in I have not been yet paid for: Doctor, cries another dog, How d'ye think people can live by making of graves for nothing? Next time you die, you may e'en toll out the bell yourself for Ned. A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conscience to sneak abroad without

paying my funeral expences. Lord, says one, I durst have swore that was honest Dr. Partridge, my old friend; but poor man, he is gone. I beg your pardon, says another, you look so like my old acquaintance that I used to consult on some private occasions; but, alack, he's gone the way of all flesh —— Look, look, look, cries a third, after a competent space of staring at me, would not one think our neighbour the almanack-maker, was crept out of his grave to take t'other peep at the stars in this world, and shew how much he is improv'd in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other?

Nay, the very reader, of our parish, a good sober, discreet person, has sent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or send him sufficient reasons to the contrary, if I have been interr'd in any other parish, to produce my certificate, as the act requires. My poor wife is almost run distracted with being called Widow Partridge, when she knows its false; and once a term she is cited into the court, to take out letters of administration. But the greatest grievance is, a paultry quack, that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions with N.B. says, He lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, physick and astrology.

But to show how far the wicked spirit of envy, malice and resentment can hurry some men, my nameless old persecutor had provided me a monument at the stone-cutter's and would have erected it in the parish-church; and this piece of notorious and expensive villany had actually succeeded, had I not used my utmost interest with the vestry, where it was carried at last but by two voices, that I am still alive. That stratagem failing, out comes a long sable elegy, bedeck'd with hour-glasses, mattocks, sculls, spades, and skeletons, with an epitaph as confidently written to abuse me, and my profession, as if I had been under ground these twenty years.

And, after such barbarous treatment as this, can the world blame me, when I ask, What is become of the freedom of an Englishman? And where is the liberty and property that my old glorious friend came over to assert? We have drove popery out of the nation, and sent slavery to foreign climes. The arts only remain in bondage, when a man of science and character shall be openly insulted in the midst of the many useful services he is daily paying to the publick. Was it ever heard, even in Turkey or Algiers, that a state-astrologer was banter'd out of his life by an ignorant impostor, or bawl'd out of the world by a pack of villanous, deep-mouth'd hawkers? Though I print almanacks, and publish advertisements; though I produce certificates under the ministers and church-wardens hands I am alive, and attest the same on oath at quarter-sessions, out comes a full and true relation of the death and interment of John Partridge; Truth is bore down, attestations neglected, the testimony of sober persons despised, and a man is looked upon by his neighbours as if he had been seven years dead, and is buried alive in the midst of his friends and acquaintance.

Now can any man of common sense think it consistent with the honour of

my profession, and not much beneath the dignity of a philosopher, to stand bawling before his own door? —— Alive! Alive ho! The famous Dr. Partridge! No counterfeit, but all alive! —— As if I had the twelve celestial monsters of the zodiac to shew within, or was forced for a livelihood to turn retailer to May and Bartholomew Fairs. Therefore, if Her Majesty would but graciously be pleased to think a hardship of this nature worthy her royal consideration, and the next parliament, in their great wisdom cast but an eye towards the deplorable case of their old philomath, that annually bestows his poetical good wishes on them, I am sure there is one Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; would soon be truss'd up for his bloody predictions, and putting good subjects in terror of their lives: And that henceforward to murder a man by way of prophecy, and bury him in a printed letter, either to a lord or commoner, shall as legally entitle him to the present possession of Tyburn, as if he robb'd on the highway, or cut your throat in bed.

I shall demonstrate to the judicious, that France and Rome are at the bottom of this horrid conspiracy against me; and that culprit aforesaid is a popish emissary, has paid his visits to St. Germains, and is now in the measures of Lewis XIV. That in attempting my reputation, there is a general massacre of learning designed in these realms; and through my sides there is a wound given to all the Protestant almanack-makers in the universe.

Vivat Regina.

A vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

against what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge in his almanack for the present year 1709.

By the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

Written in the year 1709.

Mr. Partridge hath been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called, his almanack for the present year: Such usage is very undecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man fool and villain, and impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point meer speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world, whether in my last year's predictions I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages; but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose, and at best, a tacit confession of a weak cause: My concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the Republick of Letters, which Mr. Partridge hath endeavoured to wound through my sides. If men of publick spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr. Partridge knew the thoughts which foreign universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceedings with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the world. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising genius's in our nation, is yet unknown among professors abroad: The necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader that I have near a hundred honorary letters from several parts of Europe (some as far as Muscovy) in praise of my performance. Besides several others, which, as I have been credibly informed, were open'd in the post-office and never sent me. 'Tis true the Inquisition in Portugal was pleased to burn my predictions, and condem the author and readers of them; but I hope at the same time, it will be consider'd in how deplorable a state learning lies at present in that kingdom: And with the profoundest veneration for crown'd heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned His Majesty of Portugal, to interpose his authority in behalf of a scholar and a gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and states of Europe have treated me with more candor and generosity. If I had leave to print the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence against all that Mr. Partridge, or his accomplices of the Portugal Inquisition, will be able to object; who, by the way, are the only enemies my

predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honour of a learned correspondence in so tender a point. Yet some of those illustrious persons will perhaps excuse me from transcribing a passage or two in my own vindication. The most learned Monsieur Leibnits thus addresses to me his third letter: Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio Astrologiae instauratori, etc. Monsieur le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, Ita nuperrime Bickerstaffius magnum illud Angliae fidus. Another great professor writing of me, has these words: Bickerstaffius, nobilis Anglus, Astrologorum hujusce Saeculi facile Princeps. Signior Magliabecchi, the Great Duke's famous library-keeper, spends almost his whole letter in compliments and praises. 'Tis true, the renowned Professor of Astronomy at Utrecht, seems to differ from me in one article; but it is in a modest manner, that becomes a philosopher; as, Pace tanti viri dixerim: And pag.55, he seems to lay the error upon the printer (as indeed it ought) and says, vel forsan error typographi, cum alioquin Bickerstaffius ver doctissimus, etc.

If Mr. Partridge had followed this example in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the trouble of justifying myself in so publick a manner. I believe few men are readier to own their errors than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform me of them. But it seems this gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own art, is pleased to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invasion of his province. He has been indeed so wise to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point, relating to himself: And to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the only person from whom I ever heard that objection offered; which consideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmost endeavours, I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies: The first was of a French man, who was pleased to publish to the world, that the Cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of Monsieur Biquerstaffe: But how far a Frenchman, a papist, and an enemy is to be believed in his own case against an English Protestant, who is true to his government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge, to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts, That he is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die. This is the subject of the present controversy between us; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness: In this dispute, I am sensible the eyes not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every

country will, I doubt not, take part on that side, where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is thus: Above a thousand gentelmen having bought his almanacks for this year, merely to find what he said against me; at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, "They were sure no man alive ever writ such damn'd stuff as this." Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed: So that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanack, or allowing himself to be "no man alive". But now if an uninformed carcase walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Neither had the said carcase any right to beat the poor boy who happen'd to pass by it in the street, crying, "A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death, etc."

Secondly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits: And no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either, till after he was dead.

Thirdly, I will plainly prove him to be dead out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, "He is not only now alive, but was also alive on the very 29th of March, which I foretold he should die on": By this, he declares his opinion, that a man may be alive now, who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed, there lies the sophistry of this argument. He dares not assert, he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he is now alive, and was so on that day: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he is since revived I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fourthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself, whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet, to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them; and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact; and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the above mention'd writer of the relation of Mr. Partridge's death, in a letter to a lord; who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave judicious author, moved me not a little. But tho' I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it) assured me, I

computed to something under half an hour: which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude, that men should raise a clamour about it. I shall only say, it would not be amiss, if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputations as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death, which I have sometimes met with, though indeed very slightly offered, That he still continues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all that profession; Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now the natural reason of this I take to be, that whereas it is the privilege of other authors to live after their deaths; almanack-makers are alone excluded, because their dissertations treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after their death.

I should not have given the publick or myself the trouble of this vindication, if my name had not been made use of by several persons, to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new sett of predictions. But I think those are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I saw my labours, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawl'd about by common hawkers, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest? To which I only answered coldly, that the event would shew. But it is the talent of our age and nation, to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my predictions, out comes Mr. Partridge's almanack, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed, like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. Partridge has practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that does not in the least contradict my veracity: But I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died at farthest within half an hour of the time I foretold, and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned author, in his letter to a lord, hath maliciously suggested, with design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake.

A famous prediction of Merlin, the British wizard.

Written above a thousand years ago, and relating to the year 1709, with explanatory notes.

Last year was publish'd a paper of predictions, pretended to be written by one Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; but the true design of it was to ridicule the art of astrology, and expose its professors as ignorant or impostors. Against this imputation, Dr. Partridge hath vindicated himself in his almanack for that year.

For a farther vindication of this famous art, I have thought fit to present the world with the following prophecy. The original is said to be of the famous Merlin, who lived about a thousand years ago; and the following translation is two hundred years old, for it seems to be written near the end of Henry the Seventh's reign. I found it in an old edition of Merlin's Prophecies, imprinted at London by John Hawkins in the year 1530, page 39. I set it down word for word in the old orthography, and shall take leave to subjoin a few explanatory notes.

Seven and Ten addyd to Nyne,
Of Fraunce her Woe this is the Sygne,
Tamys Rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng Shoes ne Hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
From Town of Stoffe to farryn Londe,
An herdye Chyftan, woe the Morne
To Fraunce, that evere he was born.
Than shall the fyshe beweyle his Bosse;
Nor shall grin Berrys make up the Losse.
Yonge Symnele shall again miscarrye:
And Norways Pryd again shall marrye.
And from the tree where Blosums feele,
Ripe Fruit shall come, and all is wele,
Reaums shall daunce Honde in Honde,
And it shall be merrye in old Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorre therefore.
Geryon shall have three Hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge makyth them but twayne.

Explanatory notes.

Seven and Ten. This line describes the year when these events shall

happen. Seven and ten makes seventeen, which I explain seventeen hundred, and this number added to nine, makes the year we are now in; for it must be understood of the natural year, which begins the first of January.

Tamys Rivere twys, etc. The River Thames, frozen twice in one year, so as men to walk on it, is a very signal accident, which perhaps hath not fallen out for several hundred years before, and is the reason why some astrologers have thought that this prophecy could never be fulfilled, because they imagine such a thing would never happen in our climate.

From Town of Stoffe, etc. This is a plain designation of the Duke of Marlborough: One kind of stuff used to fatten land is called marle, and every body knows that borough is a name for a town; and this way of expression is after the usual dark manner of old astrological predictions.

Then shall the Fyshe, etc. By the fish, is understood the Dauphin of France, as their kings eldest sons are called: 'Tis here said, he shall lament the loss of the Duke of Burgundy, called the Bosse, which is an old English word for hump-shoulder, or crook-back, as that Duke is known to be; and the prophecy seems to mean, that he should be overcome or slain. By the green berrys, in the next line, is meant the young Duke of Berry, the Dauphin's third son, who shall not have valour or fortune enough to supply the loss of his eldest brother.

Yonge Symnele, etc. By Symnele is meant the pretended Prince of Wales, who, if he offers to attempt anything against England, shall miscarry as he did before. Lambert Symnele is the name of a young man, noted in our histories for personating the son (as I remember) of Edward the fourth.

And Norway's Pryd, etc. I cannot guess who is meant by Norway's Pride, perhaps the reader may, as well as the sense of the two following lines.

Reaums shall, etc. Reums, or, as the word is now, realms, is the old name for kingdoms: And this is a very plain prediction of our happy Union, with the felicities that shall attend it. It is added that Old England shall be no more, and yet no man shall be sorry for it. And indeed, properly speaking, England is now no more, for the whole island is one Kingdom, under the name of Britain.

Geryon shall, etc. This prediction, tho' somewhat obscure, is wonderfully adapt. Geryon is said to have been a king of Spain, whom Hercules slew. It was a fiction of the poets, that he had three heads, which the author says he shall have again: That is, Spain shall have three kings; which is now wonderfully verified; for besides the King of Portugal, which properly is part of Spain, there are now two rivals for Spain, Charles and Philip: But Charles being descended fro the Count of Hapsburgh, founder of the Austrian family, shall soon make those heads but two; by overturning Philip, and driving him out of Spain.

Some of these predictions are already fulfilled; and it is highly probable the rest may be in due time; and, I think, I have not forced the words, by my explication, into any other sense than what they will naturally bear. If this be granted, I am sure it must be also allow'd, that the author (whoever he were)

was a person of extraordinary sagacity; and that astrology brought to such perfection as this, is by no means an art to be despised, whatever Mr. Bickerstaff, or other merry gentlemen are pleased to think. As to the tradition of these lines having been writ in the original by Merlin, I confess I lay not much weight upon it: But it is enough to justify their authority, that the book from whence I have transcrib'd them, was printed 170 years ago, as appears by the title-page. For the satisfaction of any gentleman, who may be either doubtful of the truth, or curious to be inform'd; I shall give order to have the very book sent to the printer of this paper, with directions to let anybody see it that pleases, because I believe it is pretty scarce.

Dr. John Arbuthnot and Alexander Pope

Annus Mirabilis: or, The wonderful effects of the approaching conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

By Mart. Scriblerus, Philomath.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas corpora.....

I suppose every body is sufficiently appriz'd of, and duly prepar'd for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant December, 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity, under the name of the Annus Mirabilis, or the metamorphostical conjunction: a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes, (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies) the human males being turn'd into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphicks, particularly one very remarkable. There are carv'd upon an obelisk, a barber and a midwife; the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swadling-cloaths to the barber. Accordingly Thales Milesius (who like the rest of his countrymen, borrow'd his learning from the Egyptians) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, "Then," says he, "shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and child-bearing."

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms: "Then," says he, "shall the negative quantity of the women be turn'd into positive, their - into +;" (i.e.) their minus into plus.

Plato not only speaks of this great change, but describes all the preparations towards it. "Long before the bodily transformation, (says he) nature shall begin the most difficult part of her work, by changing the ideas and inclinations of the two sexes: Men shall turn effeminate, and women manly; wives shall domineer, and husbands obey; ladies shall ride a horseback, dress'd like cavaliers; princes and nobles appear in night-rails and petticoats; men shall squeak upon theatres with female voices, and women corrupt virgins; lords shall knot and cut paper; and even the northern people.....:" A Greek phrase (which for modesty's sake I forbear to translate) which denotes a vice too frequent amongst us.

That the Ministry foresaw this great change, is plain from the Callico-Act; whereby it is now become the occupation of women all over England, to convert their useless female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools; undressing themselves (as it were) before their transformation.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprizing to people who search into the bottom of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shewn us, how man was at first created male and female in one

individual, having the faculty of propagation within himself: A circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man's happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a faux pas, that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears, that this system of male and female has already undergone and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fusion and flatus will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity; but I forbear, (for the sake of my modest men-readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.)

In some subjects, the smallest alterations will do: some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contriv'd with female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the ebauche of a good sturdy man. If nature cou'd be puzzl'd, it will be how to bestow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-siz'd women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th instant. Accordingly, about eight at night, as Senezino shall begin at the Opera, si videte, he shall be observ'd to make an unusual motion; upon which the audience will be affected with a red suffusion over their countenance: And because a strong succession of the muscles of the belly is necessary towards performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a profuse involuntary laughter. Then (to use the modest terms of Anaximander) shall negative quantity be turn'd into positive, etc. Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a number of untouch'd virgins within those walls! but alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be compleated men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion, is the chief design of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a callico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider, that nature who never destroys her own productions, will exempt big-belly'd women till the time of their lying-in; so that not to be transformed, will be the same as to be pregnant. If they don't think it worth while to defend a fortress that is to be demolish'd in a few days, let them reflect that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence, to be brought to bed of a bastard; a posthumous bastard as it were, to which the quondam father can be no more than a dry nurse.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature, to balance

matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be return'd; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly, and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phaenomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the Parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown, this being a case not provided for by the salique law. There will be no preventing disorders amongst friars and monks; for certainly vows of chastity do not bind but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, tho' I think it will be a scandal amongst Protestants for husbands and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the debitus conjugale, by the husband being femme couverte. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether this transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes?

The Pope must undergo a new groping; but the false prophet Mahomet has contriv'd matters well for his successors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentelmen, at his devotion.

These are surprizing scenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows, and giggling girls about town, that they would not put themselves in a high twitter, when they go to visit a general lying-in of his first child; his officers serving as midwives, nurses and rockers dispensing caudle; or if they behold the reverend prelates dressing the heads and airing the linnen at court, I beg they will remember that these offices must be fill'd with people of the greatest regularity, and best characters. For the same reason, I am sorry that a certain prelate, who notwithstanding his confinement (in December 1723), still preserves his healthy, chearful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly intreat the maids of honour, (then ensigns and captains of the guard) that, at their first setting out, they have some regard to their former station, and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: That the present grooms of the bed-chamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green-sickness: And in general, that the men would remember they are become retromingent, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy; but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chamber-maids, (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet-counsellors to the princes of the earth,) manage the great intrigues that will be committed to your charge, with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye exchange women! (our right worshipful representatives that are to be) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but

consider that the nation, like a spend-thrift heir, has run out: Be likewise a little more continent in your tongues than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women, who not preside over the confectionary, (henceforth commissioners of the Treasury) be so good as to dispense the sugar-plumbs of the Government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids, (the hopes of the Bench) exert but your usual talent of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate, (just ready to be called to the Bar, and quoif'd like your sister-serjants,) that we expect the shortening the time, and lessening the expences of law-suits: For I think you are observ'd to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster, and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians, (who in the figure of old women are to clean the tripe in the markets) scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature, upon this happy transformation; the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is so evident, that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: If there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone, at present, about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of standing forces, with arms in their hands: That those are masters of the lives, liberties and fortunes of all the rest, I believe no body will deny. It is no less true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum have been employ'd to no purpose, to settle peace among those sons of violence. Pray, who is he that will say unto them, Go and disband yourselves? But lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the halcyon days of publick tranquillity return: For neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age to come: Bellaque matribus invisa, War odious to mothers, will not grow immediately palatable in their paternal state.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in family tranquillity, than it is in national. Great faults will be amended, and frailties forgiven, on both sides. A wife who has been disturb'd with late hours, and choak'd with the hautgout of a sot, will remember her sufferings, and avoid the temptations; and will, for the same reason, indulge her mate in his female capacity in some passions, which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex. Such as vanity of fine cloaths, being admir'd, etc. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt her self? In short, all unreasonable demands upon husbands must cease, because they are already satisfy'd from natural experience that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen

those of their household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of, Their most sincere well-wisher, M.S.

CONTENTS

NOTE.
THE SWEARER'S BANK.
POSTSCRIPT.

NOTE.

The plan for the establishment of a National Bank in Dublin was first put forward in 1720 in the form of a petition presented to the King by the Earl of Abercorn, Viscount Boyne, Sir Ralph Gore, and others. It was proposed to raise a fund of £500,000 for the purpose of loaning money to merchants at a comparatively low rate of interest. The King approved of the petition, and directed that a charter of incorporation for such a bank should pass the Great Seal of Ireland. When the matter came up for discussion in the Irish Houses of Legislature, both the Lords and Commons rejected the proposal on the ground that no safe foundation for such an establishment could be found. (See note *post*.)

During and after the discussion on this project in the legislature a pamphlet controversy arose in which two able writers distinguished themselves — Mr. Henry Maxwell and Mr. Hercules Rowley. The former was in favour of the bank while Mr. Rowley was against it.

Mr. Maxwell argued soundly from the ground on which all banking institutions were founded. Mr. Rowley, however, pointed out that the condition of Ireland, dependent as that country was on England's whims, and interfered with as she always had been, by English selfishness, in her commercial and industrial enterprises, would not be bettered were the bank to prove even a great success. For, should the bank be found in any way to touch the trade of England, it might be taken for granted that its charter would be repealed, and Ireland find itself in a worse state than it was before.

The pamphlets written by these gentlemen bear the following titles:

(1) Reasons offered for erecting a Bank in Ireland, in a letter to Hercules Rowley, Esq., by Henry Maxwell, Esq. Dublin, 1721.

(2) An Answer to a Book, intitled Reasons offered for erecting a Bank in Ireland. In a Letter to Henry Maxwell, Esq. By Hercules Rowley, Esq. Dublin, 1721.

(3) Mr. Maxwell's Second Letter to Mr. Rowley, wherein the objections against the Bank are answered. Dublin, 1721.

(4) An Answer to Mr. Maxwell's Second Letter to Mr. Rowley, concerning the Bank. By Hercules Rowley, Esq. Dublin, 1721.

THE

Swearer's-Bank:

OR,
Parliamentary Security
FOR
Establishing a new Bank
IN
***IRELAND*.**

Wherein
The Medicinal Use of Oaths is considered.
(WITH
The *Best in Christendom*. A TALE.)
Written by Dean Swift.

Si Populus vult decipi decipiatur.

To which is prefixed,

An ESSAY upon *English* Bubbles.

***By* Thomas Hope, *Esq*;**

DUBLIN:
Printed by Thomas Hume, next Door to the *Walsh's-Head* in *Smock-Alley*. 1720. Reprinted at *London* by J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*.

THE SWEARER'S BANK.

"To believe everything that is said by a certain set of men, and to doubt of nothing they relate, though ever so improbable," is a maxim that has contributed as much for the time, to the support of Irish banks, as it ever did to the Popish religion; and they are not only beholden to the latter for their foundation, but they have the happiness to have the same patron saint: For Ignorance, the reputed mother of the devotion of the one, seems to bear the same affectionate relation to the credit of the other.

To subscribe to banks, without knowing the scheme or design of them, is not unlike to some gentlemen's signing addresses without knowing the contents of them: To engage in a bank that has neither act of parliament, charter, nor lands to support it, is like sending a ship to sea without bottom; to expect a coach and six by the former, would be as ridiculous as to hope a return by the latter.

It was well known some time ago, that our banks would be included in the bubble-bill; and it was believed those chimeras would necessarily vanish with the first easterly wind that should inform the town of the royal assent.

It was very mortifying to several gentlemen, who dreamed of nothing but easy chariots, on the arrival of the fatal packet, to slip out of them into their walking shoes. But should those banks, as it is vainly imagined, be so fortunate as to obtain a charter, and purchase lands; yet on any run on them in a time of invasion, there would be so many starving proprietors, reviving their old pretensions to land, and a bellyful, that the subscribers would be unwilling, upon any call, to part with their money, not knowing what might happen: So that in a rebellion, where the success was doubtful, the bank would infallibly break.

Since so many gentlemen of this town have had the courage, without any security, to appear in the same paper with a million or two; it is hoped, when they are made sensible of their safety, that they will be prevailed to trust themselves in a neat skin of parchment with a single one.

To encourage them, the undertaker proposes the erecting a bank on parliamentary security, and such security as no revolution or change of times can affect.

To take away all jealousy of any private view of the undertaker, he assures the world, that he is now in a garret, in a very thin waistcoat, studying the public good, having given an undeniable pledge of his love to his country, by pawning his coat, in order to defray the expense of the press.

It is very well known, that by an act of parliament to prevent profane swearing, the person so offending, on oath made before a magistrate, forfeits a shilling, which may be levied with little difficulty.

It is almost unnecessary to mention, that this is become a pet-vice among

us; and though age renders us unfit for other vices, yet this, where it takes hold, never leaves us but with our speech.

So vast a revenue might be raised by the execution of this act, that I have often wondered, in such a scarcity of funds, that methods have not been taken to make it serviceable to the public.

I dare venture to say, if this act was well executed in England, the revenue of it applied to the navy, would make the English fleet a terror to all Europe.

It is computed by geographers, that there are two millions in this kingdom, (of Ireland) of which number there may be said to be a million of swearing souls.

It is thought there may be five thousand gentlemen; every gentleman, taking one with another, may afford to swear an oath every day, which will yearly produce one million, eight hundred, twenty-five thousand oaths, which number of shillings makes the yearly sum of ninety-one thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds.

The farmers of this kingdom, who are computed to be ten thousand, are able to spend yearly five hundred thousand oaths, which gives twenty-five thousand pounds; and it is conjectured, that from the bulk of the people twenty, or five-and-twenty thousand pounds may be yearly collected.

These computations are very modest, since it is evident that there is a much greater consumption of oaths in this kingdom, and consequently a much greater sum might be yearly raised.

That it may be collected with ease and regularity, it is proposed to settle informers in great towns in proportion to the number of inhabitants, and to have riding-officers in the country; and since nothing brings a greater contempt on any profession than poverty, it is determined to settle very handsome salaries on the gentlemen that are employed by the bank, that they may, by a generosity of living, reconcile men to an office, that has lain under so much scandal of late, as to be undertaken by none but curates, clerks of meeting-houses, and broken tradesmen.

It is resolved, that none shall be preferred to those employments, but persons that are notorious for being constant churchmen, and frequent communicants; whose piety will be a sufficient security for their honest and industrious execution of their office.

It is very probable, that twenty thousand pounds will be necessary to defray all expenses of servants salaries, &c. However, there will be the clear yearly sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which may very justly claim a million subscription.

It is determined to lay out the remaining unapplied profits, which will be very considerable, towards the erecting and maintaining charity schools; a design so beneficial to the public, and especially to the Protestant interest of this kingdom, has met with so much encouragement from several great patriots in England, that they have engaged to procure an act to secure the sole benefit of informing, on this swearing act, to the agents and servants of this

new bank. Several of my friends pretend to demonstrate, that this bank will in time vie with the South Sea Company: They insist, that the army dispend as many oaths yearly as will produce one hundred thousand pounds *net*.

There are computed to be one hundred pretty fellows in this town, that swear fifty oaths a head daily; some of them would think it hard to be stinted to an hundred: This very branch would produce a vast sum yearly.

The fairs of this kingdom will bring in a vast revenue; the oaths of a little Connaught one, as well as they could be numbered by two persons, amounted to three thousand. It is true, that it would be impossible to turn all of them into ready money; for a shilling is so great a duty on swearing, that if it was carefully exacted, the common people might as well pretend to drink wine as to swear; and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt.

A servant that I employed to accompany the militia their last muster day, had scored down in the compass of eight hours, three hundred oaths, but as the putting the act in execution on those days, would only fill the stocks with porters, and pawn-shops with muskets and swords: And as it would be matter of great joy to Papists, and disaffected persons, to see our militia swear themselves out of their guns and swords, it is resolved, that no advantage shall be taken of any militiaman's swearing while he is under arms; nor shall any advantage be taken of any man's swearing in the Four Courts provided he is at hearing in the exchequer, or has just paid off an attorney's bill.

The medicinal use of oaths is what the undertaker would by no means discourage, especially where it is necessary to help the lungs to throw off any distilling humour. On certificate of a course of swearing prescribed by any physician, a permit will be given to the patient by the proper officer of the bank, paying no more but sixpence. It is expected, that a scheme of so much advantage to the public will meet with more encouragement than their chimerical banks; and the undertaker hopes, that as he has spent a considerable fortune in bringing this scheme to bear, he may have the satisfaction to see it take place, for the public good, though he should have the fate of most projectors, to be undone.

It is resolved, that no compositions shall be made, nor licences granted for swearing, under a notion of applying the money to pious uses; a practice so scandalous as is fit only for the see of Rome, where the money arising from whoring licences is applied *ad propagandam fidem*: And to the shame of Smock-alley, and of all Protestant whores, (especially those who live under the light of the Gospel-ministry) be it spoken, a whore in Rome never lies down, but she hopes it will be the means of converting some poor heathen, or heretic.

The swearing revenues of the town of Cork will be given for ever, by the bank, to the support of poor clergymen's widows; and those of Ringsend will be allowed to the maintenance of sailors' bastards.

The undertaker designs, in a few days, to appoint time and place for taking subscriptions; the subscribers must come prepared to pay down one

fourth, on subscribing.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Jews of Rotterdam have offered to farm the revenues of Dublin at twenty thousand pounds *per ann.* Several eminent Quakers are also willing to take them at that rent; but the undertaker has rejected their proposals, being resolved to deal with none but Christians.

Application may be made to him about them, any day at Pat's coffee-house, where attendance will be given.

ONTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD

Widely acknowledged as Swift's masterpiece, this satirical novel was first published in 1726, and later adapted in 1735. The book was immediately popular as soon as it appeared, with John Gay famously writing to Swift in 1726, "It is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery". Although often considered a children's story in modern times, *Gulliver's Travels* was in fact a controversial and damning satire of Eighteenth century England.

It is uncertain exactly when Swift started writing *Gulliver's Travels*, but some sources suggest as early as 1713, when Swift formed the Scriblerus Club with Gay, Pope, Arbuthnot and others, with the intention of satirising the popular literary genres of the time. It is known from Swift's correspondence that the composition proper began in 1720 with Parts I and II written first, Part IV next in 1723 and Part III completed in 1724; but further changes were made even while Swift was writing *Drapier's Letters*. By August 1725 the satire was complete. As *Gulliver's Travels* was an explicitly anti-Whig work, it is likely that Swift had the manuscript copied so that his handwriting could not be used as evidence if a prosecution should be made against him, as had happened in the case of his Irish pamphlets.

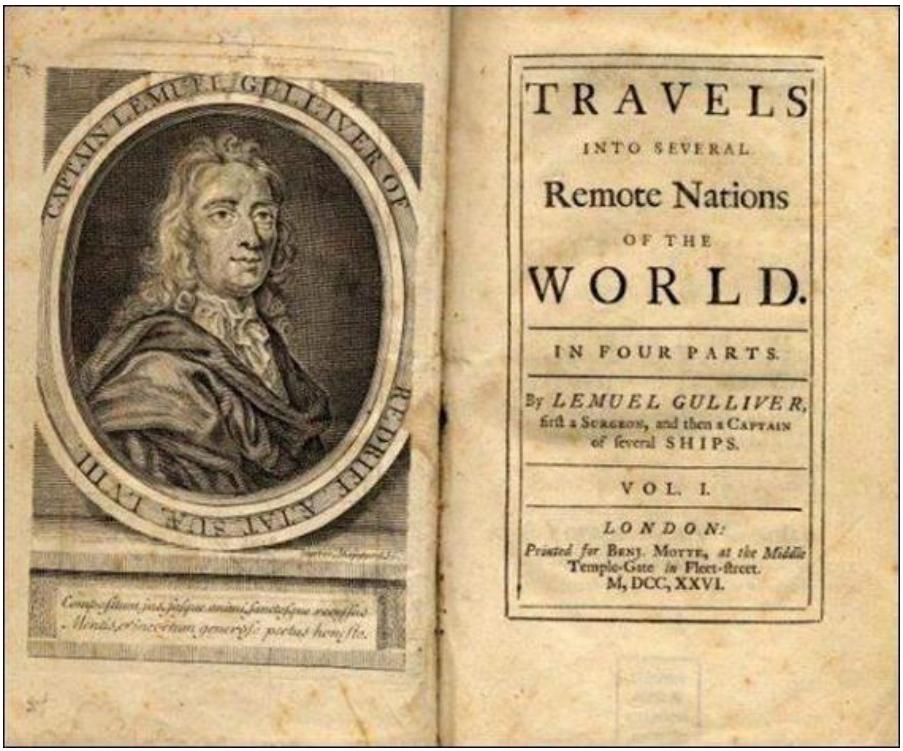
In March 1726 Swift travelled to London to have the book published, with the manuscript being secretly delivered to the publisher Benjamin Motte, who used five printing houses to speed production and avoid piracy. Though Motte recognised the book's merit, he feared prosecution and so altered the worst offending passages, such as the descriptions of the court contests in Lilliput and the rebellion of Lindalino, adding some material in defence of Queen Anne to Part II. The first edition was released in two volumes on 26 October 1726, priced at 8s. 6d. An instant sensation, the novel sold out its first run in less than a week. Swift's friend Alexander Pope wrote a set of *Verses on Gulliver's Travels*, which Swift liked so much that he added them to the second edition of the book, though they are rarely included in subsequent editions.

In 1735 the Irish publisher George Faulkner, printed a set of Swift's works, Volume III of which was *Gulliver's Travels*. As revealed in Faulkner's *Advertisement to the Reader*, the publisher had access to an annotated copy of Motte's work by "a friend of the author" — now generally believed to be Swift's friend Charles Ford — which reproduced most of the manuscript, without Motte's previous amendments. As the original manuscript had been

destroyed, this edition was of principal interest in understanding Swift's original text. Both the original 1726 edition and the 1735 'authoritative' edition are included in this eBook, with Pope's verses also included at the end of the 1726 version.

The novel opens with a short preamble in which Lemuel Gulliver, in the style of books of the time, gives a brief outline of his life and history before his voyages. He enjoys travelling, although he admits it is that love of travel that is his downfall. During his first voyage, Gulliver is washed ashore after a shipwreck, finding himself a prisoner of a race of tiny people, less than 6 inches tall, who are inhabitants of the island of Lilliput. After giving assurances of his good behaviour, he is given a residence in Lilliput and becomes a favourite of the court. From there, the satire follows Gulliver's observations on the Court of Lilliput. He is also given the permission to roam around the city on a condition that he would not harm their subjects. Gulliver assists the Lilliputians to subdue their neighbours, the Blefuscudians, by stealing their fleet. However, he refuses to reduce the island nation of Blefuscu to a province of Lilliput, displeasing the King and the court. Gulliver is convicted of treason for "making water" in the capital (even though he was putting out a fire and saving countless lives) — among other "crimes." Gulliver is charged with treason and sentenced to be blinded. With the assistance of a kind friend, Gulliver escapes to Blefuscu, where he spots and retrieves an abandoned boat and sails out to be rescued by a passing ship which safely takes him back home.

Gulliver's attitude hardens as the book progresses, with him being genuinely surprised by the viciousness and politicking of the Lilliputians, but much later finds the behaviour of the Yahoos in the fourth part reflective of the behaviour of people, irrevocably disturbing his perception of mankind. Gulliver progresses from a happy optimist at the start to a haughty misanthrope in the book's conclusion, utterly disgusted by humanity's weaknesses and foibles.



TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL

Remote Nations

OF THE

WORLD.

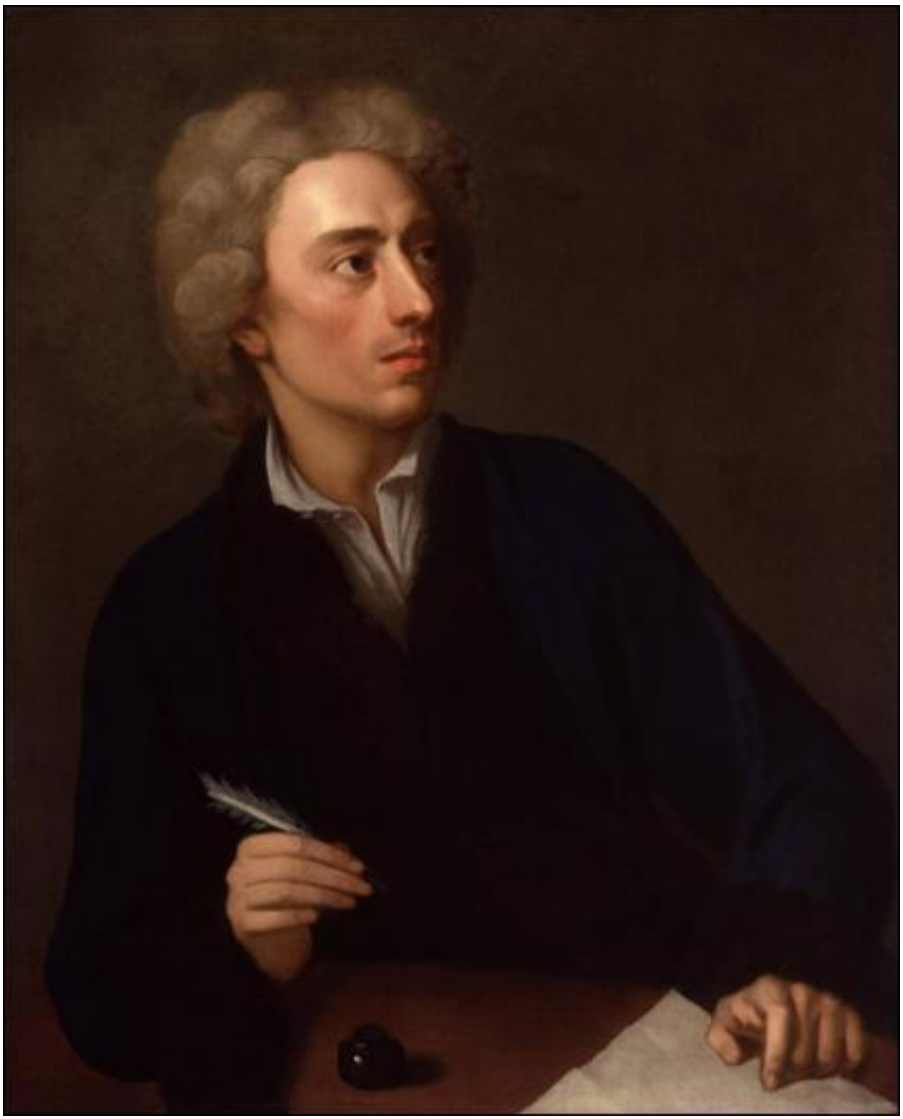
IN FOUR PARTS.

By *LEMUEL GULLIVER*,
first a Surgeon, and then a Captain
of several SHIPS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for Benj. Motte, *at the Middle*
Temple-Gate *in* Fleet-street.
M, DCC, XXVI.

The first edition



The poet Alexander Pope (1688-1744), famed for his satirical verse and translation of Homer, was a strong supporter of Swift, writing verses to accompany his friend's satirical novel.

CONTENTS

THE FIRST PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

PART I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.
CHAPTER VIII.

PART II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII
CHAPTER VIII

PART III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.
CHAPTER VIII.
CHAPTER IX.
CHAPTER X.
CHAPTER XI.

PART IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.
CHAPTER VIII.
CHAPTER IX.
CHAPTER X.
CHAPTER XI.
CHAPTER XII.

ALEXANDER POPE'S GULLIVER VERSES

TRAVELS INTO SEVERAL Remote Nations OF THE WORLD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

By *LEMUEL GULLIVER,*
First a Surgeon, and then a Cap
tain of several SHIPS.

THE FIRST PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

The author of these travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us on the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr. Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, his native county, where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbors.

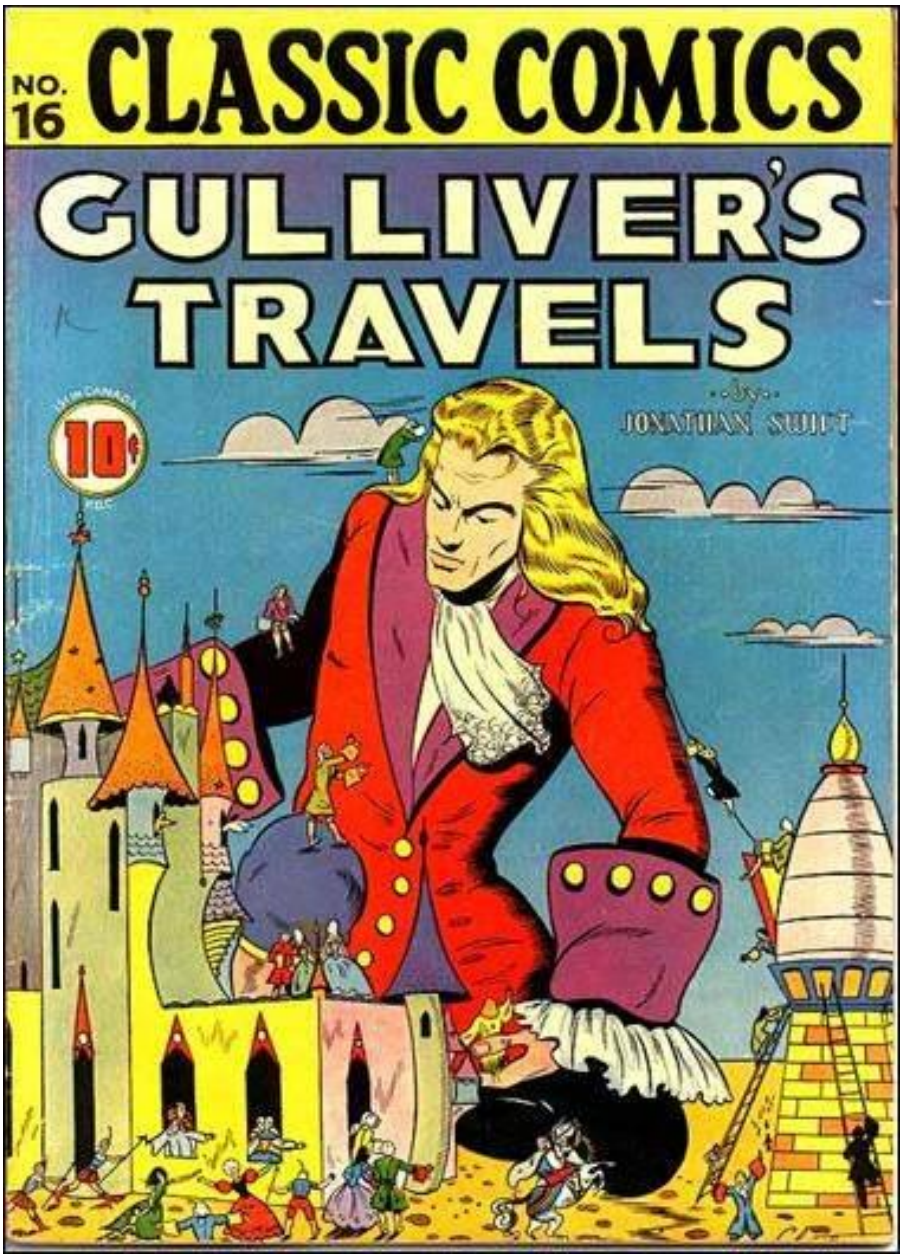
Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers. Before he quitted Redriff he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times. The style is very plain and simple, and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and, indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbors at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it.

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment than the common scribbles about politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages; together with the minute description of the management of the ship in the storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied; but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them, and if any traveller hath a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hand of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As for any farther particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.



An example of how the novel has achieved the status of a children's classic, due to the popularity of the Lilliput (Part I) section of the satire.

Hogs I
P Mintaon
I Good Fortune
SUMATRA
I Nallow
SUNDA
Sillabar
Straits of Sunda
Blefufcu
Lilliput
Mendrecho
Difcovered, A.D. 1699
Diemens Land,

PART I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY: HIS FIRST INDUCEMENTS TO TRAVEL. HE IS SHIPWRECKED, AND SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE; GETS SAFE ASHORE IN THE COUNTRY OF LILLIPUT; IS MADE A PRISONER, AND CARRIED UP THE COUNTRY.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him, and my uncle John and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year, to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the "Swallow," Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and, being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master, Bates, dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from

the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm, to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land.

By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees and 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor, while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and, in about half an hour, the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but, when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and, by this time, the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for, when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see

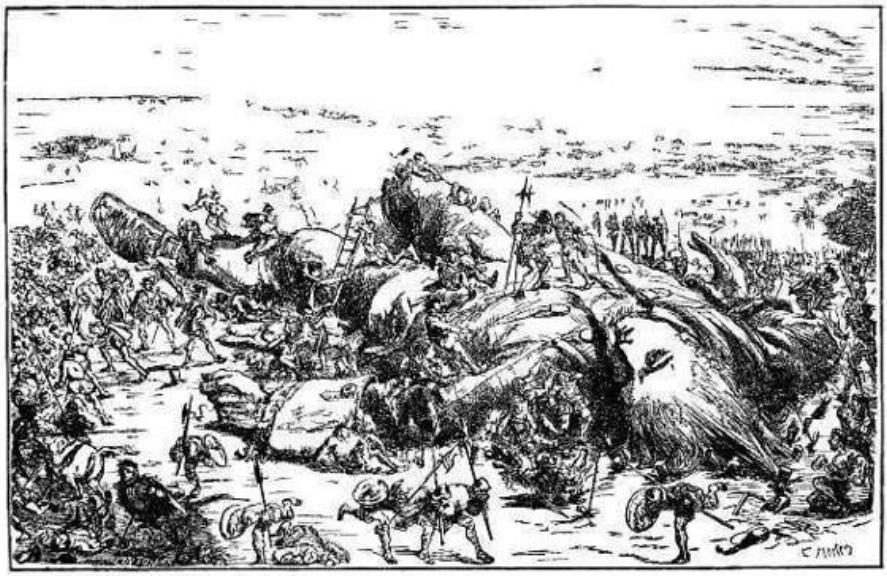
nothing except the sky. In a little time, I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward, as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice — *Hekinah degul!* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.



"I LAY ALL THIS WHILE IN GREAT UNEASINESS"

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro debul san* (these words, and the former, were afterwards repeated, and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side, to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes, to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped

like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught; which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating, several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign, that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach nevola*; and, when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*.

I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior — soon drove out those imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound, by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them.

"PRODUCING HIS CREDENTIALS."

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and, producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing, likewise, that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility, and cheerful countenances.

Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the

cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to get a little ease. But, before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it, by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. The prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work, to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was, to raise and place me in this vehicle.

Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and tied fast.

All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked, by a very ridiculous accident; for, the carriage being stopt a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked, when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole

off, unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly.

We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite

of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body, by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it, upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semi-circle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT, ATTENDED BY SEVERAL OF THE NOBILITY, COMES TO SEE THE AUTHOR IN HIS CONFINEMENT. THE EMPEROR'S PERSON AND HABIT DESCRIBED. LEARNED MEN APPOINTED TO TEACH THE AUTHOR THEIR LANGUAGE. HE GAINS FAVOR BY HIS MILD DISPOSITION. HIS POCKETS ARE SEARCHED, AND HIS SWORD AND PISTOLS TAKEN FROM HIM.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around, appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hind feet. But that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount.

When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept without the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat; each afforded me two or three good mouthfuls. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description.

His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume an the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were, High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ring-leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all on my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out of fear, for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was

bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night, I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight, during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds, of the common measure, were brought in carriages and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, which was of smooth stone. By

the same computation, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, which were tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships as I.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconvenience. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without license from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the meantime, the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me: but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom.

In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in, every morning, six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons, to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door.

It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort;

and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects.

He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs.

He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I should set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse.

"THESE GENTLEMEN MADE AN EXACT INVENTORY OF EVERYTHING THEY SAW."

These gentlemen having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows: —

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket, we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious number of white thin substances folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left, there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and so heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket, were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white and round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant

noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly), that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOC.
MARSI FRELOC.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars.

He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceedingly bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into

the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then let it off in the air.

The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time I delivered up both my pistols, in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours.

He asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them.

I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuffbox, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover; and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR DIVERTS THE EMPEROR AND HIS NOBILITY OF BOTH SEXES IN A VERY UNCOMMON MANNER. THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT OF LILLIPUT DESCRIBED. THE AUTHOR HAS HIS LIBERTY GRANTED HIM UPON CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time, I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand, and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

The emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with one of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty, and the court, with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summersault several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long; one is purple, the other yellow, and the third white. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world.

The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other: sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the yellow is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice about the middle; and you see few great persons round about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap.

I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six wood-men arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each.

I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side.

When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage: and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance.

It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with feats of this kind, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was first taken up, had

seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they had at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I intreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness; and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of the army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a

fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old, experienced leader and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order and march under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyrris Bolgolam who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against

him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed, that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself.

These articles were brought to me by Skyrris Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them, first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposeth to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

First. The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

Second. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order, at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

Third. The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

Fourth. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

Fifth. If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six-days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

Sixth. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu,

and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

Seventh. That the said man-mountain shall at his times of leisure be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

Eighth. That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly. That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to the articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyrris Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments, by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court, how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me, that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

MILENDO, THE METROPOLIS OF LILLIPUT, DESCRIBED TOGETHER WITH THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND A PRINCIPAL SECRETARY, CONCERNING THE AFFAIRS OF THAT EMPIRE. THE AUTHOR OFFERS TO SERVE THE EMPEROR IN HIS WARS.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have license to see Milendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt, either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town.

The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stept over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sideling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place.

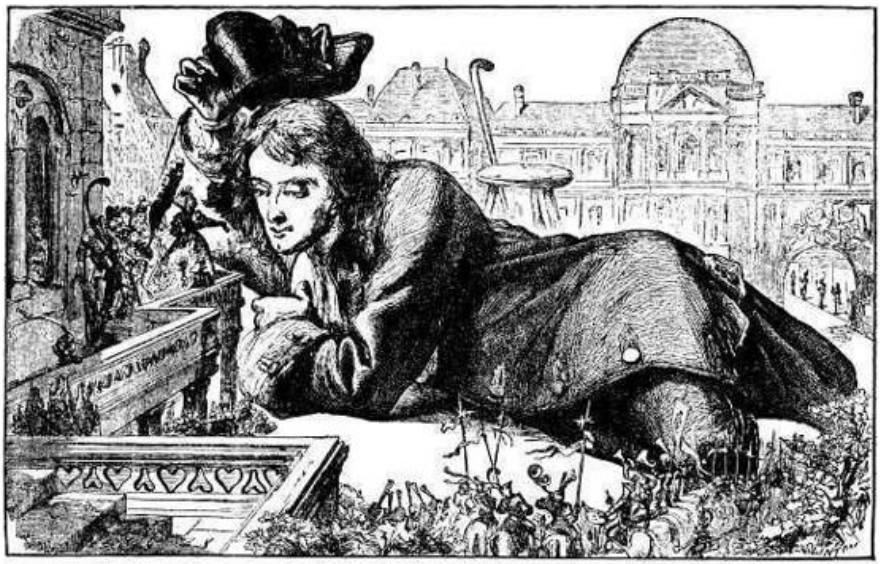
The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories; the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two foot high, and twenty foot distant from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side.

The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts; in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates from one square into another were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick.

At the same time, the emperor had a great desire that I should see the

magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down, with my knife, some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight.



HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY WAS PLEASED TO SMILE VERY GRACIOUSLY UPON ME.

The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stept over the building very conveniently, from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief

design, at present, being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public, or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation.

He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it. But however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that, for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this may be, his majesty hath determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe: and particularly, that his majesty's imperial heels are lower, at least by a *drurr*, than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For, as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon or one of the stars, because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on

all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy, but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable, by law, of holding employments.

During the course of these troubles, the Emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate, by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran) This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or, at least, in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires fo six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the

damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

CHAPTER V.

THE AUTHOR, BY AN EXTRAORDINARY STRATAGEM, PREVENTS AN INVASION. A HIGH TITLE OF HONOR IS CONFERRED UPON HIM. AMBASSADORS ARRIVE FROM THE EMPEROR OF BLEFUSCU, AND SUE FOR PEACE. THE EMPRESS'S APARTMENT ON FIRE, BY ACCIDENT; THE AUTHOR INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING THE REST OF THE PALACE.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situate to the north northeast of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it; and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon the pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever.

I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed, of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports; I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable, to make it stronger; and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook.

Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened, when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end.

While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was

for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles, in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull: but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors; so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and, with great ease, drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face: and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in an hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing; and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing, with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so immeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the

whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design, by many arguments, drawn from the topics of policy, as well as justice. And I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

"AND CREATED ME A *NARDAC* UPON THE SPOT."

This open, bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it, in a very artful manner, at council, where, I was told, that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And, from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices, by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, invited me to that kingdom, in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

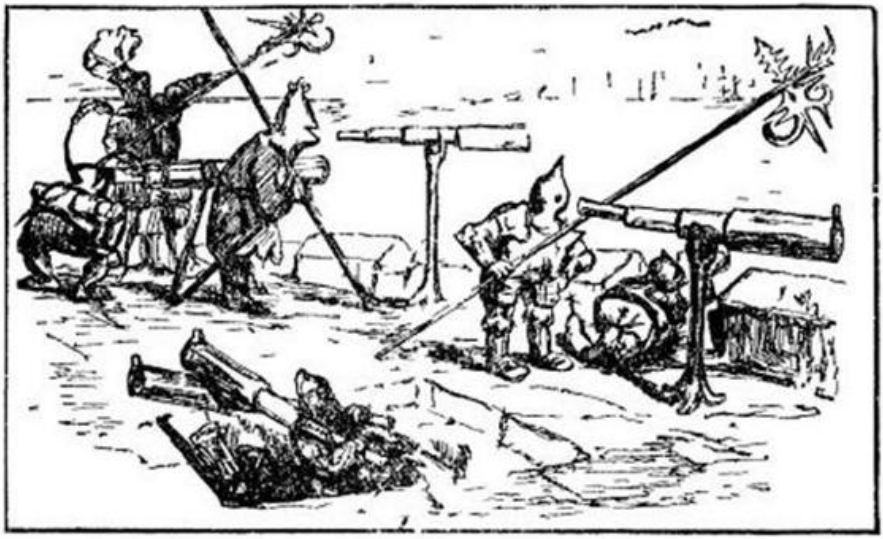
When I had for some time entertained their Excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honor to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which, I am sure, my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of its own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of its neighbor; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue.

And it must be confessed, that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms; from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them; and from the custom in each empire, to send their young nobility, and richer gentry, to the other, in order to polish themselves, by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or, seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues, as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles, upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But, being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor, to do him justice, never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door, by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly.

Several of the emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honor, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace, without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient by which in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.



It was now daylight, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any man, of what quality soever, to even touch the empress or the royal princesses without invitation. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form, which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of me, and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE INHABITANTS OF LILLIPUT; THEIR LEARNING, LAWS, AND CUSTOMS; THE MANNER OF EDUCATING THEIR CHILDREN. THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF LIVING IN THAT COUNTRY.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the meantime, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight, towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk.

Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which, for many ages, hath flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese, but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at the resurrection, be found ready, standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and, out of his goods, or lands, the

innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence, or, it that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and run away with, and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me, to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and, truly, I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *snillpall*, or *legal*, which is added to his name, but doth not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection, with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheath in her left, to show she was more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience, and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far

from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequences to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen, by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favor and distinction by leaping over sticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor, now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is, among them, a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. Their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and, therefore, they have, in every town, public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and laborers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors, well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honor, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the

women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family, for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionally after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by the chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus, the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the women were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex and their several degrees; those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion

for the child; and, therefore, all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people to leave the burden of supporting their children on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and laborers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestic, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head for mechanics, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair, convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece.

The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

"THREE HUNDRED TAILORS WERE EMPLOYED TO MAKE ME CLOTHES"

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, flung on their shoulders; all of which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent, I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness, as he was pleased to call it, of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honor to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent, below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

“THE HAPPINESS ... OF DINING WITH ME.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR, BEING INFORMED OF A DESIGN TO ACCUSE HIM OF HIGH TREASON, MAKES HIS ESCAPE TO BLEFUSCU. HIS RECEPTION THERE.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me: —

You are to know, said he, that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

You are very sensible that Skyrris Bolgolam (*galbet* or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded.

"HE DESIRED I WOULD HEAR HIM WITH PATIENCE."

Out of gratitude for the favors you have done for me, I procured information

of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT AGAINST QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

ARTICLE I.

Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his Imperial Majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, That whoever shall lay hands upon the empress, or upon any of the royal children, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason. Notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under color of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his Majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, and traitorously, pull her by the arms, and lift her high in the air in both his hands, against the statute in that case provided, &c., against the duty, &c.

ARTICLE II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy. He, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

ARTICLE III.

That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court; he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

ARTICLE IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal license from his imperial majesty; and under color of the said license, doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavoring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious

death, by setting fire on your house at night; and the general was to attend, with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honorable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments; that if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honor to be his counsellors: that the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty: that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us: that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet: and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper, but rising up in fury, said he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes: that you, who extinguished the fire in that unprincipled manner, might at another time inundate and drown the whole palace; and the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

The treasurer was of the same opinion. He showed to what straits his

majesty's revenue was reduced, by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable. That the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some sort of fowls, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat. That his sacred majesty, and the council, who are your judges, were to their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleaded to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other might be inflicted hereafter. And your friend, the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous when it should become more than half diminished; and, immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might in two or three days cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books, none dissenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that illegal method you took to remove her and her children the night of the fire.

In three days, your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return, in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom, introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different,

as I have been assured, from the practices of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favorite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed that, the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things that I could not discover the lenity and favor of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle, I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favors I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers as to persuade myself that his majesty's present seventies acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But, hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's license to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stript myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands until I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command. I had an

answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hand.

I told his majesty that I was come, according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor, my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince, not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any

such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power, wherein however it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUTHOR, BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT, FINDS MEANS TO LEAVE BLEFUSCU, AND AFTER SOME DIFFICULTIES, RETURNS SAFE TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the forepart of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war. But I found all my labor to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could with one of my hands, and, the tide favoring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and, by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart, which, after some kind expostulation, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was despatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac* and declared a traitor. The envoy farther added that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible. That, although I had deprived

him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers where I could possibly avoid it; and, therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favorable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him that, since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone, that I happened to find after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace. I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I SET SAIL AT SIX IN THE MORNING

I stored the boat with the carcases of a hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls

alive, with as many ewes and lambs, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and, when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at southeast, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the northwest I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands, which, I had reason to believe, lay to the northeast of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the southeast: my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half-an-hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun.

It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her, between five and six in the evening, September twenty-sixth; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors.

I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south. There were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rareties of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the thirteenth of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. I got the rest of my cattle safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed

very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuits, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others: and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds.

Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money, and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortune. My eldest uncle, John, had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the "Black Bull," in Fetter Lane, which yielded me as much more: so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children), was then at

her needlework. I took leave of my wife and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the “Adventure,” a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

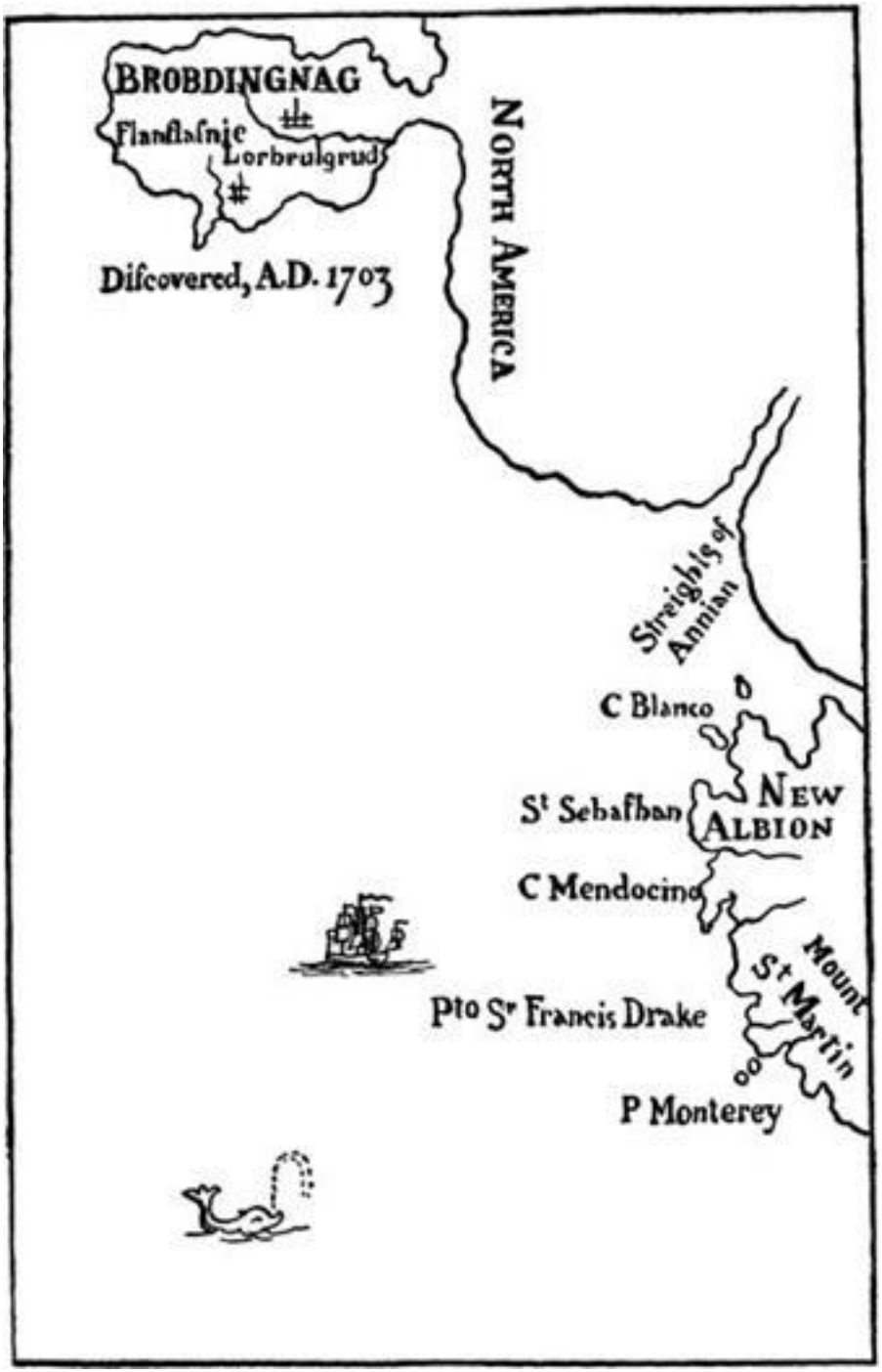
PART II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT STORM DESCRIBED; THE LONG-BOAT SENT TO FETCH WATER; THE AUTHOR GOES WITH IT TO DISCOVER THE COUNTRY. HE IS LEFT ON SHORE, IS SEIZED BY ONE OF THE NATIVES, AND CARRIED TO A FARMER'S HOUSE. HIS RECEPTION, WITH SEVERAL ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED THERE. A DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the twentieth day of June, 1702, in the "Adventure," Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but, discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there: for, the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale, between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the nineteenth of April began to blow with much greater violence and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the second of May, at which time the wind ceased and it was a perfect calm; whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But, he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in, and soon it was a fierce storm.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the foresail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen.


BROBDINGNAG
Flanflasnic
Lorbrulgrud
Difcovered, A.D. 1703
NORTH AMERICA
Streights of Annian
C Blanco
St Sebaſtian
NEW ALBION
C Mendocino
Pto Sr Francis Drake
Mount St Martin
P Monterey

The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying, or hulling. We reefed the foresail and set him, we hauled aft the foresheet: the helm was hard-a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east north east, the wind was at southwest. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather braces and lifts; we set in the lee braces, and hauled forward by the weather bowlings, and hauled them tight and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen tack to wind-ward and kept her full and by, as near as she could lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind, west southwest, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the northwest parts of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the sixteenth day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the seventeenth, we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not which), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land, jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could.

When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down toward the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although

it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him about half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

"A HUGE CREATURE WALKING ... IN THE SEA."

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty.

I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move, with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distance, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me.

Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded forever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be among the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel

in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And, therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England.

"WHEREUPON THE HUGE CREATURE TROD SHORT."

At length he ventured to take me up between his forefinger and thumb, and

brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air, above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise my eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer, having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat, which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hair aside, to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards to let those people see that I had no intent to run away.

They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces, of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He

spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness.

I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight.

The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about three gallons, and filled it with drink: I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened by the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show that I had got no mischief by my fall.

But advancing forwards towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled in every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box in the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to

the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favorite cat leapt into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons.

But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle and got my head in its mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist. As she sat down close to the table on which I stood, her appearance astonished me not a little. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass, where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse and ill-colored.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject

with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colors altogether disagreeable: although I must beg leave to say for myself that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies of that emperor's court, he used to tell me one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done my master went out to his labors, and, as I could discover by his voice and gestures, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which, my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor.

"I ... DREW MY HANGER TO DEFEND MYSELF."

Presently two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and

forwards on my bed. One of them came almost up to my face; whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. The horrible animals had the boldness to attack me both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I killed him before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to draw the carcase off the bed, where it still lay bleeding. I observed it had yet some life; but, with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of teaming or style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance. However, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAPTER II.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER. THE AUTHOR CARRIED TO A MARKET-TOWN, AND THEN TO THE METROPOLIS. THE PARTICULARS OF THIS JOURNEY.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of toward parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night. The cradle was put into a small drawer cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with these people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known.

She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress, to teach me the language. When I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country. We never parted while I was there; I called her my Glumdalclitch, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honorable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighborhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions, seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like

the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it by the cursed advice he gave my master, to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words.

"I CALLED HER MY GLUMDALCLITCH."

But the next morning, Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole

matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honor, and what an indignity conceive it to be exposed for money, as a public spectacle, to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet as soon as it was fat sold it to a butcher. For my own part I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England; since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day, to the neighboring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent; our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the innkeeper and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town, of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck* (an animal in that country, very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded. She asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it, after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day

shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in.

My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse, and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me: otherwise, it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion, but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

"FLOURISHED AFTER THE MANNER OF FENCERS IN ENGLAND."

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-

day, and in the meantime he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighboring gentleman, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country was very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday which is their Sabbath), although I was not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having, therefore, provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the seventeenth of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as conveniently as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the twenty-sixth of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language, *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR SENT FOR TO COURT. THE QUEEN BUYS HIM OF HIS MASTER THE FARMER, AND PRESENTS HIM TO THE KING. HE DISPUTES WITH HIS MAJESTY'S GREAT SCHOLARS. AN APARTMENT AT COURT PROVIDED FOR THE AUTHOR. HE IS IN HIGH FAVOR WITH THE QUEEN. HE STANDS UP FOR THE HONOR OF HIS OWN COUNTRY. HE QUARRELS WITH THE QUEEN'S DWARF.

The frequent labors I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health; the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *slardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither, for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behavior, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanor. I fell on my knees and begged the honor of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on a table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip.

She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words, as I could. She asked whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my master's slave; but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but, for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favor, that Glumdalclitch, who had always attended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor.

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in good service, to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

“THIS GRACIOUS PRINCESS HELD OUT HER LITTLE FINGER.”

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day, and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so, I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive, by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal.

“SHE ... CARRIED ME TO THE KING.”

She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then

retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck*; for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humor, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet-door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet, when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clockwork (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words, to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases, which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favorite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was nearly thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally, *lusus naturae*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe: whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavored in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where

the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town; having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we had told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed that we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished to me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them; for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome, till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her Majesty ate, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the

queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself: and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had, indeed, but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, is their Sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favorite; and, at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, taws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or a tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the "Royal Sovereign," he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, says he, I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my color came and went several times with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But, as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature

thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed, several months, to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that, if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery, and birthday clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting and bowing and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could nothing be more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much, as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger, and look big, as he passed by me in the queen's ante-chamber, while I was standing on some table, talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself, by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm; and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch, in that instant, happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favor; for, soon after, the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

"I COULD ONLY REVENGE MYSELF BY CALLING HIM BROTHER."

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing,

although, at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone on the dish erect, as it stood before. The dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted upon the stool she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure, I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was became of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this; the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest, while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about my ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, and I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf, to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was, to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet-cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bag-pipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These creatures were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having

since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England, I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY DESCRIBED. A PROPOSAL FOR CORRECTING MODERN MAPS. THE KING'S PALACE, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE METROPOLIS. THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF TRAVELLING. THE CHIEF TEMPLE DESCRIBED.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the northwest parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the northeast by a ridge of mountains, thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world.

But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching, whereby it is manifest, that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then, they take a whale, that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of buildings, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people as we passed along the streets, I reckoned our coach to be about the square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach. It was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person who carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave, trusty servant, in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more on account of their majesties' favor than any merit of my own.

In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed, and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

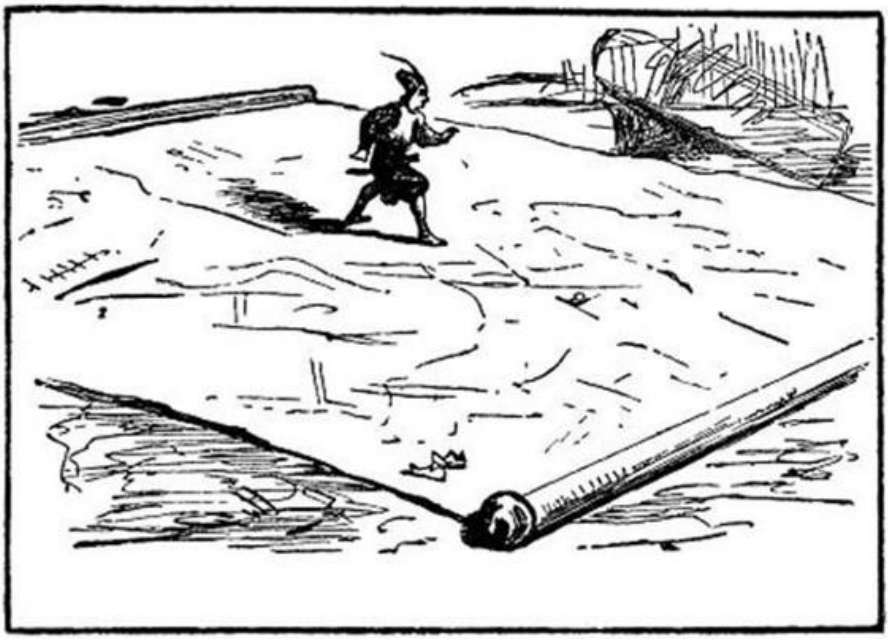
Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling

closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap, in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand, that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly, one day my nurse carried me thither, but I must truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation, to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are nearly a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble larger than life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's, for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least, a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury, by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.



CHAPTER V.

SEVERAL ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED TO THE AUTHOR. THE AUTHOR SHOWS HIS SKILL IN NAVIGATION.

I should have lived happily enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language, as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head; by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt; and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hail stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls, however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when

my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with governess and some ladies of her acquaintance, she was absent and out of hearing, a small white belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune, he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog, but the thing was bushed up and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me; and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast.

When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms and snails as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was

twenty times thinking of letting him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me, whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered, that I understood both very well; for, although nay proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers.

"THE SMALLER BIRDS DID NOT APPEAR TO BE AT ALL AFRAID OF ME."

Her majesty said, if I could contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room.

But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half-an-hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat, into her closet, and hung it oh a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

"GAVE ME A GALE WITH THEIR FANS."

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every

third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head backwards and forwards. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked the up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window.

I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box; but the monkey looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me out in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe: and, when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw.

In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted. That quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws: whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king, after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favors, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was, indeed, as large as an elephant) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question.

However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavor to do himself honor among those who are out of all degree of

equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behavior very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common-sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field, and, Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling-box, I went out of it to walk. There was a pool of mud in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home, when the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footman spread it about the court; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVERAL CONTRIVANCES OF THE AUTHOR TO PLEASE THE KING AND QUEEN. HE SHOWS HIS SKILL IN MUSIC. THE KING INQUIRES INTO THE STATE OF ENGLAND, WHICH THE AUTHOR RELATES TO HIM. THE KING'S OBSERVATIONS THEREON.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair, I then took a piece of fine wood and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distance with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it, but some little coins that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them; but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the

doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains, after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learnt in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her. I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner.

A fancy came into my head that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult; for the spinet was nearly sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too

great a labor, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks, about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it that way and this as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together as other artists do, which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet. He would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty that the contempt he discovered towards Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

“THE MOST VIOLENT EXERCISE I EVER UNDERWENT.”

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers, persons of the noblest blood and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valor, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honor had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valor and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might redound to the honor of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate

the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords; whether the humor of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady as a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe or some other sinister view could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compilers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some noblemen, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighborhood? How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere; and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry? He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points; and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes, manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party in religion or politics was observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they, or their judges, had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for or against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary

opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And, particularly, whether they were admitted as members in the lower senate?

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and, when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors, and where we found to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbors and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it), in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us, in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others?

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst

effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valor, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

“YOU HAVE MADE A MOST ADMIRABLE PANEGYRIC.”

CHAPTER VII

THE AUTHOR'S LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY. HE MAKES A PROPOSAL OF MUCH ADVANTAGE TO THE KING, WHICH IS REJECTED. THE KING'S GREAT IGNORANCE IN POLITICS. THE LEARNING OF THAT COUNTRY VERY IMPERFECT AND CONFINED. THE LAWS, AND MILITARY AFFAIRS, AND PARTIES IN THE STATE.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet this much I may be allowed to say, in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favorable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice, recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavor, in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and farther to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favor, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder into a heap, on which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink

down ships with a thousand men in each to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workman how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not to be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favor and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given him of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions), could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and short views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have arisen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us, written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell

what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy or some rival nation were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes, with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only in two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation; and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a movable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually, till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a paste-board, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise,

which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject.

This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and

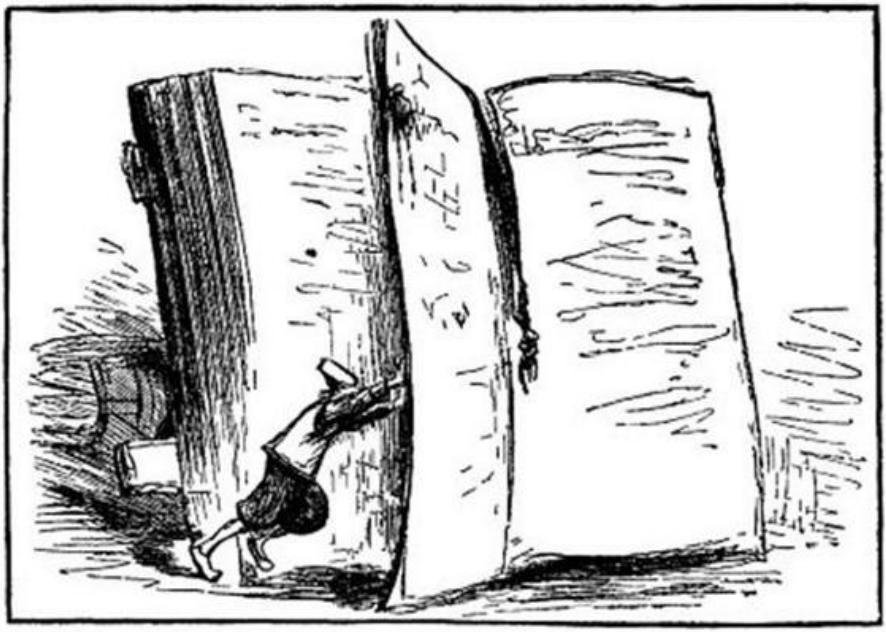
could now produce only small births, in comparison to those in ancient times. He said, it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also, that there must have been giants in former ages; which as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction, from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting, how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or, indeed, rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field, near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse: but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories: for in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however, happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition;

and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.



CHAPTER VIII

THE KING AND QUEEN MAKE A PROGRESS TO THE FRONTIERS. THE AUTHOR ATTENDS THEM. THE MANNER IN WHICH HE LEAVES THE COUNTRY VERY PARTICULARLY RELATED. HE RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

I had always a strong impulse that I should sometime recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of the coast; and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbrel to Lorbrulgrud. I was treated with much kindness: I was the favorite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a footing as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields, without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

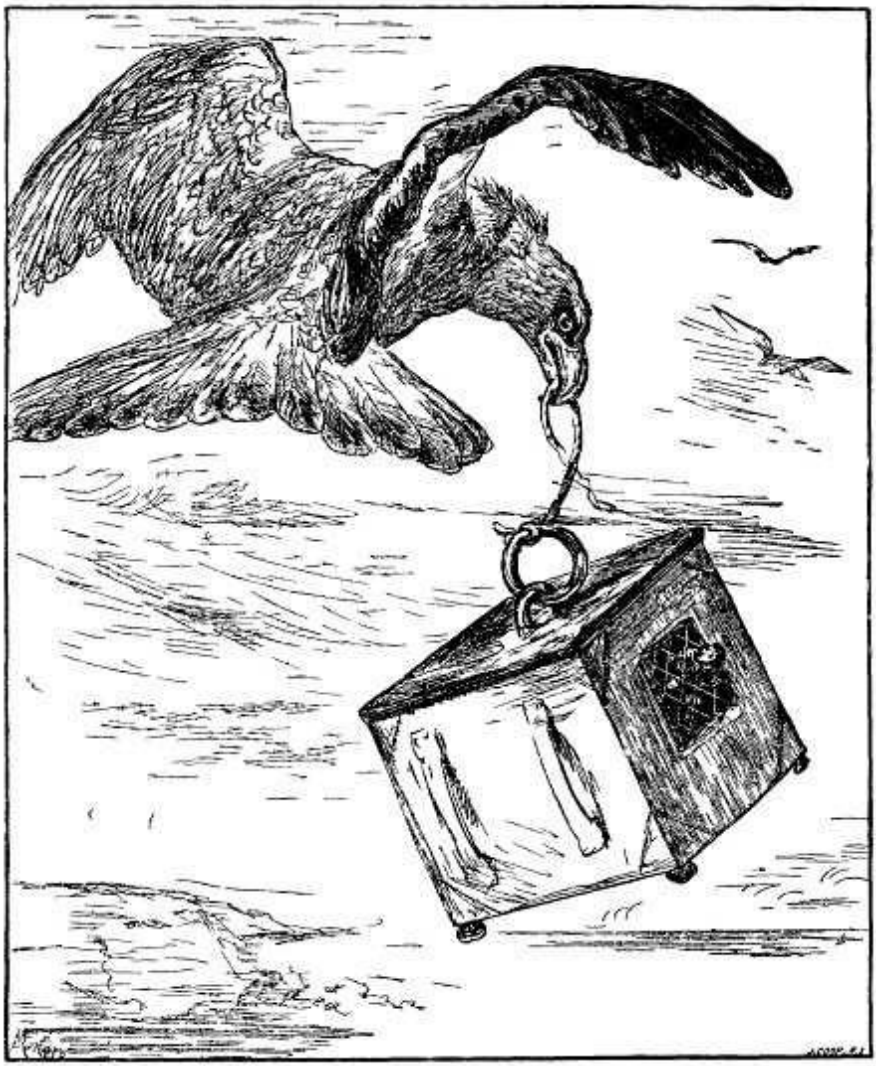
"SHE HAD SOME FOREBODING."

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third,

Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling-box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather as I slept, which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English of the sea-side Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued, I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea with a page, whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen.

The boy took me out in my box about half-an-hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my windows searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.



In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been, that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in the water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was

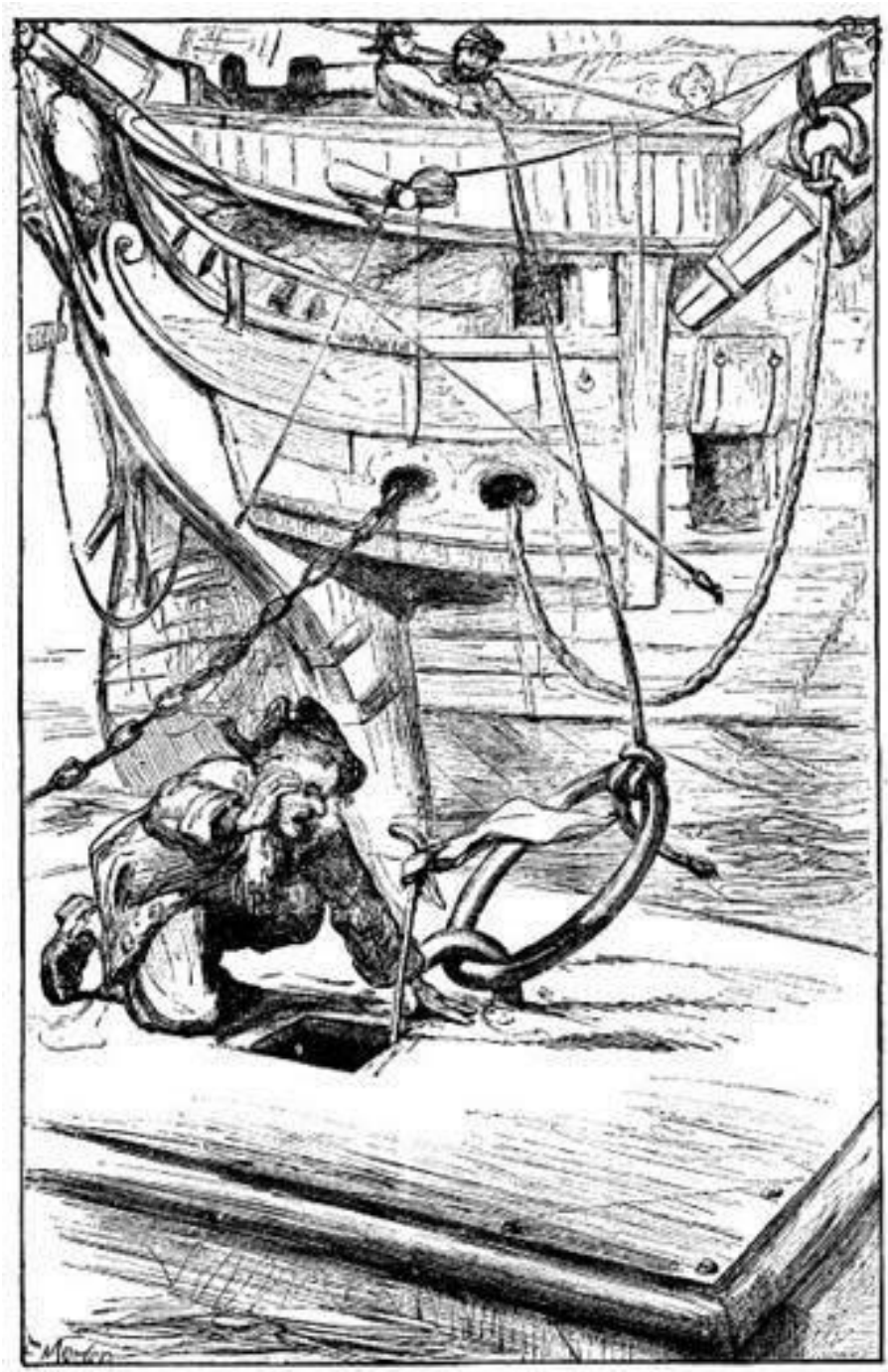
pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved, and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back my slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalchtch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me. And I may say with truth that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death; nor could anything have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavored to stop them as well as I could, I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea, for I now and then felt a sort of tugging which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor, and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might

conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour or better, that side of the box where the staples were and had no window struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue. "If there be anybody below, let them speak." I answered I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out. I answered that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.



"SOMEBODY CALLING ... IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE."

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which

I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pygmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest, worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock, a handsome two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton: that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving: however (I suppose to pacify me), he promised to give orders as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which, by reason of so many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I had rather forgotten.

I slept some hours, but was perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest.

He said that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming-house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and wire-lattices that defenced them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to

fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me? to which he answered, that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain how far he reckoned we might be from land?

He said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropt into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life.

He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished by the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions; for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived. He added that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered, at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet chest, as well as by my odd looks and behavior while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candor and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket (for he had already informed me how seamen disposed of my closet). I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasps' stings, like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. Lastly I desired him to see the

breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing upon him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was affected with the toothache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it in my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said he hoped when we returned to England I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers, that my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I wondered as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most contemptible little creatures I had ever beheld. For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass, after my eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said that while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered, it was very true, and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell, and so I went on, describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied that he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his

mirth, protested he would have gladly given a hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

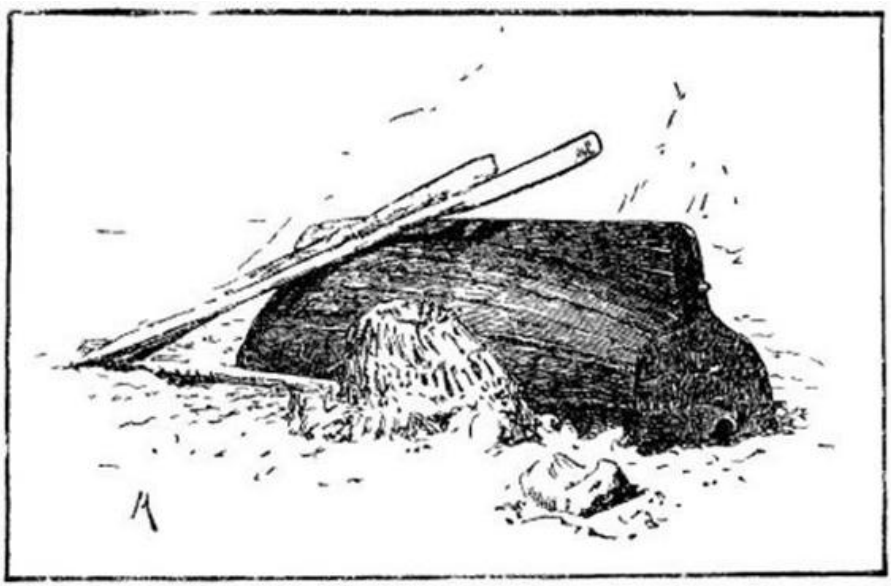
“MY DAUGHTER KNEELED BUT I COULD NOT SEE HER.”

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven northeastward, to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and, coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave pay goods in security for payment of my freight, but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses — the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opened the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pygmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the meantime I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.



In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested “I should never go to sea any more;” although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

PART III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out on his third voyage. Is taken by pirates. The malice of a Dutchman. His arrival at an island. He is received into Laputa.

I had not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother, than an inferior officer; and, hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find I me in good health, asking, "whether I were now settled for life?" adding, "that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months," at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; "that I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea-affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command."

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject this proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife, whose consent however I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We staid there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east: after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to

defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order), they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoken Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said, "we should not die." I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said, "I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen, than in a brother christian." But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words: for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea (which they would not yield to, after the promise made me that I should not die), however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last, the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered, by my pocket-glass, several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do, in about three hours. It was all rocky: however I got many birds' eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the

reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round, before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers; I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed, and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could, for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be: yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked awhile among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people where doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment, to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for awhile to stand still. Yet soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed

with several gradations of galleries, and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery, I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief toward the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste, up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and, in less than half all hour, the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less then a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself in the most supplicating posture, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me, seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian: and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAPTER II.

The humours and dispositions of the Laputians described. An account of their learning. Of the king and his court. The author's reception there. The inhabitants subject to fear and disquietudes. An account of the women.

At my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right, or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders, they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits, without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets, of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were

again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne, was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him, on each side, a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty, and the whole court, a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course, there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences; for my tutor

would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many plains and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their interpretations, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language. The word, which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language, signifies high; and *untuh*, a governor; from which they say, by corruption, was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that Laputa was *quasi lap outed*; *lap*, signifying properly, the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then, with a rule and compasses, described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders, that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below, upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said that, the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear "the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part, in whatever instrument they most excelled."

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might

receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose, several packthreads were let down, with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by school boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics, gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevil, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language, by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe; but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minutes

peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies: for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up; that the face of the sun, will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long, through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes: that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity: they, contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular license from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of

quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children, — is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island, — went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform, than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAPTER III.

A phenomenon solved by modern philosophy and astronomy. The Laputians' great improvements in the latter. The king's method of suppressing insurrections.

I desired leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause, in art or in nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains, which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets toward the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the daytime, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases. For the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *flandona gagnole*, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards

high. In the middle of the concave side, there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be removed from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too: for in this magnet, the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion, the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let *A B* represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line *c d* represent the loadstone, of which let *d* be the repelling end, and *c* the attracting end, the island being over *C*: let the stone be placed in position *c d*, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards *D*. When it is arrived at *D*, let the stone be turned upon its axle, till its attracting end points towards *E*, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards *E*; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle till it stands in the position *E F*, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards *F*, where, by directing the attracting end towards *G*, the island may be carried to *G*, and from *G* to *H*, by turning the stone, so as to make its repelling extremity to point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone, as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral, which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it, being at equal distance from

the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who, from time to time, give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness. For, although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much further than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence) it is much to be wished, that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other arts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases: and if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action, which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which all lie below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason, why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity. For, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires, or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant, two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs, both of iron and stone, will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but, indeed, for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king, nor either of his two eldest sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAPTER IV.

The author leaves Laputa; is conveyed to Balnibarbi; arrives at the metropolis. A description of the metropolis, and the country adjoining. The author hospitably received by a great lord. His conversation with that lord.

Although I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but, at the same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language: I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported, "he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;" neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw, when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person, to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to

tell me, with regret: for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which, however, I refused, with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector, his kinsman, as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis. The island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of *Balnibarbi*; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado*. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about: neither did observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me, what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers, was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me, "that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs;" with other common topics to the same purpose. But, when we returned to his palace, he asked me "how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his

domestics?" This he might safely do; because every thing about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, "that his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects, which folly and beggary had produced in others." He said, "if I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation." I told his excellency "that I was entirely at his disposal;" and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me, with a sigh, "that there his estate began, and would continue the same, till we should come to his house: that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him, for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak like himself."

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to every thing I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me with a very melancholy air "that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure; that the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish, when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations, to have regard to what passed here below."

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: "That about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and, after five months continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region: that these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive

new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments, and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did, in every part of life, without innovation: that some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill common-wealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country."

His lordship added, "That he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go." He only desired me to observe a ruined building, upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: "That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants; that about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill, because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion, and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river whose course is more upon a level." He said, "that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment."

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAPTER V.

The author permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado. The academy largely described. The arts wherein the professors employ themselves.

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He has been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine, at a reasonable rate: but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance, from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method

for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung: it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However it is not doubted, that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me, "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed further, "that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us "that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory: this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to

replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of then fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump), and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him, by the same operation.

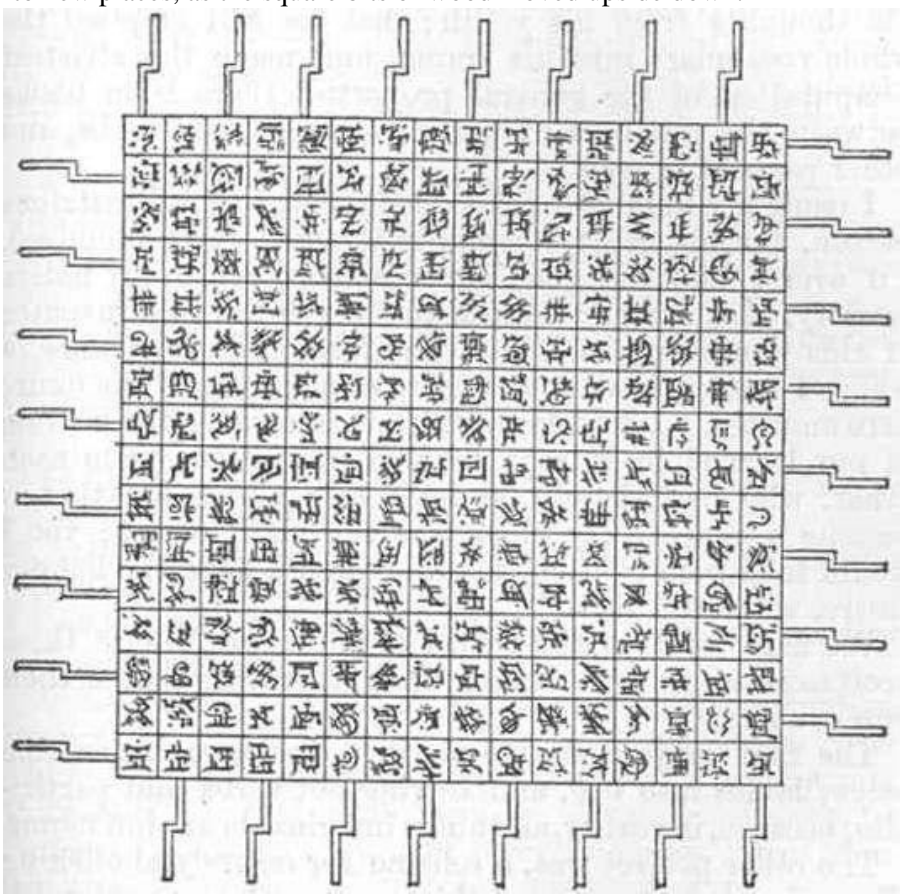
I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble, for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep, all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides, whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superfices was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by

slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads, to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.



Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado,

and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;" the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was, to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but norms.

The other project was, a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lunge by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us, who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house, he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of

all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition, and demonstration, were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This, the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following, eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence, as the prescription requires.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of the academy. The author proposes some improvements, which are honourably received.

In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, "that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the Academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies, in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance: whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be any thing more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations: with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, "that upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend it the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries stored

with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public; and might in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint, that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, "that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech; or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day, repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed, "that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, "that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those, who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that "it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "the justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was

of an opinion directly contrary; "to tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which, they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employment; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wipe their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and, from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by frequent experiment; for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different, when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing "he would be glad to receive further information."

I told him, "that in the kingdom of Tribnia, by the natives called

Langdon, where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies. The plots, in that kingdom, are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise, or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters: for instance, they can discover a close stool, to signify a privy council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

"When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus *N*, shall signify a plot; *B*, a regiment of horse; *L*, a fleet at sea; or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, 'Our brother Tom has just got the piles,' a skilful decipherer would discover, that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words, 'Resist — , a plot is brought home — The tour.' And this is the anagrammatic method."

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAPTER VII.

The author leaves Lagado: arrives at Maldonada. No ship ready. He takes a short voyage to Glubbdubdrib. His reception by the governor.

The continent, of which this kingdom is apart, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg; which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada (for so it is called) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, "that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrib, about five leagues off to the south-west." He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and with something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it was different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me, "that I should receive no hurt:" and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all: or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me "to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world."

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of

his army, just after the battle of Arbela: which, upon a motion of the governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour "that he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking."

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me "he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp."

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former, in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me, in one large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a later age in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demigods; the other, a knot of pedlars, pick-pockets, highwayman, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed, with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me, "that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away." I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, "that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself were perpetually together:" a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

A further account of Glubbdubdrib. Ancient and modern history corrected.

Having a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court, and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before; and I had a whisper from a ghost who shall be nameless, "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity." I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, "whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?"

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to *attraction*, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, "that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those, who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined."

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of

Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected. For, instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads, to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure, that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Nec vir fortis*, *nec foemina casta*; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for a hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety, to atheists; chastity, to sodomites; truth, to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions: how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit: how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success.

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of

ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed, in my presence, "that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct;" and an admiral, "that, for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet." Three kings protested to me, "that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again:" and they showed, with great strength of reason, "that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restiff temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business."

I had the curiosity to inquire in a particular manner, by what methods great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period: however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners (for I hope the reader need not be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion,) a great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent, I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry I was told, "that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors." As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit; most of them telling me, "they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet."

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, "he had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole

cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action." He added, "that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life." I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account: but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced; which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us within these hundred years past; how the pox, under all its consequences and denominations had altered every lineament of an English countenance; shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low, as to desire some English yeoman of the old stamp might be summoned to appear; once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren; who, in selling their votes and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAPTER IX.

The author returns to Maldonada. Sails to the kingdom of Luggnagg. The author confined. He is sent for to court. The manner of his admittance. The king's great lenity to his subjects.

The day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the Governor of Glubbdubdrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a seaport town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots "that I was a stranger, and great traveller;" whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander; because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, "that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island (of which he had often heard), and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country." The officer said, "I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight." I was carried to a convenient lodging with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The despatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh*, or *Trildrogdrib* (for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember), by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was despatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire, "that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would by his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool." This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form: for, upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court; and I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne; he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy; because it is capital for those, who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of: when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the Monarchs of Europe would imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution, which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression. When I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had

been taught me the night before, *Inckpling gloffthrobb squut serummblhiop mlashnalt zwin tnodbalkuffh slhiophad gurdlubh asht*. This is the compliment, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Fluft drin yalerick dwuldom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliffmarklub*, or high-chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter; with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I staid three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty; who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAPTER X.

The Luggnaggians commended. A particular description of the Struldbrugs, with many conversations between the author and some eminent persons upon that subject.

The Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people; and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me "what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature." He told me "that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die." The spot, as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue: at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration." He said, "these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred struldbrugs, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and, among the rest, a young girl born; about three years ago: that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people."

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight, upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions, perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehensions of death!" I discovered my admiration

that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court: and we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings the *struldbrugs*, if they would please to admit me."

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, "that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke." He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, "that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbrug*."

I answered, "it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

"That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbrug*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods, whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I

would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom, I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These *struldbrugs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

"What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and return of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!"

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, "he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there

were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where, during his residence, he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

"That the system of living contrived by me, was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late: and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition."

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle-age, and even that is very

imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told, "that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired "I would give them *slumskudask*," or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has

not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had hear and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure, from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs* were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequence of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAPTER XI.

The author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan. From thence he returns in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I thought this account of the *struldbrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable, that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldbrugs*; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his license to depart; and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold (this nation delighting in even numbers), and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into along arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which, Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the king of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, *A king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth.* The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister. They provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the Emperor by an

interpreter, who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, "that I should signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg." This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders. He soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was a European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, "that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac." To this I added another petition, "that for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling upon the crucifix: because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading." When this latter petition was interpreted to the Emperor, he seemed a little surprised; and said, "he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt, whether I was a real Hollander, or not; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage." I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the Amboyna, of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last: they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland. I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned? I evaded the question by general answers; "that I had satisfied the Emperor and court in all particulars."

However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me, told him, "I had not yet trampled on the crucifix;" but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out as captain of a ship. His men conspire against him, confine him a long time to his cabin, and set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up into the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the Adventurer, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which, however, I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the bay of Campechy to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it has been with several others; for if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men who died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent: for I found afterwards, that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands onboard; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South-Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them, "I was their prisoner, and would submit." This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me own victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates and, plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed

many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said, "he had orders from the captain to set me ashore." I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore, "they knew no more than myself;" but said, "that the captain" (as they called him) "was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land." They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracts of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs, and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground, for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor any thing more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies,

except about the anus and pudenda. The dugs hung between their fore feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways, every feature of his visage, and stared, as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood, getting hold of the branches behind, leaped up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little, when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder; he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys, when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself, in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like

persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts; and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near to him to expect his farther commands: but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off and settling it again; whereat, both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him; or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: “Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet,” taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention, and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions

very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times: and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoo* in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry *hhuun hhuun*: I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, "that I was weary, and not able to walk faster;" upon which he would stand awhile to let me rest.

CHAPTER II.

The author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his house. The house described. The author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnms. The author in distress for want of meat. Is at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted; and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business; these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista. We went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone: this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the gray horse came to the door,

and made me a sign to follow him into the third room where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; and turning to the horse, I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse, beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the *hhuun*, *hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building, at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures, which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow, dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and by our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo*. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal, a perfect human figure: the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted, by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mothers' shoulders. The fore-feet of the *Yahoo* differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences; which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a *Yahoo*, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the *Yahoos*' kennel a piece of ass's flesh; but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing: he then threw it to the *Yahoo*, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats;

but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy *Yahoos*, although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the *Yahoo* back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs, to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four *Yahoos*. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse ate warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches, upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare ate their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word *Yahoo*.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk; and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others, which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called *hlunnh*. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain. I ground and beat them between two stones; then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hours sickness while I stayed in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springs made of *Yahoo's* hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and ate as salads with my bread; and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets; for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man, and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house and separated from the stable of the *Yahoos*. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III.

The author studies to learn the language. The Houyhnhnm, his master, assists in teaching him. The language described. Several Houyhnhnms of quality come out of curiosity to see the author. He gives his master a short account of his voyage.

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him), and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to every thing, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment, a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounced through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High-Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe; but is much more graceful and significant. The emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said "that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High-Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo*; but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body: for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months, could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I

exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered, "that I came over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees: that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, "that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not;" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. "He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houyhnhnm* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it."

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and, in its etymology, the *perfection of nature*. I told my master, "that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt, and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful *Yahoo*, that could speak like a *Houyhnhnm*, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me: they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The *Houyhnhnms*, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right *Yahoo*, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader, that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered, for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me "the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times; that his vale assured him, some part of me was white,

some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of *Yahoos*; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of *Yahoos*, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, "that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me: only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand, why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat. I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom; fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which, he said, it was plain I must be a perfect *Yahoo*; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more; and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of *Yahoo*, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, "that the secret of my having a false covering to my body, might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it."

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime, he desired "I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not;" adding, "that he

waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him."

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; "because," as he told them, privately, "this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting."

Every day, when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could, and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

"That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable *Yahoos*." He asked me, "who made the ship, and how it was possible that the *Houyhnhnms* of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?" My answer was, "that I durst proceed no further in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised." He agreed; and I went on by assuring him, that the ship was made by creatures like myself; who, in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the *Houyhnhnms* act like rational beings, as he, or his friends, could be, in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a *Yahoo*; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther, "that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe, that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended) our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a *Houyhnhnm* should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a *Yahoo* the brute."

CHAPTER IV.

The Houyhnhnm's notion of truth and falsehood. The author's discourse disapproved by his master. The author gives a more particular account of himself, and the accidents of his voyage.

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus: "that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black, when it is white, and short, when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the *Yahoos* were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, "whether we had *Houyhnhnms* among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where *Yahoo* servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master: "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the *Yahoos* pretend to, the *Houyhnhnms* are your masters; I heartily wish our *Yahoos* would be so tractable." I begged "his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned "that the *Houyhnhnms* among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animals we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became

foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse." I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, "that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways, on which we often travelled."

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a *Houyhnhnm's* back; for he was sure, that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest *Yahoo*; or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered "that our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the *Yahoos* in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions, to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the *Houyhnhnm* race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, "if it were possible there could be any country where *Yahoos* alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill-contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;" whereupon he desired to know "whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the *Yahoos* of his country?" I assured him, "that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, "I differed indeed from other *Yahoos*, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but, in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse: that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet; as to my fore feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them

uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind: that I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fail." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: "the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head: that I was not able to feed myself, without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth: and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day, with tediousness and trouble: and lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the *Yahoos*, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy, which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would," as he said, "debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life, before I came hither."

I assured him, "how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much, whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception; because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words;" which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, "my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England; which was remote from his country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty *Yahoos* under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock." Here my master interposed, by asking me, "how I could persuade strangers, out of different countries, to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run?" I said, "they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by lawsuits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring,

and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes, or sodomy; for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison; none of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under the necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places."

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices. To clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAPTER V.

The author at his master's command, informs him of the state of England. The causes of war among the princes of Europe. The author begins to explain the English constitution.

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the *Houyhnhnm* tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued: I computed, at his request, "that about a million of *Yahoos* might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk."

He asked me, "what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered "they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long a continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if

it be in things indifferent.

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes, because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish, the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel; poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a *Yahoo* hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

"There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: such are those in many northern parts of Europe."

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our *Yahoos* would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments,

sea fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases, left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, "that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators."

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, "whoever understood the nature of *Yahoos*, might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation: that although he hated the *Yahoos* of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that, instead of reason we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill shapen body, not only larger but more distorted."

He added, "that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point, which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid."

I assured his honour, "that the law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able."

I said, "there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow,

he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he hath justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing any thing unbecoming their nature or their office.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers that whatever has been done before, may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned; they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law."

Here my master interposing, said, "it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge." In answer to which I assured his honour, "that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession."

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the state of England under Queen Anne. The character of a first minister of state in European courts.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying, they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; "that when a *Yahoo* had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our *Yahoos* thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully."

I enlarged myself much on these, and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, "what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them?" Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him "that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female *Yahoos* could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in." He said "that must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracts of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink." I replied "that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of

life. But, in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, freethinking, and the like occupations:" every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

"That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited; and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

"But beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife."

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. "He could easily conceive, that a *Houyhnhnm*, grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil."

I told him "we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female *Yahoos* acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this, and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son; so that great numbers came into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they would not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint — in short, every part, external and

intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

"Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion; whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, sea-weed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgustful to the bowels; which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice; forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

"But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female *Yahoos* are always infested.

"One great excellency in this tribe, is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not: and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a seasonable dose.

"They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates; to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes."

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him, "what species of *Yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation."

I told him, "that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was the creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love

and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

"There are three methods, by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal, in public assemblies, against the corruption's of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power, by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient, called an act of indemnity" (whereof I described the nature to him), "they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

"The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porters, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients, of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

"He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom."

One day, in discourse, my master, having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: "that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the *Yahoos* of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy."

He made me observe, "that among the *Houyhnhnms*, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray, were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever

aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural."

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him at the same time, "that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility, among us, was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that, as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution (merely for the sake of money), whom they hate and despise. That the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed. That a weak diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dullness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

"Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered: and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's great love of his native country. His master's observations upon the constitution and administration of England, as described by the author, with parallel cases and comparisons. His master's observations upon human nature.

The reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of humankind, from that entire congruity between me and their *Yahoos*. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do, before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing every thing to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to humankind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable *Houyhnhnms*, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner; and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service; but have, indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon

me). He said, "he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed; had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that, as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common *Yahoo*; that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet; had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather: lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren," as he called them, "the *Yahoos* in his country.

"That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

"He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other *Yahoos*, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds." He said, "the *Yahoos* were known to hate one another, more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if," said he, "you throw among five *Yahoos* as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other: that if a cow died of age or accident, before a *Houyhnhnm* could secure it for his own *Yahoos*, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the

Yahoos of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

"That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the *Yahoos* are violently fond: and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure." My master said, "he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a *Yahoo*; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind. That he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his *Yahoos* had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his *Yahoo* had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took good care to remove them to a better hiding place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute."

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, "that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring *Yahoos*."

He said, "it was common, when two *Yahoos* discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both;" which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing beside the stone they contended for: whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had any thing left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, "there was nothing that rendered the *Yahoos* more odious, than their undistinguishing appetite to devour every thing that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which, nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

"There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the *Yahoos* sought for with much eagerness, and

would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud."

I did indeed observe that the *Yahoos* were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill-treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *hnea-yahoo*, or *Yahoo's evil*; and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the *Yahoo's* throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

"As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like," my master confessed, "he could find little or no resemblance between the *Yahoos* of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious *Houyhnhnms* observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling *Yahoo* (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park), who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female *Yahoos* to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the *Yahoos* in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine."

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me, "there were some qualities remarkable in the *Yahoos*, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given of humankind." He said, "those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she *Yahoo* would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

"Another thing he wondered at in the *Yahoos*, was their strange

disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals." As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated humankind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country (as unluckily for me there were not), which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a *Yahoo*, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, "a fancy would sometimes take a *Yahoo* to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water, nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself." To this I was silent out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had further observed, "that a female *Yahoo* would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

"At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over; and then turn off with gestures, that seemed to express contempt and disdain."

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the *Yahoos* of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of art and reason on our side of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author relates several particulars of the Yahoos. The great virtues of the Houyhnhnms. The education and exercise of their youth. Their general assembly.

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the *Yahoos* to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make further discoveries, from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals, upon my first arrival; and I afterwards failed very narrowly, three or four times, of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured, by all marks of tenderness, to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting with such violence, that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe (for away it ran), and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted), that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could; although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the *Yahoos* appear to be the most unteachable of all animals: their capacity never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion, this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and, by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The *Houyhnhnms* keep the *Yahoos* for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and *luhimuhs* (a sort of wild rat), which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And, upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female *Yahoo*, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp, with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny that I was a real *Yahoo* in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me, as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular), but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble *Houyhnhnms* are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a

rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical, as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction; as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word opinion, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the *Houyhnhnms*. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, "that a creature pretending to reason, should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected, what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe; and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the *Houyhnhnms*; and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue, that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron *Houyhnhnms* have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary, to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior *Houyhnhnms*, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article: these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages, they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to

preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen, with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet, and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence, that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe; but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes: and my master thought it monstrous in us, to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the *Houyhnhnms* train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility; where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival, the servants drive a herd of *Yahoos* into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the *Houyhnhnms*; after which, these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows, or *Yahoos*; and wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled: as for instance, if a *Houyhnhnm* has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty, where the mother is

past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A grand debate at the general assembly of the Houyhnhnms, and how it was determined. The learning of the Houyhnhnms. Their buildings. Their manner of burials. The defectiveness of their language.

One of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master, after his return, give me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, "whether the *Yahoos* should be exterminated from the face of the earth?" One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, "that as the *Yahoos* were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious; they would privately suck the teats of the *Houyhnhnms'* cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies." He took notice of a general tradition, "that *Yahoos* had not been always in their country; but that many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known; that these *Yahoos* engendered, and their brood, in a short time, grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation; that the *Houyhnhnms*, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and destroying the elder, every *Houyhnhnm* kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal, so savage by nature, can be capable of acquiring, using them for draught and carriage; that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be *yinhniamshy* (or *aborigines* of the land), because of the violent hatred the *Houyhnhnms*, as well as all other animals, bore them, which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been *aborigines*, or else they would have long since been rooted out; that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the *Yahoos*, had, very imprudently, neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body, and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the *Yahoos*."

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. "He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed, that the two *Yahoos* said to be seen first among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful *Yahoo* (meaning myself) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact *Yahoo* in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries, the *Yahoos* acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the *Houyhnhnms* in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a *Yahoo*, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason, which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the *Houyhnhnm* race, as the *Yahoos* of their country were to me; that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating *Houyhnhnms* when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow (for so I translate the word *lyhannh*, although it be a much larger fowl); that this invention might be practised upon the younger *Yahoos* here, which besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species, without destroying life; that in the mean time the *Houyhnhnms* should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve."

This was all my master thought fit to tell me, at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The *Houyhnhnms* have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure

accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry, they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone (for the *Houyhnhnms* know not the use of iron), they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat straw, or sometimes wattles, between them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The *Houyhnhnms* use the hollow part, between the pastern and the hoof of their fore-foot, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the *Yahoos* draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house, upon some affair of importance: on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to *shnuwnh*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English; it signifies, "to retire to his first mother." Her excuse for not coming sooner, was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be

laid; and I observed, she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy, or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death, they feel a gradual decay; but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge drawn by *Yahoos*; which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident: and therefore when the dying *Houyhnhnms* return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the *Houyhnhnms* have no word in their language to express any thing that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the *Yahoos*. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of *Yahoo*. For instance, *hhnm Yahoo*; *whnaholm Yahoo*, *ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo*, and an ill-contrived house *ynholmhnmrohlnw Yahoo*.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge further upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither; and, in the mean time, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X.

The author's economy, and happy life, among the Houyhnhnms. His great improvement in virtue by conversing with them. Their conversations. The author has notice given him by his master, that he must depart from the country. He falls into a swoon for grief; but submits. He contrives and finishes a canoe by the help of a fellow-servant, and puts to sea at a venture.

I had settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house: the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking; this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of *Yahoos'* hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal, about the same size, called *nnuhnoh*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper-leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of *Yahoos* dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, "That nature is very easily satisfied;" and, "That necessity is the mother of invention." I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression: here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosos; no leaders, or followers, of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of

their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several *Houyhnhnms*, who came to visit or dine with my master; where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are, generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly: and often upon the various excellences of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to humankind: and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said; only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of *Yahoos* much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a *Yahoo* of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, "how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be."

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe, which the *Yahoos* and all other animals bear toward them; but it grew upon me by decrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, *Yahoos* in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech; but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common *Yahoo* than of my own person. By conversing with the *Houyhnhnms*, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, "that I trot like a horse;" which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the *Houyhnhnms*, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, "he did not know how I would take what he was going to say: that in the last general assembly, when the affair of the *Yahoos* was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a *Yahoo* (meaning myself) in his family, more like a *Houyhnhnm* than a brute animal; that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them; the assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came: that the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the *Houyhnhnms* who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the *Houyhnhnms'* cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour."

My master added, "that he was daily pressed by the *Houyhnhnms* of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country; and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours." He concluded, "that for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived; because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the *Houyhnhnms*."

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly

in this country is expressed by the word *hnhloayn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised, or exhorted; because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me "that he concluded I had been dead;" for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, "that death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends; yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred: that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt, in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for, supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among *Yahoos*, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise *Houyhnhnms* were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable *Yahoo*; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned *Houyhnhnms*, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind."

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant (for so, at this distance, I may presume to call him), to follow my instruction; because I told my master, "that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me."

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea; fancied I saw a small island toward the north-east. I took out my pocket glass, and could then clearly distinguish it above five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud: for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further; but resolved it

should if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened very artificially after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks time with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of *Yahoos*, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond, near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss; stopping all the chinks with *Yahoos'* tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight; and, when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by *Yahoos* to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family, my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and, perhaps, (if I may speak without vanity,) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide; and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing toward the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master: but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But, if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the *Houyhnhnms*, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the *Houyhnhnms* in his honour's company; then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI.

The author's dangerous voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an arrow by one of the natives. Is seized and carried by force into a Portuguese ship. The great civilities of the captain. The author arrives at England.

I began this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714–15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, "*Hnuy illa nyha*, *majah Yahoo*;" "Take care of thyself, gentle *Yahoo*."

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient, by my labour, to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness, than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government of *Yahoos*. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable *Houyhnhnms*, without an opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related, when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin; how I continued there several weeks without knowing what course we took; and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me, with oaths, whether true or false, "that they knew not in what part of the world we were." However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being I supposed to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues; when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe; and repeating my

voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend, Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shellfish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provisions; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages, observing me retreat, ran after me: and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee: I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle, for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not; but at last my detestation of the *Yahoo* race prevailed: and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European *Yahoos*. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long boat with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place, it seems, was very well known); but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore; and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded, I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the

seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, "I was a poor *Yahoo* banished from the *Houyhnhnms*, and desired they would please to let me depart." They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by *Yahoos* and *Houyhnhnms*; and at the same time fell a-laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know, "what country I was of? whence I came?" with many other questions. I told them "I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor *Yahoo* seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life."

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw any thing more unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a *Yahoo* in *Houyhnhnmland*. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, "they were sure the captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours the boat, which went laden with vessels of water, returned, with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty; but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, "I should be used as well as himself;" and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a *Yahoo*. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among *Yahoos*. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the

captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me, "he only meant to do me all the service he was able;" and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to *Yahoos*, in all countries where they preside, and, consequently, their disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, "whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not?" I assured him, "I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in *Houyhnhnmland*, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not; but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth."

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, "that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting any thing against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon." I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, "that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among *Yahoos*."

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him, at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against human kind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with any thing that had been on the back of a *Yahoo*. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which, having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing, the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him "to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the *Houyhnhnms*; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition." The captain

persuaded me to accept a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, "that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children." He told me, "there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary." It would be tedious to repeat his arguments, and my contradictions. He said, "it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased."

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the fifth of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhith.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the *Houyhnhnm* country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of *Yahoos*, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted *Houyhnhnms*. And when I began to consider that, by copulating with one of the *Yahoo* species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing,

it is five years since my last return to England. During the first year, I could not endure my wife or children in my presence; the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them, the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me and friendship to each other.

CHAPTER XII.

The author's veracity. His design in publishing this work. His censure of those travellers who swerve from the truth. The author clears himself from any sinister ends in writing. An objection answered. The method of planting colonies. His native country commended. The right of the crown to those countries described by the author is justified. The difficulty of conquering them. The author takes his last leave of the reader; proposes his manner of living for the future; gives good advice, and concludes.

Thus, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and above seven months: wherein I have not been so studious of ornament as of truth. I could, perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact, in the simplest manner and style; because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us who travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land. Whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad, as well as good, example of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the Lord High Chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest falsities on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it has given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself, as a maxim never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth; neither indeed can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master and the other illustrious *Houyhnhnms* of whom I had so long the honour to be an humble hearer.

— Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem

Finxit, *vanum etiam*, *mendacemque improba finget*.

I know very well, how little reputation is to be got by writings which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent, except a good memory, or an exact journal. I know likewise, that writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable, that such travellers, who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any), and adding many new discoveries of their own, justle me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame: but as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious *Houyhnhnms*, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those remote nations where *Yahoos* preside; among which the least corrupted are the *Brobdingnagians*; whose wise maxims in morality and government it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting further, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and application.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objections can be made against a writer, who relates only plain facts, that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest, with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not the least with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man, or number of men, whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority, from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished *Houyhnhnms*. I write without any view to profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence, even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless; against whom the tribes of Answerers, Considerers, Observers, Reflectors, Detectors, Remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess, it was whispered to me, "that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over; because, whatever lands are discovered by a subject belong to the crown." But I doubt whether our conquests in the countries I treat of would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The *Lilliputians*, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them; and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the *Brobdingnagians*; or whether an English army would be much at their ease

with the Flying Island over their heads. The *Houyhnhnms* indeed appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus, *Recalcitrat undique tutus*. But, instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity, or disposition, to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in modern, as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason, which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the topmast; they go on shore to rob and plunder, they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank, or a stone, for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more, by force, for a sample; return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free license given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people!

But this description, I confess, does by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies; their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries which I have described do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies, nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco, I did humbly conceive, they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it more concerns think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit those countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed, unless a dispute may arise concerning the two *Yahoos*, said to have been seen many years ago upon a mountain in *Houyhnhnmland*.

But, as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name, it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in my little garden at Redriff; to apply those excellent lessons of virtue which I learned among the *Houyhnhnms*; to instruct the *Yahoos* of my own family, is far as I shall find them docible animals; to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality to *Houyhnhnms* in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole *Houyhnhnm* race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table; and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet, the smell of a *Yahoo* continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves. And, although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes, in some time, to suffer a neighbour *Yahoo* in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconcilement to the *Yahoo* kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature has entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due course of things: but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together. The wise and virtuous *Houyhnhnms*, who abound in all excellences that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language, which has no terms to express any thing that is evil, except those whereby

they describe the detestable qualities of their *Yahoos*, among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it shows itself in other countries where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild *Yahoos*.

But the *Houyhnhnms*, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject from the desire I have to make the society of an English *Yahoo* by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.

THE END

ALEXANDER POPE'S GULLIVER VERSES

The four following poems, were written by Pope after reading *Gulliver's Travels,* and first published in the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift, in 1727.

I. Ode to Quinbus Flestrin

The Man Mountain, by Titty Tit, Poet Laureate to His Majesty of Lilliput. Translated into English

IN amaze
Lost I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size!
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake,
Armies quake;
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:

Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost;
Turn'd aside
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows!
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

II. The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the Loss of Grildrig

A Pastoral

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now

She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
'Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied?
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd!'
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
'Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast!
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I 've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!
'Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I 'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then they fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slipp'ry round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or, sunk within the peach's down repose?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
O show me, Flora, midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in the fragrant bower.
'But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,

The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!'
She spoke; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland;
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

III. To Mr. Lemuel Gulliver

The Grateful Address of the Unhappy Houyhnhnms Now in Slavery and Bondage in England

TO thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barb'rous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.
O happy Yahoo, purged from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,

Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and Virtue were the same.
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And ev'n a Yahoo learn'd the love of Truth.
Art thou the first who did the coast explore?
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or thro' pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.
You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.
You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy gen'rous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!
With what reluctance do we lawyers bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a year!
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves — but yet, by reason's force,
Have learn'd to bear misfortune like a horse.
O would the stars, to ease my bonds ordain
That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!
Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
For 't is a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life by doom'd to serve the bad,
Oh! mayst thou never want an easy pad!
HOUYHNHNM

IV. Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver

An Epistle

ARGUMENT

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulatory, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thy native place!
What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'T is said, that thou shouldst 'cleave unto thy wife;'
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
Behold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they bat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.
  Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There 's Captain Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown compared to me,
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.
  Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut!
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I 've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy Consort's cleaner than thy Groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the Sorrel Mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed?
  Some say the Devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd,

That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the frost
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise:
'Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where.'
The neighbours answer, 'With the Sorrel Mare.'
At early morn I to the market haste
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose
(For I remember'd you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My only token was a cup like horn,
That 's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'T is not for that I grieve; O, 't is to see
The Groom and Sorrel Mare preferr'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And at due distance sweet discourse admit,
'T is all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At ev'ry danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, Queen, and Nation staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came;
And what extinguish'd theirs increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round

For sixpence, I ‘d have giv’n a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow bone I see thee ramm’d,
Or on the housetop by the monkey cramm’d,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o’er again.
But on the maiden’s nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav’n, ‘t was all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch, too! with thee I mourn her case,
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear prov’d death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame;
Teach me to woo thee by thy best lov’d name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call’d on Brobdingnag’s stupendous coast,
When on the monarch’s ample hand you sate,
And halloo’d in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look’d down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum’s humbler title soothe thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm thro’ the nose,
I ‘d call thee Houyhnhnm, that high sounding name
Thy children’s noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

CONTENTS

TO THE READER.
A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON.

PART I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.
CHAPTER VIII.

PART II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.
CHAPTER VIII.

PART III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.
CHAPTER IX.
CHAPTER X.
CHAPTER XI.

PART IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.
CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.
CHAPTER IV.
CHAPTER V.
CHAPTER VI.
CHAPTER VII.
CHAPTER VIII.
CHAPTER IX.
CHAPTER X.
CHAPTER XI.
CHAPTER XII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. Sympson's *Letter to Captain* Gulliver; *prefixed to this Volume, will make a long Advertisement unnecessary. Those Interpolations complained of by the Captain, were made by a Person since deceased, on whole Judgement the Publisher relyed to make any Alterations that might be thought necessary. But, this Person, not rightly comprehending the Scheme of the Author, nor able to imitate his plain simple Style, thought fit among many other Alterations and Insertions, to compliment the Memory of her late Majesty, by saying,* That she governed without a Chief Minister. *We are assured, that the Copy sent to the Bookseller in* London, *was a Transcript of the Original, which Original being in the Possession of a very worthy Gentleman in* London, *and a most intimate Friend of the Authors; after he had bought the Book in Sheets, and compared it with the Originals, bound it up with blank Leaves, and made those Corrections, which the Reader will find in our Edition. For, the fame Gentleman did us the Favour to let us transcribe his Corrections.*

TRAVELS

IN TO SEVERAL

Remote Nations of the WORLD. In Four Parts, *viz*.
I. A Voyage to Lil-
liput
II. A Voyage to Brob-
dingnac.
III. A Voyage to La- puta, Balnibarbi,
Luggnagg, Glubb-
dubdrib and Japan.
IV. A Voyage to the
Country of the
Houyhnhms.

TO THE READER.

The author of these Travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us on the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr. Gulliver growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, his native country; where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff, he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times. The style is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and indeed the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say, it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it.

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen, than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend, that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied. But I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them. And if any traveller hath a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hands of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As for any further particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON.

Written in the Year 1727.

I hope you will be ready to own publicly, whenever you shall be called to it, that by your great and frequent urgency you prevailed on me to publish a very loose and uncorrect account of my travels, with directions to hire some young gentleman of either university to put them in order, and correct the style, as my cousin Dampier did, by my advice, in his book called "A Voyage round the world." But I do not remember I gave you power to consent that any thing should be omitted, and much less that any thing should be inserted; therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce every thing of that kind; particularly a paragraph about her majesty Queen Anne, of most pious and glorious memory; although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered, that it was not my inclination, so was it not decent to praise any animal of our composition before my master *Houyhnhnm*: And besides, the fact was altogether false; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of her majesty's reign, she did govern by a chief minister; nay even by two successively, the first whereof was the lord of Godolphin, and the second the lord of Oxford; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise in the account of the academy of projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master *Houyhnhnm*, you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know my own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer that you were afraid of giving offence; that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret, but to punish every thing which looked like an *innuendo* (as I think you call it). But, pray how could that which I spoke so many years ago, and at about five thousand leagues distance, in another reign, be applied to any of the *Yahoos*, who now are said to govern the herd; especially at a time when I little thought, or feared, the unhappiness of living under them? Have not I the most reason to complain, when I see these very *Yahoos* carried by *Houyhnhnms* in a vehicle, as if they were brutes, and those the rational creatures? And indeed to avoid so monstrous and detestable a sight was one principal motive of my retirement hither.

Thus much I thought proper to tell you in relation to yourself, and to the trust I reposed in you.

I do, in the next place, complain of my own great want of judgment, in being prevailed upon by the entreaties and false reasoning of you and some others, very much against my own opinion, to suffer my travels to be

published. Pray bring to your mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the motive of public good, that the *Yahoos* were a species of animals utterly incapable of amendment by precept or example: and so it has proved; for, instead of seeing a full stop put to all abuses and corruptions, at least in this little island, as I had reason to expect; behold, after above six months warning, I cannot learn that my book has produced one single effect according to my intentions. I desired you would let me know, by a letter, when party and faction were extinguished; judges learned and upright; pleaders honest and modest, with some tincture of common sense, and Smithfield blazing with pyramids of law books; the young nobility's education entirely changed; the physicians banished; the female *Yahoos* abounding in virtue, honour, truth, and good sense; courts and levees of great ministers thoroughly weeded and swept; wit, merit, and learning rewarded; all disgracers of the press in prose and verse condemned to eat nothing but their own cotton, and quench their thirst with their own ink. These, and a thousand other reformations, I firmly counted upon by your encouragement; as indeed they were plainly deducible from the precepts delivered in my book. And it must be owned, that seven months were a sufficient time to correct every vice and folly to which *Yahoos* are subject, if their natures had been capable of the least disposition to virtue or wisdom. Yet, so far have you been from answering my expectation in any of your letters; that on the contrary you are loading our carrier every week with libels, and keys, and reflections, and memoirs, and second parts; wherein I see myself accused of reflecting upon great state folk; of degrading human nature (for so they have still the confidence to style it), and of abusing the female sex. I find likewise that the writers of those bundles are not agreed among themselves; for some of them will not allow me to be the author of my own travels; and others make me author of books to which I am wholly a stranger.

I find likewise that your printer has been so careless as to confound the times, and mistake the dates, of my several voyages and returns; neither assigning the true year, nor the true month, nor day of the month: and I hear the original manuscript is all destroyed since the publication of my book; neither have I any copy left: however, I have sent you some corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second edition: and yet I cannot stand to them; but shall leave that matter to my judicious and candid readers to adjust it as they please.

I hear some of our sea *Yahoos* find fault with my sea-language, as not proper in many parts, nor now in use. I cannot help it. In my first voyages, while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest mariners, and learned to speak as they did. But I have since found that the sea *Yahoos* are apt, like the land ones, to become new-fangled in their words, which the latter change every year; insomuch, as I remember upon each return to my own country their old dialect was so altered, that I could hardly understand the new. And I observe, when any *Yahoo* comes from London out of curiosity to visit me at

my house, we neither of us are able to deliver our conceptions in a manner intelligible to the other.

If the censure of the *Yahoos* could any way affect me, I should have great reason to complain, that some of them are so bold as to think my book of travels a mere fiction out of mine own brain, and have gone so far as to drop hints, that the *Houyhnhnms* and *Yahoos* have no more existence than the inhabitants of Utopia.

Indeed I must confess, that as to the people of *Lilliput*, *Brobdingrag* (for so the word should have been spelt, and not erroneously *Brobdingnag*), and *Laputa*, I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them; because the truth immediately strikes every reader with conviction. And is there less probability in my account of the *Houyhnhnms* or *Yahoos*, when it is manifest as to the latter, there are so many thousands even in this country, who only differ from their brother brutes in *Houyhnhnmland*, because they use a sort of jabber, and do not go naked? I wrote for their amendment, and not their approbation. The united praise of the whole race would be of less consequence to me, than the neighing of those two degenerate *Houyhnhnms* I keep in my stable; because from these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some virtues without any mixture of vice.

Do these miserable animals presume to think, that I am so degenerated as to defend my veracity? *Yahoo* as I am, it is well known through all *Houyhnhnmland*, that, by the instructions and example of my illustrious master, I was able in the compass of two years (although I confess with the utmost difficulty) to remove that infernal habit of lying, shuffling, deceiving, and equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very souls of all my species; especially the Europeans.

I have other complaints to make upon this vexatious occasion; but I forbear troubling myself or you any further. I must freely confess, that since my last return, some corruptions of my *Yahoo* nature have revived in me by conversing with a few of your species, and particularly those of my own family, by an unavoidable necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a project as that of reforming the *Yahoo* race in this kingdom: But I have now done with all such visionary schemes for ever.

April 2, 1727

PART I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

The author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput; is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years. My father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father: where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get

business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage was at first very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not

six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which, pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing

the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah*; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them — for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour — soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the

intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan*; and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people; who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent, which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept;) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am

confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and, rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no

means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think of, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that, perhaps, at first sight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on its hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles

and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread upon the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of

fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double: which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me; or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned; which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which, his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury: — for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their

maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire "that he would please give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could comprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to "acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, "that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:

"*Imprimis*: In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain" (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*,) "after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse-cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set

us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallisados before your majesty's court: wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover" (so I translate the word *ranfulo*, by which they meant my breeches,) "we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar, were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece: but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by the lucid substance. He put this engine into our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said, it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently

searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

Clefrin Frelock, Marsi Frelock."

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea water, was, in most parts, exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide,) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned

men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes,) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

The author diverts the emperor, and his nobility of both sexes, in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one

of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horses twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The

parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more, in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feat, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the around, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He

then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the article upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

"Golbasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter: his most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform: —

"1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

"2d, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order; at which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to

keep within doors.

"3d, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk, or lie down, in a meadow or field of corn.

"4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5th, If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

"8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

"Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgements by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent

and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary, concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offers to serve the emperor in his wars.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sidling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only view them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made

two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stept over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through along series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals; their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hours audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear, but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said "he might pretend to some merit in it;" but, however, added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for about seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by

a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefusca did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: 'that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end.' And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from

their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much a greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know, "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."

CHAPTER V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The empress's apartment on fire by an accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered, by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high-water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, beside the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I

observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the looks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasureable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it, by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave

people into slavery." And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;" from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me, by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse

of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice), never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *Burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could: but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had, the evening before, drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glimigrim*, (the Blefuscudians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent

piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, "that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form:" which, however, I could not obtain; and I was privately assured, "that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use: and, in the presence of her chief confidents could not forbear vowing revenge."

CHAPTER VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less: their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards till you come to the smallest, which to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which, for many ages, has flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans, nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians, nor from up to down, like the Chinese, but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state, are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the

danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence; or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no defence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the emperor for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe, that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far

from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man, whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus; that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love encounters, were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male

nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth, are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendant, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among peoples of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great

expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them, are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months, and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England,

only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired "that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness," as he was pleased to call it, "of dining with me." They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state, upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but ate more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor "the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs*" (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) "and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me."

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants

round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four,) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make the best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII.

The author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high-treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them, in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket: and, giving orders to a trusty servant, to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me: —

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam" (*galbet*, or high-admiral) "has been your mortal enemy, almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded: —

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I

venture my head for your service.

"'*Articles of Impeachment against* QUINBUS FLESTRIN, (*the Man-Mountain*.)

Article I.

"'Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that, whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, etc. against the duty, etc.

Article II.

"'That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy, he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

Article III.

"'That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the Court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court, he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert, the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

Article IV.

"'That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal license from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said license, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.'

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious

death, by setting fire to your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper, but, rising up in fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt-acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced, by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the secretary's expedient of putting out

your eyes, was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other way may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient for you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consequently, decay, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting, except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times,) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment,

or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial, for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty's present seventies acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last, I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's license to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive

me." I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty, "that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;" not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wailing two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship. Whereupon, I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards off the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor "that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart;" which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express

relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterward given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu, "the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor." The envoy further added, "that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor."

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, "that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that, although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an encumbrance."

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, "that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs." Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and

other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees, for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me: so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of a hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four-leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjectured at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep

into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor.

We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundreds *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries, would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a-year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool,

commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

PART II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described; the long boat sent to fetch water; the author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned, by nature and fortune, to active and restless life, in two months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale, till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time, we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west.

We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether;) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six-feet high, and

the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet: but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven, that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and dispair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me, to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right, when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune, to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery.

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these

reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me: whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of

a pin (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and, opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, beside twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me: but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman,) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much

concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him,) his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb: but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off; and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me: I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and another a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain; so that she was forced to apply

the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember when I was at Lilliput, the complexion of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand, and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, "he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable:" although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, "one had freckles; another too wide a mouth; a third too large a nose;" nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say, they are a comely race of people, and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he was but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance from the room where I lay to the kitchen where

the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to groveling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages. Of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice,

accused.

CHAPTER II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he

did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief when I observed my master and his friend whispering together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it, to be exposed for money as a public spectacle, to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty: and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it was but of half an hour: for the horse went about forty feet at every step and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck* (an animal in that country

very finely shaped, about six feet long,) and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said *they were welcome*, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health, I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin, but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the meantime he prepared a convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath,) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the

middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air, and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges: and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages, and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and pallisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word, that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

The author sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made, in a few weeks, a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, "whether I could be content to live at court?" I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered "that I was my master's slave: but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master, "whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?" He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour, that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of

the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, "that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his fields: which obligation was amply recompensed, by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired, by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation, so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive, by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner "how long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck*?" for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers: no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously, that I was only *relplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty, "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses, were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson." The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town. Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court: she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-

maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bedchamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my direction, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board, that made the ceiling, was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty ate, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the eldest sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature: for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread into her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to

see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their Sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me, "whether I was a whig or tory?" Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed "how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!" And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he

was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipt, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremities such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement, or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not

so acute as mine, in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose, or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf, to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace; and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides, it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom: and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud; I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon

almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles,) and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of buildings, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacle that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five wool-packs; and another, with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all, was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of a European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square, and ten high, for the convenience of travelling; because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant, in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the

court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour, than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides, from my three windows. I had, in this closet, a field-bed and a hammock, hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet; which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand, that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation, to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed, that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength: for the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose, after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag

(which is the general name of that kingdom,) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury, by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended, for state, by a military guard of five hundred horse, which, indeed, I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAPTER V.

Several adventurers that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shows his skill in navigation.

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it, struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts,) and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was

carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did? but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who, by this time, had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation, that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures, that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day, I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily, at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself gave me so many boxes with his wings, on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of

seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput, took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way, as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit then) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust: their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant, frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and, as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at

Versailles was not equal to it for the time it lasted: and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I was at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days, finished a pleasure-boat with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat: but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passing between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my

boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room; or box; but the monkey looking in at every side, put me in such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it: whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for,

without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made, that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, "what my thoughts and speculations were, while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach." He desired to know, "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country." I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosity from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger," (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand on the hilt, as I spoke) "when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in." This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a laud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story: and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box, till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court: so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shows his skill in music. The king inquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl, round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty; who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs, that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together

just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks, about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent; and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, "that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs, by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the

tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, beside our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discources, his majesty, in a sixth

audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, "What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable parts of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be the motive in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?"

He then desired to know, "What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension? because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere." And he desired to know, "Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry?" He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, "What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting, and

glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading, or delivering their opinions? And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?"

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, "he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me, "who were our creditors; and where we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings." He asked, what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade, or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, "if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not be better defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?"

He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people, by a computation drawn from the several sects among us, in religion and politics." He said, "he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials."

He observed, "that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and

practise that infamous dexterity upon others?"

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting "it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce."

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers, for their conduct or valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws, and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage, which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead, with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged, would not only destroy whole

ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea, and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands." This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in turn for so many marks that I had received, of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I" (these were his expressions) "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued any life, never to mention any more."

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this, with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He

professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law in that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two and twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law, is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long. It was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read, was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history

and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added, "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times." He said "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise, in a great field near the city of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand,

so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grand-father, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed, was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary-birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom, to persons of quality, for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people, with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen, in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling-box, which as I have already described, was a very convenient closet, of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page, whom I was very fond of, and who

had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some forboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hours walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down, to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enables him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which, I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very

little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and

the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be any body below, let them speak." I answered, "I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in." The voice replied, "I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out." I answered, "that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin." Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad: others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head, that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost: a fine hammock, a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former

passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently: and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift, in that monstrous wooden chest. He said "that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet." He said, "they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked, "whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me." To which he answered, "that discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size:" which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "how far he reckoned we might be from land?" He said, "by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues." I assured him, "that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him, "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, "whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man

into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore, in the first port where we arrived." He added, "that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England, to the moment he first discovered me. And, as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiner's tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return for his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, "he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public." My answer was, "that we were overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little beside common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take

the matter into my thoughts."

He said "he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud;" asking me "whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing?" I told him, "it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the streets, to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him, "I had likewise observed another thing, that, when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld." For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass, after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, "that while we were at supper, he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered, "it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell;" and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For, although he queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, "that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day;" and, continuing in his mirth, protested "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages:" and the comparison of Phaëton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment

of my freight: but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate,) for fear of striking my head. My wife run out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies and I a giant. I told my wife, "she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested "I should never go to sea any more;" although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

PART III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out on his third voyage. Is taken by pirates. The malice of a Dutchman. His arrival at an island. He is received into Laputa.

I had not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother, than an inferior officer; and, hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find I me in good health, asking, "whether I were now settled for life?" adding, "that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months," at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; "that I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea-affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command."

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject this proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife, whose consent however I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We staid there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east: after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order), they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoken Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said, "we should not die." I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said, "I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen, than in a brother christian." But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words: for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea (which they would not yield to, after the promise made me that I should not die), however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last, the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered, by my pocket-glass, several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do, in about three hours. It was all rocky: however I got many birds' eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth

day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round, before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers; I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed, and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could, for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be: yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked awhile among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people where doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment, to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for awhile to stand still. Yet soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend

from one to the other. In the lowest gallery, I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief toward the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste, up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and, in less than half all hour, the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less then a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself in the most supplicating posture, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me, seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian: and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAPTER II.

The humours and dispositions of the Laputians described. An account of their learning. Of the king and his court. The author's reception there. The inhabitants subject to fear and disquietudes. An account of the women.

At my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right, or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders, they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits, without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets, of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar,

whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne, was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him, on each side, a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty, and the whole court, a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course, there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences; for my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence

in writing. He showed me also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many plains and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their interpretations, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language. The word, which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language, signifies high; and *untuh*, a governor; from which they say, by corruption, was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that Laputa was *quasi lap outed*; *lap*, signifying properly, the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then, with a rule and compasses, described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders, that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below, upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said that, the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear "the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part, in whatever instrument they most excelled."

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose, several packthreads were let down, with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the

people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by school boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics, gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevil, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language, by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe; but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minutes peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes

they dread in the celestial bodies: for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up; that the face of the sun, will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long, through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes: that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity: they, contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular license from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had

several children, — is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island, — went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform, than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAPTER III.

A phenomenon solved by modern philosophy and astronomy. The Laputians' great improvements in the latter. The king's method of suppressing insurrections.

I desired leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause, in art or in nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains, which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets toward the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the daytime, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases. For the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *flandona gagnole*, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side, there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is

occasion.

The stone cannot be removed from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too: for in this magnet, the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion, the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let *A B* represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line *c d* represent the loadstone, of which let *d* be the repelling end, and *c* the attracting end, the island being over *C*: let the stone be placed in position *c d*, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards *D*. When it is arrived at *D*, let the stone be turned upon its axle, till its attracting end points towards *E*, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards *E*; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle till it stands in the position *E F*, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards *F*, where, by directing the attracting end towards *G*, the island may be carried to *G*, and from *G* to *H*, by turning the stone, so as to make its repelling extremity to point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone, as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral, which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it, being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who, from time to time, give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness. For, although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much further than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence) it is much to be wished, that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other arts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases: and if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action, which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which all lie below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason, why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless

upon the utmost necessity. For, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires, or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant, two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs, both of iron and stone, will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but, indeed, for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king, nor either of his two eldest sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAPTER IV.

The author leaves Laputa; is conveyed to Balnibarbi; arrives at the metropolis. A description of the metropolis, and the country adjoining. The author hospitably received by a great lord. His conversation with that lord.

Although I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but, at the same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language: I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported, "he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;" neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw, when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person, to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret: for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which, however, I refused, with expressions of the highest

acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector, his kinsman, as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis. The island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of *Balnibarbi*; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado*. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about: neither did observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me, what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers, was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me, "that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs;" with other common topics to the same purpose. But, when we returned to his palace, he asked me "how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics?" This he might safely do; because every thing about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, "that his excellency's prudence,

quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects, which folly and beggary had produced in others." He said, "if I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation." I told his excellency "that I was entirely at his disposal;" and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me, with a sigh, "that there his estate began, and would continue the same, till we should come to his house: that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him, for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak like himself."

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to every thing I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me with a very melancholy air "that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure; that the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish, when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations, to have regard to what passed here below."

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: "That about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and, after five months continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region: that these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments, and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man

shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did, in every part of life, without innovation: that some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill common-wealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country."

His lordship added, "That he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go." He only desired me to observe a ruined building, upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: "That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants; that about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill, because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion, and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river whose course is more upon a level." He said, "that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment."

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAPTER V.

The author permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado. The academy largely described. The arts wherein the professors employ themselves.

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He has been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine, at a reasonable rate: but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance, from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the

foundation; which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung: it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However it is not doubted, that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me, "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed further, "that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us "that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory: this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of then fundament;

and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump), and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him, by the same operation.

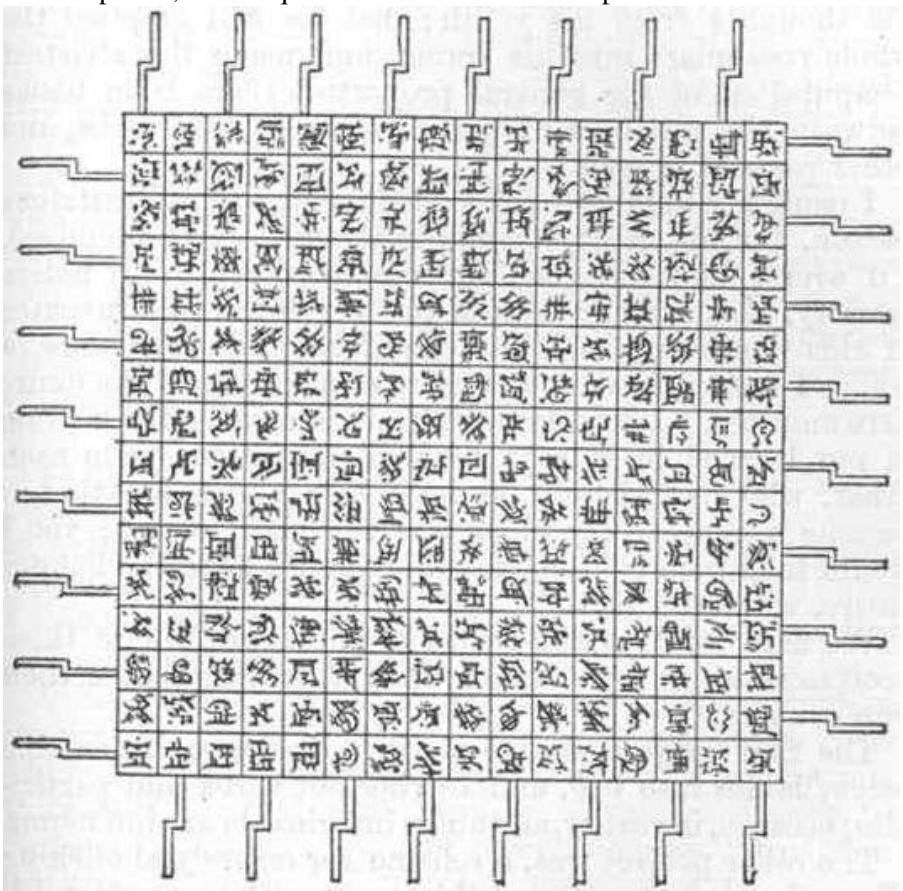
I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble, for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep, all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides, whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superfices was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper

pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads, to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.



Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;" the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was, to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but norms.

The other project was, a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lunge by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us, who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house, he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial

converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition, and demonstration, were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This, the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following, eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence, as the prescription requires.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of the academy. The author proposes some improvements, which are honourably received.

In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, "that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the Academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies, in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance: whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be any thing more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations: with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, "that upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend it the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives,

laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public; and might in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint, that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, "that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech; or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day, repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed, "that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, "that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those, who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that "it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "the justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary; "to tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to

the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which, they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employment; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wipe their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and, from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by frequent experiment; for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different, when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing "he would be glad to receive further information."

I told him, "that in the kingdom of Tribnia, by the natives called Langdon, where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers,

accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies. The plots, in that kingdom, are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise, or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters: for instance, they can discover a close stool, to signify a privy council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

"When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus *N*, shall signify a plot; *B*, a regiment of horse; *L*, a fleet at sea; or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, 'Our brother Tom has just got the piles,' a skilful decipherer would discover, that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words, 'Resist — , a plot is brought home — The tour.' And this is the anagrammatic method."

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAPTER VII.

The author leaves Lagado: arrives at Maldonada. No ship ready. He takes a short voyage to Glubbdubdrib. His reception by the governor.

The continent, of which this kingdom is apart, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg; which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada (for so it is called) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, "that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrib, about five leagues off to the south-west." He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning,

one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and with something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it was different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me, "that I should receive no hurt:" and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all: or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me "to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world."

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela: which, upon a motion of the

governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour "that he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking."

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me "he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp."

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former, in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me, in one large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a later age in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demigods; the other, a knot of pedlars, pick-pockets, highwayman, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed, with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me, "that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away." I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, "that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself were perpetually together:" a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

A further account of Glubbdubdrib. Ancient and modern history corrected.

Having a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court, and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before; and I had a whisper from a ghost who shall be nameless, "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity." I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, "whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?"

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to *attraction*, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, "that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those, who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined."

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected. For, instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads, to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure, that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Nec vir fortis*, *nec foemina casta*; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for a hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety, to atheists; chastity, to sodomites; truth, to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions: how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit: how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success.

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be

mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed, in my presence, "that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct;" and an admiral, "that, for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet." Three kings protested to me, "that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again:" and they showed, with great strength of reason, "that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restiff temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business."

I had the curiosity to inquire in a particular manner, by what methods great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period: however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners (for I hope the reader need not be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion,) a great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent, I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry I was told, "that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors." As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit; most of them telling me, "they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet."

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, "he had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth

standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action." He added, "that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life." I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account: but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced; which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us within these hundred years past; how the pox, under all its consequences and denominations had altered every lineament of an English countenance; shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low, as to desire some English yeoman of the old stamp might be summoned to appear; once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren; who, in selling their votes and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAPTER IX.

The author returns to Maldonada. Sails to the kingdom of Luggnagg. The author confined. He is sent for to court. The manner of his admittance. The king's great lenity to his subjects.

The day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the Governor of Glubbdubdrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a seaport town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots "that I was a stranger, and great traveller;" whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander; because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, "that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island (of which he had often heard), and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country." The officer said, "I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight." I was carried to a convenient lodging with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a

perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The despatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh*, or *Trildrogdrib* (for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember), by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was despatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire, "that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would by his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool." This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form: for, upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court; and I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne; he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy; because it is capital for those, who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of: when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the Monarchs of Europe would imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution, which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression. When I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before, *Inckpling gloffthrobb squut serummblhiop mlashnalt zwin tnodbalkuffh slhiophad gurdlubh asht*. This is the

compliment, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Fluft drin yalerick dwuldom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliffmarklub*, or high-chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter; with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I staid three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty; who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAPTER X.

The Luggnaggians commended. A particular description of the Struldbrugs, with many conversations between the author and some eminent persons upon that subject.

The Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people; and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me "what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature." He told me "that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die." The spot, as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue: at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration." He said, "these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred struldbrugs, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and, among the rest, a young girl born; about three years ago: that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people."

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight, upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions, perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehensions of death!" I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily

overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court: and we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings the *struldbrugs*, if they would please to admit me."

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, "that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke." He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, "that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbrug*."

I answered, "it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

"That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbrug*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods, whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living

treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom, I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These *struldbrugs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

"What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and return of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!"

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, "he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those

kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where, during his residence, he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

"That the system of living contrived by me, was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late: and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition."

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle-age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable

among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told, "that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired "I would give them *slumskudask*," or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they

are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had hear and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure, from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs* were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequence of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAPTER XI.

The author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan. From thence he returns in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I thought this account of the *struldbrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable, that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldbrugs*; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his license to depart; and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold (this nation delighting in even numbers), and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into along arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which, Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the king of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, *A king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth*. The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister. They provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the Emperor by an interpreter, who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, "that I should

signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg." This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders. He soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was a European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, "that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac." To this I added another petition, "that for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling upon the crucifix: because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading." When this latter petition was interpreted to the Emperor, he seemed a little surprised; and said, "he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt, whether I was a real Hollander, or not; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage." I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the Amboyna, of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last: they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland. I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned? I evaded the question by general answers; "that I had satisfied the Emperor and court in all particulars." However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to

me, told him, “I had not yet trampled on the crucifix;” but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out as captain of a ship. His men conspire against him, confine him a long time to his cabin, and set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up into the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the Adventurer, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which, however, I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the bay of Campechy to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it has been with several others; for if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men who died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent: for I found afterwards, that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands onboard; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South-Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them, "I was their prisoner, and would submit." This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me own victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates and, plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than

to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said, "he had orders from the captain to set me ashore." I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore, "they knew no more than myself;" but said, "that the captain" (as they called him) "was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land." They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracts of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs, and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground, for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor any thing more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. The dugs hung between their fore feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes

was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways, every feature of his visage, and stared, as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood, getting hold of the branches behind, leaped up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little, when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder; he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys, when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself, in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see

such actions and behaviour in brute beasts; and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near to him to expect his farther commands: but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off and settling it again; whereat, both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him; or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: “Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet,” taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention, and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times: and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoo* in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry *hhuun hhuun*: I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, "that I was weary, and not able to walk faster;" upon which he would stand awhile to let me rest.

CHAPTER II.

The author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his house. The house described. The author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnms. The author in distress for want of meat. Is at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted; and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business; these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista. We went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone: this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the gray horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon

mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; and turning to the horse, I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse, beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the *hhuun*, *hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building, at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures, which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow, dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and by our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo*. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal, a perfect human figure: the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted, by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mothers' shoulders. The fore-feet of the *Yahoo* differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences; which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a *Yahoo*, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the *Yahoos*' kennel a piece of ass's flesh; but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing: he then threw it to the *Yahoo*, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats; but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to

some of my own species; for as to those filthy *Yahoos*, although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the *Yahoo* back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs, to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four *Yahoos*. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse ate warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches, upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare ate their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word *Yahoo*.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk; and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others, which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat.

Oats in their tongue are called *hlunnh*. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain. I ground and beat them between two stones; then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hours sickness while I stayed in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springs made of *Yahoo's* hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and ate as salads with my bread; and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets; for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man, and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house and separated from the stable of the *Yahoos*. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III.

The author studies to learn the language. The Houyhnhnm, his master, assists in teaching him. The language described. Several Houyhnhnms of quality come out of curiosity to see the author. He gives his master a short account of his voyage.

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him), and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to every thing, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment, a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounced through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High-Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe; but is much more graceful and significant. The emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said "that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High-Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo*; but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body: for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months, could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered, "that I came

over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees: that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, "that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not;" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. "He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houyhnhnm* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it."

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and, in its etymology, the *perfection of nature*. I told my master, "that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt, and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful *Yahoo*, that could speak like a *Houyhnhnm*, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me: they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The *Houyhnhnms*, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right *Yahoo*, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader, that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered, for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me "the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times; that his vale assured him, some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of *Yahoos*; but now I found

it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of *Yahoos*, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, "that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me: only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand, why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat. I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom; fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which, he said, it was plain I must be a perfect *Yahoo*; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more; and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of *Yahoo*, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, "that the secret of my having a false covering to my body, might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it."

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime, he desired "I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not;" adding, "that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him."

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he

brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; "because," as he told them, privately, "this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting."

Every day, when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could, and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

"That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable *Yahoos*." He asked me, "who made the ship, and how it was possible that the *Houyhnhnms* of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?" My answer was, "that I durst proceed no further in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised." He agreed; and I went on by assuring him, that the ship was made by creatures like myself; who, in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the *Houyhnhnms* act like rational beings, as he, or his friends, could be, in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a *Yahoo*; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther, "that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe, that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended) our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a *Houyhnhnm* should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a *Yahoo* the brute."

CHAPTER IV.

The Houyhnhnm's notion of truth and falsehood. The author's discourse disapproved by his master. The author gives a more particular account of himself, and the accidents of his voyage.

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus: "that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black, when it is white, and short, when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the *Yahoos* were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, "whether we had *Houyhnhnms* among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where *Yahoo* servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master: "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the *Yahoos* pretend to, the *Houyhnhnms* are your masters; I heartily wish our *Yahoos* would be so tractable." I begged "his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned "that the *Houyhnhnms* among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animals we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they

were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse." I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, "that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways, on which we often travelled."

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a *Houyhnhnm's* back; for he was sure, that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest *Yahoo*; or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered "that our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the *Yahoos* in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions, to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the *Houyhnhnm* race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, "if it were possible there could be any country where *Yahoos* alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill-contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;" whereupon he desired to know "whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the *Yahoos* of his country?" I assured him, "that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, "I differed indeed from other *Yahoos*, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but, in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse: that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet; as to my fore feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind: that I could not walk with any

security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fail." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: "the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head: that I was not able to feed myself, without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth: and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day, with tediousness and trouble: and lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the *Yahoos*, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy, which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would," as he said, "debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life, before I came hither."

I assured him, "how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much, whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception; because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words;" which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, "my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England; which was remote from his country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty *Yahoos* under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock." Here my master interposed, by asking me, "how I could persuade strangers, out of different countries, to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run?" I said, "they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by lawsuits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes, or

sodomy; for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison; none of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under the necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places."

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices. To clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAPTER V.

The author at his master's command, informs him of the state of England. The causes of war among the princes of Europe. The author begins to explain the English constitution.

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the *Houyhnhnm* tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued: I computed, at his request, "that about a million of *Yahoos* might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk."

He asked me, "what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered "they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long a continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them

shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes, because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish, the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel; poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a *Yahoo* hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

"There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: such are those in many northern parts of Europe."

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our *Yahoos* would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling

to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases, left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, "that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators."

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, "whoever understood the nature of *Yahoos*, might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation: that although he hated the *Yahoos* of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that, instead of reason we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill shapen body, not only larger but more distorted."

He added, "that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point, which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid."

I assured his honour, "that the law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able."

I said, "there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man

should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he hath justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing any thing unbecoming their nature or their office.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers that whatever has been done before, may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned; they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the

disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law."

Here my master interposing, said, "it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge." In answer to which I assured his honour, "that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession."

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the state of England under Queen Anne. The character of a first minister of state in European courts.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying, they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; "that when a *Yahoo* had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our *Yahoos* thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully."

I enlarged myself much on these, and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, "what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them?" Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him "that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female *Yahoos* could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in." He said "that must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracts of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink." I replied "that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But, in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things

to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, freethinking, and the like occupations:" every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

"That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited; and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

"But beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife."

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. "He could easily conceive, that a *Houyhnhnm*, grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil."

I told him "we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female *Yahoos* acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this, and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son; so that great numbers came into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they would not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint — in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the

sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

"Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion; whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, sea-weed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgustful to the bowels; which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice; forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

"But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female *Yahoos* are always infested.

"One great excellency in this tribe, is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not: and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a seasonable dose.

"They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates; to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes."

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him, "what species of *Yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation."

I told him, "that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was the creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all

uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

"There are three methods, by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal, in public assemblies, against the corruption's of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power, by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient, called an act of indemnity" (whereof I described the nature to him), "they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

"The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porters, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients, of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

"He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom."

One day, in discourse, my master, having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: "that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the *Yahoos* of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy."

He made me observe, "that among the *Houyhnhnms*, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray, were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural."

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him at the same time, "that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility, among us, was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that, as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution (merely for the sake of money), whom they hate and despise. That the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed. That a weak diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dullness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

"Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered: and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's great love of his native country. His master's observations upon the constitution and administration of England, as described by the author, with parallel cases and comparisons. His master's observations upon human nature.

The reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of humankind, from that entire congruity between me and their *Yahoos*. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do, before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing every thing to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to humankind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable *Houyhnhnms*, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner; and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service; but have, indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me). He said, "he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some

small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed; had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that, as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common *Yahoo*; that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet; had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather: lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren," as he called them, "the *Yahoos* in his country.

"That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

"He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other *Yahoos*, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds." He said, "the *Yahoos* were known to hate one another, more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if," said he, "you throw among five *Yahoos* as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other: that if a cow died of age or accident, before a *Houyhnhnm* could secure it for his own *Yahoos*, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the *Yahoos* of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and,

for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

"That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the *Yahoos* are violently fond: and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure." My master said, "he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a *Yahoo*; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind. That he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his *Yahoos* had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his *Yahoo* had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took good care to remove them to a better hiding place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute."

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, "that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring *Yahoos*."

He said, "it was common, when two *Yahoos* discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both;" which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing beside the stone they contended for: whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had any thing left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, "there was nothing that rendered the *Yahoos* more odious, than their undistinguishing appetite to devour every thing that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which, nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

"There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the *Yahoos* sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and

then fall asleep in the mud."

I did indeed observe that the *Yahoos* were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill-treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *hnea-yahoo*, or *Yahoo's evil*; and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the *Yahoo's* throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

"As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like," my master confessed, "he could find little or no resemblance between the *Yahoos* of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious *Houyhnhnms* observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling *Yahoo* (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park), who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female *Yahoos* to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the *Yahoos* in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine."

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me, "there were some qualities remarkable in the *Yahoos*, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given of humankind." He said, "those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she *Yahoo* would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

"Another thing he wondered at in the *Yahoos*, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals." As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon

them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated humankind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country (as unluckily for me there were not), which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a *Yahoo*, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, "a fancy would sometimes take a *Yahoo* to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water, nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself." To this I was silent out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had further observed, "that a female *Yahoo* would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

"At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over; and then turn off with gestures, that seemed to express contempt and disdain."

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the *Yahoos* of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of art and reason on our side of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author relates several particulars of the Yahoos. The great virtues of the Houyhnhnms. The education and exercise of their youth. Their general assembly.

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the *Yahoos* to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make further discoveries, from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals, upon my first arrival; and I afterwards failed very narrowly, three or four times, of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured, by all marks of tenderness, to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting with such violence, that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe (for away it ran), and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted), that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could; although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the *Yahoos* appear to be the most unteachable of all animals: their capacity never reaching higher than to draw or carry

burdens. Yet I am of opinion, this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and, by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The *Houyhnhnms* keep the *Yahoos* for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and *luhimuhs* (a sort of wild rat), which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And, upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female *Yahoo*, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp, with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny that I was a real *Yahoo* in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me, as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular), but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble *Houyhnhnms* are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical,

as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction; as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word opinion, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the *Houyhnhnms*. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, "that a creature pretending to reason, should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected, what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe; and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the *Houyhnhnms*; and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue, that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron *Houyhnhnms* have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary, to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior *Houyhnhnms*, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article: these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages, they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen, with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet, and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence, that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe; but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes: and my master thought it monstrous in us, to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the *Houyhnhnms* train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility; where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival, the servants drive a herd of *Yahoos* into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the *Houyhnhnms*; after which, these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows, or *Yahoos*; and wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled: as for instance, if a *Houyhnhnm* has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A grand debate at the general assembly of the Houyhnhnms, and how it was determined. The learning of the Houyhnhnms. Their buildings. Their manner of burials. The defectiveness of their language.

One of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master, after his return, give me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, "whether the *Yahoos* should be exterminated from the face of the earth?" One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, "that as the *Yahoos* were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious; they would privately suck the teats of the *Houyhnhnms'* cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies." He took notice of a general tradition, "that *Yahoos* had not been always in their country; but that many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known; that these *Yahoos* engendered, and their brood, in a short time, grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation; that the *Houyhnhnms*, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and destroying the elder, every *Houyhnhnm* kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal, so savage by nature, can be capable of acquiring, using them for draught and carriage; that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be *yinhniamshy* (or *aborigines* of the land), because of the violent hatred the *Houyhnhnms*, as well as all other animals, bore them, which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been *aborigines*, or else they would have long since been rooted out; that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the *Yahoos*, had, very imprudently, neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body, and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the *Yahoos*."

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed

borrowed the hint from me. "He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed, that the two *Yahoos* said to be seen first among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful *Yahoo* (meaning myself) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact *Yahoo* in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries, the *Yahoos* acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the *Houyhnhnms* in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a *Yahoo*, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason, which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the *Houyhnhnm* race, as the *Yahoos* of their country were to me; that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating *Houyhnhnms* when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow (for so I translate the word *lyhannh*, although it be a much larger fowl); that this invention might be practised upon the younger *Yahoos* here, which besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species, without destroying life; that in the mean time the *Houyhnhnms* should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve."

This was all my master thought fit to tell me, at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The *Houyhnhnms* have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry, they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone (for the *Houyhnhnms* know not the use of iron), they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat straw, or sometimes wattles, between them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The *Houyhnhnms* use the hollow part, between the pastern and the hoof of their fore-foot, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the *Yahoos* draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house, upon some affair of importance: on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to *shnuwnh*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English; it signifies, "to retire to his first mother." Her excuse for not coming sooner, was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed, she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy, or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death, they feel a gradual decay; but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge drawn by *Yahoos*; which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident: and therefore when the dying *Houyhnhnms* return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the *Houyhnhnms* have no word in their language to express any thing that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the *Yahoos*. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of *Yahoo*. For instance, *hhnm Yahoo*; *whnaholm Yahoo*, *ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo*, and an ill-contrived house *ynholmhnmrohlnw Yahoo*.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge further upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither; and, in the mean time, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X.

The author's economy, and happy life, among the Houyhnhnms. His great improvement in virtue by conversing with them. Their conversations. The author has notice given him by his master, that he must depart from the country. He falls into a swoon for grief; but submits. He contrives and finishes a canoe by the help of a fellow-servant, and puts to sea at a venture.

I had settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house: the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking; this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of *Yahoos'* hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal, about the same size, called *nnuhnoh*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper-leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of *Yahoos* dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, "That nature is very easily satisfied;" and, "That necessity is the mother of invention." I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression: here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosos; no leaders, or followers, of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several *Houyhnhnms*, who came to

visit or dine with my master; where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are, generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly: and often upon the various excellences of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to humankind: and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said; only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of *Yahoos* much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a *Yahoo* of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, "how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be."

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe, which the *Yahoos* and all other animals bear toward them; but it grew upon me by decrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, *Yahoos* in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of

speech; but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common *Yahoo* than of my own person. By conversing with the *Houyhnhnms*, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, "that I trot like a horse;" which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the *Houyhnhnms*, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, "he did not know how I would take what he was going to say: that in the last general assembly, when the affair of the *Yahoos* was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a *Yahoo* (meaning myself) in his family, more like a *Houyhnhnm* than a brute animal; that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them; the assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came: that the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the *Houyhnhnms* who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the *Houyhnhnms'* cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour."

My master added, "that he was daily pressed by the *Houyhnhnms* of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country; and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours." He concluded, "that for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived; because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the *Houyhnhnms*."

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word *hnhloayn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised, or exhorted; because no

person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me "that he concluded I had been dead;" for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, "that death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends; yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred: that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt, in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for, supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among *Yahoos*, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise *Houyhnhnms* were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable *Yahoo*; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned *Houyhnhnms*, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind."

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant (for so, at this distance, I may presume to call him), to follow my instruction; because I told my master, "that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me."

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea; fancied I saw a small island toward the north-east. I took out my pocket glass, and could then clearly distinguish it above five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud: for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further; but resolved it should if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse

at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened very artificially after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks time with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of *Yahoos*, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond, near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss; stopping all the chinks with *Yahoos'* tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight; and, when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by *Yahoos* to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family, my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and, perhaps, (if I may speak without vanity,) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide; and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing toward the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master: but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But, if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the *Houyhnhnms*, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the *Houyhnhnms* in his honour's company; then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI.

The author's dangerous voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an arrow by one of the natives. Is seized and carried by force into a Portuguese ship. The great civilities of the captain. The author arrives at England.

I began this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714–15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, "*Hnuy illa nyha*, *majah Yahoo*;" "Take care of thyself, gentle *Yahoo*."

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient, by my labour, to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness, than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government of *Yahoos*. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable *Houyhnhnms*, without an opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related, when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin; how I continued there several weeks without knowing what course we took; and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me, with oaths, whether true or false, "that they knew not in what part of the world we were." However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being I supposed to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues; when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe; and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that

the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend, Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shellfish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provisions; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages, observing me retreat, ran after me: and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee: I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle, for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not; but at last my detestation of the *Yahoo* race prevailed: and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European *Yahoos*. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long boat with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place, it seems, was very well known); but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore; and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded, I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, "I was a poor *Yahoo*

banished from the *Houyhnhnms*, and desired they would please to let me depart." They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by *Yahoos* and *Houyhnhnms*; and at the same time fell a-laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know, "what country I was of? whence I came?" with many other questions. I told them "I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor *Yahoo* seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life."

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw any thing more unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a *Yahoo* in *Houyhnhnmland*. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, "they were sure the captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours the boat, which went laden with vessels of water, returned, with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty; but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, "I should be used as well as himself;" and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a *Yahoo*. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among *Yahoos*. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for

so desperate an attempt; assured me, "he only meant to do me all the service he was able;" and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to *Yahoos*, in all countries where they preside, and, consequently, their disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, "whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not?" I assured him, "I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in *Houyhnhnmland*, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not; but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth."

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, "that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting any thing against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon." I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, "that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among *Yahoos*."

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him, at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against human kind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with any thing that had been on the back of a *Yahoo*. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which, having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing, the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him "to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the *Houyhnhnms*; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition." The captain persuaded me to accept a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size,

they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, "that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children." He told me, "there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary." It would be tedious to repeat his arguments, and my contradictions. He said, "it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased."

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the fifth of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhith.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the *Houyhnhnm* country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of *Yahoos*, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted *Houyhnhnms*. And when I began to consider that, by copulating with one of the *Yahoo* species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England. During the first year, I could not endure my wife or children in my presence; the very smell of them was

intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them, the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me and friendship to each other.

CHAPTER XII.

The author's veracity. His design in publishing this work. His censure of those travellers who swerve from the truth. The author clears himself from any sinister ends in writing. An objection answered. The method of planting colonies. His native country commended. The right of the crown to those countries described by the author is justified. The difficulty of conquering them. The author takes his last leave of the reader; proposes his manner of living for the future; gives good advice, and concludes.

Thus, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and above seven months: wherein I have not been so studious of ornament as of truth. I could, perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact, in the simplest manner and style; because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us who travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land. Whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad, as well as good, example of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the Lord High Chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest falsities on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it has given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself, as a maxim never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth; neither indeed can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master and the other illustrious *Houyhnhnms* of whom I had so long the honour to be an humble hearer.

— Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget.

I know very well, how little reputation is to be got by writings which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent, except a good

memory, or an exact journal. I know likewise, that writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable, that such travellers, who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any), and adding many new discoveries of their own, justle me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame: but as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious *Houyhnhnms*, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those remote nations where *Yahoos* preside; among which the least corrupted are the *Brobdingnagians*; whose wise maxims in morality and government it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting further, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and application.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objections can be made against a writer, who relates only plain facts, that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest, with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not the least with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man, or number of men, whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority, from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished *Houyhnhnms*. I write without any view to profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence, even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless; against whom the tribes of Answerers, Considerers, Observers, Reflectors, Detectors, Remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess, it was whispered to me, "that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over; because, whatever lands are discovered by a subject belong to the crown." But I doubt whether our conquests in the countries I treat of would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The *Lilliputians*, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them; and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the *Brobdingnagians*; or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the Flying Island over their heads. The *Houyhnhnms* indeed appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their

prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus, *Recalcitrat undique tutus*. But, instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity, or disposition, to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in modern, as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason, which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the topmast; they go on shore to rob and plunder, they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank, or a stone, for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more, by force, for a sample; return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free license given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people!

But this description, I confess, does by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies; their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries which I have described do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies, nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco, I did humbly conceive, they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest.

However, if those whom it more concerns think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit those countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed, unless a dispute may arise concerning the two *Yahoos*, said to have been seen many years ago upon a mountain in *Houyhnhnmland*.

But, as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name, it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in my little garden at Redriff; to apply those excellent lessons of virtue which I learned among the *Houyhnhnms*; to instruct the *Yahoos* of my own family, is far as I shall find them docible animals; to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality to *Houyhnhnms* in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole *Houyhnhnm* race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table; and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet, the smell of a *Yahoo* continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves. And, although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes, in some time, to suffer a neighbour *Yahoo* in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconcilement to the *Yahoo* kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature has entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due course of things: but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together. The wise and virtuous *Houyhnhnms*, who abound in all excellences that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language, which has no terms to express any thing that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their *Yahoos*, among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it shows itself in other countries where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it

among the wild *Yahoos*.

But the *Houyhnhnms*, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject from the desire I have to make the society of an English *Yahoo* by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLICK

This essay was published anonymously in 1729 and is now famed for its savagely satirical content. In the essay, Swift suggests that the impoverished Irish might ease their economic troubles by selling their children as food for rich gentlemen and ladies, going so far as to suggest recipes, as well as making calculations of the financial benefits of his suggestion. He also mocks heartless attitudes towards the poor, as well as Irish policy in general. Swift uses methods of argument throughout his essay which lampoon William Petty and the social engineering popular among followers of Francis Bacon. These lampoons include appealing to the authority of "a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London" and "the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa" (who had already confessed to not being from Formosa in 1706).

This essay is widely held to be one of the greatest examples of sustained irony in the history of the English language. Much of its shock value derives from the fact that the first portion of the essay describes the plight of starving beggars in Ireland, so that the reader is unprepared for the surprise of Swift's solution when he states, "A young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee, or a ragout."

A MODEST

PROPOSAL

For preventing the

CHILDREN

OF

POOR PEOPLE

From being a Burthen to

Their Parents or Country,

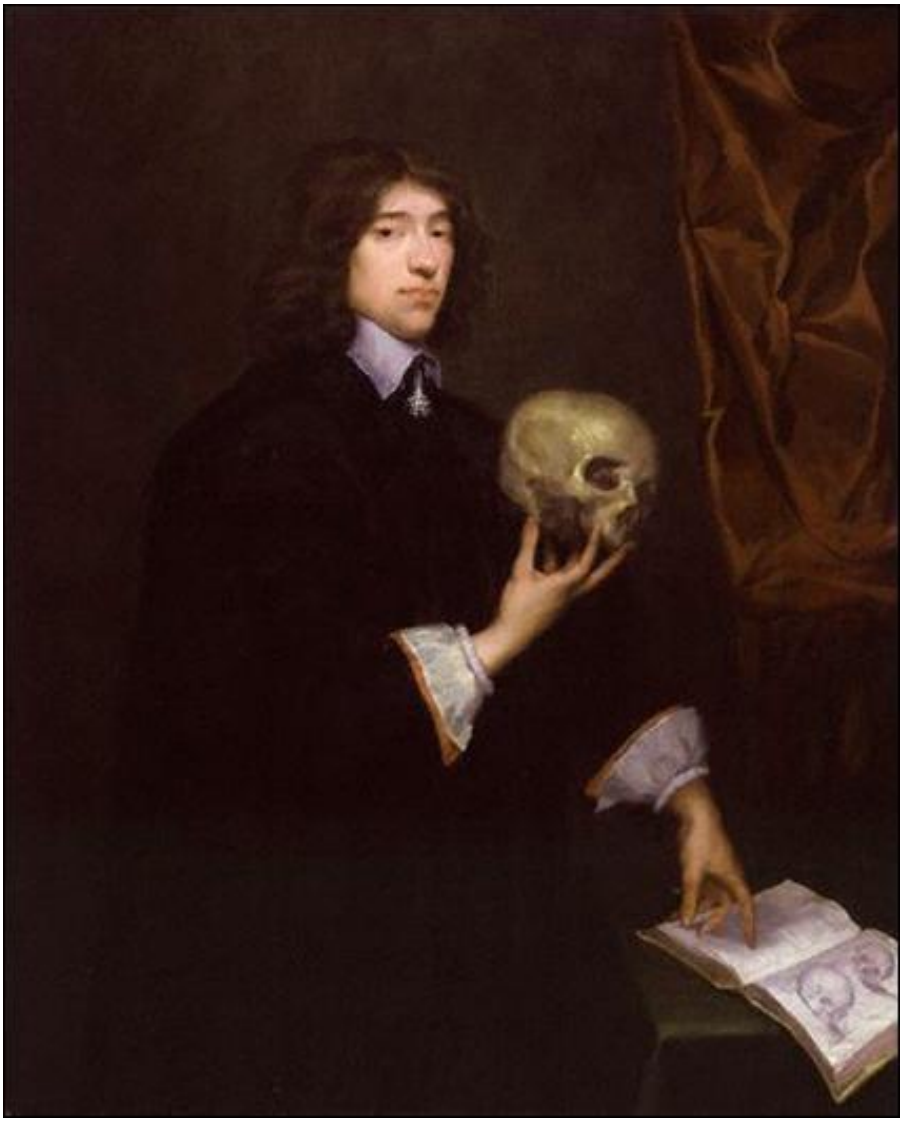
AND

For making them Beneficial to the PUBLICK.

By Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Printed by *S. Harding*:
London, Re-printed; and sold by *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-lane*, and the Pamphlet-Shops.
M. DCC. XXIX.

The original title page



William Petty, c. 1650 — Swift's target in the satire

A MODEST PROPOSAL

For preventing the children of poor people in Ireland, from being a burden on their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the publick.

It is a melancholy object to those, who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads and cabbin-doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in stroling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties, that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these children sound and useful members of the common-wealth, would deserve so well of the publick, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars: it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years, upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropt from its dam, may be supported by her milk, for a solar year, with little other nourishment: at most not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents, or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding, and partly to the cloathing of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt, more to avoid the expence than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million

and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couple, who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom) but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand, for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses, (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old; except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers: As I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old, is no saleable commodity, and even when they come to this age, they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half a crown at most, on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriments and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricasie, or a ragoust.

I do therefore humbly offer it to publick consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine, and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore, one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune, through the kingdom, always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump, and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt,

will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium, that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolifick dyet, there are more children born in Roman Catholick countries about nine months after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants, is at least three to one in this kingdom, and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend, or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants, the mother will have eight shillings neat profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flea the carcass; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our City of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said, that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supply'd by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age, nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service: And these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend, and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission, be a loss to the publick, because they soon would become

breeders themselves: And besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice, (although indeed very unjustly) as a little bordering upon cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed, that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Salmanaazor, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London, above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality, as a prime dainty; and that, in his time, the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the Emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at a play-house and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for; the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken, to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known, that they are every day dying, and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth, and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition. They cannot get work, and consequently pine away from want of nourishment, to a degree, that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly over-run, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country, than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to a distress, and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintainance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand

pounds per annum, besides the profit of a new dish, introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among our selves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, besides the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns, where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection; and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would encrease the care and tenderness of mothers towards their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the publick, to their annual profit instead of expence. We should soon see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives, during the time of their pregnancy, as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, or sow when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barrel'd beef: the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well grown, fat yearly child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a Lord Mayor's feast, or any other publick entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city, would be constant customers for infants flesh, besides others who might have it at merry meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection, that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged, that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual Kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: Of taxing our absentees at five shillings a

pound: Of using neither cloaths, nor houshold furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders, and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: Of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our country and consciences for nothing: Of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy towards their tenants. Lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shop-keepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, 'till he hath at least some glympse of hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere attempt to put them into practice.

But, as to my self, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expence and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, and flesh being of too tender a consistence, to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion, as to reject any offer, proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, As things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for a hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, There being a round million of creatures in humane figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock, would leave them in debt two million of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession, to the bulk of farmers, cottagers and labourers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house

nor cloaths to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of intailing the like, or greater miseries, upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the publick good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children, by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

AN EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN ABUSES

Like many of Swift's satirical writings the title of this tract is no indication to its subject-matter. Whatever "abuses, corruptions and enormities" may have been rife in the city of Dublin in Swift's time, the pamphlet which follows certainly throws no light on them. It is in no sense a social document. But it is a very amusing and excellent piece of jeering at the fancied apprehensions that were rife about the Pretender, the "disaffected" people, and the Jacobites. It is aimed at the Whigs, who were continually using the party cries of "No Popery," "Jacobitism," and the other cognate expressions to distress their political opponents. At the same time, these cries had their effects, and created a great deal of mischief. The Roman Catholics, in particular, were cruelly treated because of the anxiety for the Protestant succession, and among the lower tradesmen, for whom such cries would be of serious meaning, a petty persecution against their Roman Catholic fellow-tradesmen continually prevailed. Monck Mason draws attention to some curious instances. (See his "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," p. 399, note y.)

In the "Journals of the Irish House of Commons" (vol. ii., p. 77) is the record of a petition presented in the year 1695, by the Protestant porters of the city of Dublin, against one Darby Ryan, "a papist and notoriously disaffected." This Ryan was complained of for employing those of his own persuasion and affection to carry a cargo of coals he had bought, to his own customers. The petitioners complained that they, Protestants, were "debased and hindered from their small trade and gains." Another set of petitioners was the drivers of hackney coaches. They complained that, "before the late trouble, they got a livelihood by driving coaches in and about the city of Dublin, but since that time, so many papists had got coaches, and drove them with such ordinary horses, that the petitioners could hardly get bread.... They therefore prayed the house that none but Protestant hackney-coachmen may have liberty to keep and drive hackney-coaches." Swift may have had these instances in his mind when he urges that the criers who cry their wares in Dublin should be True Protestants, and should give security to the government for permission to cry.

In a country where such absurd complaints could be seriously presented, and as seriously considered, a genuine apprehension must have existed. The Whigs in making capital out of this existing feeling stigmatized their Tory opponents as High Churchmen, and therefore very little removed from Papists, and therefore Jacobites. Of course there were no real grounds for such epithets, but they indulged in them nevertheless, with the addition of insinuations and suggestions — no insinuation being too feeble or too far-fetched so long as it served.

Swift, writing in the person of a Whig, affects extreme anxiety for the

most ridiculous of signs, and finds a Papist, or a Jacobite, or a disaffected person, in the least likely of places. The tract, in this light, is a really amusing piece. Swift takes the opportunity also to hit Walpole, under a pretended censure of his extravagance, corruption, and avarice. The text here given of this tract is based on that of the original edition issued in Dublin in 1732.

AN

EXAMINATION

OF CERTAIN

Abuses, *Corruptions*,

AND

ENORMITIES

IN THE

City of *DUBLIN*.

Nothing is held more commendable in all great cities, especially the metropolis of a kingdom, than what the French call the police; by which word is meant the government thereof, to prevent the many disorders occasioned by great numbers of people and carriages, especially through narrow streets. In this government our famous City of Dublin is said to be very defective, and universally complained of. Many wholesome laws have been enacted to correct those abuses, but are ill executed; and many more are wanting, which I hope the united wisdom of the nation (whereof so many good effects have already appeared this session) will soon take into their most profound consideration.

As I have been always watchful over the good of mine own country, and particularly for that of our renowned city, where (*absit invidia*) I had the honour to draw my first breath; I cannot have a minute's ease or patience to forbear enumerating some of the greatest enormities, abuses, and corruptions, spread almost through every part of Dublin; and proposing such remedies as, I hope, the legislature will approve of.

The narrow compass to which I have confined myself in this paper, will

allow me only to touch at the most important defects, and such as I think seem to require the most speedy redress.

And first, perhaps there was never known a wiser institution than that of allowing certain persons of both sexes, in large and populous cities, to cry through the streets many necessaries of life; it would be endless to recount the conveniences which our city enjoys by this useful invention, and particularly strangers, forced hither by business, who reside here but a short time; for, these having usually but little money, and being wholly ignorant of the town, might at an easy price purchase a tolerable dinner, if the several criers would pronounce the names of the goods they have to sell, in any tolerable language. And therefore till our law-makers shall think it proper to interpose so far as to make these traders pronounce their words in such terms, that a plain Christian hearer may comprehend what is cried, I would advise all new comers to look out at their garret windows, and there see whether the thing that is cried be tripes or flummery, butter-milk or cow-heels. For, as things are now managed, how is it possible for an honest countryman, just arrived, to find out what is meant, for instance, by the following words, with which his ears are constantly stunned twice a day, "Mugs, jugs and porringers, up in the garret, and down in the cellar." I say, how is it possible for any stranger to understand that this jargon is meant as an invitation to buy a farthing's worth of milk for his breakfast or supper, unless his curiosity draws him to the window, or till his landlady shall inform him. I produce this only as one instance, among a hundred much worse, I mean where the words make a sound wholly inarticulate, which give so much disturbance, and so little information.

The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of herrings, is directly against all truth and probability, "Herrings alive, alive here." The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech, than to say of some neighbour for whom the passing-bell rings, that he is dead as a herring. And, pray how is it possible, that a herring, which as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute, three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours. Nay, we have witnesses ready to produce, that many thousands of these herrings, so impudently asserted to be alive, have been a day and a night upon dry land. But this is not the worst. What can we think of those impious wretches, who dare in the face of the sun, vouch the very same affirmative of their salmon, and cry, "Salmon alive, alive;" whereas, if you call the woman who cries it, she is not ashamed to turn back her mantle, and shew you this individual salmon cut into a dozen pieces. I have given good advice to these infamous disgracers of their sex and calling, without the least appearance of remorse, and fully against the conviction of their own consciences. I have mentioned this grievance to several of our parish ministers, but all in vain; so that it must continue until the government shall think fit to interpose.

There is another cry, which, from the strictest observation I can make, appears to be very modern, and it is that of sweethearts, and is plainly intended for a reflection upon the female sex, as if there were at present so great a dearth of lovers, that the women instead of receiving presents from men, were now forced to offer money, to purchase sweethearts. Neither am I sure, that the cry doth not glance at some disaffection against the government; insinuating, that while so many of our troops are engaged in foreign service, and such a great number of our gallant officers constantly reside in England, the ladies are forced to take up with parsons and attorneys: But, this is a most unjust reflection, as may soon be proved by any person who frequents the Castle, our public walks, our balls and assemblies, where the crowds of *toupees* were never known to swarm as they do at present.

There is a cry, peculiar to this City, which I do not remember to have been used in London, or at least, not in the same terms that it has been practised by both parties, during each of their power; but, very unjustly by the Tories. While these were at the helm, they grew daily more and more impatient to put all true Whigs and Hanoverians out of employments. To effect which, they hired certain ordinary fellows, with large baskets on their shoulders, to call aloud at every house, "Dirt to carry out;" giving that denomination to our whole party, as if they would signify, that the kingdom could never be cleansed, till we were swept from the earth like rubbish. But, since that happy turn of times, when we were so miraculously preserved by just an inch, from Popery, slavery, massacre, and the Pretender, I must own it prudence in us, still to go on with the same cry, which hath ever since been so effectually observed, that the true political dirt is wholly removed, and thrown on its proper dunghills, there to corrupt, and be no more heard of.

But, to proceed to other enormities: Every person who walks the streets, must needs observe the immense number of human excrements at the doors and steps of waste houses, and at the sides of every dead wall; for which the disaffected party have assigned a very false and malicious cause. They would have it, that these heaps were laid there privately by British fundaments, to make the world believe, that our Irish vulgar do daily eat and drink; and, consequently, that the clamour of poverty among us, must be false, proceeding only from Jacobites and Papists. They would confirm this, by pretending to observe, that a British anus being more narrowly perforated than one of our own country; and many of these excrements upon a strict view appearing copple crowned, with a point like a cone or pyramid, are easily distinguished from the Hibernian, which lie much flatter, and with lest continuity. I communicated this conjecture to an eminent physician, who is well versed in such profound speculations; and at my request was pleased to make trial with each of his fingers, by thrusting them into the anus of several persons of both nations, and professed he could find no such difference between them as those ill-disposed people allege. On the contrary, he assured me, that much the greater number of narrow cavities were of Hibernian origin.

This I only mention to shew how ready the Jacobites are to lay hold of any handle to express their malice against the government. I had almost forgot to add, that my friend the physician could, by smelling each finger, distinguish the Hibernian excrement from the British, and was not above twice mistaken in an hundred experiments; upon which he intends very soon to publish a learned dissertation.

There is a diversion in this City, which usually begins among the butchers, but is often continued by a succession of other people, through many streets. It is called the COSSING of a dog; and I may justly number it among our corruptions. The ceremony is this: A strange dog happens to pass through a flesh-market; whereupon an expert butcher immediately cries in a loud voice, and the proper tone, "Coss, coss," several times: The same word is repeated by the people. The dog, who perfectly understands the terms of art, and consequently the danger he is in, immediately flies. The people, and even his own brother animals pursue; the pursuit and cry attend him perhaps half a mile; he is well worried in his flight, and sometimes hardly escapes. This, our ill-wishers of the Jacobite kind, are pleased to call a persecution; and affirm, that it always falls upon dogs of the Tory principle. But, we can well defend ourselves, by justly alleging that when they were uppermost, they treated our dogs full as inhumanly: As to my own part, who have in former times often attended these processions, although I can very well distinguish between a Whig and Tory dog, yet I never carried my resentments very far upon a party principle, except it were against certain malicious dogs, who most discovered their malice against us in the *worst of times*. And, I remember too well, that in the wicked ministry of the Earl of Oxford, a large mastiff of our party being unmercifully cossed, ran, without thinking, between my legs, as I was coming up Fishamble Street; and, as I am of low stature, with very short legs, bore me riding backwards down the hill, for above two hundred yards: And, although I made use of his tail for a bridle, holding it fast with both my hands, and clung my legs as close to his sides as I could, yet we both came down together into the middle of the kennel; where after rolling three or four times over each other, I got up with much ado, amid the shouts and huzzas of a thousand malicious Jacobites: I cannot, indeed, but gratefully acknowledge, that for this and many other services and sufferings, I have been since more than over-paid.

This adventure may, perhaps, have put me out of love with the diversions of cossing, which I confess myself an enemy to, unless we could always be sure of distinguishing Tory dogs; whereof great numbers have since been so prudent, as entirely to change their principles, and are now justly esteemed the best worriers of their former friends.

I am assured, and partly know, that all the chimney-sweepers' boys, where Members of Parliament chiefly lodge, are hired by our enemies to skulk in the tops of chimneys, with their heads no higher than will just permit them to look round; and at the usual hours when members are going to the House, if

they see a coach stand near the lodging of any loyal member, they call "Coach, coach," as loud as they can bawl, just at the instant when the footman begins to give the same call. And this is chiefly done on those days, when any point of importance is to be debated. This practice may be of very dangerous consequence. For, these boys are all hired by enemies to the government; and thus, by the absence of a few members for a few minutes, a question may be carried against the true interest of the kingdom, and very probably, not without any eye toward the Pretender.

I have not observed the wit and fancy of this town, so much employed in any one article, as that of contriving variety of signs to hang over houses, where punch is to be sold. The bowl is represented full of punch, the ladle stands erect in the middle, supported sometimes by one, and sometimes by two animals, whose feet rest upon the edge of the bowl. These animals are sometimes one black lion, and sometimes a couple; sometimes a single eagle, and sometimes a spread one, and we often meet a crow, a swan, a bear, or a cock, in the same posture.

Now, I cannot find how any of these animals, either separate, or in conjunction, are properly speaking, either fit emblems or embellishments, to advance the sale of punch. Besides, it is agreed among naturalists, that no brute can endure the taste of strong liquor, except where he hath been used to it from his infancy: And, consequently, it is against all the rules of hieroglyph, to assign those animals as patrons, or protectors of punch. For, in that case, we ought to suppose, that the host keeps always ready the real bird, or beast, whereof the picture hangs over his door, to entertain his guest; which, however, to my knowledge, is not true in fact. For not one of those birds is a proper companion for a Christian, as to aiding and assisting in making the punch. For the birds, as they are drawn upon the sign, are much more likely to mute, or shed their feathers into the liquor. Then, as to the bear, he is too terrible, awkward, and slovenly a companion to converse with; neither are any of them at all, handy enough to fill liquor to the company: I do, therefore, vehemently suspect a plot intended against the Government, by these devices. For, although the spread-eagle be the arms of Germany, upon which account it may possibly be a lawful Protestant sign; yet I, who am very suspicious of fair outsides, in a matter which so nearly concerns our welfare, cannot but call to mind, that the Pretender's wife is said to be of German birth: And that many Popish Princes, in so vast an extent of land, are reported to excel both at making and drinking punch. Besides, it is plain, that the spread-eagle exhibits to us the perfect figure of a cross, which is a badge of Popery. Then, as to the cock, he is well known to represent the French nation, our old and dangerous enemy. The swan, who must of necessity cover the entire bowl with his wings, can be no other than the Spaniard, who endeavours to engross all the treasures of the Indies to himself. The lion is indeed, the common emblem of Royal power, as well as the arms of England; but to paint him black, is perfect Jacobitism, and a manifest type of those who blacken the actions of the best

Princes. It is not easy to distinguish, whether the other fowl painted over the punch-bowl, be a crow or raven? It is true, they have both been held ominous birds; but I rather take it to be the former; because it is the disposition of a crow, to pick out the eyes of other creatures; and often even of Christians, after they are dead; and is therefore drawn here, with a design to put the Jacobites in mind of their old practice, first to lull us asleep, (which is an emblem of Death) and then to blind our eyes, that we may not see their dangerous practices against the State.

To speak my private opinion, the least offensive picture in the whole set, seems to be the bear; because he represents *ursa major*, or the Great Bear, who presides over the North, where the Reformation first began, and which, next to Britain, (including Scotland and the north of Ireland) is the great protector of the Protestant religion. But, however, in those signs where I observe the bear to be chained, I can't help surmising a Jacobite contrivance, by which these traitors hint an earnest desire of using all true Whigs, as the predecessors did the primitive Christians; I mean, to represent us as bears, and then halloo their Tory dogs to bait us to death.

Thus I have given a fair account of what I dislike, in all those signs set over those houses that invite us to punch: I own it was a matter that did not need explaining, being so very obvious to the most common understanding. Yet, I know not how it happens, but methinks there seems a fatal blindness, to overspread our corporeal eyes, as well as our intellectual; and I heartily wish, I may be found a false prophet; for, these are not bare suspicions, but manifest demonstrations.

Therefore, away with those Popish, Jacobite, and idolatrous gew-gaws. And I heartily wish a law were enacted, under severe penalties, against drinking any punch at all. For nothing is easier, than to prove it a disaffected liquor. The chief ingredients, which are brandy, oranges, and lemons, are all sent us from Popish countries; and nothing remains of Protestant growth but sugar and water. For, as to biscuit, which formerly was held a necessary ingredient, and is truly British, we find it is entirely rejected.

But I will put the truth of my assertion, past all doubt: I mean, that this liquor is by one important innovation, grown of ill example, and dangerous consequence to the public. It is well known, that, by the true original institution of making punch, left us by Captain Ratcliffe, the sharpness is only occasioned by the juice of lemons, and so continued till after the happy Revolution. Oranges, alas! are a mere innovation, and in a manner but of yesterday. It was the politics of Jacobites to introduce them gradually: And, to what intent? The thing speaks itself. It was cunningly to shew their virulence against his sacred Majesty King William, of ever glorious and immortal memory. But of late, (to shew how fast disloyalty increaseth) they came from one or two, and then to three oranges; nay, at present we often find punch made all with oranges, and not one single lemon. For the Jacobites, before the death of that immortal Prince, had, by a superstition, formed a private prayer,

that, as they squeezed the orange, so might that Protestant King be squeezed to death: According to that known sorcery described by Virgil,

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit, &c.

[Ecl. viii. 80.]

And, thus the Romans, when they sacrificed an ox, used this kind of prayer. "As I knock down this ox, so may thou, O Jupiter, knock down our enemies." In like manner, after King William's death, whenever a Jacobite squeezed an orange, he had a mental curse upon the "glorious memory," and a hearty wish for power to squeeze all his Majesty's friends to death, as he squeezed that orange, which bore one of his titles, as he was Prince of Orange. This I do affirm for truth; many of that faction having confessed it to me, under an oath of secrecy; which, however, I thought it my duty not to keep, when I saw my dear country in danger. But, what better can be expected from an impious set of men, who never scruple to drink *confusion* to all true Protestants, under the name of Whigs? a most unchristian and inhuman practice, which, to our great honour and comfort, was never charged upon us, even by our most malicious detractors.

The sign of two angels, hovering in the air, and with their right hands supporting a crown, is met with in several parts of this city; and hath often given me great offence: For, whether by the unskilfulness, or dangerous principles of the painters, (although I have good reasons to suspect the latter) those angels are usually drawn with such horrid countenances, that they give great offence to every loyal eye, and equal cause of triumph to the Jacobites being a most infamous reflection upon our most able and excellent ministry.

I now return to that great enormity of our city cries; most of which we have borrowed from London. I shall consider them only in a political view, as they nearly affect the peace and safety of both kingdoms; and having been originally contrived by wicked Machiavels, to bring in Popery, slavery, and arbitrary power, by defeating the Protestant Succession, and introducing the Pretender, ought, in justice, to be here laid open to the world.

About two or three months after the happy Revolution, all persons who possessed any employment, or office, in Church or State, were obliged by an Act of Parliament, to take the oaths to King William and Queen Mary: And a great number of disaffected persons, refusing to take the said oaths, from a pretended scruple of conscience, but really from a spirit of Popery and rebellion, they contrived a plot, to make the swearing to those Princes odious in the eyes of the people. To this end, they hired certain women of ill fame, but loud shrill voices, under pretence of selling fish, to go through the streets, with sieves on their heads, and cry, "Buy my soul, buy my soul;" plainly insinuating, that all those who swore to King William, were just ready to sell their souls for an employment. This cry was revived at the death of Queen Anne, and, I hear, still continues in London, with great offence to all true Protestants; but, to our great happiness, seems to be almost dropped in Dublin.

But, because I altogether contemn the displeasure and resentment of high-

fliers, Tories, and Jacobites, whom I look upon to be worse even than professed Papists, I do here declare, that those evils which I am going to mention, were all brought in upon us in the *worst of times*, under the late Earl of Oxford's administration, during the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. *That wicked minister was universally known to be a Papist in his heart. He was of a most avaricious nature, and is said to have died worth four millions, sterl. besides his vast expenses in building, statues, gold plate, jewels, and other costly rarities. He was of a mean obscure birth, from the very dregs of the people, and so illiterate, that he could hardly read a paper at the council table. I forbear to touch at his open, profane, profligate life; because I desire not to rake into the ashes of the dead, and therefore I shall observe this wise maxim:* De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

This flagitious man, in order to compass his black designs, employed certain wicked instruments (which great statesmen are never without) to adapt several London cries, in such a manner as would best answer his ends. And, whereas it was upon grounds grievously suspected, that all places at Court were sold to the highest bidder: Certain women were employed by his emissaries, to carry fish in baskets on their heads, and bawl through the streets, "Buy my fresh places." I must, indeed, own that other women used the same cry, who were innocent of this wicked design, and really sold their fish of that denomination to get an honest livelihood; but the rest, who were in the secret, although they carried fish in their sieves or baskets, to save appearances; yet they had likewise, a certain sign, somewhat resembling that of the free-masons, which the purchasers of places knew well enough, and were directed by the women whither they were to resort, and make their purchase. And, I remember very well, how oddly it looked, when we observed many gentlemen finely dressed, about the Court end of the town, and as far as York Buildings, where the Lord Treasurer Oxford dwelt, calling the women who cried "Buy my fresh places," and talking to them in the corner of a street, after they understood each other's sign: But we never could observe that any fish was bought.

Some years before the cries last mentioned, the Duke of Savoy was reported to have made certain overtures to the Court of England, for admitting his eldest son by the Duchess of Orleans's daughter, to succeed to the Crown, as next heir, upon the Pretender's being rejected, and that son was immediately to turn Protestant. It was confidently reported, that great numbers of people disaffected to the then illustrious but now Royal House of Hanover, were in those measures. Whereupon another set of women were hired by the Jacobite leaders, to cry through the whole town, "Buy my Savoys, dainty Savoys, curious Savoys." But, I cannot directly charge the late Earl of Oxford with this conspiracy, because he was not then chief Minister. However, the wicked cry still continues in London, and was brought over hither, where it remains to this day, and in my humble opinion, a very offensive sound to every true Protestant, who is old enough to remember those dangerous times.

During the Ministry of that corrupt and Jacobite earl above-mentioned, the secret pernicious design of those in power, was to sell Flanders to France; the consequence of which, must have been the infallible ruin of the States-General, and would have opened the way for France to obtain that universal monarchy, after which they have so long aspired; to which the British dominions must next, after Holland, have been compelled to submit, and the Protestant religion would be rooted out of the world.

A design of this vast importance, after long consultation among the Jacobite grandees, with the Earl of Oxford at their head, was at last determined to be carried on by the same method with the former; it was therefore again put in practice; but the conduct of it was chiefly left to chosen men, whose voices were louder and stronger than those of the other sex. And upon this occasion, was first instituted in London, that famous cry of "Flounders." But the criers were particularly directed to pronounce the word "Flaunders," and not "Flounders." For, the country which we now by corruption call Flanders, is in its true orthography spelt Flaunders, as may be obvious to all who read old English books. I say, from hence begun that thundering cry, which hath ever since stunned the ears of all London, made so many children fall into fits, and women miscarry; "Come buy my fresh flaunders, curious flaunders, charming flaunders, alive, alive, ho;" which last words can with no propriety of speech be applied to fish manifestly dead, (as I observed before in herrings and salmon) but very justly to ten provinces, which contain many millions of living Christians. And the application is still closer, when we consider that all the people were to be taken like fishes in a net; and, by assistance of the Pope, who sets up to be the universal Fisher of Men, the whole innocent nation, was, according to our common expression, to be "laid as flat as a flounder."

I remember, myself, a particular crier of flounders in London, who arrived at so much fame for the loudness of his voice, that he had the honour to be mentioned upon that account, in a comedy. He hath disturbed me many a morning, before he came within fifty doors of my lodging. And I can't tell if there's a comma here] although I were not in those days so fully apprized of the designs, which our common enemy had then in agitation, yet, I know not how, by a secret impulse, young as I was, I could not forbear conceiving a strong dislike against the fellow; and often said to myself, "This cry seems to be forged in the Jesuits' school. Alas, poor England! I am grievously mistaken if there be not some Popish Plot at the bottom." I communicated my thoughts to an intimate friend, who reproached me with being too visionary in my speculations: But, it proved afterwards, that I conjectured right. And I have often since reflected, that if the wicked faction could have procured only a thousand men, of as strong lungs as the fellow I mentioned, none can tell how terrible the consequences might have been, not only to these two Kingdoms, but over all Europe, by selling Flanders to France. And yet these cries continue unpunished, both in London and Dublin, although I confess, not with

equal vehemency or loudness, because the reason for contriving this desperate plot, is, to our great felicity, wholly ceased.

It is well known, that the majority of the British House of Commons in the last years of Queen Anne's reign, were in their hearts directly opposite to the Earl of Oxford's pernicious measures; which put him under the necessity of bribing them with salaries. Whereupon he had again recourse to his old politics. And accordingly, his emissaries were very busy in employing certain artful women of no good life or conversation, (as it was fully proved before Justice Peyton) to cry that vegetable commonly called celery, through the town. These women differed from the common criers of that herb, by some private mark which I could never learn; but the matter was notorious enough, and sufficiently talked of, and about the same period was the cry of celery brought over into this kingdom. But since there is not at this present, the least occasion to suspect the loyalty of our criers upon that article, I am content that it may still be tolerated.

I shall mention but one cry more, which hath any reference to politics; but is indeed, of all others the most insolent, as well as treasonable, under our present happy Establishment. I mean that of turnups; not of turnips, according to the best orthography, but absolutely turnups. Although this cry be of an older date than some of the preceding enormities, for it began soon after the Revolution; yet was it never known to arrive at so great a height, as during the Earl of Oxford's power. Some people, (whom I take to be private enemies) are, indeed, as ready as myself to profess their disapprobation of this cry, on pretence that it began by the contrivance of certain old procuresses, who kept houses of ill-fame, where lewd women met to draw young men into vice. And this they pretend to prove by some words in the cry; because, after the crier had bawled out, "Turnups, ho, buy my dainty turnups," he would sometimes add the two following verses: —

"Turn up the mistress, and turn up the maid,
And turn up the daughter, and be not afraid."

This, say some political sophists, plainly shews that there can be nothing further meant in this infamous cry, than an invitation to lewdness, which indeed, ought to be severely punished in all well-regulated Governments; but cannot be fairly interpreted as a crime of State. But, I hope, we are not so weak and blind to be deluded at this time of day, with such poor evasions. I could, if it were proper, demonstrate the very time when those two verses were composed, and name the author, who was no other than the famous Mr. Swan, so well known for his talent at quibbling, and was as virulent a Jacobite as any in England. Neither could he deny the fact, when he was taxed for it in my presence by Sir Harry Button-Colt, and Colonel Davenport, at the Smyrna coffee-house, on the 10th of June, 1701. Thus it appears to a demonstration, that those verses were only a blind to conceal the most dangerous designs of

that party, who from the first years after the happy Revolution, used a cant way of talking in their clubs after this manner: "We hope, to see the cards shuffled once more, and another king turn up trump:" And, "When shall we meet over a dish of turnups?" The same term of art was used in their plots against the government, and in their treasonable letters writ in ciphers, and deciphered by the famous Dr. Wallis, as you may read in the trials of those times. This I thought fit to set forth at large, and in so clear a light, because the Scotch and French authors have given a very different account of the word turnup, but whether out of ignorance or partiality I shall not decree; because I am sure, the reader is convinced by my discovery. It is to be observed, that this cry was sung in a particular manner by fellows in disguise, to give notice where those traitors were to meet, in order to concert their villainous designs.

I have no more to add upon this article, than an humble proposal, that those who cry this root at present in our streets of Dublin, may be compelled by the justices of the peace, to pronounce turnip, and not turnup; for, I am afraid, we have still too many snakes in our bosom; and it would be well if their cellars were sometimes searched, when the owners least expect it; for I am not out of fear that *latet anguis in herbâ*.

Thus, we are zealous in matters of small moment, while we neglect those of the highest importance. I have already made it manifest, that all these cries were contrived in the *worst of times*, under the ministry of that desperate statesman, Robert, late Earl of Oxford, and for that very reason ought to be rejected with horror, as begun in the reign of Jacobites, and may well be numbered among the rags of Popery and treason: Or if it be thought proper, that these cries must continue, surely they ought to be only trusted in the hands of true Protestants, who have given security to the government.

[Having already spoken of many abuses relating to signposts, I cannot here omit one more, because it plainly relates to politics; and is, perhaps, of more dangerous consequence than any of the city cries, because it directly tends to destroy the succession. It is the sign of his present Majesty King George the Second, to be met with in many streets; and yet I happen to be not only the first, but the only, discoverer of this audacious instance of Jacobitism. And I am confident, that, if the justices of the peace would please to make a strict inspection, they might find, in all such houses, before which those signs are hung up in the manner I have observed, that the landlords were malignant Papists, or, which is worse, notorious Jacobites. Whoever views those signs, may read, over his Majesty's head, the following letters and ciphers, G.R.II., which plainly signifies George, King the Second, and not King George the Second, or George the Second, King; but laying the point after the letter G, by which the owner of the house manifestly shews, that he renounces his allegiance to King George the Second, and allows him to be only the second king, *inuendo*, that the Pretender is the first king; and looking upon King George to be only a kind of second king, or viceroy, till the Pretender shall come over and seize the kingdom. I appeal to all mankind, whether this be a

strained or forced interpretation of the inscription, as it now stands in almost every street; whether any decipherer would make the least doubt or hesitation to explain it as I have done; whether any other Protestant country would endure so public an instance of treason in the capital city from such vulgar conspirators; and, lastly, whether Papists and Jacobites of great fortunes and quality may not probably stand behind the curtain in this dangerous, open, and avowed design against the government. But I have performed my duty; and leave the reforming of these abuses to the wisdom, the vigilance, the loyalty, and activity of my superiors.]

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION

This amusing book offers an ironic and satirical commentary on the perceived banality of conversation among the upper classes in early Eighteenth century Britain, written in the form of a reference guide for those lacking in conversational skill. The work was completed in 1731, but may have been conceived as early as 1704. One of Swift's last works, it was written in between bouts of vertigo and was not presented for publication until 1738.

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

Of GENTEEL and INGENIOUS

CONVERSATION,

According to the Moſt

Polite Mode and Method

Now USED

At COURT, and in the BEST COMPANIES of ENGLAND.

In THREE DIALOGUES.

By *SIMON WAGSTAFF*, Eſq;

LONDON:

Printed for B. MOTTE, and C. BATHURST, at the *Middle Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

The original title page

CONTENTS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE FOLLOWING TREATISE.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
POLITE CONVERSATION, &C. DIALOGUE I
POLITE CONVERSATION, &C. DIALOGUE II.
POLITE CONVERSATION, &C. DIALOGUE III.

A Complete COLLECTION
Of Genteel and Ingenious CONVERSATION,
According to the Most Polite Mode and Method
Now USED
At COURT,
and in the BEST COMPANIES of England.
In THREE DIALOGUES.
By *SIMON WAGSTAFF,* Esq;

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE FOLLOWING TREATISE.

AS my Life hath been chiefly spent in consulting the Honour and Welfare of my Country for more than Forty Years past, not without answerable Success, if the World and my Friends have not flattered me; so, there is no Point wherein I have so much labour'd, as that of improving and polishing all Parts of Conversation between Persons of Quality, whether they meet by Accident or Invitation, at Meals, Tea, or Visits, Mornings, Noons, or Evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other Man of my Age and Country in Visits and Assemblees, where the polite Persons of both Sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much Grief observe how frequently both Gentlemen and Ladies are at a Loss for Questions, Answers, Replies and Rejoinders: However, my Concern was much abated, when I found that these Defects were not occasion'd by any Want of Materials, but because those Materials were not in every Hand: For Instance, One Lady can give an Answer better than ask a Question: One Gentleman is happy at a Reply; another excels in a Rejoinder: One can revive a languishing Conversation by a sudden surprizing Sentence; another is more dextrous in seconding; a Third can fill the Gap with laughing, or commending what hath been said: Thus fresh Hints may be started, and the Ball of Discourse kept up.

But, alas! this is too seldom the Case, even in the most select Companies: How often do we see at Court, at public Visiting-Days, at great Men's Levees, and other Places of general Meeting, that the Conversation falls and drops to no- thing, like a Fire without Supply of Fuel; this is what we ought to lament; and against this dangerous Evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following Papers provided an infallible Remedy.

It was in the Year 1695, and the Sixth of his late Majesty King *William* the Third, of ever glorious and immortal Memory, who rescued Three Kingdoms from Popery and Slavery; when, being about the Age of Six-and-thirty, my Judgment mature, of good Reputation in the World, and well acquainted with the best Families in Town, I determined to spend Five Mornings, to dine Four times, pass Three Afternoons, and Six Evenings every Week, in the Houses of the most polite Families, of which I would confine myself to Fifty; only changing as the Masters or Ladies died, or left the Town, or grew out of Vogue, or sunk in their Fortunes, (which to me was of the highest moment) or because disaffected to the Government; which Practice I have followed ever since to this very Day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the Spleen upon cloudy Weather; and except when I entertained Four of each Sex at my own Lodgings once a Month, by way of Retaliation.

I always kept a large Table-Book in my Pocket; and as soon as I left the

Company, I immediately entered the choicest Expressions that passed during the Visit; which, returning Home, I transcribed in a fair Hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest Part of my Collection in Twelve Years, but not digested into any Method; for this I found was a Work of infinite Labour, and what required the nicest Judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any Degree of Perfection in less than Sixteen Years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the Advice of *Horace,* a *Roman* Poet, (which I have read in Mr.*Creech'*s admirable Translation) That an Author should keep his Works Nine Years in his Closet, before he ventured to publish them; and finding that I still received some additional Flowers of Wit and Language, although in a very small Number, I determined to defer the Publication, to pursue my Design, and exhaust, if possible, the whole Subject, that I might present a complete System to the World: For, I am convinced by long Experience, that the Critics will be as severe as their old Envy against me can make them: I foretel, they will object, that I have inserted many Answers and Replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, or authentic; and have omitted others, that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining: But let them come to Particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their Malice.

For these last Six or Seven Years I have not been able to add above Nine valuable Sentences to inrich my Collection; from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a Trifle: However, if, after the Publication of this Work, any Lady or Gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of Importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my Defects, by communicating to me their Discoveries; and their Letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq; at his Lodgings next Door to the *Gloucester-Head* in *St. James's-street,* (they paying the Postage). In Return of which Favour, I shall make honourable Mention of their Namesin a short Preface to the Second Edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some Pride, and much Pleasure, congratulate with my dear Country, which hath outdone all the Nations of *Europe* in advancing the whole Art of Conversation to the greatest Height it is capable of reaching; and therefore being intirely convinced that the Collection I now offer to the Public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole Genius, Humour, Politeness and Eloquence of *England* are summed up in it: Nor is the Treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a Thousand shining Questions, Answers, Repartees, Replies and Rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of Discourse that an Assemblee of *English* Ladies and Gentlemen, met together for their mutual Entertainment, can possibly want, especially when the several Flowers shall be set off and improved by the Speakers, with every Circumstance of Preface and Circumlocution, in proper Terms; and attended with Praise, Laughter, or Admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary Distortion of the Muscles, which is the

anatomical Cause of Laughter: But there is another Cause of Laughter which Decency requires, and is the undoubted Mark of a good Taste, as well as of a polite obliging Behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much Observation, long Practice, and a sound Judgment: I did therefore once intend, for the Ease of the Learner, to set down in all Parts of the following Dialogues certain Marks, Asterisks, or *Nota-bene's* (in *English, Markwell's*) after most Questions, and every Reply or Answer; directing exactly the Moment when One, Two, or All the Company are to laugh: But having duly considered, that the Expedient would too much enlarge the Bulk of the Volume, and consequently the Price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious Readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole Affair, although of great Importance, to their own Discretion. The Readers must learn by all means to distinguish between Proverbs and those polite Speeches which beautify Conversation: For, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious Discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this Treatise a few Sayings, among so great a Number of smart Turns of Wit and Humour, as I have produced, which have a proverbial Air: However, I hope, it will be considered, that even these were not originally Proverbs, but the genuine Productions of superior Wits, to embellish and support Conversation; from whence, with great Impropriety, as well as Plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard Word) they have most inju-riously been transferred into proverbial Maxims; and therefore in Justice ought to be resumed out of vulgar Hands, to adorn the Drawing-Rooms of Princes, both Male and Female, the Levees of great Ministers, as well as the Toilet and Tea-table of the Ladies.

I can faithfully assure the Reader, that there is not one single witty Phrase in this whole Collection, which hath not received the Stamp and Approbation of at least one hundred Years, and how much longer, it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But before this elaborate Treatise can become of universal Use and Ornament to my native Country, Two Points, that will require Time and much Application, are absolutely necessary.

For, *First,* whatever Person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humourous, and polite, must by hard Labour be able to retain in his Memory every single Sentence contained in this Work, so as never to be once at a Loss in applying the right Answers, Questions, Repartees, and the like, immediately, and without Study or Hesitation.

And, *Secondly,* after a Lady or Gentleman hath so well overcome this Difficulty, as to be never at a Loss upon any Emergency, the true Management of every Feature, and almost of every Limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite Number of Absurdities will inevitably ensue: For Instance, there is hardly a polite Sentence in the following Dialogues which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful Motion in the Eyes, or Nose, or Mouth, or Forehead, or Chin, or suitable Toss of the Head, with certain

Offices assigned to each Hand; and in Ladies, the whole Exercise of the Fan, fitted to the Energy of every Word they deliver; by nomeans omitting the various Turns and Cadence of the Voice, the Twistings, and Movements, and different Postures of the Body, the several Kinds and Gradations of Laughter, which the Ladies must daily practise by the Looking-Glass, and consult upon them with their Waiting-Maids.

My Readers will soon observe what a great Compass of real and useful Knowledge this Science includes; wherein, although Nature, assisted by a Genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong Memory and constant Application, together with Example and Precept, will be highly necessary: For these Reasons I have often wished, that certain Male and Female Instruct- ors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up Schools for the Instruction of young Ladies and Gentlemen therein.

I remember about thirty Years ago, there was a *Bohemian* Woman, of that Species commonly known by the name of *Gypsies,* who came over hither from *France,* and generally attended Isaac the Dancing-Master when he was teaching his Art to Misses of Quality; and while the young Ladies were thus employed, the *Bohemian,* standing at some distance, but full in their Sight, acted before them all proper Airs, and turnings of the Head, and motions of the Hands, and twistings of the Body; whereof you may still ob- serve the good Effects in several of our elder Ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert Gentlewomen gone to decay would set up publick Schools, wherein young Girls of Quality, or great Fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following System of Conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and to adapt every Feature of their Countenances, every Turn of their Hands, every Screwing of their Bodies, every Exercise of their Fans, to the Humour of the Sentences they hear or deliver in Conversation. But above all to instruct them in every Species and Degree of Laughing in the proper seasons at their own Wit, or that of the Company. And, if the Sons of the Nobility and Gentry, instead of being sent to common Schools, or put into the Hands of Tutors at Home, to learn nothing but Words, were consigned to able Instructors in the same Art, I cannot find what Use there could be of Books, except in the hands of those who are to make Learning their Trade, which is below the Dignity of Persons born to Titles or Estates.

It would be another infinite Advantage, that, by cultivating this Science, we should wholly avoid the Vexations and Impertinence of Pedants, who affect to talk in a Language not to be understood; and whenever a polite Person offers accidentally to use any of their Jargon-Terms, have the Presumption to laugh at Us for pronouncing those Words in a genteeler Manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine Gentleman or Lady condescends to let a hard Word pass out of their Mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the Passage; and it is a true Mark of Politeness, both in Writing and Reading, to vary the Orthography as well as the Sound;

because We are infinitely better Judges of what will please a distinguishing ear than those, who call themselves *Scholars,* can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their Books, and Manner of pronouncing, by the Authority ofOur Example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more Beauty and Significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a Design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good Disposition of our Country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following Treatise to be carried about as a Pocket-Companion, by all Gentlemen and Ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink Tea; or where they happen to pass the Evening without Cards, (as I have sometimes known it to be the Case upon Disappointments or Accidents unforeseen) desiring they would read their several Parts in their Chairs or Coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of Conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have in Justice to my Country, allowed the Genius of our People to excel that of any other Nation upon Earth, and have confirmed this Truth by an Argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a Number of witty Sentences in the ensuing Dialogues, all of undoubted Authority, as well as of our own Production; yet, I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our Ancestors; at least, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new Phrase of Importance to have been added; which Defect in Us Moderns I take to have been occasioned by the Introduction of Cant-Words in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a Year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small Number strewed here and there in the Comedies and other fantastick Writings of that Age.

The Honourable Colonel James Graham, my old Friend and Companion, did likewise, towards the End of the same Reign, invent a Set of Words and Phrases, which continued almost to the Time of his Death. But, as those Terms of Art were adapted only to Courts and Politicians, and extended little further than among his particular Acquaintance (of whom I had the Honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of *R* —— —— — and E. of *E* —— —— — succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single Words; whereof, except *Bite, Bamboozle,* and one or two more, the whole Vocabulary is antiquated.

The same Fate hath already attended those other Town-Wits, who furnish us with a great Variety of new Terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last Season sunk in Oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a compleat List by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady *H* —— —— , with which I made a considerable Figure one Summer in the Country; but returning up to Town in Winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only Invention of late Years, which hath any way contributed towards Politeness in Discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing Words of many Syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This Refinement, having begun about the Time of the *Revolution,* I had some Share in the Honour of promoting it, and I observe, to my great Satisfaction, that it makes daily Advancements, and I hope in Time will raise our Language to the utmost Perfection; although, I must confess, to avoid Obscurity, I have been very sparing of this Ornament in the following Dialogues.

But, as for Phrases, invented to cultivate Conversation, I defy all the Clubs of Coffee-houses in this town to invent a new one equal in Wit, Humour, Smartness, or Politeness, to the very worst of my Set; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole Stock of Materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having my self, for several Months, racked my Invention (if possible) to enrich this Treasury with some Additions of my own (which, however, should have been printed in a different Character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the Publick) and having shewn them to some judicious Friends, they dealt very sincerely with me; all unanimously agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old Helps to Discourse, drawn, up in my present Collection, and confirmed their Opinion with Reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed, of my great Presumption.

But, I lately met a much stronger Argument to confirm me in the same Sentiments: For, as the great Bishop Burnet, of *Salisbury,* informs us in the Preface to his admirable *History of his own Times,* that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every Day of his Life, (and indeed in its Kind it is almost equally polished with this Work of mine:) So, it hath been my constant Business, for some Years past, to examine, with the utmost Strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest Lapse in Style or Propriety through my whole Collection, that, in Emulation with the Bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished Piece of the Age.

It happened one Day as I was dining in good Company of both Sexes, and watching, according to my Custom, for new Materials wherewith to fill my Pocket-Book, I succeeded well enough till after Dinner, when the Ladies retired to their Tea, and left us over a Bottle of Wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more Materials, that were worth the Pains of transcribing: For, the Discourse of the Company was all degenerated into smart Sayings of their own Invention, and not of the true old Standard; so that, in absolute Despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their Tea. From whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that Wine doth not inspire Politeness, or that our Sex is not able to support it without the Company of Women, who ne-ver fail to lead us into the right Way, and there to keep us.

It much encreaseth the Value of these Apophthegms, that unto them we

owe the Continuance of our Language, for at least an hundred Years; neither is this to be wondered at; because indeed, besides the Smartness of the Wit, and Fineness of the Raillery, such is the Propriety and Energy of Expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to Disadvantage, except in the Circumstance of using Abbreviations; which, however, I do not despair, in due Time, to see introduced, having already met them at some of the Choice Companies in town.

Although this Work be calculated for all Persons of Quality and Fortune of both Sexes; yet the Reader may perceive, that my particular View was to the Officers of the Army, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Courts, and of Both the Universities; to all Courtiers, Male and Female, but principally to the Maids of Honour, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two-and-twenty Sets, all excelling in this noble Endowment; till for some Years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into Selling of Bargains, and Free-Thinking; not that I am against either of these Entertainments at proper Seasons, in compliance with Company, whomay want a Taste for more exalted Discourse, whose Memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their Lessons. Or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no Inclination to read and learn my Instructions. And besides, there is a strong Temptation for Court-Ladies to fall into the two Amusements above-mentioned, that they may avoid the Censure of affecting Singularity, against the general Current and Fashion of all about them: But, however, no Man will pretend to affirm, that either Bargains or Blasphemy, which are the principal Ornaments of Free-Thinking, are so good a Fund of polite Discourse, as what is to be met with in my Collection. For, as to Bar-GAINS, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much Variety, because they all terminate in one single Point; and, to multiply them, would require more Invention than People have to spare. And, as to Blasphemy or Free-Thinking, I have known some scrupulous Persons, of both Sexes, who, by a prejudiced Education, are afraid of Sprights. I must, however, except the Maids of Honour, who have been fully convinced, by an infamous Court-Chaplain, that there is no such Place as Hell.

I cannot, indeed, controvert the Lawfulness of Free-Thinking, because it hath been universally allowed, that Thought is free. But, however, although it may afford a large Field of Matter; yet in my poor Opinion, it seems to contain very little of Wit or Humour; because it hath not been antient enough among us to furnish established authentick Expressions, I mean, such as must receive a Sanction from the polite World, before their Authority can be allowed; neither was the Art of Blasphemy or Free-Thinking invented by the Court, or by Persons of great Quality, who, properly speaking, were Patrons, rather than Inventors of it; but first brought in by the Fanatick Faction, towards the end of their Power, and, after the Restoration, carried to *Whitehall* by the converted *Rumpers,* with very good Reasons; because they knew, that K. *Charles* the Second, who, from a wrong Education, occasioned by the

Troubles of his Father, had Time enough to observe, that Fanatick Enthusiasm directly led to Atheism, which agreed with the dissolute Inclinations of his Youth; and, perhaps, these Principles were farther cultivated in him by the *French* Huguenots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: However, I cannot see where the Necessity lies, of introducing new and foreign Topicks for Conversation, while we have so plentiful a Stock of our own Growth.

I have likewise, for some Reasons of equal Weight, been very sparing in Double Entendres; because they often put Ladies upon affected Constraints, and affected Ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the Thread of Discourse; neither am! Master of any Rules, to settle the disconcerted Countenances of the Females in such a Juncture; I can, therefore, only allow *Inuendoes* of this Kind to be delivered in Whispers, and only to young Ladies under Twenty, who, being in Honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new Subject for Discourse.

Perhaps the Criticks may accuse me of a Defect in my following System of Polite Conversation; that there is one great Ornament of Discourse, whereof I have not produced a single Exam- ple; which, indeed, I purposely omitted for some Reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those Reasons will not satisfy the Male Part of my gentle Readers, the Defect may be supplied in some manner by an *Appendix* to the *Second Edition;* which *Appendix* shall be printed by it self, and sold for *Sixpence,* stitched, and with a Marble Cover, that my Readers may have no Occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The Defect I mean is, my not having inserted, into the Body of my Book, all the Oaths now most in Fashion for embellishing Discourse; especially since it could give no Offence to the *Clergy,* who are seldom or never admitted to these polite Assemblies. And it must be allowed, that Oaths, well chosen, are not only very useful Expletives to Matter, but great Ornaments of Style.

What I shall here offer in my own Defence upon this important Article, will, I hope, be some Extenuation of my Fault.

First, I reasoned with my self, that a just Collection of Oaths, repeated as often as the Fashion requires, must have enlarged this Volume, at least, to Double the Bulk; whereby it would not only double the Charge, but likewise make the Volume less commodious for Pocket-Carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious Friends, that themselves have known certain Ladies to take Offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a Profusion of Cursing and Swearing, even when that Kind of Ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little; having never observed the like in the Compass of my own several Acquaintance, at least for twenty Years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser Judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful Treatise is calculated for all future Times, I

considered, in this Maturity of my Age, how great a Va- riety of Oaths I have heard since I began to study the World, and to know Men and Manners. And here I found it to be true what I have read in an antient Poet.

For, now-a-days, Men change their Oaths, As often as they change their Cloaths.

In short, Oaths are the Children of Fashion, they are in some sense almost Annuals, like what I observed before of Cant-Words; and I my self can remember about forty different Sets. The old Stock-Oaths I am confident, do not mount to above forty five, or fifty at most; but the Way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the Alphabet.

Sir John Perrot was the first Man of Quality whom I find upon Record to have sworn by *G* —— — —*'s W* —— —— *s.* He lived in the Reign of Q. *Elizabeth,* and was supposed to have been a natural Son of *Henry* the Eighth, who might also have probably been his Instructor. This Oath indeed still continues, and is a Stock-Oath to this Day; so do several others that have kept their natural Simplicity: But, infinitely the greater Number hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the Inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these Considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the Oaths as are now current, my Book would be out of Vogue with the first Change of Fashion, and grow useless as an old Dictionary: Whereas, the Case is quite other ways with my Collection of polite Discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by Tradition for at least an hundred Years, without any Change in the Phraseology. I, therefore, determined with my self to leave out the whole System of Swearing; because, both the male and female Oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate Share of Discretion may be properly applied on every fit Occasion. However, I must here, upon this Article of Swearing, most earnest- ly recommend to my male Readers, that they would please a little to study Variety. For, it is the Opinion of our most refined Swearers, that the same Oath or Curse, cannot, consistent with true Politeness, be repeated above nine Times in the same Company, by the same Person, and at one Sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious Speeches, contained in this Work, should, in the general Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: On the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor, do I make the least Question, but that, by a discreet thrifty Management, they may serve for the Entertainment of a whole Year, to any Person, who does not make too long or too frequent Visits in the same Family. The Flowers of Wit, Fancy, Wisdom, Humour, and Politeness, scattered in this Volume, amount to one thousand, seventy and four. Allowing then to every Gentleman and Lady thirty visiting Families, (not insisting upon Fractions) there will want but little of an hundred polite Questions, Answers, Replies, Rejoinders, Repartees, and Remarks, to be daily

delivered fresh, in every Company, for twelve solar Months; and even this is a higher Pitch of Delicacy than the World insists on, or hath Reason to expect. But, I am al-together for exalting this Science to its utmost Perfection.

It may be objected, that the Publication of my Book may, in a long Course of Time, prostitute this noble Art to mean and vulgar People: But, I answer; That it is not so easy an Acquirement as a few ignorant Pretenders may imagine. A Footman can swear; but he cannot swear like a Lord. He can swear as often: But, can he swear with equal Delicacy, Propriety, and Judgment? No, certainly; unless he be a Lad of superior Parts, of good Memory, a diligent Observer; one who hath a skilful Ear, some Knowledge in Musick, and an exact Taste, which hardly fall to the Share of one in a thousand among that Fraternity, in as high Favour as they now stand with their Ladies; neither hath one Footman in fix so fine a Genius as to relish and apply those exalted Sentences comprised in this Volume, which I offer to the World: It is true, I cannot see that the same ill Consequences would follow from the Waiting-Woman, who, if she hath been bred to read Romances, may have some small subaltern, or second-hand Politeness; and if she constantly attends the Tea, and be a good Listner, may, in some Years, make a tolerable Figure, which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young Chaplain or the old Steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundreds of Graces and Motions, and Airs, the wholemilitary Management of the Fan, the Contortions of every muscular Motion in the Face, the Risings and Fallings, the Quickness and Slowness of the Voice, with the several Turns and Cadences; the proper Junctures of Smiling and Frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to jibe and when to flout, with all the other Branches of Doctrine and Discipline above-recited?

I am, therefore, not under the least Apprehension that this Art will be ever in Danger of falling into common Hands, which requires so much Time, Study, Practice, and Genius, before it arrives to Perfection; and, therefore, I must repeat my Proposal for erect- ing Publick Schools, provided with the best and ablest Masters and Mistresses, at the Charge of the Nation.

I have drawn this Work into the Form of a Dialogue, after the Patterns of other famous Writers in History, Law, Politicks, and most other Arts and Sciences, and I hope it will have the same Success: For, who can contest it to be of greater Consequence to the Happiness of these Kingdoms, than all human Knowledge put together. Dialogue is held the best Method of inculcating any Part of Knowledge; and, as I am confident, that Publick Schools will soon be founded for teaching Wit and Politeness, after my Scheme, to young People of Quality and Fortune, I have determined next Sessions to deliver a Petition to the *House of Lords* for an Act of Parliament, to establish my Book, as the Standard *Grammar* in all the principal Cities of the Kingdom where this Art is to be taught, by able Masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching Words in a Language wholly useless: Neither shall I be so far

wanting to my self, as not to desire a Patent granted of course to all useful Projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole Profit of giving a Licence to every School to read my *Grammar* for fourteen Years. The Reader cannot but observe what Pains I have been at in polishing the Style of my Book to the greatest Exactness: Nor, have I been less diligent in refining the Orthography, by spelling the Words in the very same Manner that they are pronounced by the Chief Patterns of Politeness, at Court, at Levees, at Assemblees, at Play-houses, at the prime Visiting-Places, by young Templers, and by Gentlemen-Commoners of both Universities, who have lived at least a Twelvemonth in Town, and kept the best Company. Of these Spellings the Publick will meet with many Examples in the following Book. For instance, *can't, han't, sha'nt, didn't, coodn't, woodn't, is n't, e'n't,* withmany more; besides several Words which Scholars pretend are derived from *Greek* and *Latin,* but not pared into a polite Sound by Ladies, Officers of the Army, Courtiers and Templers, such as *Jommetry* for *Geometry, Verdi* for *Verdict, Lierd* for *Lord, Larnen* for *Learning;* together with some Abbreviations exquisitely refined; as, *Pozz* for *Positive; Mobb* for *Mobile; Phizz* for *Physiognomy; Rep* for *Reputation; Plenipo* for *Plenipotentiary; Incog* for *Incognito; Hypps,* or *Hippo,* for *Hypocondriacks; Bam* for *Bamboozle;* and *Bamboozle* for *God knows what;* whereby much Time is saved, and the high Road to Conversation cut short by many a Mile. I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with Felicity enough, to make every Character in the Dialogue agreeable with it self, to a degree, that, whenever any judicious Person shall read my Book aloud, for the Entertainment and Instruction of a select Company, he need not so much as name the particular Speakers; because all the Persons, throughout the several Subjects of Conversation, strictly observe a different Manner, peculiar to their Characters, which are of different kinds: But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial Reader's Discernment.

Perhaps the very Manner of introducing the several Points of Wit and Humour may not be less entertaining and instructing than the Matter it self. In the latter I can pretend to little Merit; because it entirely depends upon Memory and the Happiness of having kept polite Company. But, the Art of contriving, that those Speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper Sentiments to be delivered upon so great Variety of Subjects, I take to be a Talent somewhat uncommon, and a Labour that few People could hope to succeed in, unless they had a Genius, particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested Love of the Publick.

Although every curious Question, smart Answer, and witty Re- ply be little known to many People; yet, there is not one single Sentence in the whole Collection, for which I cannot bring most authentick Vouchers, whenever I shall be called; and, even for some Expressions, which to a few nice Ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the Stamp of Authority from Courts, Chocolate-houses, Theatres, Assemblees, Drawing-rooms, Levees, Card-meetings, Balls, and Masquerades, from Persons of both Sexes, and of

the highest Titles next to Royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my Quotations of such Sentiments that seem to be over free; because, when I began my Collection, such kind of Converse was almost in its Infancy, tillit was taken into the Protection of my honoured Patronesses at Court, by whose Countenance and Sanction it hath become a choice Flower in the Nosegay of Wit and Politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my Company to Dinner, I mention too great a Variety of Dishes, not always consistent with the Art of Cookery, or proper for the Season of the Year, and Part of the first Course mingled with the second, besides a Failure in Politeness, by introducing Black Pudden to a Lord's Table, and at a great Entertainment: But, if I had omitted the Black Pudden, I desire to know what would have become of the exquisite Reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it; the World perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my Collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such Hypercritical Readers will please to consider, my Business was to make so full and compleat a Body of refined Sayings, as compact as I could; only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable Manner, in order to allure my Readers into the very Substance and Marrow of this most admirable and necessary Art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an Entertain- ment as Cards; hath hitherto contributed very little to the Enlargement of my Work; I have sate by many hundred Times with the utmost Vigilance, and my Table-Book ready, without being able in eight Hours to gather Matter for one single Phrase in my Book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for by the Turbulence and Justling of Passions upon the various and surprising Turns, Incidents, Revolutions, and Events of good and evil Fortune, that arrive in the course of a long Evening at Play; the Mind being wholly taken up, and the Consequence of Non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great Pillars of Deliberation and Action. The Terms of Art are few, prescribed by Law and Custom; no Time allowed for Digressions or Tryals of Wit. Quadrille in particular bears some Resemblance to a State of Nature, which, we are told, is a State of War, wherein every Woman is against every Woman: The Unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the League made this Minute without knowing the Ally; and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the Game of Quadrille, female Brains are always employed in Stratagem, or their Hands in Action. Neither can I find, that our Art hath gained much by the happy Revival of Masquerading among us; the whole Dialogue in those Meetings being summed up in one sprightly(I confess, but) single Question, and as sprightly an Answer. Do you know me? Yes, I do. And, Do you know me? Yes, I do. For this Reason I did not think it proper to give my Readers the Trouble of introducing a Masquerade, meerly for the sake of a single Question, and a single Answer. Especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred Persons together, of both Sexes, dressed in fantastick Habits for one Minute, and

dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our Science can be much improved by Masquerades; where the Wit of both Sexes is altogether taken up in continuing singular and humoursome Disguises; and their Thoughts entirely employed in bringing Intrigues and Assignations of Gallantry to an happy Conclusion.

The judicious Reader will readily discover, that I make Miss Notable my Heroin, and Mr. Thomas Never-out my Hero. I have laboured both their Characters with my utmost Ability. It is into their Mouths that I have put the liveliest Questions, Answers, Repartees, and Rejoynders; because my Design was to propose them both as Patterns for all young Batchelors and single Ladies to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite Conversation flourish between both Sexes in a more consummate Degree of Perfection, than these Kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some Lines of Sir John Linger's Character, the *Derbyshire* Knight, on purpose to place it in Counter-view or Contrast with that of the other Company; wherein I can assure the Reader, that I intended not the least Reflexion upon *Derbyshire,* the Place of my Nativity. But, my Intention was only to shew the Misfortune of those Persons, who have the Disadvantage to be bred out of the Circle of Politeness; whereof I take the present Limits to extend no further than *London,* and ten Miles round; although others are please to compute it within the Bills of Mortality. If you compare the Discourses of my Gentlemen and Ladies with those of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same Climate, or under the same Laws, Language, Religion, or Government: And, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude Dialect, for no other Reason than to teach my Scholars how to avoid it.

The curious Reader will observe, that when Conversation appears in danger to flag, which, in some Places, I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden Question, or Turn of Wit, to revive it; such as these that follow. *What? I think here's a si- lent Meeting! Come, Madam, A Penny for your Thought;* with several other of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country Turns of Wit and Fancy, because I am acquainted with a very few; but, indeed, chiefly because I found them so very much inferior to those at Court, especially among the Gentlemen-Ushers, the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, and the Maids of Honour; I must also add, the hither End of our noble Metropolis.

When this happy Art of polite Conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good Company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious Story-tellers, nor brangling Disputers: For, a right Scholar, of either Sex, in our Science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising Piece of Wit, that shall engage all the Company in a loud Laugh; and, if after a Pause, the grave Companion resumes his Thread in the following Manner; *Well, but to go on with my Story;* new Interruptions come from the Left to the Right, till he is

forced to give over.

I have made some few Essays toward *Selling of* Bargains, as well for instructing those, who delight in that Accomplishment, as in compliance with my Female Friends at Court. However, I have transgressed a little in this Point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than as it is now practiced at St. *James'*s. At the same time, I can hardly allow this Accomplishment to pass properly for a Branch of the perfect polite Conversation, which makes the constituent Subject of my Treatise; and, for which I have already given my Reasons. I have likewise, for further Caution, left a Blank in the critical Point of each *Bargain,* which the sagacious Reader may fill up in his own Mind.

As to my self, I am proud to own, that except some Smattering in the *French,* I am what the Pedants and Scholars call, a Man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But, as to my own Language, I shall not readily yield to many Persons: I have read most of the Plays, and all the miscellany Poems that have been published for twenty Years past.! I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown'*s Works entire, and had the Honour to be his intimate Friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest Genius of his Age.

Upon what Foot I stand with the present chief reigning Wits, their Verses recommendatory, which they have commended me to prefix before my Book, will be more than a thousand Witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise, particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable Critick and Poet, and several others. Each of these eminent Persons (I mean, those who are still alive) have done me the Honour to read this Production five Times over with the strictest Eye of friendly Severity, and proposed some, although very few, Amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publickly return my Acknowledgment for so singular a Favour.

And here, I cannot conceal, without Ingratitude, the great Assistance I have received from those two illustrious Writers, Mr. Ozel, and Captain Stevens. These, and some others, of distinguished Eminence, in whose Company I have passed so many agreeable Hours, as they have been the great Refiners of our Language; so, it hath been my chief Ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling Brood burst with Envy at the Praises we receive from the Court and Kingdom.

But to return from this Digression.

The Reader will find that the following Collection of polite Expressions will easily incorporate with all Subjects of genteel and fashionable Life. Those, which are proper for Morning-Tea, will be equally useful at the same Entertainment in the Afternoon, even in the same Company, only by shifting the several Questions, Answers, and Replies, into different Hands; and such as are adapted to Meals will indifferently serve for Dinners or Suppers, only distinguishing between Day-light and Candle-light. By this Method no diligent Person, of a tolerable Memory, can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant Opinion, that every Man, who is intrusted by Nature with any useful Talent of the Mind, is bound by all the Ties of Honour, and that Justice which we all owe our Country, to propose to himself some one illustrious Action, to be performed in his Life for the publick Emolument. And, I freely confess, that so grand, so important an Enterprize as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my Power, well deserved a much abler Hand, as well as a liberal Encouragement from the Crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit my self, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named Friends, universally allowed to be of the first Rank in Wit and Politeness, that they would undertake a Work, so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the Kingdom; but so great was their Modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the Task on me; yet in so obliging a Manner, and attended with such Compliments on my poor Qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their Intreaties, orrather their Commands, added to that inviolable Love I bear to the Land of my Nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an Attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least Violation of Modesty, that there is no Man, now alive, who hath, by many Degrees, so just Pretensions as my self, to the highest Encouragement from the Crown, the Parliament, and the Ministry, towards bringing this Work to its due Perfection. I have been assured, that several great Heroes of antiquity were worshipped as Gods, upon the Merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous People. It is manifest, I could have no other Intentions; and, I dare appeal to my very Enemies, is such a Treatise as mine had been published some Years ago, and with as much Success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the Thoughts of the whole Nobility and Gentry to the Study and Practice of polite Conversation; whether such mean stupid Writers, as the Craftsman and his Abettors, could have been able to corrupt the Principles of so many hundred thousand Subjects, as, to the Shame and Grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant Heart, it is too manifest, they have done. For, I desire the honest judicious Reader to make one Remark, that after having exhaust-ed the Whole * This Word is spelt by *Latinists, Encyclop<*>dia;* but the judicious Author wisely prefers the Polite Reading before the Pedantick. *In sickly payday* (if I may so call it) of Politeness and Refinement, and faithfully digested it in the following Dialogues, there cannot be found one Expression relating to Politicks; that the Ministry is never mentioned, nor the Word King, above twice or thrice, and then only to the Honour of Majesty; so very cautious were our wiser Ancestors in forming Rules for Conversation, as never to give Offence to Crowned Heads, nor interfere with Party Disputes in the State. And indeed, although there seem to be a close Resemblance between the twoWords *Politeness* and *Politicks,* yet no Ideas are more inconsistent in their Natures. However, to avoid all Appearance of Disaffection, I have taken care to enforce Loyalty by an invincible Argument,

drawn from the very Fountain of this noble Science, in the following short Terms, that ought to be writ in Gold, Must IS FOR THE King; which uncontroulable Maxim I took particular Care of introducing in the first Page of my Book; thereby to instil early the best Protestant Loyal Notions into the Minds of my Readers. Neither is it meerly my own private Opinion, that Politeness is the firmest Foundation upon which Loyalty can be supported: For, thus happily singsthe Divine Mr. *Tibbalds,* or *Theobalds,* in one of his Birth-Day Poems.

I am no Schollard; but I am polite:
Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.

Hear likewise, to the same purpose, that great Master of the whole Poetick Choir, our most illustrious Laureat Mr. Colly Cibber.

Who in his Talk can't speak a polite Thing, Will never loyal be to George our King.

I could produce many more shining Passages out of our principal Poets, of both Sexes, to confirm this momentous Truth. From whence, I think, it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the Science contained in the following Sheets, through the Kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland,* may justly demand all the Favour, that the wisest Court, and most judicious Senate, are able to confer on the most deserving Subject. I leave the Application to my Readers.

This is the Work, which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary View. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full Wish, except among the Tories and their Abettors; who being all *Jacobites,* and, consequently *Papists* in their Hearts, from a Want of true Taste, or by strong Affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my Book; chusing rather to deny themselves the Pleasure and Honour of shining in polite Company among the principal Genius's of both Sexes throughout the Kingdom, than adorn their Minds with this noble Art; and probably apprehending (as, I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true Spirit of Loyalty to the Protestant Succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle Readers could possibly conceive the perpetual Watchings, the numberless Toils, the frequent Risings in the Night, to set down several ingenious Sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost Vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: If they would consider with what incredible Diligence I daily and nightly attended at those Houses, where Persons of both Sexes, and of the most distinguished Merit, used to meet and display their Talents; with what Attention I listened to all their Discourses, the better to retain them in my Memory; and then, at proper Seasons, withdrew unobserved, to enter them in my Table-Book, while the Company little suspected what a noble Work I had then in Embryo: Isay, if all these were known to the World, I think, it would be no great Presumption in me to expect, at a proper Juncture, the publick Thanks of both Houses of Parliament, for the Service and Honour I have done

to the whole Nation by my single Pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least Tincture of Vanity, the Reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy Question: What is become of all the King of *Sweden's* Victories? Where are the Fruits of them at this Day? or, of what Benefit will they be to Posterity? were not many of his greatest Actions owing, at least in part, to Fortune? were not all of them owing to the Valour of his Troops, as much as to his own Conduct? could he have conquered the *Polish* King, or the *Czar* of *Muscovy,* with his single Arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the Fame he hath acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without Breach of Modesty, that I, who have alone with this Right-hand subdued Barbarism, Rudeness, and Rusticity, who have established and fixed for ever the whole System of all true Politeness and Refinement in Conversation, should think my self most inhumanely treated by my Country-men, and would accordingly resent it as the highest Indignity, to be put upon the level, in point of Fame, in After-ages, with Charles the Twelfth, late King of *Sweden.*

And yet, so incurable is the Love of Detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable Reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible Person, how some of my Enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an Instrument-maker, formerly living near *Leicester-Fields,* and afterwards a Workman at the Mint in the *Tower,* might possibly pretend to vye with me for Fame in future times. The Man it seems was knighted for making Sun-Dials better than others of his Trade, and was thought to be a Conjurer, because he knew how to draw Lines and Circles upon a Slate, which no body could understand. But, adieu to all noble Attempts for endless Renown, if the Ghost of an obscure Mechanick shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his Skill in making Pot-hooks and Hangers with a Pencil, which many thousand accomplished Gentlemen and Ladies can perform as well with a Pen and Ink upon a Piece of Paper, and, in a manner, as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.

My most ingenious Friend already mentioned, Mr. Colly Cibeer, who does too much Honour to the Laurel Crown he deservedly wears (as he hath often done to many Imperial Diadems placed on his Head) was pleased to tell me, that, if my Treatise were formed into a Comedy, the Representation, performed to Advantage on our Theatre, might very much contribute to the Spreading of polite Conversation among all Persons of Distinction through the whole Kingdom.

I own the Thought was ingenious, and my Friend's Intention good. But, I cannot agree to his Proposal: For, Mr. Cibber himself allowed, that the Subjects handled in my Work, being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six Comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential Rules for polite Conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my Friend Mr. Tibalds, who plainly

confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a Project, as it would be a great Diminution to my Honour, so it would intolerably mangle my Scheme, and thereby destroy the principal End at which I aimed, to form a compleat Body or System of this most useful Science in all its Parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose Judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my Proposal mentioned before, of erecting publick Schools and Seminaries all over the Kingdom, to instruct the young People of both Sexes in this Art, according to my Rules, and in the Method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary Introduction, with a Request, or indeed rather, a just and reasonable Demand from all Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite Questions, Answers, Repartees, Replies, and Rejoinders, which I have with infinite Labour, and close Application, during the Space of thirty-six Years, been collecting for their Service and Improvement, they shall, as an Instance of Gratitude, on every proper Occasion, quote my Name, after this or the like manner. *Madam, as our Mas- ter* Wagstaff *Says. My Lord, as our Friend* Wagstaff *has it.*I do likewise expect, that all my Pupils shall drink my Health every Day at Dinner and Supper during my Life; and that they, or their Posterity, shall continue the same Ceremony to my *not inglorious Memory,* after my Decease, for ever.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The MEN.

Lord Sparkish, *Lord* Smart, *Sir* John Linger, *Mr.* Neverout, *Colonel* Atwit.

The LADIES.

Lady Smart, *Miss* Notable, *Lady* Answerall.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &C. DIALOGUE I

St. James'*s* Park. *Lord* Sparkish *meeting Col.* Atwit.

Col. WELL met, my Lord. *Ld. Sparkish.* Thank ye, Colonel. A Parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in Heaven. When did you see *Tom Neverout?*

Col. He's just coming towards us. Talk of the Devil —— —— —

[Neverout *comes up.*]

Col. How do you do, *Tom?*

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope, you're never the worse. But where's your Manners? Don't you see my Lord *Sparkish?*

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, how is it, that you can't see the Wood for Trees? What Wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill Wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the Honour of seeing your Lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to Lady *Smart*'s to Breakfast.

Neverout. Must? Why, Colonel, Must's for the King.

[*Col offering in Jest to draw his Sword.*]

Col. Have you spoke with all your Friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the Law's costly.

[*Col taking his Hand from the Hilt.*]

Col. Well, *Tom,* you are never the worse Man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What, do you think, I was born in a Wood, to be afraid of an Owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss *Notable* will be there; egad she's very handsome, and has Wit at Will.

Col. Why every one as they like; as the good Woman said, when she kiss'd her Cow.

[*Lord* Smart's *House; they knock at the Door; the* Porter *comes out.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, are you the Porter?

Porter. Yes, for Want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your Lady at Home?

Porter. She was at Home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant, this Rogue's Tongue is well hung.

[*Lady* Smart'*s Antichamber.*]

Lady Smart *and Lady* Answerall *at the Tea-table.*

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your Ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. Oh! Colonel, are you here!

Col. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. *Neverout!* what, such a Man alive!

Neverout. Ay, Madam; alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyship's Service.

Lady Smart. Well: I'll get a Knife, and nick it down that Mr. *Neverout* came to our House. And pray, What News Mr. *Neverout?*

Neverout. Why, Madam, Queen *Elizabeth*'s dead.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout,* I see you are no Changeling.

[*Miss* Notable *comes in.*]

Neverout. Miss, your Slave: I hope your early Rising will do you no Harm. I hear you are but just come out of the Cloth-Market.

Miss. I always rise at Eleven, whether it be Day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all Day?

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a Fall before Night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of Order; pray, how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, Miss! that's Two very good things.

Miss. I mean, I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What, Mr. *Neverout;* you take me up, before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come, let us leave off Children's Play, and come to Push-pin.

Miss.[*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, give me some more Sugar to my Tea.

Col. Oh! Miss, you must needs be very good-humour'd, you love sweet things so much.

Neverout. Stir it up with the Spoon, Miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, Miss, the Colonel has made you a great Compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, that complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] My Lord, methinks the Sight of you is good for sore Eyes; if we had known of your Coming, we would have strown Rushes for you: How has your Lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, Madam, he's better in Health, than in good Conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse Friend than one brings from Home with one; and I am not the first Man has carry'd a Rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's Miss, has not a Word to throw at a Dog. Come; a Penny for your Thoughts.

Miss. It is not worth a Farthing; for I was thinking of you.

[*Col.* —— —— — *rising up.* —— —— —]

Lady Smart. Colonel, Where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch Fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go Home for half an Hour.

Miss. Why, Colonel, they say, the Devil's at Home.

Lady Answerall. Well, but sit while you stay; 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, Madam; while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him, we won't tear his Cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, Colonel, we keep you from better Company; I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all Obedience.

[*Col. Sits down.*]

Lady Smart. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your Tea so hot? Sure your Mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this Tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. Oh, Colonel! I understand you. *Betty,* bring the Canister: I have but very little of this Tea left; but I don't love to make two Wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*]

Lady Answ. [*to the Maid.*] Why, sure, *Betty,* you are bewitch'd; the Cream is burnt to.

Betty. Why, Madam, the Bishop has set his Foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, you Girl, and warm some fresh Cream.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the Cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt, it was a Cat with Two Legs.

Miss. Colonel, Don't you love Bread and Butter with your Tea?

Col. Yes, in a Morning, Miss: For they say, Butter is Gold in a Morning, Silver at Noon, but it is Lead at Night.

Neverout. Miss, the Weather is so hot, that my Butter melts on my Bread.

Lady Answ. Why, Butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a Year.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to the Maid.*] Mrs. *Betty,* how does your Body Politick?

Col. Fie, my Lord; you'll make Mrs. *Betty* blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue Dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. *Betty,* Are not you *Tom Johnson*'s Daughter?

Betty. So my Mother tells me, Sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. *Betty,* I hear you are in Love.

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in Charity with all the World.

Lady Smart. Why, Wench, I think, thy Tongue runs upon Wheels this Morning: How came you by that Scratch on your Nose? Have you been fighting with the Cats?

Col. [*to Miss.*] Miss, When will you be married?

Miss. One of these Odd-come-shortly's, Colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say, the Match is half made, the Spark is willing, but Miss is not.

Miss. I suppose, the Gentleman has got his own Consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, My Lord, did you walk through the Park in this Rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, Madam; we were neither Sugar nor Salt; we were not afraid the Rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*]

Col. It rain'd, and the Sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the Devil was beating his Wife behind the Door, with a Shoulder of Mutton. [—— —— — *Laugh.* —— —— — .]

Col. A blind Man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* methinks you stand in your own Light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done so all my Life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine: Prythee, *Tom,* sit a little farther: I believe your Father was no Glasier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear Girl, fill me out a Dish of Tea, for I'm very lazy.

[*Miss fills a Dish of Tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.*]

Lady Smart. What, Miss, Will you be my Taster? *Miss.*

Miss. No, Madam; but, they say, 'tis an ill Cook, that can't lick her own Fingers.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, they say, you went to Court last Night very drunk: Nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among *Philistines:* No Wonder the Cat wink'd, when both her Eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a Lye.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lye, than you should lose your good Manners: Besides, I don't lie; I sit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you must own you had a Drop in your Eye: When

I left you, you were half Seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear, Lady *Answerall* can't live long, she has so much Wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger Thirty or Forty Years.

Miss. Live long; ay, longer than a Cat, or a Dog, or a better thing.

Lady Answ. Oh! Miss, you must give your Vardi too!

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, Shall I sill you another Dish of Tea?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a Month's Fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your Lordship; enough's as good as a Feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say No, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my Lord, give her a Dish; for, they say, Maids will say No, and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, Miss is a Maid in Thought, Word, and Deed.

Neverout. I would not take my Oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, Miss; they say, Maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good Miss, stir the Fire, that the Tea-Kettle may boil —— —— — You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, Miss, you'll have a chearful Husband.

Miss. Indeed, your Ladyship could have stirr'd it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, Hussy; but I won't keep a Dog, and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, Miss. *Miss.* Not at all; for her Ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! Faith, Miss, you are in Lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my Bread and Butter for all that: I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but Miss —— —— — *Neverout.* Ah! Dear Madam, let the Matter fall; take Pity on poor Miss; don't throw Water on a drownded Rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. *Neverout,* you should be cut for the Simples this Morning: Say a Word more, and you had as good eat your Nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a Song?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't; for I have a great Cold.

Col. Oh! Miss, they say, all good Singers have Colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Madam, does not Miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may *say,* my Lord.

Miss. I hear, Mr. *Neverout* has a very good Voice.

Col. Yes; *Tom* sings well; but his Luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourself a devilish Box on the Ear.

Col. Miss, Will you take a Pinch of Snuff?

Miss. No, Colonel; you must know, I never take Snuff, but when I'm angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take Snuff; but she has never a Box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, let me see that Box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, Colonel.

Col. Ay; but May-bees don't fly now, Miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor Miss? Don't set your Wit against a Child: Miss, give me a Blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my Lady *Smart,* What Kin are you to Lord *Pozz?*

Lady Smart. Why, his Grandmother and mine had Four Elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here is a silent Meeting. Come, Miss, hold up your Head, Girl; there's Money bid for you. [—— —— *Miss starts* —— ——]

Miss. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my Seven Senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier People than you stay all Night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart*] *Tom Neverout* and I are to leap To-morrow for a Guinea.

Miss. I believe, Colonel, Mr. *Neverout* can leap at a Crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your Tongue runs before your Wit; nothing can tame you but a Husband.

Miss. Peace! Think I hear the Church Clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the Fool thinks —— ——

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* your Handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his Foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his Face.

Neverout. Well, Miss —— ——

Miss. Ay, ay; many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, Miss; I'll think of this.

Miss. That's Rhime, if you take it in Time.

Neverout. What! I see you are a Poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the Wit to show it.

Neverout. Miss, Will you be so kind as to fill me a Dish of Tea?

Miss. Pray, let your Betters be serv'd before you; I am just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the Parson always christens his own Child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the Colonel: Well, I find Kissing goes by Favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. *Neverout,* What Lady was that you were talking with in the Side-Box last *Tuesday?*

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a Secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, Miss; and so can I.

Col. Odds-so! I have cut my Thumb with this cursed Knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your Mother's Fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your Fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only Fools cut their Fingers; but wise Folks cut their Thumbs. —— ——

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think Miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay; ill Weeds grow apace.

[—— —— *A Puss of Smoke comes down the Chimney.* —— ——]

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, Does your Ladyship's Chimney smoke?

Col. No, Madam; but they say, Smoke always pursues the Fair, and your Ladyship fat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, Do you love Bohea Tea?

Lady Answ. Why, Madam, I must confess I do love it; but it does not love me.

Miss. [*to Lady Smart.*] Indeed, Madam, your Ladyship is very sparing of your Tea: I protest, the last I took, was no more than Water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, Miss, if I may be so bold, What Lover gave you that fine Etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? Then keep Counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, Colonel, who gave it her; it was the best Lover she will ever have while she lives; her own dear Papa.

Neverout. Methinks, Miss, I don't much like the Colour of that Ribbon.

Miss. Why then, Mr. *Neverout,* do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, Madam, but your Ladyship has heard, that Sir *John Brisk* has got an Employment at Court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant, he thinks himself no small Fool now.

Neverout. Yet, Madam, I have heard some People take him for a wise Man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are other-wise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. *Neverout?*

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the Beggar knows his Dish.

Col. Well; I can only say, that he has better Luck than honester Folks: But pray, How came he to get this Employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by Chance, as the Man kill'd the Devil.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are in a brown Study; What's the Matter? Methinks you look like Mum-Chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your Words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful Dogs will eat dirty Puddings.

Miss. Well; my Comfort is, your Tongue is no Slander. What! You would not have one be always on the high Grin.

Neverout. Cry, Map-sticks, Madam; no Offence, I hope.

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, How came you to break your Cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my Eyes out.

Miss. Why, sell it, Madam, and buy a new one with some of the Money.

Col. 'Tis a Folly to cry for spilt Milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if Things did not break or wear out, how would Tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, Miss, e'en make a Die of it, and then we shall have a Burying of out own.

Miss. The Devil take you, *Neverout,* besides all small Curses.

Lady Answ. Marry, come up, What, plain *Neverout!* methinks you might have an M under your Girdle, Miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in Danger; I warrant, Miss will spit in her Hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this Bisket?

Col. I'm like all Fools; I love every Thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

[—— —— —— *Footman brings the Colonel a Letter.* —— —— ——]

Lady Answ. I suppose, Colonel, that's a Billet-doux from your Mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a Hand like a Foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a Secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, What spells B double Uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your Teeth, Mr. *Neverout.*

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. *Neverout,* Will you do me the Favour, to do me the Kindness, to take off the Tea-kettle?

Ld. Sparkish. I wonder what makes these Bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, I suppose, because they pull the Ropes. [*Here all laugh.*]

[—— —— Neverout *plays with a Tea-cup.* —— ——]

Miss. Now a Child would have cry'd half an Hour before it would have found out such a pretty Plaything.

Lady Smart. Well said, Miss: I vow, Mr. *Neverout,* the Girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, Miss will say any Thing but her Prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, make me a Present of that pretty Penknife?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, Miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the World, dear Miss; it will cut Love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great Admirer of Miss: Pray, Miss, how do you like Mr. *Spruce?* I swear I have often seen him cast a Sheep's Eye out of a Calf's Head at you: Deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! Madam; all the World knows, that Mr. *Spruce* is a general Lover.

Col. Come, Miss, 'tis too true to make a Jest on.

[—— —— —— *Miss blushes.* —— —— ——]

Lady Answ. Well, however, Blushing is some Sign of Grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with Thinking.

Miss. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be sav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd Horse, and he'll wince: Love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred Pound Mr. *Neverout* was the Inventor of that Story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a Finger in the Pye.

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, you forgot to salute Miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, Madam! I vow, Colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your Ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your Pardon —— ——

[*Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.* —— ——]

Miss. Well, I had rather give a Knave a Kiss, for once, than be troubled with him; but, upon my Word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, Miss! for Shame of the World, and Speech of good People.

[Neverout *to* Miss, *who is cooking her Tea and Bread and Butter.*]

Neverout. Come, come, Miss, make much of naught; good Folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and You must come in with your Two Eggs a Penny, and Three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my Lord, I forgot to ask you, How you like my new Cloaths?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, Colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst Piece is in the Middle.

[—— —— — *Here a loud Laugh, often repeated.* —— —— —]

Col. My Lord, you are too severe on your Friends.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout,* I'm hot; are you a Sot?

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold; are you a Scold? Take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess, that was home. I find, Mr. *Neverout,* you won't give your Head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. Oh! he's a fore Man, where the Skin's off. I see, Mr. *Neverout* has a Mind to Sharpen the Edge of his Wit, on the Whetstone of my Ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, *Tom,* you are struck! I never heard a better Thing.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, give me Leave to scratch you for that fine Speech.

Miss. Pox on your Picture; it cost me a Groat the drawing.

Neverout. [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my Hand with your plaguy Tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. *Neverout,* you must say, God save the King.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never, but once, at a Wedding.

Col. Pray, Miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my Tongue, and a little older than my Teeth.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Ans.*] Pray, Madam, is Miss *Buxom* married? I hear, 'tis all over the Town.

Lady Answ. My Lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she ben't marry'd, at least she's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain, that Sir *John Blunderbuss* is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes; or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have bury'd him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more Bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, Colonel; as sure as you're alive —— —— —

Col. They say, he was an honest Man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

[—— —— — Miss *feels a Pimple on her Face.* —— —— —]

Miss. Lord! I think my Goodness is coming out. Madam, will your Ladyship please to send me a Patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a Maid, put your Hand upon your Spot.

Miss. —— —— — There —— —— —

[*Covering her Face with both her Hands.* —— —— —]

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad Girl. [*Gives her a Tap.*]

Miss. Lord, Madam; is that a Blow to give a Child?

[—— —— — *Lady Smart lets fall her Handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.* —— —— —]

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better Office.

Col. Oh! Madam, I can't have a better, than to serve your Ladyship.

Col. [*to Lady Sparkish.*] Madam, has your Ladyship read the new Play, written by a Lord? it is call'd, *Love in a Hollow Tree.*

Lady Sparkish. No, Colonel.

Col. Why, then your Ladyship has one Pleasure to come.

[—— —— —— Miss *sighs.* —— —— ——]

Neverout. Pray, Miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a Fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, Miss, I find there is nothing but a Bit and a Blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know, Miss is in Love.

Miss. I wish, my Head may never ake till that Day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, Miss, never sigh, but send for him.

[—— —— —— *Lady Smart and Lady Answerall speaking together.*] If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear, you'd make one die with laughing.

[—— —— Miss *plays with a Tea-cup, and* Neverout *plays with another.* —— ——]

Neverout. Well; I see, one Fool makes many.

Miss. And you're the greatest Fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, will you be so kind to tie this String for me with your fair Hands? it will go all in your Day's Work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many Hands as I; your Man's Man will have a fine Office truly: Come, pray, stand out of my spitting Place.

Neverout. Well; but, Miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my Life but once, and then nobody car'd for it; so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine Present one of these Days.

Miss. Ay; when the Devil's blind; and his Eyes are not sore yet.

Neverout. No, Miss; I'll send it you To-morrow.

Miss. Well, well: To-morrow's a new Day; but I suppose, you mean, To-morrow-come-never.

Neverout. Oh! 'tis the prettiest Thing: I assure you, there came but Two of them over in Three Ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind *Hugh.* But why did you not bring me a Present of Snuff this Morning?

Neverout. Because, Miss, you never ask'd me; and 'tis an ill Dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyship last *Thursday* to go to that odious Puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, her Ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine Speech, Colonel: Pray, what will you take for your Mouthpiece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, Colonel: But, pray, Madam, was my Lady *Snuff* there? They say, the is extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my Eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass Muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about Five or Six and Twenty.

Miss. I swear, she's no Chicken; she's on the wrong Side of Thirty, if she be a Day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see Five and thirty, and a Bit to Spare.

Col. Why, they say, she's one of the chief Toasts in Town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I wou'dn't be as sick as she's proud, for all the World.

Lady Answ. She looks, as if Butter wou'dn't melt in her Mouth; but I warrant, Cheese won't choak her. I hear, my Lord What-d'ye-call-him is is courting her.

Ld. Sparkish. What Lord d'ye mean, *Tom?*

Miss. Why, my Lord, I suppose, Mr. *Neverout* means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say, the dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but, I doubt, her Dancing Days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her, for her Rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

[—— —— Footman *comes in.* —— ——]

Lady Smart. Did you call *Betty?*

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! Ay, so is *Christinas.*

[—— —— Betty *Comes in.* —— ——]

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my Things. Where has the Wench been these Three Hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my Legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a Head, and so has a Pin. But, my Lord, all the Town has it, that Miss *Caper* is to be married to Sir *Peter Giball;* One thing is certain, that she hath promis'd to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Madam, you know, Promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your Pardon, my Lord; Promises and Pye-crust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my Lady *Carry-lye's* own Mouth. I tell you my Tale, and my Tale's Author; if it be a Lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some Words last *Sunday* at Church; but, I think, I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her Tongue runs like the Clapper of a Mill; she talks enough for herself and all the Company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a Firmity-Kettle. 5

[—— —— Miss *looking in a Glass.* —— ——]

Miss. Lord, how my Head is drest To-day!

Col. Oh, Madam! A good Face needs no Band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col Pray, Miss, where is your old Acquaintance, Mrs. *Wayward?*

Miss. Why, where should she be? You must needs know; she's in her Skin.

Col. I can answer that: What if you were as far out as she's in? —— ——

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this Evening to *Hyde-Park* on the Water; but, I protest, I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, Miss; you have the old Proverb on your Side, Naught's ne'er in Danger.

Col. Why, Miss, let *Tom Neverout* wait on you; and then, I warrant, you'll be as a Thief in a Mill; for you know, he that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

Neverout. Thank you, Colonel, for your good Word; but, faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair Lady's Neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the Children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. Oh, Madam! Let'em laugh; they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a Secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but Friends and Strangers.

Neverout. Why, then, there's some Dirt in my Tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come; the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! You must eat a Peck of Dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, What's a Clock?

Miss. Why you must know, 'tis a Thing like a Bell; and you are a Fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, do you tell me; for I have let my Watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an Hour past Hanging-time.

Col. Well; I am like the Butcher, that was looking for his Knife, and had it in his Mouth: I Have been searching my Pockets for my Snuff-box, and, egad, here 'tis in my Hand.

Miss. If it had been a Bear, it would have bit you, Colonel: Well, I wish, I had such a Snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish you skin full of Eyelet-Holes.

Col. Wish in one Hand, —— ——

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the Man mean?

Ld. Sparkish. This Tea's very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot Place, my Lord.

[—— —— Colonel *spills his Tea.* —— ——]

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find, you live by ill Neghbours; when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you. *neverout.* Well, I won't drink a Drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt Hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say No, till you are ask'd.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

[—— —— Miss *stooping for a Pin.* —— ——]

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a Pin a Day is a Groat a Year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing; I vow, 'tis a Needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful Works of Nature: That a black Hen should have a white Egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a Mare's Nest; and laugh at the Eggs.

Miss. Pray, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant Accident last Night in St. Janes's Park.

Miss. [*to Lady Smart.*] What was it your Ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, Miss; tell a Mare a Tale —— ——

Miss. I find, you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my Tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy Creeter!

Neverout. What, Miss! must I tell you a Story, and find you Ears?

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, don't you think Mrs. *Spendal* very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, I think she was cut out for a Gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the Making: She wears her Cloaths, as if they were thrown on her with a Pitch-Fork; and, for the Fashion, I believe they were made in the Reign of Queen *Bess.*

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless, the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a Wager, there will be a Match between her and *Dick Dolt;* and I believe, I can see as far into a Millstone as another Man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your Pardon a Thousand Times; but they say, An old Ape has an old Eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the Colonel's Marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold. You know the rest, Miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine Thing, truly.

Col. Faith, Miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring: What! if you give a Jest, you must take a Jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout,* you'll ne'er have done till you break that Knife; and then the Man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, Madam, Fools will be medling; I wish, he may cut his Fingers; I hope, you can see your own Blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you shine this Morning like a sh —— —— n Barn-door; you'll never hold out at this Rate; pray, save a little Wit for To-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your Say; if People will be rude, I have done; my Comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand Year hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your Bolt: I find, you must have the last Word. —— —— Well, I'll go to the Opera To-night. —— —— No, I can't neither, for I have some Business —— —— and yet I think I must, for I pro- mis'd to squire the Countess to her Box.

Miss. The Countess of *Puddle-dock,* I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or War, Miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout,* you'll never be mad, you are of so many Minds.

[—— —— *As* Miss *rises, the Chair falls behind her.* —— ——]

Miss. Well; I shan't be Lady-Mayoress this Year.

Neverout. No, Miss; 'tis worse than that; you won't be *marry'*d this Year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I a'n't well.

[—— —— Neverout, *as* Miss *is standing, pulls her suddenly on his Lap.* —— ——]

Neverout. Now, Colonel, come, fit down on my Lap; more Sacks upon the Mill.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my Heaviness?

Neverout. No, Miss; you are very light; but I don't say, you are a light Hussy. Pray, take up the Chair for your Pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's Labour, you may do it yourself: I wish, you would be quiet, you have more Tricks than a Dancing Bear.

[—— —— Neverout *rises to take up the Chair, and* Miss *sits in his.* —— ——]

Neverout. You wou'dn't be so soon in my Grave, Madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my Petticoat with your odious Romping; my Rents are coming in; I'm afraid, I shall fall into the Ragman's Hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, Miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your Grannam to suck Eggs.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are so cross, I could find in my Heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my Heart; there will be no Love lost between us.

Neverout. But, pray, my Lady *Smart,* does not Miss look as if the could eat me without Salt?

Miss. I'll make you one Day sup Sorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own Way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll* danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many Nights as Days.

Miss. Well, I knew, I should never have your good Word.

Lady Smart. My Lord, my Lady *Answer all* and I was walking in the Park last Night till near Eleven; 'twas a very fine Night.

Neverout. Egad so was I; and I'll tell you a comical Accident; egad, I lost my Under-standing.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my Foot against a Stone, and tore off the Heel of my Shoe, and was forc'd to limp to a Cobler in the *Pall Mall,* to have it put on. He, he, he. [*All laugh.*] 4

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate Night to run away with another Man's Wife.

[—— —— Neverout *sneezes.* —— ——]

Miss. God bless you, if you ha'n't taken Snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, Miss?

Miss. Why, then, the Duce take you.

Neverout. Miss, I want that Diamond-Ring of yours.

Miss. Why, then, Want's like to be your Master.

[—— —— Neverout *looking at the Ring.* —— ——]

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the Devil got the Friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had such a fine Diamond-Ring, I woudn't stay a Day in *England:* But you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for Ladies. I warrant, this cost your Father Two-pence halfpenny.

[—— —— Miss *sitting between* Neverout *and the* Colonel. —— ——]

Miss. Well; here's a Rose between Two Nettles.

Neverout. No, Madam; with Submission, here's a Nettle between Two Roses.

[—— —— Colonel *stretching himself.* —— ——]

Lady Smart. Why, Colonel, you break the King's Laws; you stretch without a Halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some Ladies of your Acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, Madam, Batchelors Fare; Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh! what have you Batchelors to do with your Money, but to treat the Ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own Four Quarters.

Lady Smart. My Lord, has Captain *Brag* the Honour to be related to your Lordship?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, Madam; he's my Cousin-German quite remov'd.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich Rogue, Two Shirts and a Rag.

Col. Well, however, they say, he has a great Estate, but only the Right Owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What Religion is he of?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he is an *Anythingarian.*

Lady Answ. I believe, he has his Religion to chuse, my Lord.

[—— —— Neverout *scratches his Neck.* —— ——]

Miss. Fie, Mr. *Neverout,* ar'n't you asham'd! I beg Pardon for the Expression, but I'm afraid, your Bosom-friends are become your Back-biters.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I saw a Flea once on your Pinner, and a Louse is a Man's Companion, but a Flea is a Dog's Companion: However, I wish, you would scratch my Neck with your pretty white Hand.

Miss. And who would be Fool then? I wou'dn't touch a Man's Flesh for the Universe: You have the wrong Sow by the Ear, I assure you! that's Meat for your Master.

Neverout. Miss *Notable,* all Quarrels laid aside, pray, step hither for a Moment.

Miss. I'll wash my Hands, and wait on you, Sir; but, pray, come hither, and try to open this Lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We: —— — What, have you Pigs in your Belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all Things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good Word: I believe, you may have an even Hand to throw a Louse in the Fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad Smell.

Miss. Perhaps, Colonel, the Fox is the Finder.

Neverout. No, Colonel; 'tis only your Teeth against Rain: But —— ——

Miss. Colonel, I find, you would make a very bad poor Man's Sow.

[—— —— Colonel *coughing.* —— ——]

Col. I have got a sad Cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard Times.

Miss. [*to Col.*] Choak, Chicken; there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that Cold?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Madam, I suppose, the Colonel got it, by lying a Bed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why, then, Colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a Man takes his Wise.

Col. Well Ladies, I apprehend you without a Constable.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout!* Mr. *Neverout!* come hither this Moment!

Lady Smart. [*imitating her.*] Mr. *Neverout,* Mr. *Neverout!* I wish, he were tied to your Girdle.

Neverout. What's the Matter! whose Mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your Labour for your Pains; you may go back again, like a Fool, as you came.

Neverout. Well, Miss; if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my Fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your Coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, Madam.

Miss. Come, come; the Coat's a good Coat, and come of good Friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the Stuff; 'tis half Silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a Fool, and that's your Fault.

[—— — *A great Noise below.* —— —]

Lady Smart. Hey! what a Clattering is here; one would think, Hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I must take my Leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the Mulligrubs, with eating chopt Hay.

Miss. No, indeed, Madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a Cook than a Doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor Miss, she's sick as a Cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a Caudle of Calf's Eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my Gloves.

Miss. I saw the Dog running away with some dirty thing awhile ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my Handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No, keep it, Miss; for they say, Possession is Eleven Points of the Law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in Hucksters Hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis Raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, Madam, we must do, as they do in *Spain.*

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Madam, we must let it rain.

[—— — Miss *whispers Lady* Smart. —— —]

Neverout. There's no Whispering, but there's Lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. *Neverout,* you are as pert as a Pearmonger this Morning.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me News.

[—— — *Somebody knocks at the Door.* —— —]

Footman *comes in.*

Footman. [*to Col.*] An please your Honour, there's a Man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your Pardon for a Minute. [Col *goes out.*]

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, Madam, I was hunch'd up in a Hackney-Coach with Three Country Acquaintance, who call'd upon me to take the Air as far as *Highgate.*

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant Airing?

Miss. No, Madam; it rain'd all the Time; I was jolted to Death, and the Road was so bad, that I scream'd every Moment, and call'd to the Coachman, Pray, Friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, Miss, you were afraid, that Pride wou'd have a Fall.

Miss. Mr.*Neverout,* when I want a Fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, didn't your Left Ear burn last Night?

Miss. Pray, why, my Lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some Company where you were extoll'd to the Skies, I assure you.

Miss. My Lord, that was more their Goodness, than my Desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete Beauty.

Miss. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The Girl's well enough, if she had but another Nose.

Miss. Oh! Madam, I know I shall always have your good Word; you love to help a lame Dog over the Style.

[—— — *One knocks.* —— —]

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong Side of the Door; come in, if you be sat.

[—— — Colonel *comes in again.* —— —]

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Colonel, you are a Man of great Business.

Col. Ay, ay, my Lord, I'm like my Lord Mayor's Fool; full of Business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; fall'n from a Horse-load to a Cart-load.

Col. Why, my Lord, egad I am like a Rabbit, fat and lean in Four-and-twenty Hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the Colonel walks as strait as a Pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-body'd Man in the Face.

Neverout. A handsome Foot and Leg: God-a-mercy Shoe and Stocking!

Col. What! Three upon One! that's foul Play: This wou'd make a Parson swear.

Neverout. Why, Miss, what's the Matter? You look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, Miss lives upon Love.

Miss. Yes; upon Love and Lumps of the Cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say, Love and Peas-porridge are two dangerous Things; one breaks the Heart, and the other the Belly.

Miss. [*imitating Lady* Answerall's *Tone.*] Very pretty! One breaks the Heart, and the other the Belly.

Lady Answ. Have a Care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, you have a Wrinkle —— — more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout,* take it as you please; but I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such Expressions.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, if you go that, I must tell you, there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Jill.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout;* every body knows, that you are the Pink of Courtesy.

Neverout. And, Miss, all the World allows, that you are the Flower of Civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of Company where you visited last Night: Pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old Lady *Forward,* Miss *To-and-again,* Sir *John Ogle,* my Lady *Clapper,* and I, quoth the Dog.

Col. Was your Visit long, Miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the Opera; and so poor Pilgar-lick came Home alone.

Neverout. Alack a day, poor Miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What, you think, you said a fine Thing now; well, if I had a Dog with no more Wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if it be Manners, may I ask, which is oldest, you or Lady *Scuttle?*

Miss. Why, my Lord, when I die for Age, she may quake for Fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great Gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last Week through all the Shops like a Tantiny Pig.

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Bersheba* [—— — Colonel *spits.* —— —]

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout,* my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a Puppy.

Neverout. Why, Miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell Truth.

Ld. Sparkish Ay, but *Tom,* smoke that, she calls you Puppy by Craft.

Neverout. Well, Miss, you ride the Fore-horse To-day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, Miss! you said that once before; and, you know, Too much of one Thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure, we can't say a good Thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and Butter for Fish; let us call another Cause: Pray, Madam, does your Ladyship know Mrs. *Nice?*

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my Lord; she's nice by Name, and nice by Nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible, she could take that Booby *Tom Blunder* for Love?

Miss. She had good Skill in Horse-flesh, that could chuse a Goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, 'twas her Fate; they say, Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a Witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, Marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no Friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's Blessing into the warm Sun.

Col. The Fellow's well enough, if he had any Guts in his Brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a Tale. 1

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere Hobbledehoy, neither a Man nor a Boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to chuse a Husband, I would never be married to a little Man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, Miss? for they say, of all Evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss. Because Folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the Woman and her Husband.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Will your Ladyship be on the *Mall* To-morrow Night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know, To-morrow's *Sunday?*

Ld. Sparkish. What then, Madam! they say, the better Day, the better Deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. *Neverout,* how do you like Lady *Fruzz?*

Neverout. Pox on her! she's as old as *Poles.*

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, Miss, let us be Friends: Will you go to the Park this Evening?

Miss. With all my Heart, and a Piece of my Liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I shall get a Fit of the Head-ach To-day.

Col. Oh! Madam, don't be afraid, it comes with a Fright.

Miss. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, one of your Ladyship's Lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no Matter; they that ride on a trotting Horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, your Lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a Lyar in my Heart, and you fit me to a Hair.

[—— — Miss *rises up.* —— —]

Neverout. Duce take you, Miss! you trod on my Foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my Bedside.

Miss. In Troth, you are afraid of your Friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, Girl! [*giving her a Chuck.*] Take that; they say, a Chuck under the Chin is worth Two Kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. *Neverout,* I wonder why such a handsome, strait, young Gentleman as you, do not get some rich Widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Strait! Ay, strait as my Leg, and that's crooked at Knee.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich Widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a Threepenny Planet, never to be worth a Groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. *Neverout;* I believe you were born with a Cawl on your Head; you are such a Favourite among the Ladies: But what think you of Widow *Prim?* she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say, her Father was a Baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not what is she? but what has she? now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold Face for once, and have at the Widow. I'll speak a good Word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant, you'll speak one Word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my Tongue's End.

Lady Answ. Why, Miss, they say, good Wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a Woman I lov'd, in her Smock, than Widow *Prim,* if she had her Weight in Gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout;* Marriage is honourable, but House-keeping is a Shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. *Neverout,* Four bare Legs in a Bed; and you are a younger Brother.

Col. Well, Madam; the younger Brother is the better Gentleman: However, *Tom,* I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The Colonel says true: Besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same Year.

Miss. [*shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my Grave.

Col. Pray, Lady *Answerall,* where was you last *Wednesday,* when I did myself the Honour to wait on you? I think, your Ladyship is one of the Tribe of *Gad.*

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, I was at Church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my Horse too.

Neverout. I believe her Ladyship was at a Church with a Chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my Petticoat! how it hangs by Jommetry.

Neverout. Perhaps the Fault may be in your Shape.

Miss. [*looking gravely*] Come, Mr. *Neverout,* there's no Jest like the true Jest; but, I suppose, you think my Back's broad enough to bear every Thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon.

Miss. Well, Sir, your Pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all Things have an End, and a Pudden has two, up-up-on my-my-my Word. [*Stutters.*]

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout,* can't you speak without a Spoon?

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Smart.*] Has your Ladyship seen the Duchess since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my Lord, but once at a Visit; and she look'd at me, as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln.*

Neverout. Pray, Miss, take a Pinch of my Snuff.

Miss. What! you break my Head, and give me a Plaister; well, with all my Heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, Miss; if you wanted me and your Victuals, you'd want your Two best Friends.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] *Tom,* Miss and you must kiss, and be Friends.

[Neverout *salutes* Miss.]

Miss. Any thing for a quiet Life: my Nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink Wine, or kiss a Fool.

Col. Well, *Tom,* if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude Thing to a Lady in my Life.

Miss. Here's a Pin for that Lye; I'm sure Lyars had need of good Memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. *Neverout,* if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my Council, and bid her turn the Buckle of her Girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, Lady *Answer-all,* I know better Things; Miss and I are good Friends; don't put Tricks upon Travellers.

Col. Tom, not a Word of the Pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, Colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the Goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a Blister on my Tongue; yet, I don't remember, I told a Lye.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Madam, what did Thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my Life, I cannot conceive what your Lordship means.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, Madam, I meant no Harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my Lord! you are as innocent as a Devil of Two Years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill Doers are ill Deemers: but I don't apply it to your Ladyship.

[Miss *mending a Hole in her Lace.*]

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, Lady *Answerall,* is not it well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a Tansy.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, you have mended it, as a Tinker mends a Kettle; stop one Hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, are not you very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, Madam; but a Cup of *Christmas* Ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady *Smart,* does not your Ladyship think, Mrs. *Fade* is mightily alter'd since her Marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, she was handsome in her Time; but she cannot eat her Cake, and have her Cake: I hear she's grown a mere Otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor Creature! the Black has set his Foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the Blue on the Plumb.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her Husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; if she would eat Gold, he would give it her.

Neverout. [*to Lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard, that Lady *Queasy* was lately at the Playhouse *incog.?*

Lady Smart. What! Lady *Queasy* of all Women in the World! Do you say it upon Rep?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own Eyes; she sat among the Mob in the Gallery; her own ugly Fiz: And she saw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant, it put her into the Hipps.

Neverout. I smoked her huge Nose, and egad she put me in mind of the Woodcock, that strives to hide his long Bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you hold your Tongue; for you'll never say so good a Thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. Oh! Madam; I have lost the finest Needle —— —— ——

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your Labour.

Neverout. The Loop of my Hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [*he fastens it with a Pin.*] Well, hang them, say I, that has no Shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him, that has one too many.

Neverout. Oh! Miss; I have heard a sad Story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout;* nobody can say, Black's my Eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your Author? Come, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Neverout. Come then, Miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your Considering-cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a Mile of an Oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own Garters; for I'm sure, the Gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty Miss! I was but in Jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your Gizzard.

Col. My Lord, does your Lordship know Mrs. *Talkall?*

Ld. Smart. Only by Sight; but I hear she has a great deal of Wit; and egad, as the Saying is, Mettle to the Back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why *Dick Lubber* said to her t'other Day, Madam, you can't cry be to a Goose: Yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd be full in his Face: We all thought we should break our Hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a Vengeance: and pr'ythee how did the

Fool look?

Col. Look? Egad he look'd for all the World like an Owl in an Ivy Bush.

[*A Child comes in screaming.*]

Miss. Well, if that Child was mine, I'd whip it till the Blood came; Peace, you little Vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; Batchelors Wives and Maids Children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, Master; and I'll give you a Sugar-Plumb. Why, Miss, you forgot that ever you was a Child yourself. [*She gives the Child a Lump of Sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, Boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I suppose you know, that Mr. *Buzzard* has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his Fourth Wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a Month's Mind to *Dick Frontless,* and thought to run away with him; but her Parents forc'd her to take the old Fellow for a good Settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the Man got his Mare again.

Ld. Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to *Dick;* said he, You think us old Fellows are Fools; but we old Fellows know young Fellows are Fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a Match of the World's making.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, Miss, that would have been a Match of the Devil's making; but when both are young, that's a Match of God's making.

[Miss *searching her Pockets for her Thimble, brings out a Nutmeg.*]

Neverout. Oh! Miss, have a Care; for if you carry a Nutmeg in your Pocket, you'll certainly be marry'd to an old Man.

Miss. Well, and if ever I be marry'd, it shall be to an old Man; they always make the best Husbands; and it is better to be an old Man's Darling than a young Man's Warling.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid.

[*Lady* Smart *rings the Bell.*]

Footman *comes in.*

Lady Smart. Harkee, you Fellow; run to my Lady *Match,* and desire she will remember to be here at Six, to play at Quadrille: D'ye hear, if you fall by the Way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the House.

Lady Smart. Well, that's not for Want of Ignorance; follow your Nose; go, enquire among the Servants.

[Footman *goes out, and leaves the Door open.*]

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you Fellow; why did you leave the Door open? Remember, that a good Servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the Door after him.

[*The* Footman *goes out again, and falls down Stairs.*]

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: Well, but I hope, the poor Fellow has not sav'd the Hangman a Labour.

Neverout. Pray, Madam, smoke Miss yonder biting her Lips, and playing with her Fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my Name in vain?

[*She runs up to them, and falls down.*]

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the Frolick should go round?

Lady Answ. Why, Miss, I wish you may not have broke her Ladyship's Floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well, but without a Jest, I hope, Miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see, her Head is all of a Lump.

Miss. Well, remember this Colonel, when I have Money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, when do you design to get a House, and a Wife, and a Fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be marry'd to a Soldier, and carry his Knapsack?

Neverout. Oh Madam: *Mars* and *Venus,* you know.

Col. Egad, Madam, I'd marry To-morrow, if I thought I could bury my Wife just when the Honey-Moon is over; but they say, A Woman has as many Lives as a Cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the Colonel thinks, a dead Wife under the Table is the best Goods in a Man's House.

Lady Smart. O but, Colonel, if you had a good Wife, it would break your Heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, Madam; for they say, he that has lost his Wife and Sixpence, has lost a Tester.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, they say, that every marry'd Man should believe there's but one good Wife in the World, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good Wife must be bespoke, for there is none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the Gentleman's a Woman-Hater; but, Sir, I think, you ought to remember, that you had a Mother: And pray, if it had not been for a Woman, where would you have been, Colonel?

Col. Nay, Miss, you cry'd Whore first, when you talk'd of the Knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole Sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates Woman, suck'd a Sow.

Col. Oh! Madam; there's no general Rule without an Exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Egad, Madam, there's nothing will settle me but a Bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, Colonel, there's one Comfort, that you need not fear a Cannon-Bullet.

Col. Why so, my Lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his Mother's Belly, that was kill'd by a Cannon-Bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the Colonel was cross'd in his first Love, which makes him so severe on all the Sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over Head and Ears in Love with some Lady, that has made his Heart ake.

Col. Oh! Madam, We Soldiers are Admirers of all the fair Sex.

Miss. I wish, I could see the Colonel in Love, till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few People die for Love in these Days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the Colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome Wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, *Tom;* live Horse, and thou shalt have Grass.

Miss. Well, Colonel; but whatever you say against Women, they are better Creatures than Men; for Men were made of Clay, but Woman was made of Man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but, faith, you'll never lead Apes in Hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn Miss has not an Inch of Nun's Flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, Gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cum-dumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Miss, when did you see your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy?* You and She are Two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again; God bless my Eye-sight.

Lady Answ. Lord! why she and you were as great as two Inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you, as the Devil hug'd the Witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow, the World is very censorious: I never heard that she was a naughty Pack.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Come, Sir *Thomas,* when the King pleases; when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkish. Have Patience. *Tom,* is your Friend *Ned Rattle* marry'd?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my Lord; he has tied a Knot with his Tongue, that he can never untie with his Teeth.

Lady Smart. Ay; marry in Haste, and repent at Leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good Fortune with his Lady? for they say, Something has some Savour, but Nothing has no Flavour.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his Eye, and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in *Abraham's* Bosom.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does *Charles Limber* and his fine Wise agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest Cuckold in Town.

Neverout. Oh! but my Lord, you should always except my Lord-Mayor.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout!*

Neverout. Hay, Madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay; why, Hay is for Horses.

Neverout. Why, Miss, then you may kiss —— —

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a Clock by your Oracle?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my Watch runs upon Wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a Servant to bring me a Glass of Small Beer: I know you are at Home here.

Miss. Every Fool can do as they're bid: Make a Page of your own Age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Chuse, proud Fool; I did but ask you.

[Miss *puts her Hand to her Knee.*]

Neverout. What! Miss, are you thinking of your Sweet-Heart? is your Garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout,* keep your Breath to cool your Porridge; you measure my Corn by your Bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you lye.

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude?

Neverout. I mean, you lye —— — under a Mistake.

Miss. If a thousand Lyes could choak you, you would have been choaked many a Day ago.

[Miss *tries to snatch* Neverout's *Snuff-box.*]

Neverout. Madam, you miss'd that, as you miss'd your Mother's Blessing.

[*She tries again, and misses.*]

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, Miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my Eye: I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear Miss, be quiet; and bring me a Pin-cushion out of that Closet.

[Miss *opens the Closet Door, and squalls.*]

Lady Smart. Lord bless the Girl! what's the Matter now?

Miss. I vow, Madam, I saw something in black, I thought it was a Spirit.

Col. Why, Miss, did you ever see a Spirit?

Miss. No, Sir; I thank God, I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great Puppy for my Pains.

Miss. Very likely; for, they say, many a true Word's spoke in Jest.

[Footman *returns.*]

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your Message? You are fit to be sent for Sorrow, you stay so long by the Way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at Home, so I did not leave the Message.

Lady Smart. This is it to send a Fool of an Errand.

Ld. Sparkish. [*looking at his Watch.*] 'Tis past Twelve a Clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my Leave: Come, Gentlemen, are you for a March?

Lady Smart. Well, but your Lordship and the Colonel will dine with us To-day; and, Mr. *Neverout,* I hope, we shall have your good Company: There will be no Soul else, besides my own Lord and these Ladies; for every body knows, I hate a Croud; I would rather want Vittles than Elbow-Room: We dine punctually at Three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your Ladyship.

Col. Madam, my Stomach serves me instead of a Clock.

[*Another* Footman *comes back.*]

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other Fellow I sent: Well, have you been with my Lady *Club?* You are good to send of a dead Man's Errand. 5

Footman. Madam, my Lady *Club* begs your Ladyship's Pardon; but she is engaged To-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout,* here's the Back of my Hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find, you will have the last Word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &C. DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart *and the former Company at Three a Clock coming to dine.*

[*After Salutations.*]

Lord Smart.

I'M sorry I was not at Home this Morning when you all did us the Honour to call here: But I went to the Levee To-day.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! my Lord; I'm sure the Loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a sad dirty House; I am sorry for it, but we have had our Hands in Mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! Madam; your Ladyship is pleas'd to say so, but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect Paradise.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Madam, whose Picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear, the Fainter did not flatter your Ladyship.

Col. My Lord, the Day is finely clear'd up.

Ld. Smart. Ay, Colonel; 'tis a pity that fair Weather should ever do any Harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, *Tom,* you are high in the Mode.

Neverout. My Lord, it is better be out of the World, than out of the Fashion.

Ld. Smart, But, *Tom,* I hear, You and Miss are always quarrelling; I fear, it is your Fault; for I can assure you, she is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my Lord; so is the Devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my Friend *Tom?*

Miss. My Lord, I think, he's not the wisest Man in the World; and truly, he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but, yet, he that hangs *Tom* for a Fool, may find a Knave in the Halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, Miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my Gallows; it shall be about your fair Neck.

Miss. I'll see your Nose Cheese first, and the Dogs eating it: But, my Lord, Mr. *Neverout's* Wit begins to run low, for I vow, he said this before: Pray, Colonel, give him a Pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My Lady *Smart,* your Ladyship has a very fine Scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my Lord; it will make a flaming Figure in a Country Church.

[Footman *comes in.*]

Footman. Madam, Dinner's upon the Table.

Col. Faith, I'm glad of it; my Belly began to cry Cupboard.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse News.

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout,* you are in great Haste; I believe, your Belly thinks your Throat's cut.

Neverout. No, faith, Miss; Three Meals a Day, and a good Suppoer at Night, will serve my Turn.

Miss. To say the Truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry, so let us both go fight.

[*They go in-to Dinner, and after the usual Compliments, take their Seats.*]

Lady Smart. Ladies and Gentlemen, will you eat any Oysters before Dinner?

Col. With all my Heart. [*Takes an Oyster.*] He was a bold Man, that first eat an Oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, Oysters are a cruel Meat, because we eat them alive: Then they are an uncharitable Meat, for we leave nothing to the Poor; and

they are an ungodly Meat, because we never say Grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd:

Come, Colonel, handle your Arms; shall I help you to some Beef?

Col. If your Ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a Mother-in-Law, but send me a large Slice; for I love to lay a good Foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble Sirloyn.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut, and come again.

Miss. But, pray, why is it call'd a Sir-loyn?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, you must know, that our King *James* the First, who lov'd good Eating, being invited to Dinner by one of his Nobles, and seeing a large Loyn of Beef at his Table, he drew out his Sword, and in a Frolic knighted it. Few People know the Secret of this.

Ld. Sparkish. Beef is Man's Meat, my Lord. 4

Ld. Smart. But, my Lord, I say, Beef is the King of Meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a Plate?

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] What will your Ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, Madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, Eating and Scratching wants but a Beginning: If you will give me Leave, I'll help myself to a Slice of this Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: Well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say, there are Thirty-and-two good Bits in a Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, Colonel; Thirty bad Bits, and Two good ones: you see, I understand you; but I hope, you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your Mess.

Col. Then, pray, *Tom,* carve for yourself: They say, Two Hands in a Dish, and One in a Purse: Hah, said I well, *Tom?*

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an Oracle.

Miss. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship help me to some Fish?

Ld. Smart. [*to Neverout.*] *Tom,* they say, Fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my Lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, *Tom,* first it should swim in the Sea, (do you mind me?) then it should swim in Butter; and at last, Sirrah, it should swim in good Claret. I think, I have made it out.

Footman. [*to Ld. Smart.*] My Lord, Sir *John Linger* is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me To-day, and forgot it: Well, desire him to walk in.

[*Sir* John Linger *comes in.*]

Sir John. What! are you at it? Why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir *John,* I beg you will sit down: Come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better Cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the World at making Apologies; it was my Lord's Fault: I doubt you must kiss the Hare's Foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the Teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir *John,* we are killing that, that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, Sir *John,* we are upon a Business of Life and Death: Come, will you do as we do? You are come in Pudden-Time.

Sir John, Ay; this would you be doing if I were dead. What! you keep Court-Hours I see: I'll be going, and get a Bit of Meat at my Inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir *John.*

Sir John. It is my own Fault; but I was kept by a Fellow who bought some *Derbyshire* Oxen from me.

Neverout. You see, Sir *John,* we stay'd for you, as one Horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My Lord, will you help Sir *John* to some Beef? Lady *Answerall,* pray, eat, you see your Dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good Company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the Will for the Deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your Loss.

Col. And, pray, Sir *John,* how do you like the Town? You have been absent a long Time.

Sir John. Why, I find, little *London* stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of *Hannover-Square?* Why, Sir *John, London* is gone out of Town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir *John,* I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no Salt; Cuckolds will run away with the Meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray, edge a little, to make more Room for Sir *John:* Sir *John,* fall to, you know Half an Hour is soon lost at Dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a Bit, for I took Share of a Beef-stake and Two Muggs of Ale with my Chapman, besides a Tankard of *March* Beer, as soon as I got out of Bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, Madam; I always wash my Kettle before I put the Meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir *John;* you have seen Nine Houses since you eat last: Come, you have kept a Corner of your Stomach for a Piece of Venison-Pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do, when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, Sir *John,* you may go further, and fare worse.

Miss. [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. *Neverout,* will you please to send me a Piece of Tongue?

Neverout. By no means, Madam; one Tongue's enough for a Woman.

Col. Miss, here's a Tongue that never told a Lye.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, Colonel, I never told a Lye in my Life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the Company, whether that be not the greatest Lye that ever was told.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Pr'ythee, *Tom,* send me the Two Legs and Rump and Liver of that Pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the Ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the D —— — I do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this Eating and Drinking takes away a body's Stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the Bottom of it, I suppose.

Neverout. No, really, Miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir *John,* we hear you are marry'd since we saw you last: What! you have stolen a Wedding it seems.

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's Life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col And pray, Sir *John,* how does your Lady unknown?

Sir John. My Wife's well, Colonel; and at your Service in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*he laughs.*]

Miss. Pray, Sir *John,* is your Lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, Miss, I thank God, she is a Little Evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a Glass of Claret.

[Footman *fills him a Bumper.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some Cowcomber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they say, Cowcombers are cold in the third Degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* do you love Pudden?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all Fools, I love every thing that is good; but the Proof of the Pudden is in the Eating.

Col. Sir *John,* I hear you are a great Walker when you are at Home.

Sir John. No, faith, Colonel; I always love to walk with a Horse in my Hand: But I have had devilish bad Luck in Horse-flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, Sir *John,* you must kiss a Parson's Wife.

Lady Smart. They say, Sir *John,* that your Lady has a great deal of Wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a Pudden; and has just Wit enough to know her Husband's Breeches from another Man's.

Lady Smart. My Lord *Sparkish,* I have some excellent Cyder, will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My Lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not so treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my Lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my Face, and cuts my Throat. [*Here a loud Laugh.*]

Miss. Odd-so! Madam; your Knives are very sharp, for I have cut my Finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it; pray, which Finger? (God bless the Mark.)

Miss. Why, this Finger: No, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the Fox had a Wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some Water to throw in her Face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout,* did you ever draw a Sword in Anger? I warrant you would faint at the Sight of your own Blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* shall I send you some Veal?

Neverout. No, Madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your Ladyship will send me a Bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my Service to you.

Neverout. My Lord, this Moment I did myself the Honour to drink to your Lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's *Hartfordshire* Kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my Lord, I pledged myself, for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, Colonel, my humble Service to You.

Neverout. Pray, my Lord, don't make a Bridge of my Nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a Glass of this Wine is as comfortable as Matrimony to an old Woman.

Col. Sir *John,* I design one of these Days to come and beat up your Quarters in *Derbyshire.*

Sir John. Faith, Colonel, come and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome: But you were born within the Sound of *Bow* Bell, and don't care to stir so far from *London.*

Miss. Pray, Colonel, send me some Fritters.

[*Colonel takes them out with his Hand.*]

Col. Here, Miss; they say, Fingers were made before Forks, and Hands before Knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this Pudden is too much boil'd.

Ld. Answ. Oh! Madam, they say, a Pudden is Poison when it's too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a Pigeon? Here's a Pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, Sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may chuse.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offer'd, before you are twice marry'd.

[*The Colonel fills a large Plate of Soupe.*]

Ld. Smart. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that Soupe?

Col. O my Lord, this is my sick Dish; when I am well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss [*to Col.*] Sup, *Simon;* very good Broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good Pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout* knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I shan't take your Word for it; help me to a Wing.

[Neverout *tryes to cut off a Wing.*]

Neverout. Egad I can't hit the Joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, think of a Cuckold.

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it. [*Gives it Ld.* Sparkish.]

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a Man may eat this, tho' his Wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, Friend, give me a Glass of Small Beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, Colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good Small Beer, good Brown Bread, or a good Old Woman.

Lady Smart. [to Lady Answ.] Madam, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that Bit.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; after you is good Manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a Hair in the Sauce.

Ld. Sparkish. Then set the Hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, Colonel, help me however to some of that same Sauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more Sauce than Pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John,* chear up: My Service to you: Well, what do you think of the World to come?

Sir John. Truly, my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart [putting a Scewer on a Plate.] Here, take this Scewer, and carry it down to the Cook, to dress it for her own Dinner.

Neverout. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; but this Small Beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable Black Pudden: Miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve Pudden, and that's all; I am the worst Carver in the World; I should never make a good Chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, Colonel; for they say, those that eat Black Pudden will dream of the Devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the Venison-Pasty: Here, take the Soupe away.

Ld. Smart. [He cuts it up, and tastes the Venison.] 'Sbuds! this Venison is musty.

[Neverout *eats a Piece, and it burns his Mouth.*]

Ld. Smart. What's the Matter, *Tom?* You have Tears in your Eyes, I think: What dost cry for, Man?

Neverout. My Lord, I was just thinking of my poor Grandmother; She died just this very Day Seven Years.

[Miss *takes a Bit, and burns her Mouth.*]

Neverout. And, pray, Miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the Day your Grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given Forty Pounds, Miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think, the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Colonel, they say, one Shoulder of Mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my Life, I would take a good Breakfast in the Morning, a good Dinner at Noon, and a good Supper at Night.

Ld. Sparkish. My Lord, this Venison is plaguily pepper'd; your Cook has a heavy Hand.

Ld. Smart. My Lord, I hope, you are Pepper-proof: Come, here's a Health to the Founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the Confounders too. 1

Ld. Smart. Lady *Answerall,* does not your Ladyship love Venison?

Lady Answ. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my Sight, therefore please to send me a good Piece of Meat and Crust.

Ld. Sparkish [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, *Tom;* not always to my Friends, but once to you.

Neverout [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam; here's a Health to our Friends, and hang the rest of our Kin.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship have any of this Hare?

Lady Answ. No, Madam; they say, 'tis melancholy Meat.

Lady Smart. Then, Madam, shall I send you the Brains? I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; for they say, 'tis not good Manners to offer Brains.

Lady Answ. No, Madam; for perhaps it will make me harebrain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss (*with a Glass in her Hand.*) Hold your Tongue, Mr. *Neverout;* don't speak in my Tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious Man, that first sound out Eating and Drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all Vittles Drink digests the quickest: Give me a Glass of Wine.

Neverout. My Lord, your Wine is too strong.

Ld. Smart. Ay, *Tom;* as much as you are too good.

Miss. This Almond Pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, Miss; cold Pudden will settle your Love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout,* are you going to take a Voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, Miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much Beef.

Sir John. You Two have eat up the whole Pudden betwixt you.

Miss. Sir *John,* here's a little Bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a Fool of my Mouth.

Col. [*calling to the Butler.*] *John,* is your Small Beer good?

Butler. An please your Honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then *John,* d'yesee? if you are sure your Small Beer is good, d'yemark? Then, give me a Glass of Wine. [*All laugh.*]

[*Colonel tasting the Wine.*]

Ld. Smart. Sir *john,* how does your Neighbour *Gatherall* of the *Peak?* I hear, he has lately made a Purchase.

Sir John. Oh, *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his Bread, as well as any Man in *Darbyshire.*

Ld. Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in Town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a Saddle becomes a Sow.

Col. I know his Lady, and I think she is a very good Woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more Goodness in her little Finger, than he has in his whole Body.

Ld. Smart. Well, Colonel, how do you like that Wine?

Col. This Wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my Lord; I'll never starve in a Cook's Shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, Sir John, what do You say to my Wine?

Sir John. I'll take another Glass first; second Thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Lady *Smart,* you sit near that Ham; will you please to send me a Bit?

Lady Smart. With all my Heart. [*She sends him a Piece.*] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a Limb of *Lot's* Wise. [*He eats it with Mustard.*] Egad, my Lord, your Mustard is very uncivil.

Ld. Smart. Why uncivil, my Lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the Nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* I find you are a very good Carver.

Col. O Madam, that is no Wonder; for you must know, *Tom Neverout* carves a *Sundays.*

[Neverout *overturns the Salt-celler.*]

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* you have overturn'd the Salt, and that's a Sign of Anger: I'm afraid, Miss and You will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the Fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. O Madam, the falling out of Lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with Him! I wonder when we were in!

Sir John. For my Part, I believe, the young Gentlewoman is his Sweetheart; there's so much Fooling and Fidling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our Country, that shiddle-come-sh —— —'s the Beginning of Love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. *Neverout,* as the Devil loves Holy Water; I love him like Pye, I'd rather the Devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t' ye, to stop your Mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a Kiss.

Miss. A Kiss! marry come up, my dirty Cousin; are you no sicker? Lord, I

wonder what Fool it was that first invented Kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, Colonel; you have a good Stroke with you.

Col. O Madam; formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one Meal a Day.

Miss. What! I suppose, Colonel, that's from Morning till Night.

Neverout. Faith, Miss; and well was his Wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, Lady *Answerall,* taste this Bit of Venison.

Lady Answ. I hope, your Lordship will set me a good Example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a Glass of Cyder sill'd: Miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, Miss; better Belly burst, than good Liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well in Life there was never any thing so teizing; I had rather shed it in my Shoes: I wish it were in your Guts, for my Share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* you han't tasted my Cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my Lord: I have been just eating Soupe; and they say, if one drinks in one's Porridge, one will cough in one's Grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take Miss's Glass, she wish'd it was in your Guts; let her have her Wish for once: Ladies can't abide to have their Inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [*to Sir John.*] I think, Sir *John,* you have not tasted the Venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, Madam: However, please to send me a little of the Crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Sir *John,* you had as good eat the Devil as the Broth he's boil'd in.

Col. Well, this Eating and Drinking takes away a body's Stomach, as Lady *Answerall says.*

Neverout. I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this Wing of a Chicken; but my Eye's bigger than my Belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, Lady *Answerall,* you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, see all the Bones on my Plate: They say, a Carpenter's known by his Chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that Glass of Jelly?

Miss [*giving it to him.*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger Glass.

Miss. What! you don't know your own Mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the Enough's; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet Things are bad for the Teeth.

Neverout. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, I don't like that Part of the Veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. *Neverout,* I find you are a true *Englishman;* you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole Dinner of Beef.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, a Belly-full's a Belly-full, if it be but of Wheat-straw.

Col. Well, after all, Kitchen-Physic is the best Physic.

Ld. Smart. And the best Doctors in the World are Doctor *Dyet,* Doctor *Quite,* and Doctor *Merryman Ld. Sparkish.* What do you think of a little House well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little Land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little Wife well will'd?

Neverout. My Lady *Smart,* pray help me to some of the Breast of that Goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard, that Goose upon Goose is false Heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This Goose is quite raw: Well, God sends Meat, but the Devil sends Cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the white Goose, or the gray Goose the Gander?

Miss. They say, a Fool will ask more Questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, Miss, *Tom Neverout* has posed you.

Miss. Why, Colonel, every Dog has his Day; but, I believe, I shall never see a Goose again without thinking on Mr. *Neverout.*

Ld. Smart. Well said, Miss; faith, Girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. *Tom,* what say you to that?

Col. Faith, *Tom* is nonplust; he looks plaguily down in the Mouth.

Miss. Why, my Lord, you see he is the provokingest Creature in Life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal World.

Lady Answ. Oh, Miss! the World's a wide Place.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll give you Leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me Spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but, after all, *Tom,* can you tell me what's *Latin* for a Goose.

Neverout. O my Lord, I know that; why *Brandy* is *Latin* for a Goose, and *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle.

Miss. Is that Manners, to shew your Learning before Ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the Man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The Devil take your Wit, if this be Wit; for it spoils Company: Pray, Mr. *Butler,* bring me a Dram after my Goose; 'tis very good for the Wholsoms.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the Loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own Bread.

Miss. I suppose, my Lord, you lay longest a Bed To-day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a Fib; I warrant you lay a Bed till the Cows came Home: But, Miss, shall I cut you a little Crust now my Hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my Lord, a Bit of Under-crust.

Neverout. [*whispering Miss.*] I find, you love to lie under.

Miss aloud [*pushing him from her.*] What does the Man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Neverout. Come, all Quarrels laid aside: Here, Miss, may you live a thousand Years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray, Sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John,* will you taste my *October?* I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in *Darbyshire.*

Sir John. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they say, the Devil made Askers.

Ld. Smart. [*to the Butler.*] Here, bring up the great Tankard full of *October* for Sir *John.*

Col. [*drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your Health; may you live all the Days of your Life.

Lady Answ. Well, Miss, you'll certainly be soon marry'd; here's Two Batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Miss, I believe you were wrapt in your Mother's Smock, you are so well belov'd.

Miss. Where's my Knife? Sure I han't eaten it. Oh! here it is.

Sir John. No, Miss; but your Maidenhead hangs in your Light.

Miss. Pray, Sir *John,* is that a *Darbyshire* Compliment? Here, Mr. *Neverout,* will you take this Piece of Rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

*Miss.*What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking Creature.

Sir John [*talking with a Glass of Wine in his Hand.*] I remember a Farmer in our Country —— —

Ld. Smart [*interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir *John,* did you ever hear of Parson *Palmer?*

Sir John. No, my Lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his Liquor.

Sir John. I beg your Pardon; here's your Lordship's Health: I'd drink it up, if it were a Mile to the Bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* have you been at the new Play?

Neverout. Yes, Madam; I went the first Night.

Lady Smart. Well; and how did it take?

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout [*whispers Lady Smart.*] Was ever such a Dunce? How well he knows the Town! See, how he stares like a Stuck-Pig! Well, but, *Sir John,* are you acquainted with any of our fine Ladies yet? any of our famous Toasts?

Sir John. No; damn your Fire-ships, I have a Wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lady *Answerall,* how do you like these preserv'd Oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, Madam, the only Fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O Madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

[*Miss drinking Part of a Glass of Wine.*]

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your Snuff.

Miss. No, indeed; you shan't drink after me, for you'll know my Thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good Husband: Besides, I can tell your Meaning by your Mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lord, did not you order the Butler to bring up a

Tankard of our *October* to Sir *John?* I believe, they stay to brew it.

[*The* Butler *brings up the Tankard to* Sir John.]

Sir John. Won't your Ladyship please to drink first?

Lady Smart. No, Sir *John;* 'tis in a very good Hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Ld. Smart.*] My Lord, I love *October* as well as Sir *John;* and I hope, you won't make Fish of one, and Flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir *John,* take it by Word of Mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

[Sir John *drinks.*]

Ld. Smart. Well, Sir *John,* how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in *Darbyshire;* 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste Malt Liquor; but they say, 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the River. O my Lord, my Ale is Meat, Drink and Cloth; it will make a Cat speak, and a wise Man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, strong of the Water; I believe the Brewer forgot the Malt, or the River was too near him: Faith, it is mere Whip-Belly-Vengeance;

he that drinks most has the worst Share.

Col I believe, Sir *John,* Ale is as Plenty as Water at your House.

Sir John. Why, faith, at *Christmas* we have many Comers and Goers; and they must not be sent away without a Cup of *Christmas* Ale, for fear they should p —— — s behind the Door.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir *John* has the nicest Garden in *England;* they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a Place where to spit.

Sir John. O Madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, Sir *John,* your Ale is terrible strong and heady in *Derbyshire,* and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our Way is, to take a Hair of the same Dog next Morning. —— — I take a new-laid Egg for Breakfast; and, faith, one should drink as much after an Egg as after an Ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a Glass of the *October?*

Neverout. No, faith, my Lord; I like your Wine, and I won't put a Churle upon a Gentleman; your Honour's Claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this Pigeon left for Manners? Colonel, shall I send you the Legs and Rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a Bit more, if the House was full.

Ld. Smart [*carving a Partridge.*] Well; one may ride to *Rumford* upon this

Knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they say, an ill Workman never had good Tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your Lordship have a Wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my Lord; I love the Wing of an Ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after Eating.

Col. My Lord, they say, that's a Sign of long Life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my Friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate Cheese? I would be glad of a Bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of Fellow dined with me t' other Day; and when the Cheese came upon the Table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray, take away the Cheese; No, said I; pray, take away the Fool: Said I well?

[*Here a large and loud Laugh.*]

Col. Faith, my Lord, you serv'd the Coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a Bit of your Lordship's *Oxfordshire* Cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang Saving; bring us a Halfporth of Cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, Cheese digests every thing but itself.

[*A Footman brings a great whole Cheese.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily rosten, as they sayn in *Lancashire.*

Lady Smart. Oh! Sir *John;* I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld. Smart. Come; they say, 'tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some Cheese? or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold Fifty Pounds, Miss won't cut the Cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. *Neverout?*

Neverout. Oh there is a Reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my Life understand what the Gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, *Tom,* change the Discourse; in Troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout.*] Smoke Miss; faith you have made her fret like Gum Taffety.

Lady Smart. Well, but Miss; (hold your Tongue Mr. *Neverout*) shall I cut you a Piece of Cheese?

Miss. No, really, Madam; I have dined this half Hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at Meat, quick at Work, they say.

[Sir John *nods.*]

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleepy, Sir *John?* do you sleep after Dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a Nap after my Pipe; for when the Belly is full, the Bones will be at Rest.

Ld. Smart. Come, Colonel; help yourself, and your Friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Answ.*] Madam, your Ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, I have fed like a Farmer; I shall grow as fat as a Porpoise; I swear my Jaws are weary of chawing.

Col. I have a Mind to eat a Piece of that Sturgeon; but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare Soldier indeed! Let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; but it would vex a Dog to see a Pudden creep.

[Sir John *rises.*]

Ld. Smart. Sir *John,* what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r Lady; I have earnest Business; I must do as the Beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well, but stay till this Bottle's out; you know, the Man was hang'd that left his Liquor behind him: And besides, a Cup in the Pate is a Mile in the Gate; and a Spur in the Head is worth two in the Heel.

Sir John. Come then; one Brimmer to all your Healths. [*The Footman gives him a Glass half full.*] Pray, Friend, what was the rest of this Glass made for? An Inch at the Top, Friend, is worth two at the Bottom. [*He gets a Brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no Deceit in a Brimmer, and there's no false *Latin* in this; your Wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: Madam, has your Ladyship any Commands in *Darbyshire?* I must go Fifteen Miles To-night.

Lady Smart. None, Sir *John,* but to take Care of Yourself; and my most humble Service to your Lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring Water to wash; tho', really, you have all eaten so little, that you have no need to wash your Mouths. —— —

Ld. Smart. But, pr'ythee, Sir *John,* stay awhile longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord; I am to smoke a Pipe with a Friend before I leave the Town.

Col. Why, Sir *John,* had not you better set out To-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget To-morrow is *Sunday.*

Col. Now I always love to begin a Journey on *Sundays,* because I shall have the Prayers of the Church, to preserve all that travel by Land, or by Water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel; thou art a mad Fellow to make a Priest of.

Neverout. Fie, Sir *John,* do you take Tobacco? How can you make a Chimney of your Mouth?

Sir John [*to Neverout.*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your Pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, Sir *John;* but I take a Pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I'faith, one of your finical *London* Blades dined with me last Year in *Darbyshire;* so, after Dinner, I took a Pipe; so my Gentleman turn'd away his Head: So, said I, What, Sir, do you never smoke? So, he answered as you do, Colonel; No, but I sometimes take a Pipe: So, he took a Pipe in his Hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: So, said I, Pray, Sir, can you make a Pipe? So, he said No; so, said I, Why, then, Sir, if you can't make a Pipe, you should not break a Pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, Sir *John,* they say, that the Corruption of Pipes is the Generation of Stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear, you go sometimes to *Darbyshire;* I wish you would come and foul a Plate with me.

Col. I hope, you'll give me a Soldier's Bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. *Neverout,* you are a Town-Wit, can you tell me what kind of Herb is Tobacco?

Neverout, Why, can *Indian* Herb, Sir *John.*

Sir John. No, 'tis a Pot Herb; and so here's t'ye in a Pot of my Lord's *October.*

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir *John,* since you are married, you have forsworn the Town.

Sir John. No, Madam; I never forswore any thing but building of Churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, Sir *John,* when may we hope to see you again in *London?*

Sir John. Why, Madam, not till the Ducks have eat up the Dirt; as the Children say.

Neverout. Come, Sir *John;* I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, Sir *John,* do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know Sir *John* will go, tho' he was sure it would rain Cats and Dogs: But pray, stay, Sir *John;* you'll be time enough to go to Bed by Candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, Sir *John,* if you must needs go; while you stay, make good Use of your Time: Here's my Service to you, a Health to our Friends in *Darbyshire:* Come, sit down; let us put off the evil Hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a Drop more, if the House was full.

Col. Why, Sir *John,* you used to love a Glass of good Wine in former Times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, Colonel; but a Man may love his House very well,

without riding on the Ridge: Besides, I must be with my Wise on *Tuesday,* or there will be the Devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go To-day, I wish you may be wet to the Skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say, the Prayers of the Wicked won't prevail.

[Sir John *takes Leave, and goes away.*]

Ld. Smart. Well, Miss, how do you like Sir *John?*

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe, he has not all the Wit in the World; but I don't pretend to be a Judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at *Hogs-Norton,* where the Pigs play upon the Organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, *Tom,* I thought You and He were Hand and Glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean Threshold for me; I never darkned his Door in my Life, neither in Town nor Country; but he's a quere old Duke by my Conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more Knave than Fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a Man's a Man, if he has but a Nose on his Head.

Col. I was once with Him and some other Company over a Bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his Hogs to Market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a Cat than her Skin; you can't make a Silk Purse out of a Sow's Ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the Devil go with him and Sixpence; and there's Money and Company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true Country Put. Pray, Miss, let me ask you a Question?

Miss. Well; but don't ask Questions with a dirty Face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, against you are disposed; Here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always *Dick Nimble's* Health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! Well, my Lord, you love to be a Messenger of ill News: I'm heartily sorry; but, my Lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well: But, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a Question! you talk like a Poticary: Why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his Soul: We must live by the Living, and not by the Dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his House was burnt down to the Ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the News: Why Fire and Water are good Servants, but they are very bad Masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a Bottle of *Burgundy:* Ladies, you'll stay, and drink a Glass of Wine before you go to your Tea.

[*All taken away, and the Wine set down,* &c.]

[Miss *gives* Neverout *a smart Pinch.*]

Neverout. Lord, Miss, what d'ye mean! D'ye think I have no Feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the Times are hard.

Neverout [*giving Miss a Pinch.*] Take that, Miss; what's Sauce for a Goose is for a Gander.

Miss [*screaming.*] Well, Mr. *Neverout,* if I live, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Neverout [*takes Miss's Hand.*] Come, Miss; let us lay all Quarrels aside, and be Friends.

Miss. Don't be so teizing! You plague a body so! —— — Can't you keep your filthy Hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, Miss, where did you get that Pick-Tooth Case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a Lye.

Miss. No; if You lye, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every Thing is yours, but a little the King has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine Pick-Tooth Case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, Miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary, nobody holds you.

[Neverout *gapes.*]

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout,* do you gape for Preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my Mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout,* my Lord and I intend to beat up your Quarters one of these Days: I hear, you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, Madam; live high, and lodge in a Garret.

Col. But, Miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the devilishest Fall in the Park Today.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the Ground: But how was it, Mr. *Neverout?* I wish I had been there, to laugh.

Neverout. Why, Madam, it was a Place where a Cuckold had been bury'd, and one of his Horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, letus leave the Gentlemen to themselves; I think it is Time to go to our Tea.

Lady Answ. & Miss. My Lords and Gentlemen, your most humble Servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an Hour hence.

[*The Gentlemen alone.*]

Ld. Smart. Come, *John,* bring us a fresh Bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and, pray, let him carry off the dead Men (as we say in the Army.) [*Meaning the empty Bottles.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. *Neverout,* pray, is not that Bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my Lord; full of Emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, *John?* bring clean Glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think, the Wine is the best Liquor to wash Glasses in.
5

POLITE CONVERSATION, &C. DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their Tea.

Lady Smart.

WELL, Ladies; now let us have a Cup of Discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do you think of your Friend, Sir *John Spendall?*

Lady Smart. Why, Madam, ’tis happy for him, that his Father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill Husband to my Lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allow’d to be the fondest Father in the World.

Lady Smart. Ay, Madam, that’s true; for they say, the Devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my Lady manages him to Admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe; for she’s as cunning as a dead Pig; but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she’s quite a Stranger to all his Gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but, you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O Madam, I am told, she watches him, as a Cat would watch a Mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own Coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your Thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other Day in Company with Mrs. *Clatter;* I find she gives herself Airs of being acquainted with your Ladyship.

Miss. Oh, the hideous Creature! did you observe her Nails? they were long enough to scratch her Granum out of her Grave.

Lady Smart. Well, She and *Tom Gosling* were banging Compliments backwards and forwards; it look'd like Two Asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw thou: But, pray, Madam, who were the Company?

Lady Smart. Why, there was all the World, and his Wife; there was Mrs. *Clatter,* Lady *Singular,* the Countess of *Talkham,* (I should have named her first;) *Tom Goslin,* and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the Countess is very sickly.

Lady Samert. Yes, Madam; she'll never scratch a grey Head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your Conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. *Clatter* had all the Talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her Misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her Husband Ten thousand Pounds; she has a Town-House and Country-House: Would the Woman have her A —— — hung with Points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the Top of the House before the Stairs are built.

Miss. Well, Comparisons are odious; but she's as like her Husband, as if she were spit out of his Mouth; as like as one Egg is to another: Pray, how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as Fi'pence; but, truly, I thought, there was more Cost than Worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her Husband: Pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a Concealer of the Law; you must know, he came to us as drunk as *David's* Sow.

Miss. What kind of Creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the Man and his Wife are coupled like Rabbets, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a Porpus, and she's one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine: The Ladies and *Tom Gosling* were proposing a Party at Quadrille, but he refus'd to make one: Damn your Cards, said he, they are the Devil's Books.

Lady Answ. A dull unmannerly Brute! Well, God send him more Wit, and me more Money.

Miss. Lord! Madam, I would not keep such Company for the World.

Lady Smart. O Miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: Besides, you know, for Want of Company, welcome Trumpery.

Miss. Did your Ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with Fidlers Fare, Meat, Drink, and Money.

Lady Answ. Ay; what says *Pluck?*

Miss. Well, my Elbow itches; I shall change Bed-fellows.

Lady Smart. And my Right Hand itches; I shall receive Money.

Lady Answ. And my Right Eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your Friend Mistress *Giddy* has discarded *Dick Shuttle:* Pray, has she got another Love?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the Fellow's rich; and I think she was a Fool to throw out her dirty Water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome Gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I'm glad your Ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your Lover will be in Raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the Devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, when did you see Sir *Peter Muckworm?*

Lady Answ. Not this Fortnight; I hear, he's laid up with the Gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. Why I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes Use of nothing but Patience and Flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does He and my Lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know, he loves her as the Devil loves Holy Water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with Sharpers, that cheat her of her Money.

Lady Answ. Upon my Word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her Money; Sharp's the Word with her; Diamonds cut Diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good Hand, that she lost at one Sitting to the Tune of a hundred Guineas; make Money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear, that Mrs. *Plump* is brought to Bed at last?

Miss. And, pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess, if you can.

Miss. A Boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A Girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a Witch.

Miss. O Madam; the Gentlemen say, all fine Ladies are Witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well, she had good Luck to draw *Tom Plump* into Wedlock; she ris' with her A —— — upwards.

Miss. Fie, Madam! what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O Miss; 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, Madam; but they say, Hedges have Eyes, and Walls have Ears.

Lady Answ. Well, Miss, I can't help it; you know, I am old Tell-Truth; I love to call a Spade a Spade.

Lady Smart [*mistakes the Teatongs for the Spoon.*] What! I think my Wits are a Wool-gathering Today.

Miss. Why, Madam, there was but a Right and a Wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear, that You and Lady *Coupler* are as great as Cup and Can.

Lady Answ. Ay, Miss; as great as the Devil and the Earl of *Kent.*

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told, you meet together with as much Love, as there is between the old Cow and the Hay-stack.

Miss. I own, I love her very well; but there's Difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a Hen in the Forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Lady *Answerall,* (pray, forgive me) I think, your Ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyship is one of *Job's* Comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, Miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young Lord for your Sake.

Miss. O Madam, your Love's a Million.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship let me wait on you to the Play Tomorrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a Wrangler.

[*The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies to drink Tea.*]

Miss. Mr. *Neverout,* we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the Way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! Pray, Miss, how do you look when you lye?

Miss. Better than you whn eyou cry. Manners indeed! I find, you mend like four Ale in Summer.

Neverout. I beg your Pardon, Miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one Turn more would have turn'd you down Stairs.

Neverout. Come, Miss; be kind for once, and order me a Dish of Coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest first: Besides, I can't go, for I have a Bone in my Leg.

Col. They say, a Woman need but look on her Apron-string to find an Excuse.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are grown so peevish, a Dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout,* I beg your Diversion; no Offence, I hope: but truly in a little time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as bad can be.

Neverout. My Lord, don't you think Miss improves wonderfully of late? Why, Miss, if I spoil the Colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for, you know, love me, love my Dog.

Col. How's that, *Tom?* Say that again: Why, if I am a Dog, shake Hands, Brother.

[*Here a great, loud, long Laugh.*]

Ld. Smart. But, pray, Gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor Miss? On my Conscience, Colonel and *Tom Neverout,* one of you two are both Knaves.

Col. My Lady *Answerall,* I intend to do myself the Honour of dining with your Ladyship Tomorrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, Colonel; do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and, to reward You, I'll come and drink Tea with you in the Morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's Two Words to that Bargain.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Your Ladyship has a very fine Watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for they say, a marry'd Woman has nothing of her own, but her Wedding-Ring and her Hair-Lace: But if Women had been the Law-Makers, it would have been better.

Col. This Watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Sinart. No, Sir; it has been Twenty Years in my Lord's Family; but *Quare* put a new Case and Dial-Plate to it.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the World like the Man who Swore he kept the same Knife forty Years, only he sometimes changed the Hast, and sometimes the Blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, *Tom,* to give the Devil his Due, thou art a right Woman's Man.

Col. Odd-so! I have broke the Hinge of my Snuff-box; I'm undone beside the Loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, Colonel! I vow I had rather have found Forty Shillings.

Neverout. Why, Colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

[Miss *laughs.*]

Col. What, Miss! you can't laugh, but you must shew your Teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you shew your Teeth when you can't bite: Well, thus it must be, if we sell Ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry Perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, Sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the Grain of my Skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good Nose to make a poor Man's Sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very with upon one another: Come, box it about; 'twill come to my Father at last.

Col. Why, my Lord, you see Miss has no Mercy; I wish she were marry'd; but I doubt, the grey Mare would prove the better Horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that Wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, Miss.

Miss. What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a Wood, to be afraid of an Owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, Colonel?

Neverout. O my Lord, my Friend the Colonel scorns to set his Wit against a

Child.

Miss. Scornful Dogs will eat dirty Puddens.

Col. Well, Miss; they say, a Woman's Tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiss and Friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's Meat for your Master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, Colonel, you are for Ale and Cakes: But after all, Miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your Match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one Ear, and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: Only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my Tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost, that goes beside your own Mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout,* hold your Tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think, you were a Woman in Man's Cloaths, by your prating.

Neverout. No, Miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's Tongue: Besides, I should slobber my Fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that Three Women and a Goose are enough to make a Market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. *Neverout* or You were among them, it would make a Fair.

[Footman *comes in.*]

Lady Smart. Here, take away the Tea-table, and bring up Candles.

Lady Answ. O Madam, no Candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn Day-Light.

Neverout. I dare swear, Miss, for her Part, will never burn Day-Light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. *Neverout,* one can't hear one's own Ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Madam, it is Blind-Man's Holiday; we shall soon be all of a Colour.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these Men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*

Neverout. What, Miss, does it make your Mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good he in the Dark as without Light; therefore pray bring in Candles: They say, Women and Linen shew best by Candle-Light: Come, Gentlemen, are you for a Party at Quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three Ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a Stander-by.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your Ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her Ladyship plays sometimes for an Egg at *Easter.*

Neverout. Ay; and a Kiss at *Christmas.*

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. *Neverout;* hold your Tongue, and mind your Knitting.

Neverout. With all my Heart; kiss my Wife, and welcome.

[*The* Colonel, *Mr.* Neverout, *Lady* Smart *and* Miss *go to Quadrille, and sit till Three in the Morning.*

[*They rise from Cards.*]

Lady Smart. Well, Miss, you'll have a sad Husband, you have such good Luck at Cards.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you dealt me sad Cards; if you deal so ill by your Friends, what will you do with your Enemies?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest Folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my Eyes draws Straw.

[*She's almost asleep.*]

Neverout. Why, Miss, if you fall asleep, Somebody may get a Pair of Gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of *Nod.*

Neverout. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordshire.*

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your Sweetheart.

Miss. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the Honour to escort you?

Miss. No, Colonel, I thank you; my Mamma has sent her Chair and Footmen. Well, my Lady *Smart,* I'll give you Revenge whenever you please.

[Footman *comes in.*]

Footman. Madam, the Chairs are waiting.

[*They all take their Chairs, and go off.*]

FINIS.

CONTENTS

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.
CHAP. I. Directions to the BUTLER.
CHAP. III. Directions to the FOOTMAN.
CHAP. IV. Directions to the COACHMAN.
CHAP. V. Directions to the GROOM.
CHAP. VI. Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD.
CHAP. VII. Directions to the PORTER.
CHAP. VIII. Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.
CHAP. IX. Directions to the WAITING-MAID.
CHAP X. Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.
CHAP. XI Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.
CHAP. XII. Directions to the CHILDRENS-MAID.
CHAP. XIII. Directions to the NURSE.
CHAP. XIV. Direction to the LAUNDRESS.
CHAP. XV. Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.
CHAP. XVI. Directions to the TUTORESS, or GOVERNESS.

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS IN GENERAL

And in particular to The BUTLER, COOK, FOOTMAN, COACHMAN, GROOM, HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD, PORTER, DAIRY-MAID, CHAMBER-MAID, NURSE, LANUNDRESS, HOUSE-KEEPER, TUTORESS, or GOVERNESS.

By the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

I have a Thing in the Press, begun above twenty-eight Years ago, and almost finish'd: It will make a Four Shilling Volume; and is such a PERFECTION OF FOLLY, *that you shall never hear of it, till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have* ANOTHER OF THE SAME AGE, *which will require a long Time to perfect, and is worse than the former; in which I will serve you the same Way.* Letters to and from Dr. Swift &*c.* Lett. LXI. alluding to POLITE CONVER- SATION and DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

LONDON: Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall,* and M. COOPER, in *Pater-Noster-Row,* MDCCXLV. [Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

WHEN your Master or Lady call a Servant by Name, if that Servant be not in the Way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no End of your Drudgery: And Masters themselves allow, that if a Servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a Fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave your self as if you were the injured Person; this will immediately put your Master or Lady off their Mettle.

If you see your Master wronged by any of your Fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a Tell-tale: However, there is one Exception, in case of a favourite Servant, who is justly hated by the whole Family; who therefore are bound in Prudence to lay all the Faults you can upon the Favourite.

The Cook, the Butler, the Groom, the Market-man, and every other Servant who is concerned in the Expences of the Family, should act as if his Master's whole Estate ought to be applied to that Servant's particular Business. For Instance, if the Cook computes his Master's Estate to be a thousand Pounds a Year, he reasonably concludes that a thousand Pounds a Year will afford Meat enough, and therefore, he need not be sparing; the Butler makes the same Judgment, so may the Groom and the Coachman, and thus every Branch of Expence will be filled to your Master's Honour.

When you are chid before Company, (which with Submission to our Masters and Ladies is an unmannerly Practice) it often happens that some Stranger will have the Good-nature to drop a Word in your Excuse; in such a Case, you will have a good Title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other Occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which Opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the Case to your Fellow-servants in your own Way, who will certainly decide in your Favour: Therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens that Servants sent on Messages, are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the Message requires, perhaps, two, four, six, or eight Hours, or some such Trifle, for the Temptation to be sure was great, and Flesh and Blood cannot always resist: When you return, the Master storms, the Lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the Word: But here you ought to be provided with a Set of Excuses, enough to serve on all Occasions: For Instance, your Uncle came fourscore Miles to Town this Morning, on purpose to see you, and goes back by Break of Day To-morrow: A Brother-Servant that borrowed Money of you when he was of Place, was running away to *Ireland:* You were taking Leave of an old Fellow-Servant, who was shipping

for *Barbados:* Your Father sent a Cow to you to sell, and you could not get a Chapman till Nine at Night: You were taking Leave of a dear Cousin who is to be hanged next *Saturday:* You wrencht your Foot against a Stone, and were forced to stay three Hours in a Shop, before you could stir a Step: Some Nastiness was thrown on you out of a Garret Window, and you were ashamed to come Home before you were cleaned, and the Smell went off: You were pressed for the Seaservice, and carried before a Justice of Peace, who kept you three Hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: A Bailiff by mistake seized you for a Debtor, and kept you the whole Evening in a Spunging-house: You were told your Master had gone to a Tavern, and came to some Mischance, and your Grief was so great that you inquired for his Honour in a hundred Taverns between *Pall-mall* and *Temple-bar.*

Take all Tradesmens Parts against your Master, and when you are sent to buy any Thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full Demand. This is highly to your Master's Honour; and may be some Shillings in your Pocket; and you are to consider, if your Master hath paid too much, he can better afford the Loss than a poor Tradesman.

Never submit to stir a Finger in any Business but that for which you were particularly hired. For Example, if the Groom be drunk or absent, and the Butler be ordered to shut the Stable Door, the Answer is ready, An please your Honour, I don't understand Horses: If a Corner of the Hanging wants a single Nail to fasten it, and the Footman be directed to tack it up, he may say, he doth not understand that Sort of Work, but his Honour may send for the Upholsterer.

Masters and Ladies are usually quarrelling with the Servants for not shutting the Doors after them: But neither Masters nor Ladies consider that those Doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the Labour is double to open and shut the Doors; therefore the best and shortest, and easiest Way is to do neither. But if you are so often seized to shut the Door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the Door such a Clap as you go out, as will shake the whole Room, and make every Thing rattle in it, to put your Master and Lady in Mind that you observe their Directions.

If you find yourself to grow into Favour with your Master or Lady, take some Opportunity, in a very mild Way, to give them Warning, and when they ask the Reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them, than any Body else, but a poor Servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that Service is no Inheritance, that your Work is great, and your Wages very small: Upon which, if your Master hath any Generosity, he will add five or ten Shillings a Quarter rather than let you go: But, if you are baulked, and have no Mind to go off, get some Fellow-servant to tell your Master, that he had prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good Bits you can pilfer in the Day, save them to junket with your Fellow-servants at Night, and take in the Butler, provided he will give you Drink.

Write your own Name and your Sweet-heart's with the Smoak of a Candle on the Roof of the Kitchen, or the Servants Hall, to shew your Learning.

If you are a young sightly Fellow, whenever you whisper your Mistress at the Table, run your Nose full in her Cheek, or if your Breath be good, breathe full in her Face; this I have known to have had very good Consequences in some Families.

Never come till you have been called three or four Times; for none but Dogs will come at the first Whistle:

And when the Master calls [*Who's there?*] no Servant is bound to come, for [*Who's there*] is no Body's Name.

When you have broken all your earthen Drinking Vessels below Stairs (which is usually done in a Week) the Copper Pot will do as well; it can boil Milk, heat Porridge, hold Small-Beer, or in Case of Necessity serve for a Jordan, therefore apply it indifferently to all these Uses; but never wash or scour it, for Fear of taking off the Tin.

Although you are allow'd Knives for the Servants Hall, at Meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make Use only of your Master's.

Let it be a constant Rule, that no Chair, Stool or Table in the Servants Hall, or the Kitchen, shall have above three Legs which hath been the antient, and constant Practice in all the Families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two Reasons; first to shew that Servants are ever in a tottering Condition; secondly, it was thought a Point of Humility, that the Servants Chairs and Tables should have at least one Leg fewer than those of their Masters. I grant there hath been an Exception to this Rule, with regard to the Cook, who by old Custom was allowed an easy Chair to sleep in after Dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three Legs. Now this epidemical Lameness of Servants Chairs is by Philosophers imputed to two Causes, which are observed to make the greatest Revolutions in States and Empires; I mean Love and War. A Stool, a Chair or a Table is the first Weapon taken up in a general Romping or Skirmish; and after a Peace, the Chairs if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the Conduct of an Amour, the Cook being usually fat and heavy, and the Butler a little in Drink.

I could never endure to see Maid-Servants so ungenteel as to walk the Streets with their Pettycoats pinned up; it is a foolish Excuse to alledge, their Pettycoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a Remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean Pair of Stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony Servant in the same Street, leave your own Street-Door open, that you may get in without knocking, when you come back; otherwise your Mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to Unanimity and Concord. But mistake me not: You may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only bear in Mind that you have a common Enemy, which is your Master and Lady, and

you have a common Cause to defend. Believe an old Practitioner; whoever out of Malice to a Fellow-Servant, carries a Tale to his Master, shall be ruined by a general Confederacy against him.

The general Place of Redezvous for all the Servants, both in Winter and Summer, is the Kitchen; there the grand Affairs of the Family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the Stable, the Dairy, the Pantry, the Laundry, the Cellar, the Nursery, the Dining-room, or my Lady's Chamber: There, as in your own proper Element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full Security.

When any Servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your Master, that he is gone to Bed very sick; upon which your Lady will be so good-natured, as to order some comfortable Thing for the poor Man, or Maid.

When your Master and Lady go abroad together, to Dinner, or on a Visit for the Evening, you need leave only one Servant in the House, unless you have a Black-guard-boy to answer at the Door, and attend the Children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long Cuts, and the Stayer at home may be comforted by a Visit from a Sweet-heart, without Danger of being caught together. These Opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and you are always safe enough while there is a Servant in the House.

When your Master or Lady comes home, and wants a Servants who happens to be abroad, your Answer must be, that he but just that Minute stept out, being sent for by a Cousin who was dying.

If your Master calls you by Name, and you happen to answer at the fourth Call, you need not hurry yourself, and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a Fault, as you go out of the Room, and down Stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your Master or Lady when they are abroad, never burthen your Memory with the Person's Name, for indeed you have too many other Things to remember. Besides, it is a Porter's Business, and your Master's Fault he doth not keep one, and who can remember Names; and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a Lye to your Master or Lady, unless you have some Hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an Hour. When a Servant is turned off, all his Faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his Master or Lady; and all Mischiefs done by others, charge to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask any of you, why you never acquainted them before? The Answer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides perhaps you might think it was Malice in me. Where there are little Masters and Missers in a House, they are usually

great Impediments to the Diversions of the Servants; the only Remedy is to bribe them with Goody Goodyes, that they may not tell. Tales to Papa and Mamma.

I advise you of the Servants, whose Master lives in the Country, and who expect Vales, always to stand Rank and File when a Stranger is taking his Leave; so that he must of Necessity pass between you; and he must have more Confidence, or less Money than usual, if any of you let him escape, and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next Time he comes.

If you are sent with ready Money to buy any Thing at a Shop, and happen at that Time to be out of Pocket, sink the Money and take up the Goods on your Master's Account. This is for the Honour of your Master and yourself; for he becomes a Man of Credit at your Recommendation.

When your Lady sends for you up to her Chamber, to give you any Orders, be sure to stand at the Door, and keep it open fidling with the Lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the Button in your Hand for fear you should forget to shut the Door after you.

If your Master or Lady happen once in their Lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy Servant, for you have nothing more to do, than for every Fault you commit while you are in their Service, to put them in Mind of that false Accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present Case.

When you have a Mind to leave your Master, and are too bashful to break the Matter for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual Behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off, and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his Lady such a Character to all your Brother-servants, who are out of Place, that none will venture to offer their Service.

Some nice Ladies who are afraid of catching Cold, having observed that the Maids and Fellows below Stairs, often forget to shut the Door after them as they come in or go out into the back Yards, have contrived that a Pulley and a Rope with a large Piece of Lead at the End, should be so fixt as to make the Door shut of itself, and require a strong Hand to open it, which is an immense Toil to Servants, whose Business may force them to go in and out fifty Times in a Morning: But Ingenuity can do much, for prudent Servants have found out an effectual Remedy against this insupportable Grievance, by tying up the Pully in such a Manner, that the Weight of the Lead shall have no Effect; however, as to my own Part, I would rather chuse to keep the Door always open, by laying a heavy Stone at the Bottom of it.

The Servants Candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But, you may find out many Expedients; You may conveniently stick your Candle in a Bottle, or with a Lump of Butter against the Wainscot, in a Powder-horn, or in an old Shoe, or in a cleft Stick, or in the Barrel of a Pistol, or upon its own Grease on a Table, in a Coffee Cup or a Drinking Glass, a

Horn Can, a Tea Pot, a twisted Napkin, a Mustard Pot, an Inkhorn, a Marrowbone, a Piece of Dough, or you may cut a Hole in the Loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring Servants to junket with you at home in an Evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the Kitchen Window, which you may hear, but not your Master or Lady, whom you must take Care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable Hours.

Lay all Faults upon a Lap-Dog or favourite Cat, a Monkey, a Parrot, a Child, or on the Servant who was last turned off: By this Rule you will excuse yourself, do no Hurt to any Body else, and save your Master or Lady from the Trouble and Vexation of chiding.

When you want proper Instruments for any Work you are about, use all Expedients you can invent, rather than leave your Work undone. For Instance, if the Poker be out of the Way of broken, stir up the Fire with the Tongs; if the Tongs be not at Hand, use the Muzzle of the Bellows, the wrong End of the Fire Shove, the Handle of the Fire Brush, the End of a Mop, or your Master's Cane. If you want Paper to singe a Fowl, tear the first Book you see about the House. Wipe your Shoes, for want of a Clout, with the Bottom of a Curtain, or a Damask Napkin. Strip your Livery Lace for Garters. If the Butler wants a Jordan, he may use the great Silver Cup.

There are several Ways of putting out Candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the Candle End against the Wainscot, which puts the Snuff out immediately: You may lay it on the Ground, and tread the Snuff out with your Foot: You may hold it upside down until it is choaked with its own Grease; or cram it into the Socket of the Candlestick: You may whirl it round in your Hand till it goes out: When you go to Bed, after you have made Water, you may dip the Candle End into the Chamber Pot: You may spit on your Finger and Thumb, and pinch the Snuff until it goes out: The Cook may run the Candle's Nose into the Meal Tub, or the Groom into a Vessel of Oats, or a Lock of Hay, or a Heap of Litter: The House-maid may put out her Candle by running it against a Looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as Candle Snuff: But the quickest and best of all Methods, is to blow it out with your Breath, which leaves the Candle clear and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a Family as a Tell-Tale, against whom it must be the principal Business of you all to unite: Whatever Office he serves in, take all Opportunities to spoil the Business he is about, and to cross him in every Thing. For Instance, if the Butler be the Tell-Tale, break his Glasses whenever he leaves the Pantry Door open; or lock the Cat or the Mastiff in it, who will do as well: Mislay a Fork or a Spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the Cook, whenever she turns her Back, throw a Lump of Soot, or a Handful of Salt in the Pot, or smoaking Coals into the Dripping-Pan, or daub the roast Meat with the Back of the Chimney, or hide the Key of the Jack. If a Footman be suspected, let the Cook daub the Back of his new Livery; or when

he is going up with a Dish of Soup, let her follow him softly with a Ladle-full, and dribble it all the Way up Stairs to the Dining-room, and then let the House-maid make such a Noise, that her Lady may hear it: The Waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this Fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself. In this Case, the Laundress must be sure to tear her Smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the House that she sweats so much, and her Flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a Smock more in one Hour than the Kitchen-maid doth in a Week.

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

CHAP. I. Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my Directions to Servants, I find from my long observation, that you, Butler, are the principal Person concerned.

Your Business being of the greatest Variety, and requiring the greatest Exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run thro' the several Branches of your Office, and order my Instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the Side-board, take all possible Care to save your own Trouble, and your Master's Drinking Glasses: Therefore, first, since those who dine at the same Table are supposed to be Friends, let them all drink out of the same Glass, without washing, which will save you much Pains, as well as the Hazard of breaking them; give no Person any Liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of Modesty, and others out of Forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your Mater's Liquor be saved.

If any one desires a Glass of Bottled-Ale, first shake the Bottle, to see whether any thing be in it, then taste it, to see what Liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the Mouth of the Bottle with the Palm of your Hand, to shew your Cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the Cork in the Belly of the Bottle than in the Mouth; and, if the Cork be musty, or White Fryers in your Liquor, your Master will save the more.

If an humble Companion, a Chaplain, a Tutor, or a dependent Cousin happen to be at Table, whom you find to be little regarded by the Master, and the Company which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we Servants, it must be the Business of you and the Footman, to follow the Example of your Betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest, and you cannot please your Master better, or at least your Lady.

If any one calls for Small-beer towards the End of Dinner, do not give yourself the Pains of going down to the Cellar, but gather the Droppings and Leavings out of the several Cups, and Glasses and Salvers into one; but turn your Back to the Company for fear of being observed: On the contrary, when any one calls for Ale towards the End of Dinner, fill the largest Tankard-cup top-full, by which you will have the greatest Part left to oblige your Fellow-Servants, without the Sin of stealing from your Master.

There is likewise a Perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every Day the best Part of a Bottle of Wine for your self; for, you are to suppose that Gentlefolks will not care for the Remainder of a Bottle; therefore, always set a fresh one before them after Dinner, although there hath not been above a Glass drank of the other.

Take special Care that your Bottles be not musty before you fill them, in

order to which, blow strongly into the Mouth of every Bottle, and then if you smell nothing but your own Breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any Drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the Trouble of opening a Vent, but blow strongly into the Fosset, and you will find it immediately pour into your Mouth; or take out the Vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your Master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your Master's choice Bottles, empty as many of them just below the Neck as will make the Quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean Water, that you may not lessen your Master's Liquor.

Table-cloths used that Day; for, it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse Rubbers; and in Reward of such good Husbandry, my Judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest Damask Napkins for Night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your Plate, leave the Whiting plainly to be seen in all the Chinks, for fear your Lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the Skill of a Butler more appears, than in the Management of Candles, whereof, although some Part may fall to the Share of the other Servants, yet you being the principal Person concerned, I shall direct my Instructions upon this Article to you only, leaving to your Fellow-servants to apply them upon Occasion.

First, to avoid burning Day-light, and to save your Master's Candles, never bring them up till Half an Hour after it be dark, altho' they are called for never so often.

Let your Sockets be full of Grease to the Brim, with the old Snuff at the Top, and then stick on your fresh Candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the Candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before Company. At other Times, for Variety, put your Candles loose in the Sockets, to shew they are clean to the Bottom.

When your Candle is too big for the Socket, melt it to a right Size in the Fire, and to hide the Smoke, wrap it in Paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late Years the great Extravagancy among the Gentry upon the Articles of Candles, which a good Butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own Pains and his Master's Money: This may be contrived several Ways: As when you are ordered to put Candles into the Sconces.

Sconces are great Wasters of Candles, and you who are always to consider the Advantage of your Master, should do your utmost to discourage them: Therefore, your Business must be to press the Candle with both your Hands into the Socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the Grease may drop all upon the Floor, if some Lady's Head-dress or Gentleman's Perriwig be not ready to intercept it: You may likewise stick the Candle so loose, that it will fall upon the Glass of the Sconce, and break it into Shatters; this will save your Master many a fair Penny in the Year, both in Candles, and

to the Glass-man, and your self much Labour; for the Sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the Candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful Perquisite, to your Friend the Cook, to increase her Kitchen-stuff; or if this be not allowed in your House, give them in Charity to the poor Neighbours, who often run on your Errands.

When you cut Bread for a Toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the Coals, and mind your other Business; then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burned Side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your Side-board, set the best Glasses as near the Edge of the Table as you can; by which means they will cast a double Lustre, and make a much finer Figure; and the Consequence can be at most, but the breaking half a Dozen, which is a Trifle in your Master's Pocket.

Wash the Glasses with your own Water, to save your Master's Salt.

When any Salt is spilt on the Table, do not let it be lost, but when Dinner is done, fold up the Table-cloth with the Salt in it, then shake the Salt out into the Salt-celler to serve next Day: But the shortest and surest Way is, when you remove the Cloth, to wrap the Knives, Forks, Spoons, Salt-cellars, broken Bread, and Scraps of Meat all together in the Table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the Window amongst the Beggars, that they may with more Convenience eat the Scraps.

Leave the Dregs of Wine, Ale, and other Liquors in the Bottles: To rince them is but Loss of Time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better Excuse for breaking them.

If your Master hath many musty, or very foul and crusted Bottles, I advise you, in point of Conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next Ale-house for Ale or Brandy.

When a Message is sent to your Master, be kind to your Brother-servant who brings it; give him the best Liquor in your keeping, for your Master's Honour; and with the first Opportunity he will do the same to you.

After Supper, if it be dark, carry your Plate and China together in the same Basket, to save Candle-light, for you know your Pantry well enough to put them up in the Dark.

When Company is expected at Dinner or in the Evenings, be sure to be abroad that nothing may be got which is under your key, by which your Master will save his Liquor, and not wear out his Plate.

I come now to a most important Part of your Oeconomy, the bottling of a Hogshead of Wine, wherein I recommend three Virtues, Cleanliness, Frugality, and brotherly Love. Let your Corks be of the longest Kind you can get; which will save some Wine in the Neck of every Bottle: As to your Bottles chuse the smallest you can find, which will increase the Number of Dozens, and please your Master; for a Bottle of Wine is always a Bottle of Wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your Master hath his proper

Number of Dozens, he cannot complain.

Every Bottle must be first rinced with Wine, for fear of any Moisture left in the Washing; some, out of mistaken Thrift, will rince a Dozen Bottles with the same Wine; but I would advise you, for more Caution, to change the Wine at every second Bottle; a Jill may be enough. Have Bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good Perquisite, either to sell or drink with the Cook.

Never draw your Hogshead too low; nor tilt it for fear of disturbing your Liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the Wine grows cloudy, shake the Hogshead, and carry a Glass of it to your Master, who will praise you for your Discretion, and give your all the rest as a Perquisite of your Place: You may tilt the Hogshead the next Day, and in a Fortnight get a Dozen or two of good clear Wine, to dispose of as you please.

In bottling Wine, fill your Mouth full of Corks, together with a large Plug of Tobacco, which will give to the Wine the true Taste of the Weed, so delightful to all good Judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious Bottle, if a Pint be out, give your Hand a dexterous Shake, and shew it in a Glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a Hogshead of Wine or any other Liquor is to be bottled off, wash your Bottles immediately before you begin; but, be sure not to drain them, by which good Management you Master will save some Gallons in every Hogshead.

This is the Time that in Honour to your Master, you ought to shew your Kindness to your Fellow-servants, and especially to the Cook; for what signifies a few Flagons out of a whole Hogshead? But make them drunk in your Presence, for fear they should be given to other Folks, and so your Master be wronged: But advise them, if they get drunk, to go to Bed, and leave Word they are sick, which last Caution I would have all the Servants observe, both Male and Female.

If your Master finds the Hogshead to fall short of his Expectation, what is plainer, than that the Vessel leaked: That the Wine-Cooper had not filled it in proper Time: That the Merchant cheated him with a Hogshead below the common Measure?

When you are to get Water on for Tea after Dinner (which in many Families is Part of your Office) to save Firing, and to make more Haste; pour it into the Tea-pot, from the Pot where Cabbage or Fish have been boyling, which will make it much wholsomer, by curing the acid and corroding Quality of the Tea.

Be saving of your Candles, and let those in the Sconces of the Hall, the Stairs, and in the Lanthorn, burn down into the Sockets, until they go out of themselves, for which your Master and Lady will commend your Thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the Snuff.

Scrape the Bottoms of your Pots and Kettles with a Silver Spoon, for fear of giving them a Taste of Copper.

When you send up Butter for Sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half Water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your Butter, when it is melted, tastes of Brass, it is your Master's Fault, who will not allow you a Silver Sauce-pan; besides, the less of it will go further, and new tinning is very chargeable: If you have a Silver Sauce-pan, and the Butter smells of Smoak, lay the Fault upon the Coals.

Never make use of a Spoon in any thing that you can do with your Hands, for fear of wearing out your Master's Plate.

When you find that you cannot get Dinner ready at the Time appointed, put the Clock back, and then it may be ready to a Minute.

Let a red hot Coal now and then fall into the Dripping Pan, that the Smoak of the Dripping may ascend, and give the roast Meat a high Taste.

You are to look upon your Kitchen as your Dressing-room; but, you are not to wash your Hands till you have gone to the Necessary-house, and spitted your Meat, trussed your Fowl, picked your Sallad; nor indeed till after you have sent up your second Course; for your Hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your Work is over, one Washing will serve for all.

There is but one Part of your Dressing that I would admit while the Victuals are boiling, toasting, or stewing, I mean the combing your Head, which loseth no Time, because you can stand over your Cookery, and watch it with one Hand, while you are using your Comb in the other.

If any of the Combings happen to be sent up with the Victuals, you may safely lay the Fault upon any of the Footmen that hath vexed you: As those Gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a Sop in the Pan, or a Slice from the Spit, much more when you discharge a Ladle-full of hot Porridge on their Legs, or send them up to their Masters with a Dishclout pinned at their Tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the Kitchenmaid to bring none but the large Coals, and save the small ones for the Fires above Stairs; the first are properest for dressing Meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any Dish, you may lay the Fault upon want of Coals: Besides, the Cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your Master's Housekeeping, where they do not find Plenty of large Cinders mixt with fresh large Coals: Thus you may dress your Meat with Credit, do an Act of Charity, raise the Honour of your Master, and sometimes get a Share of a Pot of Ale for your Bounty to the Cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second Course, you have nothing to do in a great Family until Supper: Therefore scoure your Hands and Face, put on your Hood and Scarf, and take your Pleasure among your Cronies, till Nine or Ten at Night — But dine first.

Let there be always a strict Friendship between you and the Butler, for it is both your Interests to be united: The Butler often wants a comfortable Tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool Cup of good Liquor. However, be cautious

of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant Lover, because he hath great Advantage to allure the Maids with a Glass of Sack, or White Wine and Sugar.

When you roast a Breast of Veal, remember your Sweet-heart the Butler loves a Sweetbread; therefore set it aside till Evening: You can say, the Cat or the Dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides, it looks as well at the Table without it as with it.

When you make the Company wait long for Dinner and the Meat be overdone, which is generally the Case, you may lawfully lay the Fault upon your Lady, who hurried you so to send up Dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your Dinner miscarries in almost every Dish, how could you help it? You were seized by the Footmen coming into the Kitchen; and, to prove it true, take Occasion to be angry, and throw a Ladle-full of Broth on one or two of their Liveries; besides, *Friday* and *Childermas-day* are too cross Days in the Week, and it is impossible to have good Luck on either of them; therefore on those two Days you have a lawful Excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your Dishes, tip them in such a manner, that a Dozen will fall together upon the Dresser, just ready for your Hand.

To save Time and Trouble, cut your Apples and Onions with the same Knife; and well-bred Gentry love the Taste of an Onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four Pounds of Butter together with your Hands, then dash it against the Wall just over the Dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by Pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a Silver Saucepan for the Kitchen Use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your Master's Honour, for it shews there has been constant good Housekeeping: And make room for the Saucepan by wriggling it on the Coals, &c.

In the same Manner, if you are allowed a large Silver Spoon for the Kitchen, let half the Bole of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring and often say merrily, This Spoon owes my Master no Service.

When you send up a Mess of Broth, Water-gruel, or the like, to your Master in a Morning, do not forget with your Thumb and two Fingers to put Salt on the Side of the Plate; for if you make use of a Spoon, or the End of a Knife, there may be Danger that the Salt would fall, and that will be a Sign of ill Luck. Only remember to lick your Thumb and Fingers clean, before you offer to touch the Salt.

CHAP. III. Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOUR Employment being of a mixt Nature, extends to a great Variety of Business, and you stand in a fair way of being the Favourite of your Master or Mistress, or of the young Masters and Misses; you are the fine Gentleman of the Family, with whom all the Maids are in Love. You are sometimes a Pattern of Dress to your Master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at Table in all Companies, and consequently have the Opportunity to see and know the World, and to understand Men and Manners; I confess your Vails are but few, unless you are sent with a Present, or attend the Tea in the Country; but you are called Mr in the Neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a Fortune, perhaps your Master's Daughter; and I have known many of your Tribe to have good Commands in the Army. In Town you have a Seat reserved for you in the Play-House, where you have an Opportutunity of becoming Wits and Criticks: You have no protest Enemy except the Rabble, and my Lady's Waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you Skipkennel. I have a true Veneration for your Office, because I had once the Honour to be one of your Order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an Employment in the Custom-House. — But that you, my Brethren, may come to better Fortunes, I shall here deliver my Instructions, which have been the Fruits of much Thought and Observation, as well as of seven Years Experience.

In order to learn the Secrets of other Families, tell them those of your Master's; thus you will grow a Favourite both at home and abroad, and regarded as a Person of Importance.

Never be seen in the Streets with a Basket or Bundle in your Hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your Pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your Calling: to prevent which, always retain a Black-guard Boy to carry your Loads; and if you want Farthings, pay him with a good Slice of Bread or Scrap of Meat.

Let a Shoe-boy clean your own Shoes first, for fear of fouling the Chamber, then let him clean your Master's; keep him on Purpose for that Use and to run of Errands, and pay him with Scraps. When you are sent on an Errand, be sure to hedge in some Business of your own, either to see your Sweetheart, or drink a Pot of Ale with some Brother-Servants, which is so much Time clear gained.

There is a great Controversy about the most convenient and genteel Way of holding your Plate at Meals; some stick it between the Frame and the Back of the Chair, which is an excellent Expedient, where the make of the Chair will allow it: Others, for Fear the Plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their Thumb reacheth to the Middle of the Hollow; which however, if your Thumb

be dry, is no secure Method; and therefore in that Case, I advise your wetting the Bowl of it with your Tongue: As to that absurd Practice of letting the Back of the Plate lye leaning on the Hollow of your Hand, which some Ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many Accidents. Others again, are so refined, that they hold their Plate directly under the Left Arm-pit, which is the best Situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the Article of taking away a Dish, where your Plate may happen to fall upon some of the Company's Heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these Ways, which I have frequently tryed; and therefore I recommend a Fourth, which is to stick your Plate up to the Rim inclusive, and in the left Side between your Waistcoat and your Shirt: This will keep it at least as warm as under your Arm-pit, or Ockster, (as the *Scots* call it) this will hide it so, as Strangers may take you for a better Servant, too good to hold a Plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip it out in a Moment, ready warmed; to any Guest within your Reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another Convenience in this Method, that if, any Time during your waiting, you find yourselves going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out your Plate, and hold the hollow Part close to your Nose or Mouth, and, thus prevent spiriting any Moisture from either, upon the Dishes or the Ladies Head-dress: You see Gentlemen and Ladies observe a like Practice on such an Occasion, with a Hat or a Handkerchief: yet a Plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for, when your Cough or Sneese is over, it is but returning your Plate to the same Position, and your Shirt will clean it in the Passage.

Take off the largest Dishes, and set them on with one Hand, to shew the Ladies your Vigour and Strength of Back; but always do it between two Ladies, that if the Dish happens to slip, the Soup or Sauce may fall on their Cloaths and not daub the Floor: By this Practice two of our Brethren, my worthy Friends, got considerable Fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion Words, and Oaths, and Songs, and Scraps of Plays that your Memory can hold. Thus, you will become the Delight of nine Ladies in ten, and the Envy of ninety nine Beaux in a hundred.

Take Care, that at certain Periods, during Dinner especially, when Persons of Quality are there, you and your Brethren be all out of the Room together, by which you will give yourselves some Ease from the Fatigue of waiting, and at the same Time leave the Company to converse more freely, without being constrain-by your Presence.

When you are sent on a Message, deliver it in your own Words, altho' it be to a Duke or a Duchess, and not in the Words of your Master or Lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a Message as well as you, who have been bred to the Employment? But never deliver the Answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own Style.

When Dinner is done, carry down a great Heap of Plates to the Kitchen, and when you come to the Head of the Stairs, trundle them all before you:

There is not a more agreeable Sight or Sound, especially if they be Silver, besides the Trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the Kitchen Door, for the Scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a Joint of Meat in a Dish, and it falls out of your Hand, before you get into the Dining Room, with the Meat on the Ground, and the Sauce spilled, take up the Meat gently, wipe it with the Lap of your Coat, then put it again into the Dish, and serve it up; and when your Lady misses the Sauce, tell her, it is to be sent up in a Plate by itself.

When you carry up a Dish of Meat, dip your Fingers in the Sauce, or lick it with your Tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your Master's Table.

You are the best Judge of what Acquaintance your Lady ought to have, and therefore, if she sends you on a Message of Compliment or Business to a Family you do not like, deliver the Answer in such a Manner, as may breed a Quarrel between them, not to be reconciled: Or, if a Footman comes from the same Family on the like Errand, turn the Answer she orders you to deliver, in such a Manner, as the other Family may take it for an Affront.

When you are in Lodgings, and no Shoe-boy to be got, clean your Master's Shoes with the Bottom of the Curtains, a clean Napkin, or your Landlady's Apron.

Ever wear your Hat in the House, but when your Master calls; and as soon as you come into his Presence, pull it off to shew your Manners.

Never clean your Shoes on the Scraper, but in the Entry, or at the Foot of the Stairs, by which you will have the Credit of being at home, almost a Minute sooner, and the Scraper will last the longer.

Never ask Leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle rambling Fellow; whereas, if you go out, and nobody observes, you have a Chance of coming home without being missed, and you need not tell your Fellow-servants when you are gone, for they will be sure to say, you were in the House but two Minutes ago, which is the Duty of all Servants.

Snuff the Candles with your Fingers, and throw the Snuff on the Floor, then tread it out to prevent stinking: This Method will very much save the Snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the Tallow, which will make them run, and so increase the Perquisite of the Cook's Kitchen-Stuff; for she is the Person you ought in Prudence to be well with.

While Grace is saying after Meat, do you and your Brethren take the Chairs from behind the Company, so that when they go to it again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your Laughter till you get to the Kitchen, and then divert your Fellow-servants.

When you know your Master is most busy in Company, come in and pretend to settle about the Room, and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the Bell. This will divert him from plodding on Business too much, or spending himself in Talk, or racking his Thoughts, all which are hurtful to his

Constitution.

If you are ordered to break the Claw of a Crab or a Lobster, clap it between the Sides of the Dining Room Door between the Hinges: Thus you can do it gradually without mashing the Meat, which is often the Fate of the Street-Door-Key, or the Pestle.

When you take a foul Plate from any of the Guests, and observe the foul Knife and Fork lying on the Plate, shew your Dexterity, take up the Plate, and throw off the Knife and Fork on the Table without shaking off the Bones or broken Meat that are left: Then the Guest, who hath more Time than you, will wipe the Fork and Knife already used.

When you carry a Glass of Liquor to any Person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the Shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the Glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a Mind to force it down one's Throat; but stand at the Person's Right Shoulder and wait his Time; and if he strikes it down with his Elbow by Forgetfulness, that was his Fault and not yours.

When your Mistress sends you for a Hackney Coach in a wet Day, come back in the Coach to save your Cloaths and the Trouble of walking; it is better the Bottom of her Petty coats should be draggled with your dirty Shoes, than your Livery be spoiled, and yourself get a Cold.

There is no Indignity so great to one of your Station, as that of lighting your Master in the Streets with a Lanthorn; and therefore, it is very honest Policy to try all Arts how to evade it: Besides, it shews your Master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst Qualities you can meet with in any Service. When I was under these Circumstances, I made use of several wise Expedients, which I here recommend to you: Sometimes I took a Candle so long, that it reached to the very Top of the Lanthorn and burnt it: But, my Master after a good Beating, ordered me to paste the Top with Paper. I then used a middling Candle, but stuck it so loose in the Socket that it leaned towards one Side, and burned a whole Quarter of the Horn. Then I used a Bit of Candle of half an Inch, which sunk in the Socket, and melted the Solder, and forced my Master to walk half the Way in the Dark. Then he made me stick two Inches of Candle in the Place where the Socket was; after which, I pretended to stumble, put out the Candle, and; broke all the Tin Part to Pieces: At last, he was forced to make use of a Lanthorn-boy out of perfect good Husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that Gentlemen of our Employment have but two Hands to carry Plates, Dishes, Bottles, and the like out of the Room at Meals; and the Misfortune is still the greater, because one of those Hands is required to open the Door, while you are encumbred with your Load: Therefore, I advise, that the Door may be always left at jar, so as to open it with your Foot, and then you may carry out Plates and Dishes from your Belly up to your Chin, besides a good Quantity of Things under your Arms, which will save you many a weary Step; but take Care that none of the Burthen falls till you are out of the Room, and, if possible, out of Hearing.

If you are sent to the Post-Office with a Letter in a cold rainy Night, step to the Alehouse, and take a Pot, until it is supposed you have done your Errand, but take the next fair Opportunity to put the Letter in carefully, as becomes an honest Servant.

If you are ordered to make Coffee for the Ladies after Dinner, and the Pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a Spoon, to stir it, or are thinking of something else, or struggling with the Chamber-maid for a Kiss, wipe the Sides of the Pot clean with a Dishclout, carry up your Coffee boldly, and when your. Lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the Fact absolutely, swear you put in more Coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an Inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your Mistress had Ladies with her, that the Servants in the Kitchen will justify what you say: Upon this, you will find that the other Ladies will pronounce your Coffee to be very good, and your Mistress will confess that her Mouth is out of Taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding Fault. This I would have you do from a Principle of Conscience, for Coffee is very unwholesome; and out of Affection to your Lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible: And upon this Argument, when you have a Mind to treat any of the Maids with a Dish of fresh Coffee, you may, and ought to substract a third Part of the Poweder, on account of your Lady's Health and getting her Maids Good-will.

If your Master sends you with a small trifling Present to one of his Friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a Diamond Ring. Therefore, if the Present be only half a Dozen Pippins, send up the Servant who received the Message to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own Hands. This will shew your Exactness and Care to prevent Accidents or Mistakes; and the Gentleman or Lady cannot do less than give you a Shilling: So when your Master receives the like Present, teach the Messenger that brings it to do the same, and give your Master Hints that may stir up his Generosity; for Brother Servants should assist one another, since it is all for your Master's Honour, which is the chief Point to be consulted by every good Servant, and of which he is the best Judge.

When you step but a few Doors off to tattle with a Wench, or take a running Pot of Ale, or to see a Brother Footman going to be hanged, leave the Street Door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your Master discover you are gone out; for a Quarter of an Hour's Time can do his Service no Injury.

When you take away the remaining Pieces of Bread after Dinner, put them on foul Plates, and press them down with other Plates over them, so as nobody can touch them; and so, they will be a good Perquisite to the Blackguard Boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your Master's Shoes with your own Hand, use the Edge of the sharpest Case Knife, and dry them with the Toes and Inch

from the Fire, because wet Shoes are dangerous; and besides, by these Arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some Families the Master often sends to the Tavern for a Bottle of Wine, and you are the Messenger: I advise you, therefore, to take the smallest Bottle you can find; but however, make the Drawer give you a full Quart, then you will get a good Sup for yourself, and your Bottle will be filled. As for a Cork to stop it, you need be at no Trouble, for the Thumb will do as well, or a Bit of dirty chewed Paper.

In all Disputes with Chairmen and Coachmen, for demanding too much, when your Master sends you down to chaffer with them, take Pity of the poor Fellows, and tell your Master that they will not take a Farthing less: It is more for your Interest to get a Share of a Pot of Ale, than to save a Shilling for your Master, to whom it is a Trifle.

When you attend your Lady in a dark Night, if she useth her Coach, do not walk by the Coach Side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper Place, behind it, and so hold the Flambeau sloping forward over the Coach Roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the Corners.

When you leave your Lady at Church on *Sundays,* you have two Hours safe to spend with your Companions at the Ale-House, or over a Bees Stake and a Pot of Beer at home with the Cook and the Maids; and indeed poor Servants have so few Opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear Socks when you wait at Meals, on the Account of your own Health, as well as, of them who set at Table; because as most, Ladies like the Smell of young Mens Toes, so it is a sovereign Remedy against the Vapours.

Chuse a Service, if you can, where your Livery Colours are least tawdry and distinguishing: Green and Yellow, immediately betray your Office, and so do all Kinds of Lace except, Silver which will hardly fall to your Share, unless with a Duke, or some Prodigal just come to his Estate. The Colours you ought to with for, are Blue, or Filemot, turn'd up with Red; which with a borrowed Sword, a borrowed Air, your Master's Linen, and a natural and improved Confidence, will give you what Title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry Dishes on other Things out of the Room at Meals, fill both your Hands as full as possible; for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the Year's End, you have made great Dispatch and saved abundance of Time.

If your Master or Mistress happens to walk the Streets, keep on one Side and as much on the Level with them as you can, which People observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their Companions; but, if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the Necessity to take off your Hat, use but your Thumb and one Finger, and scratch your Head with the rest.

In Winter time light the Dining-Room Fire but two Minutes before Dinner is served up, that your Master may see, how saving you are of his

Coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the Fire, clean away the Ashes from betwixt the Bars with the Fire-Brush.

When you are ordered to call a Coach, although it be Midnight, go no further than the Door, for fear of being out of the Way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, Coach, Coach, for half, an Hour.

Although you Gentlemen in Livery have the Misfortune to be treated scurvily by all Mankind, yet you make a Shist to keep up your Spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable Fortunes. I was an intimate Friend to one of our Brethren, who was a Footman to a Court Lady She had an honourable Employment, was Sister to an Earl, and the Widow of a Man of Quality. She observed something so polite in my Friend, the Gracefulness with which he tript before her Chair, and put his Hair under his Hat, that she made him many Advances; and one Day taking the Air in her Coach with *Tom* behind it, the Coachman mistook the Way, and stopt at a privileged Chapel, where the Couple were marry'd, and *Tom* came home in the Chariot by his Lady's Side: But he unfortunately taught her to drink Brandy, of which she dy'd, after having pawned all her Plate to purchase it, and *Tom* is now a Journeyman Malster.

Boucher, the famous Gamester, was another of our Fraternity, and when he was worth 50,000/. he dunned the Duke of *B* — in for an Arrear of Wages in his Service; and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose Son had one of the chief Employments at Court; and is sufficient to give you the following Advice, which is to be pert and sawcy to all Mankind, especially to the Chaplain, the Waiting-woman, and the better Sort of Servants in a Person of Quality's Family, and value not now and then a Kicking, or a Caning; for your Insolence will at last turn to good Account; and from wearing a Livery, you may probably soon carry a Pair of Colours.

When you wait behind a Chair at Meals, keep constantly wriggling the Back of the Chair, that the Person behind whom you stand, may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a Parcel of *China* Plates, if you chance to fall, as it is a frequent Misfortune, your Excuse must be, that a Dog ran across you in the Hall; that the Chamber-maid accidentally pushed the Door against you; that a Map stood across the Entry, and tript you up; that your Sleeve stuck against the Key, or Button of the Lock.

When your Master and Lady are talking together in the Bed-chamber, and you have some Suspicion that you or your Fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the Door for the publick Good of all the Servants, and join all to take proper Measures for preventing any Innovations that may hurt the Community.

Be not proud in Prosperity: You have heard that Fortune turns on a Wheel; if you have a good Place, you are at the Top of the Wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kick'd out of Doors, your Wages all

taken up beforehand, and spent in translated redheel'd Shoes, second-hand Toupees, and repair'd Lace Ruffles, besides a swinging Debt to the Ale-wife and the Brandy-shop. The neigbouring Tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury Bit of Ox-cheek in the Morning, give it you *gratis,* and only score you up for the Liquor, immediately after you were packt off in Disgrace, carried a Petition to your Master, to be paid out of your Wages, whereof not a Farthing was due, and then pursued you with Bailiffs into every blind Cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, thread-bare, and out-at-heels, was forced to borrow an old Livery Coat, to make your Appearance while you were looking for a Place, and sneak to every House where you have an old Acquaintance to steal you a Scrap, to keep Life and Soul together; and upon the whole, were in the lowest Station of human Life, which, as the old Ballad says, is that of a Skipkennel turn'd out of Place: I say, remember all this now in your flourishing Condition. Pay your. Contributions duly to your late Brothers the Cadets, who are left to the wide World: Take one of them as your Dependant, to send on your Lady's Messages when you have a Mind to go to the Alehouse; slip him out privately now and then a Slice of Bread, and a Bit of cold Meat, your Master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon the Establishment for a Lodging, let him lie in the Stable, or the Coach-house, or under the Back-stairs, and recommend him to all the Gentlemen who frequent your House, as an excellent Servant.

To grow old in the Office of a Footman, is the highest of all Indignities: Therefore when you find Years coming on, without Hopes of a Place at Court, a Command in the Army, a Succession to the Stewardship, an Employment in the Revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without Reading and Writing) or running away with your Master's Niece or Daughter; I directly advise you to go upon the Road, which is the only Post of Honour left you: Therefore you will meet many of your old Comrades, and live a short Life and a merry one, and make a Figure at your Exit, wherein I will give you some Instructions.

The last Advice I give you, relates to your Behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your Master, for House-breaking, or going upon the High-way, or in a drunken Quarrel, by killing the first Man you meet, may very probably be your Lot, and is owing to one of these three Qualities; either a Love of good Fellowship, a Generosity of Mind, or too much Vivacity of Spirits. Your good Behaviour on this Article, will concern your whole Community: Deny the Fact with all Solemnity of Imprecations: A hundred of your Brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the Bar, and be ready upon Demand to give you a good Character before the Court: Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the Promise of a Pardon for discovering your Comrades: But, I suppose all this to be in vain, for if you escape now, your Fate will be the same another Day. Get a Speech to be written by the best Author of *Newgate:* Some of your kind Wenches will provide you with a *Holland* Shirt, and white Cap crowned with a crimson or black Ribbon: Take Leave chearfully of all your Friends in *Newgate:* Mount

the Cart with Courage: Fall on your Knees: List up your Hands: Hold a Book in your Hands although you cannot read a Word:

Deny the Fact at the Gallows: Kiss and forgive the Hangman, and so farewell: You shall be buried in Pomp at the Charge of the Fraternity: The Surgeon shall not touch a Limb of you; and your Fame shall continue until a Successor of equal Renown succeeds in your Place.

CHAP. IV. Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are strictly bound to nothing, but to step into the Box, and carry your Master or Lady.

Let your Horses be so well trained, that when you attend your Lady at a Visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring Ale-house, to take a Pot with a Friend.

When you are in no Humour to drive, tell your Master that the Horses have got a Cold, that they want Shoeing, that Rain does them Hurt, and roughens their Coat, and rots the Harness. This may likewise be applied to the Groom.

If your Master dines with a Country Friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed, that a good Coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk, and then shew your Skill by driving to an Inch by a Precipice; and say you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any Gentleman fond of one of your Horses, and willing to give you a Consideration beside the Price; persuade your Master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is founder'd into the Bargain.

Get a Blackguard-boy to watch your Coach at the Church Door on *Sundays,* that you and your Brother-Coachmen may be merry together at the Ale-house, while your Master and Lady are at Church.

Take Care that your Wheels be good; and get a new Set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your Perquisite or not: In one Case it will turn to your honest Profit, and in the other it will be a just Punishment on your Master's Covetousness; and probably the Coach-maker will consider you too.

CHAP. V. Directions to the GROOM.

YOU are the Servant upon whom the Care of your Master's Honour in all Journies entirely depends: Your Breast is the sole Repository of it. If he travels the Country, and lodgeth at Inns, every Dram of Brandy, every Pot of Ale extraordinary that you drink, raiseth his Character; and therefore his Reputation ought to be dear to you; and, I hope, you will not stint yourself in either. The Smith, the Sadler's Journeyman, the Cook at the Inn, the Ostler and the Boot-catcher, ought all by your Means to partake of your Master's Generosity: Thus, his Fame will reach from one County to another; and what is a Gallon of Ale, or a Pint of Brandy in his Worship's Pocket? And, although he should be in the Number of those who value their Credit less than their Purse, yet your Care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His Horse wanted two Removes; your Horse wanted Nails; his Allowance of Oats and Beans was greater than the Journey required; a third Part may be retrenched, and turned into Ale or Brandy; and thus his Honour may be preserved by your Discretion, and less Expence to him; or, if he travels with no other Servant, the Matter is easily made up in the Bill between you and the Tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the Inn, deliver your Horses to the Stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next Pond; then call for a Pot of Ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a Beast. Leave your Master to the Care of the Servants in the Inn, and your Horses to those in the Stable: Thus both he and they are left in the properest Hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your Supper, drink freely, and go to Bed without troubling your Master, who is in better Hands than yours. The Ostler is an honest Fellow, and loves Horses in his Heart; and would not wrong the dumb Creatures for the World. Be tender of your Master, and order the Servants not to wake him too early. Get your Breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the Ostler tell him the Roads are very good, and the Miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer till the Weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be Rain, and he will be Time enough after Dinner.

Let your Master mount before you, out of Good-manners. As he is leaving the Inn, drop a good Word in savour of the Ostler, what Care he took of the Cattle; and add, that you never saw civiller Servants. Let your Master ride on before, and do you stay until your Landlord has given you a Dram; then gallop after him thro the Town or Village with full Speed, for fear he should want you, and to shew your Horsemanship.

If you are a Piece of a Farrier, as every good Groom ought to be, get Sack, Brandy, or Strong-beer to rub your Horses Heels every Night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your Master's Health, and rather than let him take long Journies, say the Cattle are weak, and fallen in their Flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good Inn five Miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his Horses Fore Shoes loose in the Morning; or contrive that the Saddle may pinch the Beast in his Withers; or keep him without Corn all Night and Morning, so that he may tire on the Road; or wedge a thin Plate of Iron between the Hoof and the Shoe, to make him halt; and all this in perfect Tenderness to your Master.

When you are going to be hired, and the Gentleman asks you, whether you are apt to be drunk? Own freely that you love a Cup of good Ale; but that it is your Way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your Horses.

When your Master hath a Mind to ride out for the Air, or for Pleasure, if any private Business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him; give him to understand, that the Horses want bleeding or purging; that his own Pad hath got a Surfeit; or, that the Saddle wants stuffing; and his Bridle is gone to be mended: This you may honestly do, because it will be no Injury to the Horses or your Master; and at the same time shews the great Care you have of the poor dumb Creatures.

If there be a particular Inn in the Town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the Ostler or Tapster, and the People of the House, find Fault with the other Inns, and recommend your Master thither; it may probably be a Pot and a Dram or two more in your Way, and to your Master's Honour.

If your Master sends you to buy Hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for Service being no Inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary Perquisite. If your Master buys it himself, he wrongs you, and to teach him his Duty, be sure to find Fault with the Hay as long as it lasts; and if the Horses thrive with it, the Fault is yours.

Hay and Oats, in the Management of a skilful Groom, will make excellent Ale as well as Brandy; but this I only hint.

When your Master dines, or lies at a Gentleman's House in the Country, altho' there be no Groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the Horses have been quite neglected; be sure employ some of the Servants to hold the Horse when your Master mounts. This I would have you do when your Master only alights, to call in for a few Minutes: For Brother-servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your Master's Honour; because he cannot do less than give a Piece of Money to him who holds his Horse.

In long Journies, ask your Master Leave to give Ale to the Horses; carry two Quarts full to the Stable, pour half a Pint into a Bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the Ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better Humour at the next Inn, for I would have you never fail to make the Experiment.

When you go to air your Horses in the Park, or the Fields, give them to a

Horse-boy, or one of the Blackguards, who being lighter than you, may be trusted to run Races with less Damage to the Horses, and teach them to leap over Hedges and Ditches, while you are drinking a friendly Pot with your Brother Grooms: But sometimes you and they may run Races yourselves for the Honour of your Horses, and of your Masters.

Never stint your Horses at home in Hay and Oats, but fill the Rack to the Top, and the Manger to the Brim: For you would take it ill to be stinted yourself; altho, perhaps, they may not have the Stomach to eat; consider, they have no Tongues to ask. If the Hay be thrown down, there is no Loss, for it will make Litter, and save Straw.

When your Master is leaving a Gentleman's House in the Country, where he hath lain a Night; then consider his Honour: Let him know how many Servants there are of both Sexes, who expect Vails; and give them their Cue to attend in two Lines as he leaves the House; but, desire him not to trust the Money with the Butler, for fear he should cheat the rest: This will force your Master to be more generous; and then you may take Occasion to tell your Master, that Squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much apiece to the common Servants, and so much to the House-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but, be sure to tell the Servants what a good Office you did them: This will gain you Love, and your Master Honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftner than the Coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own Behalf, because you hazard no Body's Neck but your own; for, the Horse will probably take so much Care of him self, as to come off with only a Strain or a Shoulder-slip.

When you carry your Master's Riding-Coat in a Journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a Strap, but turn your Master's Inside out, to preserve the Outside from Wet and Dirt; thus, when it begins to rain, your Master's Coat will be first ready to be given him; and, if it get more Hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your Livery must always serve its Year's Apprenticeship.

When you come to your Inn with the Horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the Ostler immediately plunge them into Water up to their Bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but, be sure to gallop them full speed a Mile at least, to dry their Skins and warm the Water in their Bellies. The Ostler understands his Business, leave all to his Discretion, while you get a Pot of Ale and some Brandy at the Kitchen Fire to comfort your Heart.

If your Horse drop a Fore-Shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up: Then ride with all the Speed you can (the Shoe in your Hand that every Traveller may observe your Care) to the next Smith on the Road make him put it on immediately, that your Master may not wait for you, and that the poor Horse may be as short a Times as possible without a Shoe.

When your Master lies at a Gentleman's House, if you find the Hay and

Oats are good, complain aloud of their Badness; this will get you the Name of a diligent Servant; and be sure to cram the Horses with as much Oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some Days at the Inns, and turn the Oats into Ale. When you leave the Gentleman's House tell your Master what a covetous Hunks that Gentleman was, that you got nothing but Buttermilk or Water to drink; this will make your Master out of Pity allow you a Pot of Ale the more at the next Inn: But, if you happen to get drunk in a Gentleman's House, your Master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present Condition, and let him know it is both for his and the Gentleman's Honour to make a Friend's Servant welcome.

A Master ought always to love his Groom, to put him into a handsome Livery, and to allow him a Silver-laced Hat. When you are in this Equipage, all the Honours he receives on the Road are owing to you alone: That he is not turned out of the Way by every Carrier, is caused by the Civility he receives at second hand from the Respect paid to your Livery.

You may now and then lend your Master's Pad to a Brother Servant, or your favourite Maid, for a short Jaunt, or hire him for a Day, because the Horse is spoiled for want of Exercise: And if your Master happens to want his Horse, or hath a Mind to see the Stable, curse that Rogue the Helper who is gone out with the Key.

When you want to spend an Hour or two with your Companions at the Ale-house, and that you stand in need of a reasonable Excuse for your Stay, go out of the Stable Door, or the back Way, with an old Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather in your Pocket, and on your Return come home by the Street Door with the same Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup, Leather dangling in your Hand, as if you came from the Saddler's, where you were getting the same mended; (if you are not missed all is well,) but, if you are met by your Master, you will have the Reputation of a careful Servant. This I have known practised with good Success.

CHAP. VI. Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD.

LORD *Peterborough's* Steward that pulled down his House, sold the Materials, and charged my Lord with Repairs. Take Money for Forbearance from Tenants. Renew Leases and get by them, and sell Woods. Lend my Lord his own Money. (*Gilblas* said much of this, to whom I refer.)

CHAP. VII. Directions to the PORTER.

IF your Master be a Minister of State, let him be at Home to none but his Pimp, or chief Flatterer, or one of his Pensionary Writers, or his hired Spy, and Informer, or his Printer in ordinary, or his City Sollicitor, or a Land-Jobber, or his Inventor of new Funds, or a Stock-Jobber.

CHAP. VIII. Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE Nature of your Employment differs according to the Quality, the Pride, or the Wealth of the Lady you serve; and this Treatise is to be applied to all Sorts of Families; so, that I find myself under great Difficulty to adjust the Business for which you are hired. In a Family where there is a tolerable Estate, you differ from the House-Maid, and in that View I give my Directions. Your particular Province is your Lady's Chamber, where you make the Bed, and put Things in Order; and if you live in the Country, you take Care of Rooms where Ladies lie who come into the House, which brings in all, the Vails that fall to your Share. Your usual Lover, as I take it, is the Coachman; but, if you are under Twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a Footman may cast his Eyes on you.

Get your favourite Footman to help you in making your Lady's Bed; and, if you serve a young Couple; the Footman and you, as you are turning up the Bed-cloaths, will make the prettiest Observations in the World, which whispered about, will be very entertaining to the whole Family, and get among the Neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary Vessels for the Fellows to see, but empty them out of the Window, for your Lady's Credit. It is highly improper for Men Servants to know that fine Ladies have Occasion for such Utensils; and do not scour the Chamber-pot, because the Smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any *China* with the Top of the Wisk on the Mantle-tree or the Cabinet, gather up the Fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your Lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the Service. This will save your Lady many an Hour's Vexation.

It sometimes happens that a Looking-Glass is broken by the same Means, while you are looking another Way, as you sweep the Chamber, the long End of the Brush strikes against the Glass, and breaks it to Shivers. This is the extremest of all Misfortunes, and all Remedy desperate in Appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal Accident once happened in a great Family where I had the Honour to be a Footman; and I will relate the Particulars, to shew the Ingenuity of the poor Chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an Emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your Invention, if your evil Star should ever give you the like Occasion: The poor Girl had broken a large Japan Glass of great Value, with a Stroke of her Brush: She had not considered long, when by a prodigious Presence of Mind, she locked the Door, stole into the Yard, brought a Stone of three Pound Weight into the Chamber, laid it on the Hearth just under the Looking-Glass, then broke a Paine in the Sash Window that looked into the same Yard, so

shut the Door, and went about her other Affairs. Two Hours after, the Lady goes into the Chamber, sees the Glass broken, the Stone lying under, and a whole Paine in the Window destroyed, from all which Circumstances, she concluded just as the Maid could have wished, that some idle Straggler in the Neighbourhood, on perhaps one of the Out-Servants, had through Malice, Accident, or Carelessness, slung in the Stone, and done the Mischief. Thus far all Things went well, and the Girl concluded herself out of Danger: But, it was her ill Fortune, that a few Hours after in came the Parson of the Parish, and the Lady (naturally) told him the Accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the Minister, who happened to understand Mathematicks, after examining the Situation of the Yard, the Window, and the Chimney, soon convinced the Lady, that the Stone could never reach the Looking-Glass without taking three Turns in its Flight from the Hand that threw it, and the Maid being proved to have swept the Room the same Morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty upon her Salvation, offering to take her Oath upon the Bible, before his Reverence, that she was innocent as the Child unborn; yet the poor Wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard Treatment, considering her Ingenuity: However, this may be a Direction to you in the like Case, to contrive a Story that will better hang together. For Instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the Mop, or Brush, a Flash of Lightning came suddenly in at the Window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken Glass on the Hearth; that, as soon as you recovered your Eyes, you saw the Looking-Glass all broken to Pieces: Or, you may alledge, that observing the Glass a little covered with Dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the Moisture of the Air had dissolved the Glue or Cement, which made it fall to the Ground: Or, as soon as the Mischief is done, you may cut the Cords that fastened the Glass to the Wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the Ground; run out in a Fright, tell your Lady, curse the Upholsterer; and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your Head. I offer these Expedients, from a Desire I have to defend the Innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the Glass on purpose, which I would by no Means excuse, except upon great Provocations.

Oil the Tongs, Poker, and Fire-shovel up to the Top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling People from wasting your Master's Coals with stirring the Fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the Dust into a Corner of the Room, but leave your Brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for, that would disgrace you.

Never wash your Hands, or put on a clean Apron, till you have made your Lady's Bed, for fear of rumpling your Apron, or fouling your Hands again.

When you bar the Window-shuts of your Lady's Bed-chamber at Nights, leave open the Sashes, to let in the fresh Air, and sweeten the Room against Morning.

In the Time when you leave the Windows open for Air, leave Books, or something else on the Window-seat, that they may get Air too.

When you sweep your Lady's Room, never stay to pick up foul Smocks, Handkerchiefs, Pinners, Pin-cushions, Tea-spoons, Ribbons, Slippers, or whatever lies in your Way; but sweep all into a Corner, and then you may take them up in a Lump, and save Time.

Making Beds in hot Weather is a very laborious Work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the Drops running down from your Forehead, wipe them off with a Corner of the Sheet, that they may not be seen on the Bed.

When your Lady sends you to wash a *China* Cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your Hand, when it broke into *three Halves:* And here I must inform you, as well as your fellow Servants, that you ought never to be without an Excuse; it doth no Harm to your Master, and it lessens your Fault: As in this Instance; I do not commend you for breaking the Cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpose, and the Thing is possible, that it might break in your Hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a Funeral, a Quarrel, a Man going to be hanged, a Wedding, a Bawd carted, or the like: As they pass by in the Street, you lift up the Sash suddenly; there by Misfortune it sticks: This was no Fault of yours; young Women are curious by Nature; you have no Remedy, but to cut the Cord; and lay the Fault upon the Carpenter, unless no Body saw you, and then you are as innocent as any Servant in the House.

Wear your Lady's Smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you Credit; save your own Linen, and be not a Pin the worse.

When you put a clean Pillow-case on your Lady's Pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking Pins, that it may not fall off in the Night.

When you spread Bread and Butter for Tea, be sure that all the Holes in the Loaf be left full of Butter, to keep the Bread moist against Dinner; and let the Mark of your Thumb be seen only upon one End of every Slice, to shew your Cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any Door, Trunk or Cabinet, and miss the proper Key, or cannot distinguish it in the Bunch; try the first Key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your Strength till you open the Lock, or break the Key; for your Lady will reckon you a Fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAP. IX. Directions to the WAITING-MAID.

TWO Accidents have happened to lessen the Comforts and Profits of your Employment; First, that execrable Custom got among Ladies, of trucking their old Cloaths for *China,* or turning them to cover easy Chairs, or making them into Patch-work for Skreens, Stools, Cushions, and the like. The Second is, the Invention of small Chefts and Trunks, with Lock and Key, wherein they keep the Tea and Sugar, without which it is impossible for a Waiting-maid to live: For, by this means you are forced to buy brown Sugar, and pour Water upon the Leaves, when they have lost all their Spirit and Taste: I cannot contrive any perfect Remedy against either of these two Evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general Confederacy of all the Servants in every Family, for the publick Good, to drive those *China* Hucksters from the Doors; and as to the latter, there is no other Method to relieve yourselves, but by a false Key, which is a Point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the Circumstance of Honesty in procuring one, I am under no Doubt, when your Mistress gives you so just a Provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal Perquiste. The Misteress of the Tea-shop may now and then give you half an Ounce, but that will be only a Drop in the Bucket: Therefore, I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your Sisters, to run in Trust, and pay for it out of your Wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your Lady be handsome, or her Daughters have good Fortunes.

If you are in a great Family, and my Lady's Woman, my Lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own Lady. In this Case, take Care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest Liberty, not the squeezing of your Hand, unless he puts a Guinea into it; so, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new Attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the Concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatning to cry out or tell your Lady, although you receive his Money: Five Guineas for handling your Breast is a cheap Pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your Might; but never allow him the last Favour under a hundred Guineas, or a Settlement of twenty Pounds a Year for Life.

In such a Family, if you are handsome, you will have the Choice of three Lovers; the Chaplain, the Steward, and my Lord's Gentleman. I would first advise you to chuse the Steward; but, if you happen to be young with Child by my Lord, you must take up with the Chaplain. I like my Lord's Gentleman the least of the three; for he is usually vain and sawey from the Time he throws off his Livery; and, if he misses a Pair of Colours, or a Tide-waiter's Place, he hath no Remedy but the Highway.

I must caution you particularly against my Lord's eldest Son: If you are

dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a Lady: If he be a common Rake, (and he must be one or t'other) avoid him like *Satan;* for he stands less in Awe of a Mother, than my Lord doth of a Wife; and, after ten thousand Promises, you will get nothing from him, but a big Belly or a Clap, and probably both together.

When your Lady is ill, and after a very bad Night, is getting a little Nap in the Morning, if a Footman comes with a Message to enquire how she doth, do not let the Compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the Message, receive her Answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young Lady with a great Fortune, you must be an ill Manager if you cannot get five or six hundred Pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in Mind, that she is rich enough to make any Man happy; that there is no real Happiness but in Love; that she hath Liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the Direction of Parents, who never give Allowances for an innocent Passion; that there are a World of handsome, fine, sweet young Gentlemen in Town, who would be glad to die at her Feet; that the Conversation of two Lovers is a Heaven upon Earth; that Love, like Death, equals all Conditions; that if she should cast her Eyes upon a young Fellow below her Birth and Estate, his marrying her would make him a Gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the *Mall,* the prettiest Ensign; and that, if you had forty thousand Pounds, it should be at his Service. Take Care that every Body should know what Lady you live with; how great a Favourite you are; and, that she always takes your Advice. Go often to St. *James's* Park, the fine Fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a Letter into your Sleeve or your Bosom: Pull it out in a Fury, and throw it on the Ground, unless you find at least two Guineas along with it; but in that Case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the Wag with you: When you come home, drop the Letter carelesslying your Lady's Chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember, that a Gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the Letter in your Sleeve or Pettycoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a Man as ever she saw: That she may burn the Letter if she pleaseth. If your Lady be wise, she will burn some other Paper before you, and read the Letter when you are gone down. You must follow this Practice as often as you safely can; but, let him who pays you best with every Letter, be the handsomest Man. If a Footman presumes to bring a Letter to the House, to be delivered to you, for your Lady, although it come from your best Customer, throw it at his Head; call him impudent Rogue and Villain, and shut the Door in his Face; run up to your Lady, and as a Proof of your Fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this Subject: But I trust to your own Discretion.

If you serve a Lady who is a little disposed to Gallantries, you will find it a Point of great Prudence how to manage: Three Things are necessary. First, how to please your Lady; Secondly, how to prevent Suspicion in the Husband,

or among the Family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own Advantage. To give you full Directions in this important Affair, would require a large Volume. All Assignations at home are dangerous, both to your Lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third Place; especially, if your Lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more Lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand Husbands; and, very unlucky Rencounters may often happen under the best Management. I need not warn you to employ your good Offices chiefly in favour of those, whom you find most liberal; yet, if your Lady should happen to cast an Eye upon a handsome Footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her Humour, which is no Singularity, but a very natural Appetite: It is still the safest of all home Intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late Years it hath grown more common. The great Danger is, left this Kind of Gentry, dealing too often in bad Ware, may happen not to be sound; and then, your Lady and you are in a very bad Way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the Truth, I confess it is a great Presumption in me, to offer you any Instructions in the Conduct of your Lady's Amours, wherein your whole Sisterhood is already so expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass, than that Assistance which my Brother Footmen give their Masters, on the like Occasion; and therefore, I leave this Affair to be treated by some abler Pen.

When you lock up a Silk Mantua, or laced Head in a Trunk or Chest, leave a Piece out, that when you open the Trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAP X. Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your Master and Lady go into the Country for a Week or more, never wash the Bed-chamber or Dining-room, until just the Hour before you expect them to return: Thus, the Room will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the Trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those Ladies, who are so proud and lazy, that they will not be at the Pains of stepping into the Garden to pluck a Rose, but keep an odious Implement, sometimes in the Bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark Closet adjoining, which they make Use of to ease their worst Necessities; and, you are the usual Carriers away of the Pan, which maketh not only the Chamber, but even their Cloaths offensive, to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious Practice, let me advise you, on whom this Office lies, to convey away this Utensil, that you will do it openly, down the great Stairs, and in the Presence of the Footmen; and, if any Body knocks, to open the Street-door, while you have the Vessel filled in your Hands: This, if any Thing can, will make your Lady take the Pains of evacuating her Person in the proper Place, rather than expose her Filthiness to all the Men Servants in the House.

Leave a Payl of dirty Water with the Mop in it, a Coal-box, a Bottle, a Broom, a Chamber-pot, and such other unsightly Things, either in a blind Entry, or upon the darkest Part of the Back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and, if People break their Shins by trampling on them, it is their own Fault.

Never empty the Chamber-pots until they are quite full. If that happen in the Night, empty them into the Street; if, in the Morning, into the Garden; for it would be an endless Work to go a dozen Times from the Garret and upper Rooms, down to the Back-sides; but, never wash them in any other Liquor except your own: What cleanly Girl would be dabbling in other Folks Urine? and besides, the Smell of Stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the Vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your Lady's Case.

Brush down the Cobwebs with a Broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the Parlour Hearth in a Morning, throw the last Night's Ashes into a Sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of Sand for the Room and the Stairs.

When you have scoured the Brasses and Irons in the Parlour Chimney, lay the foul wet Clout upon the next Chair, that your Lady may see you have not neglected your Work: Observe the same Rule, when you clean the Brass Locks, only with this Addition, to leave the Marks of your Fingers on the Doors, to shew you have not forgot.

Leave your Lady's Chamber-pot in her Bed-chamber Window, all Day to

air.

Bring up none but large Coals to the Dining-room and your Lady's Chamber; they make the best Fires, and, if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the Marble Hearth.

When you go to Bed, be sure take Care of Fire; and, therefore blow the Candle out with your Breath, and then thrust it under your Bed. *Note,* The Smell of the Snuff is very good against Vapours.

Persuade the Footman who got you with Child, to marry you before you are six Months gone; and, if your Lady asks you, Why you would take a Fellow who was not worth a Groat? let your Answer be, That Service is no Inheritance.

When your Lady's Bed is made, put the Chamber-pot under it, but in such a Manner, as to thrust the Valance along with it, that it may be full in Sight, and ready for your Lady when she hath Occasion to use it.

Lock up a Cat or a Dog in some Room or Closet, so as to make such a Noise all over the House, as may affright away the Thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the Rooms towards the Street over Night, throw the foul Water out of the Street-door; but, be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the Water lights, might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers, breaks the Windows in revenge, and your Lady chides you, and gives positive Orders that you should carry the Payl down, and empty it in the Sink, you have an easy Remedy. When you wash an upper Room, carry down the Payl so as to let the Water dribble on the Stairs all the way down to the Kitchen; by which, not only your Load will be lighter, but you will convince your Lady, that it is better to throw the Water out of the Windows, or down the Street-door Steps: Besides this latter Practice will be very diverting to you and the Family in a frosty Night, to see a hundred People falling on their Noses or Back-sides before your Door, when the Water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the Marble Hearths and Chimney-pieces with a Clout dipt in Grease; nothing maketh them shine so well; and, it is the Business of the Ladies to take Care of their Pettycoats.

If your Lady be so nice that she will have the Room scoured with Freestone, be sure to leave the Marks of the Freestone, six Inches deep round the Bottom of the Wainscot, that your Lady may see your Obedience to her Orders.

CHAP. XI Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.

FATIGUE of making Butter: Put scalding Water in your Churn, although in Summer, and churn close to the Kitchen Fire, and with Cream of a Week old. Keep Cream for your Sweet-heart.

CHAP. XII. Directions to the CHILDRENS-MAID.

IF a Child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the Doctor: For what we long for in Sickness, will do us good; and throw the Physick out of the Window; the Child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your Lady, when she longs for any thing in Sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your Mistress cometh to the Nursery, and offers to whip a Child, snatch it out of her Hands in a Rage, and tell her she is the cruellest Mother you ever saw: She will chide, but love you the better. Tell the Children Stories of Spirits, when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the Children, &c.

CHAP. XIII. Directions to the NURSE.

IF you happen to let the Child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it; and, if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with Child as soon as you can, while you are giving Suck, that you may be ready for another Service, when the Child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

CHAP. XIV. Direction to the LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the Linen with the Iron, rub the Place with Flour, Chalk, or white Powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long, till it be either not to be seen, or torn to Rags.

About tearing Linen in washing.

When your Linen is pinned on the Line, or on a Hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the Place for hanging them, is on young Fruit Trees, especially in Blossom; the Linen cannot be torn, and the Trees give them a fine Smell.

CHAP. XV. Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite Footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the Second Course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your Office, that you and the Steward may have a Tit-bit together.

CHAP. XVI. Directions to the TUTORESS, or GOVERNESS.

SAY the Children have fore Eyes; Miss *Betty* won't take to her Book, &c. Make the Misses read *French* and *English* Novels, and *French* Romances, and all the Comedies writ in King *Charles* II. and King *William's* Reigns, to soften their Nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

CONTENTS

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.
A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.
AN ARGUMENT TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY.
HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.
THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth, from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the Moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces, and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain, so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the Modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things, who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and humped shoulder, which his boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing, which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and confounded logger-heads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that, if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the Ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. "You," said he, "sit here idle, but when I, or any other valiant Modern kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till you all swear to me that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, "Miscreant prater!" said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature; thy learning makes thee more barbarous; thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilising others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word,

whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own; though I hope that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durst not reply, but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton, resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the Ancients' army. They began their march over carcases of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived, with fear, toward the enemy's out-guards, looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow. Meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when at a distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancient army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast; but then the goddess Affright, interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed that as he and the Ancient were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the meantime, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stopped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud.

For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: O that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what Modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, O mother! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient, upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him nor heard it fall: and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of — , and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet, much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song, he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new

polished and gilt, rage sparkled in his eyes, and, leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning, if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign; so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and, as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side by side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or spent its force till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the rib; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now. . . .

Desunt cætera.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

According to the Style and Manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest. It was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside-down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors or condemned to the last use — of kindling a fire. When I behold this I sighed, and said within myself, "Surely mortal man is a broomstick!" Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, till the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, through the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is a man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth? And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

AN ARGUMENT TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY.

Written in the year 1708.

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom, both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the — even before it was confirmed by Parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which, besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinions the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties seem so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the Attorney-General, I should still confess, that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paxodoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe, how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very odd people, that the contrary opinion was even in their memories as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own, that all appearances are against me. The system of the Gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded, and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their

betters; opinions, like fashions, always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference betwixt nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions. To offer at the restoring of that, would indeed be a wild project: it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans, all in a body, to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of a cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling), since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity, the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with all our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cut off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion, which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive

knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a god to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry, which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced: yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy we know is freely spoke a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed, indeed, that to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy may, some time or other, proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted: for surely the commander of an English army is like to be but ill obeyed whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the Gospel system that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for Freethinkers, and such who have shook off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not everybody freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward, and forty more, imagine the Gospel to be our rule of faith, and to be confirmed by Parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete, to a degree, that Empson and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged, that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so a great number of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit

to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there should be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation that the revenues of the Church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living, that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to beside the scrofulous consumptive production furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII., to the necessity of a low diet, and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, exchanges, market-houses, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there hath been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-house? Are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? Where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? Where more meetings for business? Where more bargains driven of all sorts? And where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of high and low church, of Whig and

Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many mutual clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to prefer the gratifying themselves or depressing their adversaries before the most important interest of the State.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit, and be silent; but will any man say, that if the words, whoring, drinking, cheating, lying, stealing, were, by Act of Parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words pox, gout, rheumatism, and stone, would that expedient serve like so many talismen to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not heydukes and mamalukes, mandarins and patshaws, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word church, make it a question in politics, whether the monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs, Mrs. Tofts, and the Trimmers, Valentini, would not Margaritians, Toftians, and Valentinians be very tolerable marks of distinction? The Prasini and Veniti, two most virulent factions in Italy, began, if I remember right, by a distinction of colours in ribbons, which we might do with as good a grace about the dignity of the blue and the green, and serve as properly to divide the Court, the Parliament, and the kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever, borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd, ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly. I appeal to the breast of any polite Free-thinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a pre-dominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this test, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in

order to improve the pleasures of the town, which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

'Tis likewise proposed, as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the Gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever, and consequently along with it those grievous prejudices of education which, under the names of conscience, honour, justice, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated by right reason or free-thinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first I observe how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world has once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For some years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep thinkers of the age would, some way or other contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like; and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care hath been since taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen, who are now on the scene, seem to have not the least tincture left of those infusions, or string of those weeds, and by consequence the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing all notions of religion whatsoever would be inconvenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different from what it is now; for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England to be as Freethinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter night.

Lastly, it is proposed, as a singular advantage, that the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of Protestants, by enlarging the terms of communion, so as to take in all sorts of Dissenters, who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies, which all sides confess to be things indifferent. That this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with Dissenters, and dodging about this or t'other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that

not without stooping, and sideling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, that there is one darling inclination of mankind which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, nor its friend. I mean the spirit of opposition, that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists. We shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all. Does the Gospel anywhere prescribe a starched, squeezed countenance, a stiff formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected forms and modes of speech different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it hath not proper objects to work on, will burst out, and set all into a flame. If the quiet of a State can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents abroad seems in one point a strain of great wisdom, there being few irregularities in human passions which may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles; for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion to keep them quiet; and whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the Legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number who place a pride and a merit in not coming in?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments, as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen if the Gospel should be repealed, which, perhaps, the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choked at the sight of so many daggle-tailed parsons that happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves, especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the Freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men

of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among as, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the Church in danger, or at least put the Senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the Church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the Atheists, Deists, Socinians, Anti-Trinitarians, and other subdivisions of Freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment: their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *Jus Divinum* of episcopacy: therefore they may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the Church established, and setting up Presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain, than that by this expedient we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid; and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion because we know it has been the constant practice of the Jesuits to send over emissaries, with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects amongst us. So it is recorded that they have at sundry times appeared in the guise of Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and Quakers, according as any of these were most in credit; so, since the fashion hath been taken up of exploding religion, the Popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the Freethinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the Anti-Christians, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest; and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called the "Rights of the Christian Church," was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some

others to the number; but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right: for supposing Christianity to be extinguished the people will never he at ease till they find out some other method of worship, which will as infallibly produce superstition as this will end in Popery.

And therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a Bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word Christianity may be put religion in general, which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and His Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such promises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel; for of what use is freedom of thought if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? and therefore, the Freethinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and by a sudden deduction of a long Sorites, most logically concluded: why, if it be as you say, I may safely drink on, and defy the parson. From which, and many the like instances easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system, but against religion in general, which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of Church and State that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace, and not venture in this conjuncture to disoblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived; for, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalised at our infidelity than our Christian neighbours. For they are not only strict observers of religions worship, but what is worse, believe a God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude, whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend that in six months' time after the Act is passed for the extirpation of the Gospel, the Bank and East India stock may fall at least one per cent. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of

Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss merely for the sake of destroying it.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

I have observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection. But in conversation it is or might be otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remaineth as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seemeth to me that the truest way to understand conversation is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requireth few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature bath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious or acknowledged into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance, nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length, says he, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it

perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves. Some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise. They will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences just as they happened, but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults. They are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but, if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other unsufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others, without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs have with him; and how little that is he is sensible enough.

Where company hath met, I often have observed two persons discover by some accident that they were bred together at the same school or university, after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army, who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length of a sudden demand audience; decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost. It is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary, in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers by may be disappointed and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together, in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither expecteth to be informed or entertained, but to

display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation, and therefore he chooseth to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits, as they were called, used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had written plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures in so important an air, as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with a humble audience of young students from the inns of courts, or the universities, who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too front or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition men of the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, beside the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

This great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who hath a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company, against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he hath undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel when in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, besides the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on

all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was, to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blamable; I mean, an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are, to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of those two errors; because, when any man speaketh in company, it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seemeth to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious; although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a

duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects: frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever valueth this gift in himself hath need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endowed have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words, by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice hath inured and emboldened them; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice, which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most insupportable.

Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what passeth in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions is as unfit for conversation as madmen in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty, which is held the great distinction between men and brutes; and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which, we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are

entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, and generosity; which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I.'s reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours; several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves and entertain their company with relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them who can start new subjects, provided he doth not dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and replies.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Reflect on things past as wars, negotiations, factions, etc. We enter so little into those interests, that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory; look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

A wise man endeavours, by considering all circumstances, to make conjectures and form conclusions; but the smallest accident intervening (and in the course of affairs it is impossible to foresee all) does often produce such turns and changes, that at last he is just as much in doubt of events as the most ignorant and inexperienced person.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether Advice be among the lost things which Aristo says are to be found in the moon; that and Time ought to have been there.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that older people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a glass-house the workmen often fling in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves; it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with

the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign; that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life, are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy, for if they had regarded that they would not have been cowards; death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

The greatest inventions were produced in the times of ignorance, as the use of the compass, gunpowder, and printing, and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think that, in the day of Judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, nor to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But, some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

The value of several circumstances in story lessens very much by distance of time, though some minute circumstances are very valuable; and it requires great judgment in a writer to distinguish.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "This critical age," as divines say, "This sinful age."

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next. *Future ages shall talk of this*; *this shall be famous to all posterity.* Whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath, of all animals, the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer he loses his surname; when a temporal, his Christian name.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and among the rest, for one which perhaps is not often considered: that when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their

private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world: to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is for the second.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

The expression in Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him I have often heard ridiculed, yet Homer has the same words of Telemachus more than once; and Virgil says something like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly: that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The Stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is, in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit, but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirise well a man of distinguished vices,

as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or no.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may he resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

Old men view best at a distance with the eyes of their understanding as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Anthony Henley's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once *out*, I'll take care it never got *in* again."

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame, there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more

than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument used to the disadvantage of Providence I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them; but the design of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon — in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but wherever God hath left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a state of imperfection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or, indeed, rather, could not subsist at all: *Curis accuunt mortalia corda*.

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself!

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels governed by foolish servants.

I have known great Ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

I knew three great Ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince, more than once, choose an able Minister, but I never observed that Minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy when great ones are not in the way. For want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have

of themselves; in women from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have *long hands*; I wish they had as *long ears*.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish. Strange, so many hopeful princes, and so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue. If they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king or a good ministry; for which reason Courts are so overrun with politics.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason: their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures; he said, it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, is an imitation of fighting.

Augustus meeting an ass with a lucky name foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Laws penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into that vial, where you see many hundred of your kind there dying in it before

you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of? "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

Men are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one-third of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good follows would drink in less than a month, at the expense of their health and reason.

A man would have but few spectators, if he offered to show for threepence how he could thrust a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire.

Kilkenny College, south-east Ireland. Swift's uncle Godwin Swift (1628–95), a kind benefactor, took primary responsibility for the young Jonathan, sending him with one of his cousins to Kilkenny College and supervising his education, after his mother's departure to England.

THREE SERMONS

In the position as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, Swift produced many sermons during his tenure from 1713 to 1745, delivered every fifth Sunday. Of these sermons, Swift wrote down 35, of which 12 have been preserved. In his sermons Swift attempted to impart traditional Church of Ireland values to his listeners in a plain manner

Of the surviving twelve sermons, four have received serious consideration: "Doing Good", "False Witness", "Mutual Subjection" and "Testimony of Conscience". These sermons deal with political matters and are used to give insight to Swift's political writing; the sermon "Doing Good" and its relationship with the Drapier's Letters is one such example. However, the audience at St. Patrick's Cathedral did not come to hear connections to political works, but to enjoy the well-known preacher and be "moved by his Swift's manners".

Each sermon begins with a scriptural passage that reinforces the ideas that will be discussed in the sermon and each was preceded with the same opening prayer, which Swift also delivered. The sermons are plainly written and apply a common-sense approach to contemporary moral issues in Dublin. Swift patterned his sermons on the plain style of the Book of Common Prayer and the Church of Ireland Authorized Version of the Bible.

Hib. S. 7ab. 4

THREE SERMONS:

I. On Mutual Subjection.

II. On Conscience.

III. On the Trinity.

By the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's.

LONDON:

Printed for R. Dodsley in *Pall-Mall*: And Sold by M. Cooper in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1744.

[*Price* 1*s.* 6*d.*]

The original title page of this collection of sermons

CONTENTS

ON MUTUAL SUBJECTION
ON SLEEPING IN CHURCH
ON THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD
THREE PRAYERS USED BY THE DEAN FOR STELLA IN HER LAST SICKNESS, 1727

ON MUTUAL SUBJECTION

"Yea, all of you be subject one to another." - I Peter v. 5

The Apostle having, in many parts of this Epistle, given directions to Christians concerning the duty of subjection or obedience to superiors, in the several instances of the subject to the prince, the child to his parent, the servant to his master, the wife to her husband, and the younger to the elder, doth here, in the words of my text, sum up the whole by advancing a point of doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary. "Yea, all of you," saith he, "be subject one to another." For it should seem that two persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that subjection is only due from inferiors to those above them; yet St. Paul hath several passages to the same purpose. For he exhorts the Romans "in honour to prefer one another;" and the Philippians, "that in lowliness of mind they should each esteem other better than themselves;" and the Ephesians, "that they should submit themselves one to another in the fear of the Lord." Here we find these two great Apostles recommending to all Christians this duty of mutual subjection. For we may observe, by St. Peter, that having mentioned the several relations which men bear to each other, as governor and subject, master and servant, and the rest which I have already repeated, he makes no exception, but sums up the whole with commanding "all to be subject one to another." Whence we may conclude that this subjection due from all men to all men is something more than the compliment of course, when our betters are pleased to tell us they are our humble servants, but understand us to be their slaves.

I know very well that some of those who explain this text apply it to humility, to the duties of charity, to private exhortations, and to bearing with each other's infirmities; and it is probable the Apostle may have had a regard to all these. But, however, many learned men agree that there is something more understood, and so the words in their plain natural meaning must import, as you will observe yourselves if you read them with the beginning of the verse, which is thus: "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder; yea, all of you be subject one to another." So that, upon the whole, there must be some kind of subjection due from every man to every man, which cannot be made void by any power, pre-eminence, or authority whatsoever. Now what sort of subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the subject of my present discourse.

As God hath contrived all the works of Nature to be useful, and in some manner a support to each other, by which the whole frame of the world, under His providence, is preserved and kept up, so among mankind our particular stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act as far as our power reacheth toward the good of the whole community.

And he who doth not perform that part assigned him towards advancing the benefit of the whole, in proportion to his opportunities and abilities, is not only a useless, but a very mischievous member of the public; because he takes his share of the profit, and yet leaves his share of the burden to be borne by others, which is the true principal cause of most miseries and misfortunes in life. For a wise man who does not assist with his counsels, a great man with his protection, a rich man with his bounty and charity, and a poor man with his labour, are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the sight of God than another; otherwise He would be a respecter of persons, which He assures us He is not; for He hath proposed the same salvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men, and, by an unhappy education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their subjects. They depend for every necessary of life upon the meanest of their people; besides, obedience and subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the passions, lusts, and vanities of those who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our governors, because disobedience would breed seditions in the state. Thus servants are directed to obey their masters, children their parents, and wives their husbands, not from any respect of persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but confusion in private families. This matter will be clearly explained by considering the comparison which St. Paul makes between the Church of Christ and the body of man; for the same resemblance will hold not only to families and kingdoms, but to the whole corporation of mankind. "The eye," saith he, "cannot say unto the hand, 'I have no need of thee;' nor again the hand to the foot, 'I have no need of thee.' Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." The case is directly the same among mankind. The prince cannot say to the merchant, "I have no need of thee," nor the merchant to the labourer, "I have no need of thee." Nay, much more those members which seem to be more feeble are necessary; for the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich; which clearly shows that God never intended such possessions for the sake and service of those to whom He lends them, but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the Apostle, "that there may be no schism in the body."

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that subjection which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have perpetual occasion of each other's assistance. There is none so low as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest, nor so high as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears, from what hath been said, that no one human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, further than according to the

goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, He is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those who have least title to His favour. Now, according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to Himself, you will observe that in all the relations between man and man there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. And this both explains and confirms the doctrine of the text; for where there is a mutual dependence there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must obey his prince, because God commands it, human laws require it, and the safety of the public makes it necessary; for the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or not. On the other side, in those countries that pretend to freedom, princes are subject to those laws which their people have chosen; they are bound to protect their subjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions and redress their grievances, so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation - not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner a servant owes obedience, and diligence, and faithfulness to his master, from whom, at the same time, he hath a just demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a just demand of an alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one another is nowhere more necessary than in the common conversations of life, for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour Himself confirmed by His own example; for He appeared in the form of a servant and washed His disciples' feet, adding those memorable words, "Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, wash your feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's feet?" Under which expression of washing the feet is included all that subjection, assistance, love, and duty, which every good Christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince and the meanest slave are not, by infinite degrees, so distant as our Saviour and those disciples, whose feet He vouchsafed to wash.

And although this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth, yet it is really no more than what most men practise upon other

occasions. For if our neighbour, who is our inferior, comes to see us, we rise to receive him; we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called good manners. Now the duty required by the Apostle is only that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practise in the common course of life we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready, in point of civility, to yield to others in our own houses, where only we have any title to govern.

Having thus shown you what sort of subjection it is which all men owe one another, and in what manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some observations from what hath been said.

And first, a thorough practice of this duty of subjecting ourselves to the wants and infirmities of each other would utterly extinguish in us the vice of pride.

For if God has pleased to intrust me with a talent, not for my own sake, but for the service of others, and at the same time hath left me full of wants and necessities which others must supply, I can then have no cause to set any extraordinary value upon myself, or to despise my brother because he hath not the same talents which were lent to me. His being may probably be as useful to the public as mine; and therefore, by the rules of right reason, I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly, It is very manifest, from what has been said, that no man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a trust which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren, and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot; because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly whether a man makes a good use of his talents or not, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into His own hands, and will most certainly reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages which one possesseth more than another may, in some sense, be called his property with respect to other men, yet with respect to God they are, as I said, only a trust, which will plainly appear from hence: if a man does not use those advantages to the good of the public or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and consequently that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought will find, by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the service of others, for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly, If we could all be brought to practise this duty of subjecting ourselves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general happiness of mankind, for this would root out envy and malice from the heart

of man; because you cannot envy your neighbour's strength if he make use of it to defend your life or carry your burden; you cannot envy his wisdom if he gives you good counsel; nor his riches if he supplies your wants; nor his greatness if he employs it to your protection. The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things, but God Almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth, who, although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable ministers and stewards, and those generally the vilest to whom they intrust the most talents. But here is the difference, that the princes of this world see by other men's eyes, but God sees all things; and therefore, whenever He permits His blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude that He intends them only as a punishment to an evil world, as well as to the owners. It were well if those would consider this, whose riches serve them only as a spur to avarice or as an instrument of their lusts; whose wisdom is only of this world, to put false colours upon things, to call good evil and evil good against the conviction of their own consciences; and lastly, who employ their power and favour in acts of oppression or injustice, in misrepresenting persons and things, or in countenancing the wicked to the ruin of the innocent.

Fourthly, The practice of this duty of being subject to one another would make us rest contented in the several stations of life wherein God hath thought fit to place us, because it would, in the best and easiest manner, bring us back, as it were, to that early state of the Gospel when Christians had all things in common. For if the poor found the rich disposed to supply their want, if the ignorant found the wise ready to instruct and direct them, or if the weak might always find protection from the mighty, they could none of them, with the least pretence of justice, lament their own condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said it appears that great abilities of any sort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful servants to their neighbour and the public. However, we are by no means to conclude from hence that they are not really blessings, when they are in the hands of good men. For, first, what can be a greater honour than to be chosen one of the stewards and dispensers of God's bounty to mankind? What is there that can give a generous spirit more pleasure and complacency of mind than to consider that he is an instrument of doing much good; that great numbers owe to him, under God, their subsistence, their safety, their health, and the good conduct of their lives? The wickedest man upon earth takes a pleasure in doing good to those he loves; and therefore surely a good Christian, who obeys our Saviour's commands of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any; and those among men who do the most good and receive the fewest returns do most resemble the Creator; for which reason St. Paul delivers it as a saying of our Saviour, that "it is more blessed to give than receive." By this rule, what must become

of those things which the world values as the greatest blessings - riches, power, and the like - when our Saviour plainly determines that the best way to make them blessings is to part with them? Therefore, although the advantages which one man hath over another may be called blessings, yet they are by no means so in the sense the world usually understands. Thus, for example, great riches are no blessings in themselves, because the poor man, with the common necessaries of life, enjoys more health and has fewer cares without them. How then do they become blessings? No otherwise than by being employed in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and, in short, doing acts of charity and generosity. Thus, likewise, power is no blessing in itself, because private men bear less envy, and trouble, and anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppressed, and to punish the oppressor, then it becomes a great blessing.

And so, lastly, even great wisdom is, in the opinion of Solomon, not a blessing in itself; for "in much wisdom is much sorrow;" and men of common understanding, if they serve God and mind their callings, make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than those who have better heads. And yet wisdom is a mighty blessing when it is applied to good purposes, to instruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counsellor either in public or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needless here to mention.

To conclude: God sent us into the world to obey His commands, by doing as much good as our abilities will reach, and as little evil as our many infirmities will permit. Some He hath only trusted with one talent, some with five, and some with ten. No man is without his talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what hath been said, &c.

ON SLEEPING IN CHURCH

"And there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep; and while Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead." - Acts xx. 9.

I have chosen these words with design, if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep, for the convenience and exercise whereof this place, at this season of the day, is very much celebrated.

There is indeed one mortal disadvantage to which all preaching is subject, that those who, by the wickedness of their lives, stand in greatest need, have usually the smallest share; for either they are absent upon the account of idleness, or spleen, or hatred to religion, or in order to doze away the intemperance of the week; or, if they do come, they are sure to employ their minds rather any other way than regarding or attending to the business of the place.

The accident which happened to this young man in the text hath not been sufficient to discourage his successors; but because the preachers now in the world, however they may exceed St. Paul in the art of setting men to sleep, do extremely fall short of him in the working of miracles, therefore men are become so cautious as, to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for taking their repose without hazard of their persons, and upon the whole matter choose rather to trust their destruction to a miracle than their safety. However, this being not the only way by which the lukewarm Christians and scorners of the age discover their neglect and contempt of preaching, I shall enter expressly into consideration of this matter, and order my discourse in the following method:-

First, I shall produce several instances to show the great neglect of preaching now among us.

Secondly, I shall reckon up some of the usual quarrels men have against preaching.

Thirdly, I shall get forth the great evil of this neglect and contempt of preaching, and discover the real causes whence it proceedeth.

Lastly, I shall offer some remedies against this great and spreading evil.

First, I shall produce certain instances to show the great neglect of preaching now among us.

These may be reduced under two heads. First, men's absence from the service of the church; and secondly, their misbehaviour when they are here.

The first instance of men's neglect is in their frequent absence from the church.

There is no excuse so trivial that will not pass upon some men's consciences to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some

are so unfortunate as to be always indisposed on the Lord's day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church. Others have their affairs so oddly contrived as to be always unluckily prevented by business. With some it is a great mark of wit and deep understanding to stay at home on Sundays. Others again discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them particularly on that day, and confine them to their beds. Others are absent out of mere contempt of religion. And lastly, there are not a few who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their cattle, to keep the Sabbath by eating, drinking, and sleeping, after the toil and labour of the week. Now in all this, the worst circumstance is that these persons are such whose company is most required, and who stand most in need of a physician.

Secondly, Men's great neglect and contempt of preaching appear by their misbehaviour when at church.

If the audience were to be ranked under several heads, according to their behaviour when the Word of God is delivered, how small a number would appear of those who receive it as they ought! How much of the seed then sown would be found to fall by the wayside, upon stony ground, or among thorns! and how little good ground would there be to take it! A preacher cannot look round from the pulpit without observing that some are in a perpetual whisper, and by their air and gesture give occasion to suspect that they are in those very minutes defaming their neighbour. Others have their eyes and imagination constantly engaged in such a circle of objects, perhaps to gratify the most unwarrantable desires, that they never once attend to the business of the place; the sound of the preacher's words do not so much as once interrupt them. Some have their minds wandering among idle, worldly, or vicious thoughts; some lie at catch to ridicule whatever they hear, and with much wit and humour, provide a stock of laughter by furnishing themselves from the pulpit. But of all misbehaviour, none is comparable to that of those who come here to sleep. Opium is not so stupefying to many persons as an afternoon sermon. Perpetual custom hath so brought it about that the words of whatever preacher become only a sort of uniform sound at a distance, than which nothing is more effectual to lull the senses. For that it is the very sound of the sermon which bindeth up their faculties is manifest from hence, because they all awake so very regularly as soon as it ceaseth, and with much devotion receive the blessing, dozed and besotted with indecencies I am ashamed to repeat.

I proceed, *secondly*, to reckon up some of the usual quarrels men have against preaching, and to show the unreasonableness of them.

Such unwarrantable behaviour as I have described among Christians in the house of God in a solemn assembly, while their faith and duty are explained and delivered, have put those who are guilty upon inventing some excuses to extenuate their fault; this they do by turning the blame either upon

the particular preacher or upon preaching in general. First, they object against the particular preacher: his manner, his delivery, his voice, are disagreeable; his style and expression are flat and slow, sometimes improper and absurd; the matter is heavy, trivial, and insipid, sometimes despicable and perfectly ridiculous; or else, on the other side, he runs up into unintelligible speculation, empty notions, and abstracted flights, all clad in words above usual understandings.

Secondly, They object against preaching in general. It is a perfect road of talk; they know already whatever can be said; they have heard the same a hundred times over. They quarrel that preachers do not relieve an old beaten subject with wit and invention, and that now the art is lost of moving men's passions, so common among the ancient orators of Greece and Rome. These and the like objections are frequently in the mouths of men who despise the foolishness of preaching. But let us examine the reasonableness of them.

The doctrine delivered by all preachers is the same: "So we preach, and so ye believe." But the manner of delivering is suited to the skill and abilities of each, which differ in preachers just as in the rest of mankind. However, in personal dislikes of a particular preacher, are these men sure they are always in the right? Do they consider how mixed a thing is every audience, whose taste and judgment differ, perhaps, every day, not only from each other, but themselves? And how to calculate a discourse that shall exactly suit them all, is beyond the force and reach of human reason, knowledge, or invention. Wit and eloquence are shining qualities that God hath imparted in great degrees to very few, nor any more to be expected in the generality of any rank among men than riches and honour. But further, if preaching in general be all old and beaten, and that they are already so well acquainted with it, more shame and guilt to them who so little edify by it! But these men, whose ears are so delicate as not to endure a plain discourse of religion, who expect a constant supply of wit and eloquence on a subject handled so many thousand times, what will they say when we turn the objection upon themselves, who, with all the rude and profane liberty of discourse they take upon so many thousand subjects, are so dull as to furnish nothing but tedious repetitions, and little paltry, nauseous commonplaces, so vulgar, so worn, or so obvious, as, upon any other occasion but that of advancing vice, would be hooted off the stage? Nor, lastly, are preachers justly blamed for neglecting human oratory to move the passions, which is not the business of a Christian orator, whose office it is only to work upon faith and reason. All other eloquence hath been a perfect cheat, to stir up men's passions against truth and justice for the service of a faction, to put false colours upon things, and, by an amusement of agreeable words, make the worst reason appear to be the better. This is certainly not to be allowed in Christian eloquence, and therefore St. Paul took quite the other course. He "came not with the excellency of words, or enticing speech of men's wisdom, but in plain evidence of the Spirit and power." And perhaps it was for that reason the young man Eutychus, used to the Grecian eloquence,

grew tired and fell so fast asleep.

I go on, thirdly, to set forth the great evil of this neglect and scorn of preaching, and to discover the real causes whence it proceedeth.

I think it is obvious that this neglect of preaching hath very much occasioned the great decay of religion among us. To this may be imputed no small part of that contempt some men bestow on the clergy, for whoever talketh without being regarded is sure to be despised. To this we owe in a great measure the spreading of atheism and infidelity among us, for religion, like all other things, is soonest put out of countenance by being ridiculed. The scorn of preaching might perhaps have been at first introduced by men of nice ears and refined taste, but it is now become a spreading evil through all degrees and both sexes; for, since sleeping, talking, and laughing are qualities sufficient to furnish out a critic, the meanest and most ignorant have set up a title, and succeeded in it as well as their betters. Thus are the last efforts of reforming mankind rendered wholly useless. "How shall they hear," saith the Apostle, "without a preacher?" But if they have a preacher, and make it a point of wit or breeding not to hear him, what remedy is left? To this neglect of preaching we may also entirely impute that gross ignorance among us in the very principles of religion, which it is amazing to find in persons who very much value their own knowledge and understanding in other things; yet it is a visible, inexcusable ignorance, even in the meanest among us, considering the many advantages they have of learning their duty. And it hath been the great encouragement to all manner of vice; for in vain we preach down sin to a people "whose hearts are waxed gross, whose ears are dull of hearing and whose eyes are closed." Therefore Christ Himself in His discourses frequently rouseth up the attention of the multitude, and of His disciples themselves, with this expression, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." But among all neglects of preaching, none is so fatal as that of sleeping in the house of God. A scorner may listen to truth and reason, and in time grow serious; an unbeliever may feel the pangs of a guilty conscience; one whose thoughts or eyes wander among other objects may, by a lucky word, be called back to attention; but the sleeper shuts up all avenues to his soul; he is "like the deaf adder, that hearkeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;" and we may preach with as good success to the grave that is under his feet.

But the great evil of this neglect will further yet appear from considering the real causes whence it proceedeth, whereof the first I take to be an evil conscience. Many men come to church to save or gain a reputation, or because they will not be singular, but comply with an established custom, yet all the while they are loaded with the guilt of old rooted sins. These men can expect to hear of nothing but terrors and threatenings, their sins laid open in true colours, and eternal misery the reward of them; therefore, no wonder they

stop their care and divert their thoughts, and seek any amusement rather than stir the hell within them.

Another cause of this neglect is a heart set upon worldly things. Men whose minds are much enslaved to earthly affairs all the week cannot disengage or break the chain of their thoughts so suddenly as to apply to a discourse that is wholly foreign to what they have most at heart. Tell a usurer of charity, and mercy, and restitution - you talk to the deaf; his heart and soul, with all his senses, are got among his bags, or he is gravely asleep and dreaming of a mortgage. Tell a man of business, that the cares of the world choke the good seed; that we must not encumber ourselves with much serving; that the salvation of his soul is the one thing necessary; you see, indeed, the shape of a man before you, but his faculties are all gone off among clients and papers, thinking how to defend a bad cause or find flaws in a good one; or he weareth out the time in drowsy nods.

A third cause of the great neglect and scorn of preaching ariseth from the practice of men who set up to decry and disparage religion; these, being zealous to promote infidelity and vice, learn a rote of buffoonery that serveth all occasions, and refutes the strongest arguments for piety and good manners. These have a set of ridicule calculated for all sermons and all preachers, and can be extremely witty as often as they please upon the same fund.

Let me now, in the last place, offer some remedies against this great evil.

It will be one remedy against the contempt of preaching rightly to consider the end for which it was designed. There are many who place abundance of merit in going to church, although it be with no other prospect but that of being well entertained, wherein if they happen to fail, they return wholly disappointed. Hence it is become an impertinent vein among people of all sorts to hunt after what they call a good sermon, as if it were a matter of pastime and diversion. Our business, alas! is quite another thing; either to learn, or at least be reminded of, our duty; to apply the doctrines delivered, compare the rules we hear with our lives and actions, and find wherein we have transgressed. These are the dispositions men should bring into the house of God, and then they will be little concerned about the preacher's wit or eloquence, nor be curious to inquire out his faults and infirmities, but consider how to correct their own.

Another remedy against the contempt of preaching is that men would consider whether it be not reasonable to give more allowance for the different abilities of preachers than they usually do. Refinements of style and flights of wit, as they are not properly the business of any preacher, so they cannot possibly be the talents of all. In most other discourses, men are satisfied with sober sense and plain reason; and, as understandings usually go, even that is not over-frequent. Then why they should be so over-nice in expectation of eloquence, where it is neither necessary nor convenient, is hard to imagine.

Lastly, The scorners of preaching would do well to consider that this

talent of ridicule they value so much is a perfection very easily acquired, and applied to all things whatsoever; neither is anything at all the worse because it is capable of being perverted to burlesque; perhaps it may be the more perfect upon that score, since we know the most celebrated pieces have been thus treated with greatest success. It is in any man's power to suppose a fool's-cap on the wisest head, and then laugh at his own supposition. I think there are not many things cheaper than supposing and laughing; and if the uniting these two talents can bring a thing into contempt, it is hard to know where it may end.

To conclude: These considerations may perhaps have some effect while men are awake; but what arguments shall we use to the sleeper? What methods shall we take to hold open his eyes? Will he be moved by considerations of common civility? We know it is reckoned a point of very bad manners to sleep in private company, when, perhaps, the tedious impertinence of many talkers would render it at least as excusable as the dullest sermon. Do they think it a small thing to watch four hours at a play, where all virtue and religion are openly reviled; and can they not watch one half hour to hear them defended? Is this to deal like a judge (I mean like a good judge), to listen on one side of the cause and sleep on the other? I shall add but one word more. That this indecent sloth is very much owing to that luxury and excess men usually practise upon this day, by which half the service thereof is turned to sin; men dividing their time between God and their bellies, when, after a gluttonous meal, their senses dozed and stupefied, they retire to God's house to sleep out the afternoon. Surely, brethren, these things ought not so to be.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear." And God give us all, grace to hear and receive His Holy Word to the salvation of our own souls.

ON THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." - I Cor. iii. 19.

It is remarkable that about the time of our Saviour's coming into the world all kinds of learning flourished to a very great degree, insomuch that nothing is more frequent in the mouths of many men, even such who pretend to read and to know, than an extravagant praise and opinion of the wisdom and virtue of the Gentile sages of those days, and likewise of those ancient philosophers who went before them, whose doctrines are left upon record, either by themselves or other writers. As far as this may be taken for granted, it may be said that the providence of God brought this about for several very wise ends and purposes; for it is certain that these philosophers had been a long time before searching out where to fix the true happiness of man; and not being able to agree upon any certainty about it, they could not possibly but conclude, if they judged impartially, that all their inquiries were in the end but vain and fruitless, the consequence of which must be not only an acknowledgment of the weakness of all human wisdom, but likewise an open passage hereby made for letting in those beams of light which the glorious sunshine of the Gospel then brought into the world, by revealing those hidden truths which they had so long before been labouring to discover, and fixing the general happiness of mankind beyond all controversy and dispute. And therefore the providence of God wisely suffered men of deep genius and learning then to arise, who should search into the truth of the Gospel now made known, and canvass its doctrines with all the subtilty and knowledge they were masters of, and in the end freely acknowledge that to be the true wisdom only "which cometh from above."

However, to make a further inquiry into the truth of this observation, I doubt not but there is reason to think that a great many of those encomiums given to ancient philosophers are taken upon trust, and by a sort of men who are not very likely to be at the pains of an inquiry that would employ so much time and thinking. For the usual ends why men affect this kind of discourse appear generally to be either out of ostentation, that they may pass upon the world for persons of great knowledge and observation, or, what is worse, there are some who highly exalt the wisdom of those Gentile sages, thereby obliquely to glance at and traduce Divine revelation, and more especially that of the Gospel; for the consequence they would have us draw is this: that since those ancient philosophers rose to a greater pitch of wisdom and virtue than was ever known among Christians, and all this purely upon the strength of their own reason and liberty of thinking; therefore it must follow that either all revelation is false, or, what is worse, that it has depraved the nature of man, and left him worse than it found him.

But this high opinion of heathen wisdom is not very ancient in the world,

nor at all countenanced from primitive times. Our Saviour had but a low esteem of it, as appears by His treatment of the Pharisees and Sadducees, who followed the doctrines of Plato and Epicurus. St. Paul likewise, who was well versed in all the Grecian literature, seems very much to despise their philosophy, as we find in his writings, cautioning the Colossians to "beware lest any man spoil them through philosophy and vain deceit;" and in another place he advises Timothy to "avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called;" that is, not to introduce into the Christian doctrine the janglings of those vain philosophers, which they would pass upon the world for science. And the reasons he gives are, first, that those who professed them did err concerning the faith; secondly, because the knowledge of them did increase ungodliness, vain babblings being otherwise expounded vanities or empty sounds; that is, tedious disputes about words, which the philosophers were always so full of, and which were the natural product of disputes and dissensions between several sects.

Neither had the primitive fathers any great or good opinion of the heathen philosophy, as is manifest from several passages in their writings; so that this vein of affecting to raise the reputation of those sages so high Is a mode and a vice but of yesterday, assumed chiefly, as I have said, to disparage revealed knowledge and the consequences of it among us.

Now, because this is a prejudice which may prevail with some persons so far as to lessen the influence of the Gospel, and whereas, therefore, this is an opinion which men of education are likely to be encountered with when they have produced themselves into the world, I shall endeavour to show that their preference of heathen wisdom and virtue before that of the Christian is every way unjust, and grounded upon ignorance or mistake; in order to which I shall consider four things:-

First, I shall produce certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy in general fell short and was very imperfect.

Secondly, I shall show, in several instances, where some of the most renowned philosophers have been grossly defective in their lessons of morality.

Thirdly, I shall prove the perfection of Christian wisdom from the proper characters and marks of it.

Lastly, I shall show that the great examples of wisdom and virtue among the heathen wise men were produced by personal merit, and not influenced by the doctrine of any sect; whereas, in Christianity, it is quite the contrary.

First, I shall produce certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy in general fell short and was very imperfect.

My design is to persuade men that Christian philosophy is in all things preferable to heathen wisdom; from which, or its professors, I shall, however, have no occasion to detract. They were as wise and as good as it was possible for them to be under such disadvantages, and would have probably been infinitely more so with such aids as we enjoy; but our lessons are certainly

much better, however our practices may fall short.

The first point I shall mention is that universal defect which was in all their schemes, that they could not agree about their chief good, or wherein to place the happiness of mankind; nor had any of them a tolerable answer upon this difficulty to satisfy a reasonable person. For to say, as the most plausible of them did, "That happiness consisted in virtue," was but vain babbling, and a mere sound of words to amuse others and themselves; because they were not agreed what this virtue was or wherein it did consist; and likewise, because several among the best of them taught quite different things, placing happiness in health or good fortune, in riches or in honour, where all were agreed that virtue was not, as I shall have occasion to show when I speak of their particular tenets.

The second great defect in the Gentile philosophy was that it wanted some suitable reward proportioned to the better part of man - his mind, as an encouragement for his progress in virtue. The difficulties they met with upon the score of this default were great, and not to be accounted for; bodily goods, being only suitable to bodily wants, are no rest at all for the mind; and if they were, yet are they not the proper fruits of wisdom and virtue, being equally attainable by the ignorant and wicked. Now human nature is so constituted that we can never pursue anything heartily but upon hopes of a reward. If we run a race, it is in expectation of a prize; and the greater the prize the faster we run; for an incorruptible crown, if we understand it and believe it to be such, more than a corruptible one. But some of the philosophers gave all this quite another turn, and pretended to refine so far as to call virtue its own reward, and worthy to be followed only for itself; whereas, if there be anything in this more than the sound of the words, it is at least too abstracted to become a universal influencing principle in the world, and therefore could not be of general use.

It was the want of assigning some happiness proportioned to the soul of man that caused many of them, either on the one hand, to be sour and morose, supercilious and untreatable, or, on the other, to fall into the vulgar pursuits of common men, to hunt after greatness and riches, to make their court and to serve occasions, as Plato did to the younger Dionysius, and Aristotle to Alexander the Great. So impossible it is for a man who looks no further than the present world to fix himself long in a contemplation where the present world has no part; he has no sure hold, no firm footing; he can never expect to remove the earth he rests upon while he has no support besides for his feet, but wants, like Archimedes, some other place whereon to stand. To talk of bearing pain and grief without any sort of present or future hope cannot be purely greatness of spirit; there must be a mixture in it of affectation and an alloy of pride, or perhaps is wholly counterfeit.

It is true there has been all along in the world a notion of rewards and punishments in another life, but it seems to have rather served as an entertainment to poets or as a terror of children than a settled principle by

which men pretended to govern any of their actions. The last celebrated words of Socrates, a little before his death, do not seem to reckon or build much upon any such opinion; and Caesar made no scruple to disown it and ridicule it in open senate.

Thirdly, the greatest and wisest of all their philosophers were never able to give any satisfaction to others and themselves in their notions of a deity. They were often extremely gross and absurd in their conceptions, and those who made the fairest conjectures are such as were generally allowed by the learned to have seen the system of Moses, if I may so call it, who was in great reputation at that time in the heathen world, as we find by Diodorus, Justin, Longinus, and other authors; for the rest, the wisest among them laid aside all notions after a deity as a disquisition vain and fruitless, which indeed it was upon unrevealed principles; and those who ventured to engage too far fell into incoherence and confusion.

Fourthly, Those among them who had the justest conceptions of a Divine power, and did also admit a providence, had no notion at all of entirely relying and depending upon either; they trusted in themselves for all things, but as for a trust or dependence upon God, they would not have understood the phrase; it made no part of the profane style.

Therefore it was that, in all issues and events which they could not reconcile to their own sentiments of reason and justice, they were quite disconcerted; they had no retreat, but upon every blow of adverse fortune, either affected to be indifferent, or grew sullen and severe, or else yielded and sunk like other men.

Having now produced certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy fell short and was very imperfect, I go on, in the second place, to show, in several instances, where some of the most renowned philosophers have been grossly defective in their lessons of morality.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic sect, so celebrated for morality, being asked how a man might bear ill-fortune with greatest ease, answered, "By seeing his enemies in a worse condition." An answer truly barbarous, unworthy of human nature, and which included such consequences as must destroy all society from the world.

Solon lamenting the death of a son, one told him, "You lament in vain." "Therefore," said he, "I lament, because it is in vain." This was a plain confession how imperfect all his philosophy was, and that something was still wanting. He owned that all his wisdom and morals were useless, and this upon one of the most frequent accidents in life. How much better could he have learned to support himself even from David, by his entire dependence upon God, and that before our Saviour had advanced the notions of religion to the height and perfection wherewith He hath instructed His disciples!

Plato himself, with all his refinements, placed happiness in wisdom,

health, good fortune, honour, and riches, and held that they who enjoyed all these were perfectly happy; which opinion was indeed unworthy its owner, leaving the wise and good man wholly at the mercy of uncertain chance, and to be miserable without resource.

His scholar Aristotle fell more grossly into the same notion, and plainly affirmed, "That virtue, without the goods of fortune, was not sufficient for happiness, but that a wise man must be miserable in poverty and sickness." Nay, Diogenes himself, from whose pride and singularity one would have looked for other notions, delivered it as his opinion, "That a poor old man was the most miserable thing in life."

Zeno also and his followers fell into many absurdities, among which nothing could be greater than that of maintaining all crimes to be equal; which, instead of making vice hateful, rendered it as a thing indifferent and familiar to all men.

Lastly, Epicurus had no notion of justice but as it was profitable; and his placing happiness in pleasure, with all the advantages he could expound it by, was liable to very great exception; for although he taught that pleasure did consist in virtue, yet he did not any way fix or ascertain the boundaries of virtue, as he ought to have done; by which means he misled his followers into the greatest vices, making their names to become odious and scandalous even in the heathen world.

I have produced these few instances from a great many others to show the imperfection of heathen philosophy, wherein I have confined myself wholly to their morality. And surely we may pronounce upon it, in the words of St. James, that "This wisdom descended not from above, but was earthly and sensual." What if I had produced their absurd notions about God and the soul? It would then have completed the character given it by that Apostle, and appeared to have been devilish too. But it is easy to observe from the nature of these few particulars that their defects in morals were purely the flagging and fainting of the mind for want of a support by revelation from God.

I proceed, therefore, in the *third* place, to show the perfection of Christian wisdom from above; and I shall endeavour to make it appear from those proper characters and marks of it by the Apostle before mentioned, in the third chapter, and 15th, 16th, and 17th verses.

The words run thus -

"This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

"But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

"The wisdom from above is first pure." This purity of the mind and spirit is peculiar to the Gospel. Our Saviour says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A mind free from all pollution of lusts shall have a daily vision of God, whereof unrevealed religion can form no notion. This is it that keeps us unspotted from the world, and hereby many have been prevailed upon to live in the practice of all purity, holiness, and righteousness, far beyond the examples of the most celebrated philosophers.

It is "peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated." The Christian doctrine teacheth us all those dispositions that make us affable and courteous, gentle and kind, without any morose leaven of pride or vanity, which entered into the composition of most heathen schemes: so we are taught to be meek and lowly. Our Saviour's last legacy was peace, and He commands us to forgive our offending brother unto seventy times seven. Christian wisdom is full of mercy and good works, teaching the height of all moral virtues, of which the heathens fell infinitely short. Plato indeed (and it is worth observing) has somewhere a dialogue, or part of one, about forgiving our enemies, which was perhaps the highest strain ever reached by man without Divine assistance; yet how little is that to what our Saviour commands us, "To love them that hate us, to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that despitefully use us."

Christian wisdom is "without partiality;" it is not calculated for this or that nation of people, but the whole race of mankind. Not so the philosophical schemes, which were narrow and confined, adapted to their peculiar towns, governments, or sects; but "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

Lastly, It is "without hypocrisy;" it appears to be what it really is; it is all of a piece. By the doctrines of the Gospel we are so far from being allowed to publish to the world those virtues we have not, that we are commanded to hide even from ourselves those we really have, and not to let our right hand know what our left hand does, unlike several branches of the heathen wisdom, which pretended to teach insensibility and indifference, magnanimity and contempt of life, while at the same time, in other parts, it belied its own doctrines.

I come now, in the last place, to show that the great examples of wisdom and virtue among the Grecian sages were produced by personal merit; and not influenced by the doctrine of any particular sect, whereas in Christianity it is quite the contrary.

The two virtues most celebrated by ancient moralists were fortitude and temperance, as relating to the government of man in his private capacity, to which their schemes were generally addressed and confined, and the two instances wherein those virtues arrived at the greatest height were Socrates and Cato. But neither these, nor any other virtues possessed by these two, were at all owing to any lessons or doctrines of a sect. For Socrates himself was of none at all; and although Cato was called a Stoic, it was more from a

resemblance of manners in his worst qualities, than that he avowed himself one of their disciples. The same may be affirmed of many other great men of antiquity. Whence I infer that those who were renowned for virtue among them were more obliged to the good natural dispositions of their own minds than to the doctrines of any sect they pretended to follow.

On the other side, as the examples of fortitude and patience among the primitive Christians have been infinitely greater, and more numerous, so they were altogether the product of their principles and doctrine, and were such as the same persons, without those aids, would never have arrived to. Of this truth most of the Apostles, with many thousand martyrs, are a cloud of witnesses beyond exception. Having, therefore, spoken so largely upon the former heads, I shall dwell no longer upon this.

And if it should here be objected, Why does not Christianity still produce the same effects? it is easy to answer, first, that, although the number of pretended Christians be great, yet that of true believers, in proportion to the other, was never so small; and it is a true lively faith alone that, by the assistance of God's grace, can influence our practice.

Secondly, We may answer that Christianity itself has very much suffered by being blended up with Gentile philosophy. The Platonic system, first taken into religion, was thought to have given matter for some early heresies in the Church. When disputes began to arise, the Peripatetic forms were introduced by Scotus as best fitted for controversy. And however this may now have become necessary, it was surely the author of a litigious vein, which has since occasioned very pernicious consequences, stopped the progress of Christianity, and been a great promoter of vice; verifying that sentence given by St. James, and mentioned before, "Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." This was the fatal stop to the Grecians in their progress both of arts and arms; their wise men were divided under several sects, and their governments under several commonwealths, all in opposition to each other, which engaged them in eternal quarrels among themselves, while they should have been armed against the common enemy. And I wish we had no other examples, from the like causes, less foreign or ancient than that. Diogenes said Socrates was a madman; the disciples of Zeno and Epicurus, nay, of Plato and Aristotle, were engaged in fierce disputes about the most insignificant trifles. And if this be the present language and practice among us Christians no wonder that Christianity does not still produce the same effects which it did at first, when it was received and embraced in its utmost purity and perfection; for such wisdom as this cannot "descend from above," but must be "earthly, sensual, devilish, full of confusion and every evil work," whereas, "the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." This is the true heavenly wisdom, which Christianity only can boast of, and which the greatest of the heathen wise men could never arrive at.

Now to God the Father, &c.

THREE PRAYERS USED BY THE DEAN FOR STELLA IN HER LAST SICKNESS, 1727

I.

Almighty and most gracious Lord God, extend, we beseech Thee, Thy pity and compassion toward this Thy languishing servant; teach her to place her hope and confidence entirely in Thee; give her a true sense of the emptiness and vanity of all earthly things; make her truly sensible of all the infirmities of her life past, and grant to her such a true sincere repentance as is not to be repented of. Preserve her, O Lord, in a sound mind and understanding during this Thy visitation; keep her from both the sad extremes of presumption and despair. If Thou shalt please to restore her to her former health, give her grace to be ever mindful of that mercy, and to keep those good resolutions she now makes in her sickness, so that no length of time nor prosperity may entice her to forget them. Let no thought of her misfortunes distract her mind, and prevent the means toward her recovery, or disturb her in her preparations for a better life. We beseech thee also, O Lord, of Thy infinite goodness, to remember the good actions of this Thy servant; that the naked she hath clothed, the hungry she hath fed, the sick and the fatherless whom she hath relieved, may be reckoned according to Thy gracious promise, as if they had been done unto Thee. Hearken, O Lord, to the prayers offered up by the friends of this Thy servant in her behalf, and especially those now made by us unto thee. Give Thy blessing to those endeavours used for her recovery; but take from her all violent desire either of life or death, further than with resignation to Thy holy will. And now, O Lord, we implore Thy gracious favour toward us here met together. Grant that the sense of this Thy servant's weakness may add strength to our faith; that we, considering the infirmities of our nature and the uncertainty of life, may by this example be drawn to repentance before it shall please Thee to visit us in like manner. Accept these prayers, we beseech Thee, for the sake of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

II. Written October 17, 1727

Most merciful Father, accept our humblest prayers in behalf of this Thy languishing servant; forgive the sins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life past. Accept the good deeds she hath done in such a manner that, at whatever time Thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting habitations. Give her grace to continue sincerely thankful to Thee for the

many favours Thou hast bestowed upon her, the ability and inclination and practice to do good, and those virtues which have procured the esteem and love of her friends and a most unspotted name in the world. O God, Thou dispensest Thy blessings and Thy punishments as it becometh infinite justice and mercy; and since it was Thy pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly state of health, make her truly sensible that it was for very wise ends, and was largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmness and constancy of mind wherewith Thou hast most graciously endowed her, together with that contempt of worldly things and vanities that she has shown in the whole conduct of her life. O All-powerful Being, the least motion of whose will can create or destroy a world, pity us, the mournful friends of Thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends. Restore her to us, O Lord, if it be Thy gracious will, or inspire us with constancy and resignation to support ourselves under so heavy an affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the sake of those poor who, by losing her, will be desolate, and those sick who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending; or else, in Thy mercy, raise up some other in her place with equal disposition and better abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech Thee, her bodily pains, or give her a double strength of mind to support them. And if Thou wilt soon take her to Thyself, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity which we hope she shall enjoy, than upon that unspeakable loss we shall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us, and the example of her many virtues, as far as human infirmity will admit, our constant imitation. Accept, O Lord, these prayers, poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in Thy mercy, and for the merits of our blessed Saviour. Amen.

III. Written November 6, 1727

O merciful Father, who never afflictest Thy children but for their own good, and with justice, over which Thy mercy always prevaileth, either to turn them to repentance, or to punish them in the present life in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech Thee, upon this Thy poor afflicted servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the weight of Thy hand. Give her strength, O Lord, to support her weakness, and patience to endure her pains without repining at Thy correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate expression which her anguish may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in an entire submission to Thy will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager desires of life, and lessen her fears of death by inspiring into her an humble yet assured hope of Thy mercy. Give her a sincere repentance for all her transgressions and omissions, and a firm

resolution to pass the remainder of her life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all Thy precepts. We beseech Thee likewise to compose her thoughts, and preserve to her the use of her memory and reason during the course of her sickness. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificance of all human things, and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere love of Thee in the midst of her sufferings. Accept and impute all her good deeds, and forgive her all those offences against Thee which she hath sincerely repented of or through the frailty of memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to Thee in behalf of ourselves and the rest of her sorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her present distemper. Forgive the sorrow and weakness of those among us who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what Thou art pleased to call Thy service, and is only her bounden duty, that she may be still a comfort to us and to all others who will want the benefit of her conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And since Thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name Thou wilt be in the midst of them to grant their request, O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in Thy name that those requests, which in the utmost sincerity and earnestness of our hearts we have now made in behalf of this Thy distressed servant and of ourselves, may effectually be answered, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CONTENTS

ON THE TESTIMONY OF CONSCIENCE.
ON THE TRINITY.
ON BROTHERLY LOVE.
THE DIFFICULTY OF KNOWING ONE'S-SELF.
ON FALSE WITNESS.
DOING GOOD:
ON THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.
ON THE POOR MAN'S CONTENTMENT.
A SERMON ON THE CAUSES OF THE WRETCHED CONDITION OF IRELAND.
APPENDICES

ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

A SERMON.

HEBREWS, Chap. xiii. Verſe 1.

Let Brotherly Love continue.

IN the early Times of the Goſpel, the Chriſtians were very much diſtinguiſhed from all other Bodies of Men, by the great and conſtant Love they bore to each other; which, although it was done in Obedience to the frequent Injunctions of our Saviour

The original edition

ON THE TESTIMONY OF CONSCIENCE.

2 CORINTHIANS, I. 12. PART OF IT.

" —— For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience."

There is no word more frequently in the mouths of men, than that of conscience, and the meaning of it is in some measure generally understood: However, because it is likewise a word extremely abused by many people, who apply other meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I shall explain it to you in the clearest manner I am able. The word conscience properly signifies, that knowledge which a man hath within himself of his own thoughts and actions. And, because, if a man judgeth fairly of his own actions by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done good or evil; therefore this knowledge or conscience may properly be called both an accuser and a judge. So that whenever our conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent when it doth not accuse us: For very often, through the hardness of our hearts, or the fondness and favour we bear to ourselves, or through ignorance or neglect, we do not suffer our conscience to take any cognizance of several sins we commit. There is another office likewise belonging to conscience, which is that of being our director and guide; and the wrong use of this hath been the occasion of more evils under the sun, than almost all other causes put together. For, as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing; so it can guide us no farther than that knowledge reacheth. And therefore God hath placed conscience in us to be our director only in those actions which Scripture and reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there conscience is not concerned; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt: but, by God's great mercy, those difficult points are never of absolute necessity to our salvation. There is likewise another evil, that men often say, a thing is against their conscience, when really it is not. For instance: Ask any of those who differ from the worship established, why they do not come to church? They will say, they dislike the ceremonies, the prayers, the habits, and the like, and therefore it goes against their conscience: But they are mistaken, their teacher hath put those words into their mouths; for a man's conscience can go no higher than his knowledge; and therefore until he has thoroughly examined by Scripture, and the practice of the ancient church, whether those points are blameable or no, his conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those mistakes about what is usually called "Liberty of Conscience"; which,

properly speaking, is no more than a liberty of knowing our own thoughts; which liberty no one can take from us. But those words have obtained quite different meanings: Liberty of conscience is now-a-days not only understood to be the liberty of believing what men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate the belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the faith which the laws have already established, to be rewarded by the public for those wicked endeavours: And this is the liberty of conscience which the fanatics are now openly in the face of the world endeavouring at with their utmost application. At the same time it cannot but be observed, that those very persons, who under pretence of a public spirit and tenderness towards their Christian brethren, are so zealous for such a liberty of conscience as this, are of all others the least tender to those who differ from them in the smallest point relating to government; and I wish I could not say, that the Majesty of the living God may be offended with more security than the memory of a dead prince. But the wisdom of the world at present seems to agree with that of the heathen Emperor, who said, if the gods were offended, it was their own concern, and they were able to vindicate themselves.

[Footnote 1: The saying of Tiberius as given by Tacitus ("Annals," bk. i., c. lxxiii.), *Deorum offensa diis curæ*. [T.S.]]

But although conscience hath been abused to those wicked purposes which I have already related, yet a due regard to the directions it plainly giveth us, as well as to its accusations, reproaches, and advices, would be of the greatest use to mankind, both for their present welfare and future happiness.

Therefore, my discourse at this time shall be directed to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm foundation for virtue, but on a conscience which is guided by religion.

In order to this, I shall first shew you the weakness and uncertainty of two false principles, which many people set up in the place of conscience, for a guide to their actions.

The first of these principles is, what the world usually calls *Moral Honesty*. There are some people, who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being just and fair in their dealings; and these are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now, if you look into the grounds and the motives of such a man's actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own ease and interest. For example: You trust a moral man with your money in the way of trade; you trust another with the defence of your cause at law, and perhaps they both deal justly with you. Why? Not from any regard they have for justice, but because their fortune depends upon their credit, and a stain of open public dishonesty must be to their disadvantage. But let it consist with such a man's interest and safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him; because there is nothing left to give him a check, or put in the balance against his profit. For, if he hath nothing to govern himself by, but the opinion of the

world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience, that those men who set up for morality without regard to religion, are generally but virtuous in part; they will be just in their dealings between man and man; but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices, because it is the great rule of such men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their safety, health, and fortune, are not injured. So, that upon the whole, there is hardly one vice which a mere moral man may not upon some occasions allow himself to practise.

The other false principle, which some men set up in the place of conscience to be their director in life, is what those who pretend to it, call *Honour*.

This word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned a great commendation to be a man of strict honour; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men; of persons with titles; and of others who pretend to birth and quality. It is true, indeed, that in ancient times it was universally understood, that honour was the reward of virtue; but if such honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed, there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate; to pay his creditors; to be useful to his country; to do good to mankind; to endeavour to be wise, or learned; to regard his word, his promise, or his oath; or if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour; which contains but two precepts, the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose, this principle of honour, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet since the very being of that honour dependeth upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration. For example: Suppose a man from a principle of honour should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate; and yet the censuring world should take a humour of refusing him those characters; he would then think the obligation at an end. Or, on the other side, if he thought he could gain honour by the falsest and vilest action, (which is a case that very often happens,) he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy state, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands, which however hath been too often the case.

What I have said upon this principle of honour may perhaps be thought of small concernment to most of you who are my hearers: However, a caution

was not altogether unnecessary; since there is nothing by which not only the vulgar, but the honest tradesman hath been so much deceived, as this infamous pretence to honour in too many of their betters.

Having thus shewn you the weakness and uncertainty of those principles which some men set up in the place of conscience to direct them in their actions, I shall now endeavour to prove to you that there is no solid, firm foundation of virtue, but in a conscience directed by the principles of religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the actions of men, otherwise than by knowing the motives, and grounds, and causes of them; and, if the motives of our actions be not resolved and determined into the law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual changes. I will shew you what I mean, by an example: Suppose a man thinks it his duty to obey his parents, because reason tells him so, because he is obliged by gratitude, and because the laws of his country command him to do so; but, if he stops here, his parents can have no lasting security; for an occasion may happen, wherein it may be extremely his interest to be disobedient, and where the laws of the land can lay no hold upon him: therefore, before such a man can safely be trusted, he must proceed farther, and consider, that his reason is the gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the laws, and did moreover in a particular manner enjoin him to be dutiful to his parents; after which, if he lays due weight upon those considerations, he will probably continue in his duty to the end of his life: Because no earthly interest can ever come in competition to balance the danger of offending his Creator, or the happiness of pleasing him. And of all this his conscience will certainly inform him, if he hath any regard to religion.

Secondly: Fear and hope are the two greatest natural motives of all men's actions: But, neither of these passions will ever put us in the way of virtue, unless they be directed by conscience. For although virtuous men do sometimes accidentally make their way to preferment, yet the world is so corrupted, that no man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it, merely upon account of his virtue. And consequently, the fear of punishment in this life will preserve men from very few vices, since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest steps to favour; such as ingratitude, hypocrisy, treachery, malice, subornation, atheism, and many more which human laws do little concern themselves about. But when conscience placeth before us the hopes of everlasting happiness, and the fears of everlasting misery, as the reward and punishment of our good or evil actions, our reason can find no way to avoid the force of such an argument, otherwise than by running into infidelity.

Lastly: Conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole trust and confidence in him. Our love of God will inspire us with a detestation for sin, as what is of all things most contrary to his divine nature; and if we have an entire confidence in him, *that* will enable us to subdue and despise all the allurements of the world.

It may here be objected, if conscience be so sure a director to us Christians in the conduct of our lives, how comes it to pass, that the ancient heathens, who had no other lights but those of nature and reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of virtue, as plainly appears by many examples they have left on record?

To which it may be answered; first, those heathens were extremely strict and exact in the education of their children; whereas among us this care is so much laid aside, that the more God hath blessed any man with estate or quality, just so much the less in proportion is the care he taketh in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune: Of which the effects are visible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, those heathens did in a particular manner instil the principle into their children, of loving their country; which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that, of the several parties among us, there is none of them that seems to have so much as heard, whether there be such a virtue in the world; as plainly appears by their practices, and especially when they are placed in those stations where they can only have opportunity of shewing it. Lastly; the most considerable among the heathens did generally believe rewards and punishments in a life to come; which is the great principle for conscience to work upon; Whereas too many of those who would be thought the most considerable among us, do, both by their practices and their discourses, plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Wherefore, since it hath manifestly appeared that a religious conscience is the only true solid foundation upon which virtue can be built, give me leave, before I conclude, to let you see how necessary such a conscience is, to conduct us in every station and condition of our lives.

That a religious conscience is necessary in any station, is confessed even by those who tell us, that all religion was invented by cunning men, in order to keep the world in awe. For, if religion, by the confession of its adversaries, be necessary towards the well-governing of mankind; then every wise man in power will be sure not only to choose out for every station under him such persons as are most likely to be kept in awe by religion, but likewise to carry some appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak politician. And accordingly in any country where great persons affect to be open despisers of religion, their counsels will be found at last to be fully as destructive to the state as to the church.

It was the advice of Jethro to his son-in-law Moses, to "provide able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness," and to place such over the people; and Moses, who was as wise a statesman, at least, as any in this age, thought fit to follow that advice. Great abilities, without the fear of God, are most dangerous instruments, when they are trusted with power. The laws of man have thought fit, that those who are called to any office of trust should be bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of it: But, an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have no influence except upon those who believe that

he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek him, and a punisher of those who disobey him: And therefore, we see, the laws themselves are forced to have recourse to conscience in these cases, because their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thousand injustices without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the reason why we find so many frauds, abuses, and corruptions, where any trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little conscience and religion left in the world, or at least that men in their choice of instruments have private ends in view, which are very different from the service of the public. Besides, it is certain, that men who profess to have no religion, are full as zealous to bring over proselytes as any Papist or fanatic can be. And therefore, if those who are in station high enough to be of influence or example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a contempt or disbelief of religion, they will be sure to make all their dependents of their own principles; and what security can the public expect from such persons, whenever their interests, or their lusts, come into competition with their duty? It is very possible for a man who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conscience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but, it is impossible for a man who openly declares against religion, to give any reasonable security that he will not be false and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers, which he values more than he does the power wherewith he was trusted. And, if such a man doth not betray his cause and his master, it is only because the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too small, or the danger was too great. And hence it is, that we find so little truth or justice among us, because there are so very few, who either in the service of the public, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own advantage, and how to guard themselves against the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by secrecy, or by cunning, although he breaks almost every law of God.

Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unless men are guided by the advice and judgment of a conscience founded on religion, they can give no security that they will be either good subjects, faithful servants of the public, or honest in their mutual dealings; since there is no other tie through which the pride, or lust, or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or other.

Consider what has been said, &c.

ON THE TRINITY.

I. EPIST. GEN. OF JOHN, V. 7.

"For there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One."

This day being set apart to acknowledge our belief in the Eternal Trinity, I thought it might be proper to employ my present discourse entirely upon that subject; and, I hope, to handle it in such a manner, that the most ignorant among you may return home better informed of your duty in this great point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed, that by the weakness and indiscretion of busy (or at best, of well-meaning) people, as well as by the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it to the disturbance of mankind; I say, by these means, it must be confessed, that the doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made Christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted: First, that men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in Christianity at all; and secondly, if they can pick out any one single article in the Christian religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to the arguments of those bad people, who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude, that the truth of the whole Gospel must sink along with that one article; which is just as wise, as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will therefore observe no law at all; and yet, that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the law-givers.

Thus it hath happened with the great doctrine of the Trinity; which word is indeed not in the Scripture, but was a term of art invented in the earlier times to express the doctrine by a single word, for the sake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine then, as delivered in Holy Scripture, although not exactly in the same words, is very short, and amounts only to this, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet there is but one God. For, as to the word Person, when we say there are three Persons; and as to those other explanations in the Athanasian Creed this day read to you (whether compiled by Athanasius or no) they were taken up three hundred years after Christ, to expound this doctrine; and I will tell you upon what occasion. About that time there sprang up a heresy of a people called Arians, from one Arius the leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the Gospel (wherein they were more

sincere than their followers among us). Thus the Christian world was divided into two parts, until at length, by the zeal and courage of St Athanasius, the Arians were condemned in a general council, and a creed formed upon the true faith, as St Athanasius hath settled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our churches, which, although it is useful for edification to those who understand it; yet, since it containeth some nice and philosophical points which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the Scripture doctrine, as I have delivered it. Because that creed was intended only as an answer to the Arians in their own way, who were very subtle disputers.

But this heresy having revived in the world about a hundred years ago, and continued ever since; not out of a zeal to truth, but to give a loose to wickedness, by throwing off all religion; several divines, in order to answer the cavils of those adversaries to truth and morality, began to find out farther explanations of this doctrine of the Trinity, by rules of philosophy; which have multiplied controversies to such a degree, as to beget scruples that have perplexed the minds of many sober Christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be bold to affirm, that the method taken by many of those learned men to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a mistake.

It must be allowed, that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that measure of reason which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwise, if he will be sincere, or act like a man. For instance: If I should be commanded by an angel from heaven to believe it is midnight at noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So, if I were directly told in Scripture that three are one, and one is three, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common sense of that expression, but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me and from all the world. Thus, in the text, "There are Three that bear record," &c. Am I capable of knowing and defining what union and what distinction there may be in the divine nature, which possibly may be hid from the angels themselves? Again, I see it plainly declared in Scripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God in knowing men's thoughts; in saying, "He and his Father are one;" and, "before Abraham was, I am." I read, that the disciples worshipped him; that Thomas said to him, "My Lord and my God." And St John, chap, 1st, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." I read likewise that the Holy Ghost bestowed the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles; which, if rightly considered, is as great a miracle as any, that a number of illiterate men should of a sudden be qualified to speak all the languages then known in the world; such as could be done by the inspiration of God done. From these several texts it is plain, that God commands us to believe that there is an union and there is a distinction; but what that union, or

what that distinction is, all mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the day of judgment, without some new revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the nature of this union and distinction in the divine nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible; as I would, if any one told me that three men are one, and one man is three? We are told, that a man and his wife are one flesh; this I can comprehend the meaning of; yet, literally taken, it is a thing impossible. But the apostle tell us, "We see but in part, and we know but in part;" and yet we would comprehend all the secret ways and workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is positively affirmed in Scripture: that God is there expressed in three different names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghost: that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery utterly unknown to mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great article, without ever inquiring any farther: And, this can be contrary to no man's reason, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another difficulty of great importance among those who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other articles of Christianity; which is, that our religion abounds in mysteries, and these they are so bold as to revile as cant, imposture, and priestcraft. It is impossible for us to determine for what reasons God thought fit to communicate some things to us in part, and leave some part a mystery. But so it is in fact, and so the Holy Scripture tells us in several places. For instance: the resurrection and change of our bodies are called mysteries by St Paul: and our Saviour's incarnation is another: The Kingdom of God is called a mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his disciples; so is faith, and the word of God by St Paul. I omit many others. So, that to declare against all mysteries without distinction or exception, is to declare against the whole tenor of the New Testament.

There are two conditions that may bring a mystery under suspicion. First, when it is not taught and commanded in Holy Writ; or, secondly, when the mystery turns to the advantage of those who preach it to others. Now, as to the first, it can never be said, that we preach mysteries without warrant from Holy Scripture, although I confess this of the Trinity may have sometimes been explained by human invention, which might perhaps better have been spared. As to the second, it will not be possible to charge the Protestant priesthood with proposing any temporal advantage to themselves by broaching or multiplying, or preaching of mysteries. Does this mystery of the Trinity, for instance, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least profit or power to the preachers? No; it is as great a mystery to themselves as it is to the meanest of their hearers; and may be rather a cause of humiliation, by putting their understanding in that point upon a level with the most ignorant of their flock. It is true indeed, the Roman church hath very much enriched herself by

trading in mysteries, for which they have not the least authority from Scripture, and were fitted only to advance their own temporal wealth and grandeur; such as transubstantiation, the worshipping of images, indulgences for sins, purgatory, and masses for the dead; with many more: But, it is the perpetual talent of those who have ill-will to our Church, or a contempt for all religion, taken up by the wickedness of their lives, to charge us with the errors and corruptions of Popery, which all Protestants have thrown off near two hundred years: whereas, those mysteries held by us have no prospect of power, pomp, or wealth, but have been ever maintained by the universal body of true believers from the days of the apostles, and will be so to the resurrection; neither will the gates of hell prevail against them.

It may be thought perhaps a strange thing, that God should require us to believe mysteries, while the reason or manner of what we are to believe is above our comprehension, and wholly concealed from us: neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodness or wickedness of our lives. But this is a great and dangerous mistake. We see what a mighty weight is laid upon faith, both in the Old and New Testament. In the former we read how the faith of Abraham is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him a great nation, at the very time that he was commanded to sacrifice his only son, and despaired of any other issue. And this was to him a great mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his disciples, or reproaching them with the want of it: and St Paul produceth numerous examples of the wonders done by faith. And all this is highly reasonable: For faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So, that the great excellency of faith, consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions: as, if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice. Therefore, let no man think that he can lead as good a moral life without faith as with it; for this reason, because he who hath no faith, cannot, by the strength of his own reason or endeavours, so easily resist temptations, as the other who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. "Faith," says the apostle, "is the evidence of things not seen": he means, that faith is a virtue by which anything commanded us by God to believe appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because, by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God.

It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason, without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the universal presence of God, with innumerable other points. How little do those who quarrel with mysteries, know of the commonest actions of nature! The growth of an animal, of a plant, or of the smallest seed, is a mystery to the wisest among men. If an ignorant person were told that a loadstone would

draw iron at a distance, he might say it was a thing contrary to his reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his eyes.

The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the Trinity.

From what hath been said, it is manifest that God did never command us to believe, nor his ministers to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reason he hath pleased to endow us with; but for his own wise ends has thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing he commands; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increase our dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the Trinity, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal. "For now," as the apostle says, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Thus, we see, the matter is brought to this issue: We must either believe what God directly commands us in Holy Scripture, or we must wholly reject the Scripture, and the Christian religion which we pretend to profess. But this, I hope, is too desperate a step for any of us to make.

I have already observed, that those who preach up the belief of the Trinity, or of any other mystery, cannot propose any temporal advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the case of those who oppose these doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral lives than a good Christian? Are *they* more just in their dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but on the contrary, their intent is to overthrow all religion, that they may gratify their vices without any reproach from the world, or their own conscience: and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary comfort to have a multitude on their side.

There is no miracle mentioned in Holy Writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much, contrary to common reason, and as much a mystery, as this doctrine of the Trinity; and therefore we may, with equal justice deny the truth of them all. For instance: It is against the laws of nature, that a human body should be able to walk upon the water, as St Peter is recorded to have done; or that a dead carcass should be raised from the grave after three days, when it began to be corrupted; which those who understand anatomy will pronounce to be impossible by the common rules of nature and reason. Yet these miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the Gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our holy religion to atheists and infidels.

I shall now make a few inferences and observations upon what has been

said.

First: It would be well, if people would not lay so much weight on their own reason in matters of religion, as to think everything impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives! Reason itself is true and just, but the reason of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices. Let any man but consider, when he hath a controversy with another, although his cause be ever so unjust, although the world be against him, how blinded he is by the love of himself, to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it maketh for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of his reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to control the commands of the Almighty?

Secondly: When men are tempted to deny the mysteries of religion, let them examine and search into their own hearts, whether they have not some favourite sin which is of their party in this dispute, and which is equally contrary to other commands of God in the Gospel. For, why do men love darkness rather than light? The Scripture tells us, "Because their deeds are evil;" and there can be no other reason assigned. Therefore when men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak sides in Christianity, and inclined to favour everything that is offered to its disadvantage; it is plain they wish it were not true, and those wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil conscience; because, if there be truth in our religion, their condition must be miserable.

And therefore, *Thirdly*: Men should consider, that raising difficulties concerning the mysteries in religion, cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better neighbours, or friends, or more serviceable to their country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward peace of mind, by perpetual doubts and fears arising in their breasts. And, God forbid we should ever see the times so bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment; although, even in such a case, it would be an ill traffic, to gain the world, and lose our own souls. So, that upon the whole, it will be impossible to find any real use toward a virtuous or happy life, by denying the mysteries of the Gospel.

Fourthly: Those strong unbelievers, who expect that all mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own reason, might have somewhat to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general reason of mankind in their opinions: But herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous; they strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; they can believe that the world was made by chance; that God doth not concern himself with things below; will neither punish vice, nor reward virtue; that religion was invented by cunning men to keep the world in awe; with many other opinions equally false and detestable, against the common light of nature as well as reason; against the universal sentiments of all civilized nations, and offensive to the ears even of

a sober heathen.

Lastly: Since the world abounds with pestilent books particularly against this doctrine of the Trinity; it is fit to inform you, that the authors of them proceed wholly upon a mistake: They would shew how impossible it is that three can be one, and one can be three; whereas the Scripture saith no such thing, at least in that manner they would make it: but, only, that there is some kind of unity and distinction in the divine nature, which mankind cannot possibly comprehend: thus, the whole doctrine is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any controversy: since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner. And therefore many divines, who thought fit to answer those wicked books, have been mistaken too, by answering fools in their folly; and endeavouring to explain a mystery, which God intended to keep secret from us. And, as I would exhort all men to avoid reading those wicked books written against this doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the answers, as unnecessary. This I confess will probably affect but few or none among the generality of our congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with books, at least of this kind. However, many who do not read themselves, are seduced by others that do; and thus become unbelievers upon trust and at second-hand; and this is too frequent a case: for which reason I have endeavoured to put this doctrine upon a short and sure foot, levelled to the meanest understanding; by which we may, as the apostle directs, be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

And, thus I have done with my subject, which probably I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the occasion of this season, appointed on purpose to celebrate the mysteries of the Trinity, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this faith; and what this faith is I have shewn you in the plainest manner I could. For, upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commandeth us, by our dependence upon His truth, and His Holy Word, to believe a fact that we do not understand. And, this is no more than what we do every day in the works of nature, upon the credit of men of learning. Without faith we can do no works acceptable to God; for, if they proceed from any other principle, they will not advance our salvation; and this faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our senses, or contradicting our reason. May God of his infinite mercy inspire us with true faith in every article and mystery of our holy religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his sight; and this we pray through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious, incomprehensible ONE GOD, be all honour and glory now and for evermore! *Amen*.

ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

[Footnote: 1 Notwithstanding the text and title of this sermon, and the many excellent observations which it contains in illustration of both, there are several passages in it which the dissenters of the time would hardly consider as propitiatory towards the continuance of brotherly love. There are also various allusions to the parties which raged at the time, and some which appear to have been written in defence of the preacher's character, then severely arraigned by the Irish Whigs, and held in abhorrence by the people of Dublin, by whom he was afterwards idolized. [S.]]

HEB. XIII. I.

"Let brotherly love continue."

In the early times of the Gospel, the Christians were very much distinguished from all other bodies of men, by the great and constant love they bore to each other; which, although it was done in obedience to the frequent injunctions of our Saviour and his apostles, yet, I confess, there seemeth to have been likewise a natural reason, that very much promoted it. For the Christians then were few and scattered, living under persecution by the heathens round about them, in whose hands was all the civil and military power; and there is nothing so apt to unite the minds and hearts of men, or to beget love and tenderness, as a general distress. The first dissensions between Christians took their beginning from the errors and heresies that arose among them; many of those heresies, sometimes extinguished, and sometimes reviving, or succeeded by others, remain to this day; and having been made instruments to the pride, avarice, or ambition, of ill-designing men, by extinguishing brotherly love, have been the cause of infinite calamities, as well as corruptions of faith and manners, in the Christian world.

The last legacy of Christ was peace and mutual love; but then he foretold, that he came to send a sword upon the earth: The primitive Christians accepted the legacy, and their successors down to the present age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But whatever the practice of mankind hath been, or still continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon those who profess the Gospel, than that of brotherly love; which, whoever could restore in any degree among men, would be an instrument of more good to human society, than ever was, or will be, done by all the statesmen and politicians in the world.

It is upon this subject of brotherly love, that I intend to discourse at present, and the method I observe shall be as follows: —

I. *First*, I will inquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love

among us.

II. *Secondly*, I will lay open the sad effects and consequences, which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

III. *Lastly*, I will use some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it.

I. *First*, I shall enquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

This nation of ours hath, for an hundred years past, been infested by two enemies, the Papists and fanatics, who, each in their turns, filled it with blood and slaughter, and, for a time, destroyed both the Church and government. The memory of these events hath put all true Protestants equally upon their guard against both these adversaries, who, by consequence, do equally hate us. The fanatics revile us, as too nearly approaching to Popery; and the Papists condemn us, as bordering too much on fanaticism. The Papists, God be praised, are, by the wisdom of our laws, put out of all visible possibility of hurting us; besides, their religion is so generally abhorred, that they have no advocates or abettors among Protestants to assist them. But the fanatics are to be considered in another light; they have had of late years the power, the luck, or the cunning, to divide us among ourselves; they have endeavoured to represent all those who have been so bold as to oppose their errors and designs, under the character of persons disaffected to the government; and they have so far succeeded, that, now-a-days, if a clergyman happens to preach with any zeal and vehemence against the sin and danger of schism, there will not want too many, in his congregation, ready enough to censure him as hot and high-flying, an inflamer of men's minds, an enemy to moderation, and disloyal to his prince. This hath produced a formed and settled division between those who profess the same doctrine and discipline; while they who call themselves moderate are forced to widen their bottom, by sacrificing their principles and their brethren to the encroachments and insolence of dissenters, who are therefore answerable, as a principal cause of all that hatred and animosity now reigning among us.

Another cause of the great want of brotherly love is the weakness and folly of too many among you of the lower sort, who are made the tools and instruments of your betters to work their designs, wherein you have no concern. Your numbers make you of use, and cunning men take the advantage, by putting words into your mouths, which you do not understand; then they fix good or ill characters to those words, as it best serves their purposes: And thus you are taught to love or hate, you know not what or why; you often suspect your best friends, and nearest neighbours, even your teacher himself, without any reason, if your leaders once taught you to call him by a name, which they tell you signifieth some very bad thing.

A third cause of our great want of brotherly love seemeth to be, that this duty is not so often insisted on from the pulpit, as it ought to be in such times as these; on the contrary, it is to be doubted, whether doctrines are not

sometimes delivered by an ungoverned zeal, a desire to be distinguished, or a view of interest, which produce quite different effects; when, upon occasions set apart to return thanks to God for some public blessing, the time is employed in stirring up one part of the congregation against the other, by representations of things and persons, which God, in his mercy, forgive those who are guilty of.

The last cause I shall mention of the want of brotherly love is, that unhappy disposition towards politics among the trading people, which has been industriously instilled into them. In former times, the middle and lower sorts of mankind seldom gained or lost by the factions of the kingdom, and therefore were little concerned in them, further than as matter of talk and amusement; but now the meanest dealer will expect to turn the penny by the merits of his party. He can represent his neighbour as a man of dangerous principles, can bring a railing accusation against him, perhaps a criminal one, and so rob him of his livelihood, and find his own account by that much more than if he had disparaged his neighbour's goods, or defamed him as a cheat. For so it happens, that, instead of enquiring into the skill or honesty of those kind of people, the manner is now to enquire into their party, and to reject or encourage them accordingly; which proceeding hath made our people, in general, such able politicians, that all the artifice, flattery, dissimulation, diligence, and dexterity, in undermining each other, which the satirical wit of men hath charged upon courts; together with all the rage and violence, cruelty and injustice, which have been ever imputed to public assemblies; are with us (so polite are we grown) to be seen among our meanest traders and artificers in the greatest perfection. All which, as it may be matter of some humiliation to the wise and mighty of this world, so the effects thereof may, perhaps, in time, prove very different from what, I hope in charity, were ever foreseen or intended.

II. I will therefore now, in the second place, lay open some of the sad effects and consequences which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

And the first ill consequence is, that our want of brotherly love hath almost driven out all sense of religion from among us, which cannot well be otherwise; for since our Saviour laid so much weight upon his disciples loving one another, that he gave it among his last instructions; and since the primitive Christians are allowed to have chiefly propagated the faith by their strict observance of that instruction, it must follow that, in proportion as brotherly love declineth, Christianity will do so too. The little religion there is in the world, hath been observed to reside chiefly among the middle and lower sorts of people, who are neither tempted to pride nor luxury by great riches, nor to desperate courses by extreme poverty: And truly I, upon that account, have thought it a happiness, that those who are under my immediate care are generally of that condition; but where party hath once made entrance, with all its consequences of hatred, envy, partiality, and virulence, religion cannot

long keep its hold in any state or degree of life whatsoever. For, if the great men of the world have been censured in all ages for mingling too little religion with their politics, what a havoc of principles must they needs make in unlearned and irregular heads; of which indeed the effects are already too visible and melancholy all over the kingdom!

Another ill consequence from our want of brotherly love is, that it increaseth the insolence of the fanatics; and this partly ariseth from a mistaken meaning of the word moderation; a word which hath been much abused, and bandied about for several years past. There are too many people indifferent enough to all religion; there are many others, who dislike the clergy, and would have them live in poverty and dependence; both these sorts are much commended by the fanatics for moderate men, ready to put an end to our divisions, and to make a general union among Protestants. Many ignorant well-meaning people are deceived by these appearances, strengthened with great pretences to loyalty: and these occasions the fanatics lay hold on, to revile the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and even insult and oppress the clergy wherever their numbers or favourers will bear them out; insomuch, that one wilful refractory fanatic hath been able to disturb a whole parish for many years together. But the most moderate and favoured divines dare not own, that the word moderation, with respect to the dissenters, can be at all applied to their religion, but is purely personal or prudential. No good man repineth at the liberty of conscience they enjoy; and, perhaps a very moderate divine may think better of their loyalty than others do; or, to speak after the manner of men, may think it necessary, that all Protestants should be united against the common enemy; or out of discretion, or other reasons best known to himself, be tender of mentioning them at all. But still the errors of the dissenters are all fixed and determined, and must, upon demand, be acknowledged by all the divines of our church, whether they be called, in party phrase, high or low, moderate or violent. And further, I believe it would be hard to find many moderate divines, who, if their opinion were asked whether dissenters should be trusted with power, could, according to their consciences, answer in the affirmative; from whence it is plain, that all the stir which the fanatics have made with this word moderation, was only meant to increase our divisions, and widen them so far as to make room for themselves to get in between. And this is the only scheme they ever had (except that of destroying root and branch) for the uniting of Protestants, they so much talk of.

I shall mention but one ill consequence more, which attends our want of brotherly love; that it hath put an end to all hospitality and friendship, all good correspondence and commerce between mankind. There are indeed such things as leagues and confederacies among those of the same party; but surely God never intended that men should be so limited in the choice of their friends: However, so it is in town and country, in every parish and street; the pastor is divided from his flock, the father from his son, and the house often

divided against itself. Men's very natures are soured, and their passions inflamed, when they meet in party clubs, and spend their time in nothing else but railing at the opposite side; thus every man alive among us is encompassed with a million of enemies of his own country, among which his oldest acquaintance and friends, and kindred themselves, are often of the number; neither can people of different parties mix together without constraint, suspicion, or jealousy, watching every word they speak, for fear of giving offence, or else falling into rudeness and reproaches, and so leaving themselves open to the malice and corruption of informers, who were never more numerous or expert in their trade. And as a further addition to this evil, those very few, who, by the goodness and generosity of their nature, do in their own hearts despise this narrow principle of confining their friendship and esteem, their charity and good offices, to those of their own party, yet dare not discover their good inclinations, for fear of losing their favour and interest. And others again, whom God had formed with mild and gentle dispositions, think it necessary to put a force upon their own tempers, by acting a noisy, violent, malicious part, as a means to be distinguished. Thus hath party got the better of the very genius and constitution of our people; so that whoever reads the character of the English in former ages, will hardly believe their present posterity to be of the same nation or climate.

III. I shall now, in the last place, make use of some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it. Let me apply myself to you of the lower sort, and desire you will consider, when any of you make use of fair and enticing words to draw in customers, whether you do it for their sakes or your own. And then, for whose sakes do you think it is, that your leaders are so industrious to put into your heads all that party rage and virulence? Is it not to make you the tools and instruments, by which they work out their own designs? Has this spirit of faction been useful to any of you in your worldly concerns, except to those who have traded in whispering, backbiting, or informing, and wanted skill or honesty to thrive by fairer methods? It is no business of yours to inquire, who is at the head of armies, or of councils, unless you had power and skill to choose, neither of which is ever likely to be your case; and therefore to fill your heads with fears, and hatred of persons and things, of which it is impossible you can ever make a right judgment, or to set you at variance with your neighbour, because his thoughts are not the same as yours, is not only in a very gross manner to cheat you of your time and quiet, but likewise to endanger your souls.

Secondly: In order to restore brotherly love, let me earnestly exhort you to stand firm in your religion; I mean, the true religion hitherto established among us, without varying in the least either to Popery on the one side, or to fanaticism on the other; and in a particular manner beware of that word, moderation; and believe it, that your neighbour is not immediately a villain, a Papist, and a traitor, because the fanatics and their adherents will not allow

him to be a moderate man.

Nay, it is very probable, that your teacher himself may be a loyal, pious, and able divine, without the least grain of moderation, as the word is too frequently understood. Therefore, to set you right in this matter, I will lay before you the character of a truly moderate man, and then I will give you the description of such a one as falsely pretendeth to that title.

A man truly moderate is steady in the doctrine and discipline of the Church, but with a due Christian charity to all who dissent from it out of a principle of conscience; the freedom of which, he thinketh, ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abused, but never trusted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the Protestant succession, and the Protestant established faith, against all invaders whatsoever. He is for giving the Crown its just prerogative, and the people their just liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, that virtue should always attend upon favour, and vice upon disgrace. These are some few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man; let us now compare it with the description of one who usually passeth under that title.

A moderate man, in the new meaning of the word, is one to whom all religion is indifferent; who although he denominates himself of the Church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually raileth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who, he hopeth, and probably upon false grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and properties as himself. He thinketh the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little; and yet this very notion he publisheth, as his best argument, to prove him a most loyal subject. Every opinion in government, that differeth in the least from his, tendeth directly to Popery, slavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power, can, in his judgment, neither have common sense, common honesty, nor religion. Lastly, his devotion consisteth in drinking gibbets, confusion, and damnation; in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the ashes of another.

[Footnote 1: The subject of these political toasts was the theme of much discussion in Ireland. [S.]]

[Footnote 2: King William.]

[Footnote 3: Queen Anne.]

By these marks you will easily distinguish a truly moderate man from those who are commonly, but very falsely, so called; and while persons thus qualified are so numerous and so noisy, so full of zeal and industry to gain proselytes, and spread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered at that there should be so little brotherly love left among us.

Lastly: It would probably contribute to restore some degree of brotherly love, if we would but consider, that the matter of those disputes, which inflame us to this degree, doth not, in its own nature, at all concern the

generality of mankind. Indeed as to those who have been great gainers or losers by the changes of the world, the case is different; and to preach moderation to the first, and patience to the last, would perhaps be to little purpose: But what is that to the bulk of the people, who are not properly concerned in the quarrel, although evil instruments have drawn them into it? For, if the reasonable men on both sides were to confer opinions, they would find neither religion, loyalty, nor interest, are at all affected in this dispute. Not religion, because the members of the Church, on both sides, profess to agree in every article: Not loyalty to our prince, which is pretended to by one party as much as the other, and therefore can be no subject for debate: Not interest, for trade and industry lie open to all; and, what is further, concerns only those who have expectations from the public: So that the body of the people, if they knew their own good, might yet live amicably together, and leave their betters to quarrel among themselves, who might also probably soon come to a better temper, if they were less seconded and supported by the poor deluded multitude.

I have now done with my text, which I confess to have treated in a manner more suited to the present times, than to the nature of the subject in general. That I have not been more particular in explaining the several parts and properties of this great duty of brotherly love, the apostle to the Thessalonians will plead my excuse.—"Touching brotherly love" (saith he) "ye need not that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another." So that nothing remains to add, but our prayers to God, that he would please to restore and continue this duty of brotherly love or charity among us, the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

[Footnote 4: 1 Thess. iv. 9.]

Nov. 29, 1717.

THE DIFFICULTY OF KNOWING ONE'S-SELF.

[Footnote 1: Prefixed to the issue in volume ten, "Miscellanies," 1745, is the following:

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The manuscript title page of the following sermon being lost, and no memorandum writ upon it, as there were upon the others, when and where it was preached, made the editor doubtful whether he should print it as the Dean's, or not. But its being found amongst the same papers; and the hand, though writ somewhat better, bearing a great similitude to the Dean's, made him willing to lay it before the public, that they might judge whether the style and manner also does not render it still more probable to be his." [T.S.]]

2 KINGS, VIII. PART OF THE 13TH VERSE.

"And Hazael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

We have a very singular instance of the deceitfulness of the heart, represented to us in the person of Hazael; who was sent to the prophet Elisha, to enquire of the Lord concerning his master the King of Syria's recovery. For the man of God, having told him that the king might recover from the disorder he was then labouring under, begun to set and fasten his countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent expressions of sorrow, and a deep concern for it; whereupon, when Hazael, full of shame and confusion, asked, "Why weepeth my lord?" he answered, "Because I know all the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child." Thus much did the man of God say and know of him, by a light darted into his mind from heaven. But Hazael not knowing himself so well as the other did, was startled and amazed at the relation, and would not believe it possible that a man of his temper could ever run out into such enormous instances of cruelty and inhumanity. "What!" says he, "is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

And yet, for all this, it is highly probable that he was then that man he could not imagine himself to be; for we find him, on the very next day after his return, in a very treacherous and disloyal manner murdering his own master, and usurping his kingdom; which was but a prologue to the sad tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the people of Israel.

And now the case is but very little better with most men, than it was with Hazael; however it comes to pass, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own temper and disposition, and know very little of what passes within them: For of so many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured persons, that are in the world, where is there one of them, who, although he has all the symptoms of the vice appearing upon every occasion, can look with such an impartial eye upon himself, as to believe that the imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundless and unfair? Who, if he were told by men of a discerning spirit and a strong conjecture, of all the evil and absurd things which that false heart of his would at one time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much, as Hazael did before him? Thus, for instance; tell an angry person that he is weak and impotent, and of no consistency of mind; tell him, that such or such a little accident, which he may then despise and think much below a passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several absurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming things: He may perhaps own that he has a spirit of resentment within him, that will not let him be imposed on, but he fondly imagines that he can lay a becoming restraint upon it when he pleases, although 'tis ever running away with him into some indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring the words of my text to our present occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further prosecution of them, to evince the great necessity of a nice and curious inspection into the several recesses of the heart, being the surest and the shortest method that a wicked man can take to reform himself: For let us but stop the fountain, and the streams will spend and waste themselves away in a very little time; but if we go about, like children, to raise a bank, and to stop the current, not taking notice all the while of the spring which continually feeds it, when the next flood of temptation rises, and breaks in upon it, then we shall find that we have begun at the wrong end of our duty, and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had sat still, and made no advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer explanation of the point, I shall speak to these following particulars: —

First: By endeavouring to prove, from particular instances, that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself.

Secondly: By inquiring into the grounds and reasons of his ignorance.

Thirdly and *Lastly*: By proposing several advantages that do most assuredly attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves.

First, then: To prove that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world, of himself.

To pursue the heart of man through all the instances of life, in all its several windings and turnings, and under that infinite variety of shapes and appearances which it puts on, would be a difficult and almost impossible undertaking; so that I shall confine myself to such as have a nearer reference to the present occasion, and do, upon a closer view, shew themselves through

the whole business of repentance. For we all know what it is to repent, but whether he repents him truly of his sins or not, who can know it?

Now the great duty of repentance is chiefly made up of these two parts, a hearty sorrow for the follies and miscarriages of the time past, and a full purpose and resolution of amendment for the time to come. And now, to shew the falseness of the heart in both these parts of repentance, And

First: As to a hearty sorrow for the sins and miscarriages of the time past. Is there a more usual thing than for a man to impose upon himself, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, by casting a severe look into his past conduct, and making some few pious and devout reflections upon it, and then to believe that he has repented to an excellent purpose, without ever letting it step forth into practice, and shew itself in a holy conversation? Nay, some persons do carry the deceit a little higher; who if they can but bring themselves to weep for their sins, they are then full of an ill-grounded confidence and security; never considering that all this may prove to be no more than the very garb and outward dress of a contrite heart, which another heart, as hard as the nether millstone, may as well put on. For tears and sighs, however in some persons they may be decent and commendable expressions of a godly sorrow, are neither necessary, nor infallible signs of a true and unfeigned repentance. Not necessary, because sometimes, and in some persons, the inward grief and anguish of the mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a thing as a tear, and then it turneth its edge inward upon the mind; and like those wounds of the body which bleed inwardly, generally proves the most fatal and dangerous to the whole body of sin: Not infallible, because a very small portion of sorrow may make some tender dispositions melt, and break out into tears; or a man may perhaps weep at parting with his sins, as he would bid the last farewell to an old friend.

But there is still a more pleasant cheat in this affair, that when we find a deadness, and a strange kind of unaptness and indisposition to all impressions of religion, and that we cannot be as truly sorry for our sins as we should be, we then pretend to be sorry that we are not more sorry for them; which is not more absurd and irrational, than that a man should pretend to be very angry at a thing, because he did not know how to be angry at all.

But after all, what is wanting in this part of repentance, we expect to make up in the next; and to that purpose we put on a resolution of amendment, which we take to be as firm as a house built upon a rock; so that let the floods arise, and the winds blow, and the streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing shall shake it into ruin or disorder. We doubt not, upon the strength of this resolve, to stand fast and unmoved amid the storm of a temptation; and do firmly believe, at the time we make it, that nothing in the world will ever be able to make us commit those sins over again, which we have so firmly resolved against.

Thus many a time have we come to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full purpose of amendment, and with as full a persuasion of putting that

same purpose into practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that good purpose, and falsified that same persuasion, by starting aside, like a broken bow, into those very sins, which we then so solemnly and so confidently declared against?

Whereas had but any other person entered with us into a vow so solemn, that he had taken the Holy Sacrament upon it, I believe had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the vow, we should hardly ever after be prevailed upon to trust that man again, though we still continue to trust our own fears, against reason and against experience.

This indeed is a dangerous deceit enough, and will of course betray all those well-meaning persons into sin and folly, who are apt to take religion for a much easier thing than it is. But this is not the only mistake we are apt to run into; we do not only think sometimes that we can do more than we can do, but sometimes that we are incapable of doing less; an error of another kind indeed, but not less dangerous, arising from a diffidence and false humility. For how much a wicked man can do in the business of religion, if he would but do his best, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to see a wicked man running headlong into sin and folly, against his reason, against his religion, and against his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite disparagement to his understanding, which, at another time, he sets no small value upon; tell him that it will blacken his reputation, which he had rather die for than lose; tell him that the pleasure of sin is short and transient, and leaves a vexatious kind of sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him that this is one of those things for which God will most surely bring him to judgment, which he pretends to believe with a full assurance and persuasion: And yet for all this, he shuts his eyes against all conviction, and rusheth into the sin like a horse into battle; as if he had nothing left to do, but, like a silly child to wink hard, and to think to escape a certain and infinite mischief, only by endeavouring not to see it.

And now to shew that the heart has given in a false report of the temptation, we may learn from this, that the same weak man would resist and master the same powerful temptation, upon considerations of infinitely less value than those which religion offers, nay such vile considerations, that the grace of God cannot without blasphemy be supposed to add any manner of force and efficacy to them. Thus for instance, it would be a hard matter to dress up a sin in such soft and tempting circumstances, that a truly covetous man would not resist for a considerable sum of money; when neither the hopes of heaven nor the fears of hell could make an impression upon him before. But can anything be a surer indication of the deceitfulness of the heart, than thus to shew more courage, resolution, and activity, in an ill cause, than it does in a good one? And to exert itself to better purpose, when it is to serve its own pride, or lust, or revenge, or any other passion, than when it is to serve God upon motives of the Gospel, and upon all the arguments that have ever

been made use of to bring men over to religion and a good life? And thus having shewn that man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself, in passing through the several stages of that great duty, repentance, I proceed now, in the

Second place: To inquire into the grounds and reasons of this ignorance, *and to shew whence it comes to pass that man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passes within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing dispositions and complexion of his own heart*. The prime reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little notice of what passes within us: For a man can no more know his own heart than he can know his own face, any other way than by reflection: He may as well tell over every feature of the smaller portions of his face without the help of a looking-glass, as he can tell all the inward bents and tendencies of his soul, those standing features and lineaments of the inward man, and know all the various changes that this is liable to from custom, from passion, and from opinion, without a very frequent use of looking within himself.

For our passions and inclinations are not always upon the wing, and always moving toward their respective objects, but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden recesses of the heart, where they lie concealed for a while, until a fresh occasion calls them forth again: So that not every transient, oblique glance upon the mind can bring a man into a thorough knowledge of all its strength and weaknesses; for a man may sometimes turn the eye of the mind inward upon itself, as he may behold his natural face in a glass, and go away, "and straight forget what manner of man he was." But a man must rather sit down and unravel every action of the past day into all its circumstances and particularities, and observe how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of impression it made upon his heart; this done with that frequency and carefulness which the importance of the duty does require, would in a short time bring him into a nearer and more intimate acquaintance with himself.

But when men instead of this do pass away months and years in a perfect slumber of the mind, without once awaking it, it is no wonder they should be so very ignorant of themselves, and know very little more of what passes within them than the very beasts which perish. But here it may not be amiss to inquire into the reasons why most men have so little conversation with themselves.

And, *first:* Because this reflection is a work and labour of the mind, and cannot be performed without some pain and difficulty: For, before a man can reflect upon himself, and look into his heart with a steady eye, he must contract his sight, and collect all his scattering and roving thoughts into some order and compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct view of them; he must retire from the world for a while, and be unattentive to all impressions of sense; and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a

man of passion and infirmity, amid such a crowd of objects that are continually striking upon the sense, and soliciting the affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them. But,

Secondly: Another reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves, is, because the business of the world takes up all our time, and leaveth us no portion of it to spend upon this great work and labour of the mind. Thus twelve or fourteen years pass away before we can well discern good from evil; and of the rest so much goes away in sleep, so much in the proper business of our calling, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious employments. Every man's life is an imperfect sort of a circle, which he repeats and runs over every day; he has a set of thoughts, desires, and inclinations, which return upon him in their proper time and order, and will very hardly be laid aside, to make room for anything new and uncommon: So that call upon him when you please, to set about the study of his own heart, and you are sure to find him pre-engaged; either he has some business to do, or some diversion to take, some acquaintance that he must visit, or some company that he must entertain, or some cross accident has put him out of humour, and unfitted him for such a grave employment. And thus it cometh to pass that a man can never find leisure to look into himself, because he does not set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose, but foolishly defers it from one day to another, till his glass is almost run out, and he is called to give a miserable account of himself in the other world. But,

Thirdly, Another reason why a man does not more frequently converse with himself, is, because such conversation with his own heart may discover some vice or some infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himself guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful thing to a man, than to find that upon a nearer view he is not that person he took himself to be? That he had neither the courage, nor the honesty, nor the piety, nor the humility that he dreamed he had? That a very little pain, for instance, putteth him out of patience, and as little pleasure softens and disarms him into ease and wantonness? That he has been at more pains, and labour, and cost, to be revenged of an enemy, than to oblige the best friend he has in the world? That he cannot bring himself to say his prayers, without a great deal of reluctancy; and when he does say them, the spirit and fervour of devotion evaporate in a very short time, and he can scarcely hold out a prayer of ten lines, without a number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked thoughts coming into his head? These are very unwelcome discoveries that a man may make of himself; so that 'tis no wonder that every one who is already flushed with a good opinion of himself, should rather study how to run away from it, than how to converse with his own heart.

But further, if a man were both able and willing to retire into his own heart, and to set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose; yet he is still disabled from passing a fair and impartial judgment upon himself, by several difficulties, arising partly from prejudice and prepossession, partly

from the lower appetites and inclinations. And,

First: That the business of prepossession may lead and betray a man into a false judgment of his own heart. For we may observe, that the first opinion we take up of anything, or any person, does generally stick close to us; the nature of the mind being such, that it cannot but desire, and consequently endeavour to have some certain principles to go upon, something fixed and unmoveable, whereon it may rest and support itself. And hence it comes to pass, that some persons are with so much difficulty brought to think well of a man they have once entertained an ill opinion of: and perhaps that too for a very absurd and unwarrantable reason. But how much more difficult then must it be for a man, who takes up a fond opinion of his own heart long before he has either years or sense enough to understand it, either to be persuaded out of it by himself, whom he loveth so well, or by another, whose interest or diversion it may be to make him ashamed of himself! Then,

Secondly: As to the difficulties arising from the inferior appetites and inclinations, let any man look into his own heart, and observe in how different a light, and under what different complexions, any two sins of equal turpitude and malignity do appear to him, if he has but a strong inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he has an inclination to, is always drest up in all the false beauty that a fond and busy imagination can give it; the other appears naked and deformed, and in all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour. Thus stealing is a vice that few gentlemen are inclined to; and they justly think it below the dignity of a man to stoop to so base and low a sin; but no principle of honour, no workings of the mind and conscience, not the still voice of mercy, not the dreadful call of judgment, nor any considerations whatever, can put a stop to that violence and oppression, that pride and ambition, that revelling and wantonness, which we every day meet with in the world. Nay, it is easy to observe very different thoughts in a man, of the sin that he is most fond of, according to, the different ebbs and flows of his inclination to it For as soon as the appetite is alarmed, and seizeth upon the heart, a little cloud gathereth about the head, and spreads a kind of darkness over the face of the soul, whereby 'tis hindered from taking a clear and distinct view of things; but no sooner is the appetite tired and satiated, but the same cloud passes away like a shadow, and a new light springing up in the mind of a sudden, the man sees much more, both of the folly and of the danger of the sin, than he did before.

And thus having done with the several reasons why man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, is so very ignorant of what passes within him, and so much unacquainted with the standing dispositions and complexions of his own heart: I proceed now, in the

Third and *Last* place, to lay down several advantages, that do *most assuredly* attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves. And,

First: One great advantage is, that it tends very much to mortify and humble a man into a modest and low opinion of himself. For let a man take a

nice and curious inspection into all the several regions of the heart, and observe every thing irregular and amiss within him: for instance, how narrow and short-sighted a thing is the understanding; upon how little reason do we take up an opinion, and upon how much less sometimes do we lay it down again, how weak and false ground do we often walk upon with the biggest confidence and assurance, and how tremulous and doubtful are we very often where no doubt is to be made. Again; how wild and impertinent, how busy and incoherent a thing is the imagination, even in the best and wisest men; insomuch that every man may be said to be mad, but every man does not shew it. Then as to the passions; how noisy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous are they, how easy they are stirred and set a-going, how eager and hot in the pursuit, and what strange disorder and confusion do they throw a man into; so that he can neither think, nor speak, nor act as he should do, while he is under the dominion of any one of them.

Thus let every man look with a severe and impartial eye into all the distinct regions of the heart, and no doubt, several deformities and irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and disclose themselves upon so near a view; and rather make the man ashamed of himself, than proud.

Secondly: A due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves does certainly secure us from the sly and insinuating assaults of flattery. There is not in the world a baser and more hateful thing than flattery; it proceeds from so much falseness and insincerity in the man that gives it, and often discovers so much weakness and folly in the man that takes it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is most to be blamed. Every man of common sense can demonstrate in speculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the praises and commendations of the whole world can add no more to the real and intrinsic value of a man, than they can add to his stature. And yet, for all this, men of the best sense and piety, when they come down to the practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themselves, when they have the good fortune to be spoken well of by other persons.

But the meaning of this absurd proceeding seems to be no other than this; there are few men that have so intimate an acquaintance with their own heart, as to know their own real worth, and how to set a just rate upon themselves, and therefore they do not know but that he who praises them most, may be most in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a man were ignorant of the true value of a thing he loved as well as himself, he would measure the worth of it according to the esteem of him who bids most for it, rather than of him that bids less.

Therefore, the most infallible way to disentangle a man from the snares of flattery, is, to consult and study his own heart; for whoever does that well, will hardly be so absurd, as to take another man's word, before his own sense and experience.

Thirdly: Another advantage from this kind of study, is this, that it teaches

a man how to behave himself patiently, when he has the ill fortune to be censured and abused by other people. For a man who is thoroughly acquainted with his own heart, does already know more evil of himself, than anybody else can tell him; and when any one speaks ill of him, he rather thanks God that he can say no worse. For could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden recesses of the heart, he considers what a number of impure thoughts he might there see brooding and hovering, like a dark cloud, upon the face of the soul; that there he might take a prospect of the fancy, and view it acting over the several scenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, of lust, and revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious inclination has been restrained, for no other reason but just to save the man's credit or interest in the world; and how many unbecoming ingredients have entered into the composition of his best actions. And now, what man in the whole world would be able to bear so severe a test, to have every thought and inward motion of the heart laid open and exposed to the views of his enemies? But,

Fourthly, and *Lastly:* Another advantage of this kind is, that it makes men less severe upon other people's faults, and less busy and industrious in spreading them. For a man, employed at home, inspecting into his own failings, has not leisure to take notice of every little spot and blemish that lies scattered upon others. Or if he cannot escape the sight of them, he always passes the most easy and favourable construction upon them. Thus, for instance; does the ill he knows of a man proceed from an unhappy temper and constitution of body? He then considers with himself, how hard a thing it is, not to be borne down with the current of the blood and spirits, and accordingly lays some part of the blame upon the weakness of human nature, for he has felt the force and rapidity of it within his own breast; though perhaps, in another instance, he remembers how it rages and swells by opposition; and though it may be restrained, or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally subdued.

Or has the man sinned out of custom? He then, from his own experience, traces a habit into the very first rise and imperfect beginnings of it; and can tell by how slow and insensible advances it creeps upon the heart; how it works itself by degrees into the very frame and texture of it, and so passes into a second nature; and consequently he has a just sense of the great difficulty for him to learn to do good, who has been long accustomed to do evil.

Or, lastly, has a false opinion betrayed him into a sin? He then calls to mind what wrong apprehensions he has made of some things himself; how many opinions, that he once made no doubt of, he has, upon a stricter examination found to be doubtful and uncertain; how many more to be unreasonable and absurd. He knows further, that there are a great many more opinions that he has never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he still believes, for no other reason, but because he has believed them so long already without a reason. Thus, upon every occasion, a man intimately acquainted with himself, consults his own heart, and makes every man's case

to be his own, (and so puts the most favourable interpretation upon it). Let every man therefore look into his own heart, before he beginneth to abuse the reputation of another, and then he will hardly be so absurd as to throw a dart that will so certainly rebound and wound himself. And thus, through the whole course of his conversation, let him keep an eye upon that one great comprehensive rule of Christian duty, on which hangs, not only the law and the prophets, but the very life and spirit of the Gospel too: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Which rule, that we may all duly observe, by throwing aside all scandal and detraction, all spite and rancour, all rudeness and contempt, all rage and violence, and whatever tends to make conversation and commerce either uneasy, or troublesome, may the God of peace grant for Jesus Christ his sake, &c.

Consider what has been said, &c.

ON FALSE WITNESS.

EXODUS, XX. 16.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

In those great changes that are made in a country by the prevailing of one party over another, it is very convenient that the prince, and those who are in authority under him, should use all just and proper methods for preventing any mischief to the public from seditious men. And governors do well, when they encourage any good subject to discover (as his duty obligeth him) whatever plots or conspiracies may be anyway dangerous to the state: Neither are they to be blamed, even when they receive informations from bad men, in order to find out the truth, when it concerns the public welfare. Every one indeed is naturally inclined to have an ill opinion of an informer; although it is not impossible but an honest man may be called by that name. For whoever knoweth anything, the telling of which would prevent some great evil to his prince, his country, or his neighbour, is bound in conscience to reveal it. But the mischief is, that, when parties are violently enflamed, which seemeth unfortunately to be our case at present, there is never wanting a set of evil instruments, who, either out of mad zeal, private hatred, or filthy lucre, are always ready to offer their service to the prevailing side, and become accusers of their brethren, without any regard to truth or charity. Holy David numbers this among the chief of his sufferings; "False witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty." Our Saviour and his apostles did likewise undergo the same distress, as we read both in the Gospels and the Acts.

[Footnote 1: Psalm xxvii. 12.]

Now, because the sign of false witnessing is so horrible and dangerous in itself, and so odious to God and man; and because the bitterness of too many among us is risen to such a height, that it is not easy to know where it will stop, or how far some weak and wicked minds may be carried by a mistaken zeal, a malicious temper, or hope of reward, to break this great commandment delivered in the text; therefore, in order to prevent this evil, and the consequences of it, at least among you who are my hearers, I shall,

I. *First*: Shew you several ways by which a man may be called a false witness against his neighbour.

II. *Secondly*: I shall give you some rules for your conduct and behaviour, in order to defend yourselves against the malice and cunning of false accusers.

III. And *lastly*: I shall conclude with shewing you very briefly, how far it is your duty, as good subjects and good neighbours, to bear faithful witness,

when you are lawfully called to it by those in authority, or by the sincere advice of your own consciences,

I. As to the first, there are several ways by which a man may be justly called a false witness against his neighbour.

First, According to the direct meaning of the word, when a man accuseth his neighbour without the least ground of truth. So we read, that Jezebel hired two sons of Belial to accuse Naboth for blaspheming God and the King, for which, although he was entirely innocent, he was stoned to death. And in our age it is not easy, to tell how many men have lost their lives, been ruined in their fortunes, and put to ignominious punishment by the downright perjury of false witnesses! The law itself in such cases being not able to protect the innocent. But this is so horrible a crime, that it doth not need to be aggravated by words.

[Footnote 2: i Kings, xxi. 8-13.]

A second way by which a man becometh a false witness is, when he mixeth falsehood and truth together, or concealeth some circumstances, which, if they were told; would destroy the falsehoods he uttereth. So the two false witnesses who accused our Saviour before the chief priests, by a very little perverting his words, would have made him guilty of a capital crime: for so it was among the Jews to prophesy any evil against the Temple: "This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days;" whereas the words, as our Saviour spoke them, were to another end, and differently expressed: For when the Jews asked him to shew them a sign, he said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." In such cases as these, an innocent man is half confounded, and looketh as if he were guilty, since he neither can deny his words, nor perhaps readily strip them from the malicious additions of a false witness.

[Footnote 3: Mat. xxvi. 6]

Thirdly: A man is a false witness, when, in accusing his neighbour, he endeavoureth to aggravate by his gestures and tone of his voice, or when he chargeth a man with words which were only repeated or quoted from somebody else. As if any one should tell me that he heard another speak certain dangerous and seditious speeches, and I should immediately accuse him for speaking them himself; and so drop the only circumstance that made him innocent. This was the case of St Stephen. The false witness said, "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place and the law." Whereas St Stephen said no such words; but only repeated some prophecies of Jeremiah or Malachi, which threatened Jerusalem with destruction if it did not repent. However, by the fury of the people, this innocent holy person was stoned to death for words he never spoke.

[Footnote 4: Acts, vi. 13.]

Fourthly: The blackest kind of false witnesses are those who do the office of the devil, by tempting their brethren in order to betray them. I cannot call to mind any instances of this kind mentioned in Holy Scripture. But I am afraid,

this vile practice hath been too much followed in the world. When a man's temper hath been so soured by misfortunes and hard usage, that perhaps he hath reason enough to complain; then one of these seducers, under the pretence of friendship, will seem to lament his case, urge the hardships he hath suffered, and endeavour to raise his passions, until he hath said something that a malicious informer can pervert or aggravate against him in a court of justice.

Fifthly: Whoever beareth witness against his neighbour, out of a principle of malice and revenge, from any old grudge, or hatred to his person; such a man is a false witness in the sight of God, although what he says be true; because the motive or cause is evil, not to serve his prince or country, but to gratify his own resentments. And therefore, although a man thus accused may be very justly punished by the law, yet this doth by no means acquit the accuser, who, instead of regarding the public service, intended only to glut his private rage and spite.

Sixthly: I number among false witnesses, all those who make a trade of being informers in hope of favour or reward; and to this end employ their time, either by listening in public places, to catch up an accidental word; or in corrupting men's servants to discover any unwary expression of their master; or thrusting themselves into company, and then using the most indecent scurrilous language; fastening a thousand falsehoods and scandals upon a whole party, on purpose to provoke such an answer as they may turn to an accusation. And truly this ungodly race is said to be grown so numerous, that men of different parties can hardly converse together with any security. Even the pulpit hath not been free from the misrepresentation of these informers; of whom the clergy have not wanted occasions to complain with holy David: "They daily mistake my words, all they imagine is to do me evil." Nor is it any wonder at all, that this trade of informing should be now in a flourishing condition, since our case is manifestly thus: We are divided into two parties, with very little charity or temper toward each other; the prevailing side may talk of past things as they please, with security; and generally do it in the most provoking words they can invent; while those who are down, are sometimes tempted to speak in favour of a lost cause, and therefore, without great caution, must needs be often caught tripping, and thereby furnish plenty of materials for witnesses and informers.

Lastly: Those may be well reckoned among false witnesses against their neighbour, who bring him into trouble and punishment by such accusations as are of no consequence at all to the public, nor can be of any other use but to create vexation. Such witnesses are those who cannot hear an idle intemperate expression, but they must immediately run to the magistrate to inform; or perhaps wrangling in their cups over night, when they were not able to speak or apprehend three words of common sense, will pretend to remember everything the next morning, and think themselves very properly qualified to be accusers of their brethren. God be thanked, the throne of our King is too

firmly settled to be shaken by the folly and rashness of every sottish companion. And I do not in the least doubt, that when those in power begin to observe the falsehood, the prevarication, the aggravating manner, the treachery and seducing, the malice and revenge, the love of lucre, and lastly, the trifling accusations in too many wicked people, they will be as ready to discourage every sort of those whom I have numbered among false witnesses, as they will be to countenance honest men, who, out of a true zeal to their prince and country, do, in the innocence of their hearts, freely discover whatever they may apprehend to be dangerous to either. A good Christian will think it sufficient to reprove his brother for a rash unguarded word, where there is neither danger nor evil example to be apprehended; or, if he will not amend by reproof, avoid his conversation.

[Footnote 5: George I.]

II. And thus much may serve to shew the several ways whereby a man may be said to be a false witness against his neighbour. I might have added one kind more, and it is of those who inform against their neighbour out of fear of punishment to themselves, which, although it be more excusable, and hath less of malice than any of the rest, cannot, however, be justified. I go on, therefore, upon the second head, to give you some rules for your conduct and behaviour, in order to defend yourselves against the malice and cunning of false accusers.

It is readily agreed, that innocence is the best protection in the world; yet that it is not always sufficient without some degree of prudence, our Saviour himself intimateth to us, by instructing his disciples "to be wise as serpents, as well as innocent as doves." But if ever innocence be too weak a defence, it is chiefly so in jealous and suspicious times, when factions are arrived to an high pitch of animosity, and the minds of men, instead of being warmed by a true zeal for religion, are inflamed only by party fury. Neither is virtue itself a sufficient security in such times, because it is not allowed to be virtue, otherwise than as it hath a mixture of party.

However, although virtue and innocence are no infallible defence against perjury, malice, and subornation, yet they are great supports for enabling us to bear those evils with temper and resignation; and it is an unspeakable comfort to a good man under the malignity of evil mercenary tongues, that a few years will carry his appeal to an higher tribunal, where false witnesses, instead of daring to bring accusations before an all-seeing Judge, will call for mountains to cover them. As for earthly judges, they seldom have it in their power; and, God knows, whether they have it in their will, to mingle mercy with justice; they are so far from knowing the hearts of the accuser or the accused, that they cannot know their own; and their understanding is frequently biassed, although their intentions be just. They are often prejudiced to causes, parties, and persons, through the infirmity of human nature, without being sensible themselves that they are so: And therefore, although God may pardon their errors here, he certainly will not ratify their sentences hereafter.

However, since as we have before observed, our Saviour prescribeth to us to be not only harmless as doves, but wise as serpents; give me leave to prescribe to you some rules, which the most ignorant person may follow for the conduct of his life, with safety in perilous times, against false accusers.

1st, Let me advise you to have nothing at all to do with that which is commonly called politics, or the government of the world, in the nature of which it is certain you are utterly ignorant, and when your opinion is wrong, although it proceeds from ignorance, it shall be an accusation against you. Besides, opinions in government are right or wrong, just according to the humour and disposition of the times; and, unless you have judgment to distinguish, you may be punished at one time for what you would be rewarded in another.

2dly, Be ready at all times, in your words and actions, to shew your loyalty to the king that reigns over you. This is the plain manifest doctrine of Holy Scripture: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme," &c. And another apostle telleth us, "The powers that be are ordained of God." Kings are the ordinances of man by the permission of God, and they are ordained of God by his instrument man. The powers that be, the present powers, which are ordained by God, and yet in some sense are the ordinances of man, are what you must obey, without presuming to examine into rights and titles; neither can it be reasonably expected, that the powers in being, or in possession, should suffer their title to be publicly disputed by subjects without severe punishment. And to say the truth, there is no duty in religion more easy to the generality of mankind, than obedience to government: I say to the generality of mankind; because while their law, and property, and religion are preserved, it is of no great consequence to them by whom they are governed, and therefore they are under no temptation to desire a change.

[Footnote 6: I Peter, ii. 13.]

3dly, In order to prevent any charge from the malice of false witnesses, be sure to avoid intemperance. If it be often so hard for men to govern their tongues when they are in their right senses, how can they hope to do it when they are heated with drink? In those cases most men regard not what they say, and too many not what they swear; neither will a man's memory, disordered with drunkenness, serve to defend himself, or satisfy him whether he were guilty or no.

4thly, Avoid, as much as possible, the conversation of those people, who are given to talk of public persons and affairs, especially of those whose opinions in such matters are different from yours. I never once knew any disputes of this kind managed with tolerable temper; but on both sides they only agree as much as possible to provoke the passions of each other, indeed with this disadvantage, that he who argueth on the side of power may speak securely the utmost his malice can invent; while the other lieth every moment at the mercy of an informer; and the law, in these cases, will give no

allowance at all for passion, inadvertency, or the highest provocation.

I come now in the last place to shew you how far it is your duty as good subjects and good neighbours to bear faithful witness, when you are lawfully called to it by those in authority, or by the sincere advice of your own consciences.

In what I have hitherto said, you easily find, that I do not talk of bearing witness in general, which is and may be lawful upon a thousand accounts in relation to property and other matters, and wherein there are many scandalous corruptions, almost peculiar to this country, which would require to be handled by themselves. But I have confined my discourse only to that branch of bearing false witness, whereby the public is injured in the safety or honour of the prince, or those in authority under him.

In order therefore to be a faithful witness, it is first necessary that a man doth not undertake it from the least prospect of any private advantage to himself. The smallest mixture of that leaven will sour the whole lump. Interest will infallibly bias his judgment, although he be ever so firmly resolved to say nothing but truth. He cannot serve God and Mammon; but as interest is his chief end, he will use the most effectual means to advance it. He will aggravate circumstances to make his testimony valuable; he will be sorry if the person he accuseth should be able to clear himself; in short, he is labouring a point which he thinks necessary to his own good; and it would be a disappointment to him, that his neighbour should prove innocent.

5thly, Every good subject is obliged to bear witness against his neighbour, for any action or words, the telling of which would be of advantage to the public, and the concealment dangerous, or of ill example. Of this nature are all plots and conspiracies against the peace of a nation, all disgraceful words against a prince, such as clearly discover a disloyal and rebellious heart: But where our prince and country can possibly receive no damage or disgrace; where no scandal or ill example is given; and our neighbour, it may be, provoked by us, happeneth privately to drop a rash or indiscreet word, which in strictness of law might bring him under trouble, perhaps to his utter undoing; there we are obliged, we ought, to proceed no further than warning and reproof.

In describing to you the several kinds of false witnesses, I have made it less necessary to dwell much longer upon this head; because a faithful witness like everything else is known by his contrary: Therefore it would be only a repetition of what I have already said to tell you, that the strictest truth is required in a witness; that he should be wholly free from malice against the person he accuses; that he should not aggravate the smallest circumstance against the criminal, nor conceal the smallest in his favour; and to crown all, though I have hinted it before, that the only cause or motive of his undertaking an office, so subject to censure, and so difficult to perform, should be the safety and service of his prince and country.

Under these conditions and limitations (but not otherwise,) there is no

manner of doubt but a good man may lawfully and justly become a witness in behalf of the public, and may perform that office (in its own nature not very desirable) with honour and integrity. For the command in the text is positive as well as negative; that is to say, as we are directed not to bear false witness against our neighbour, so we are to bear true. Next to the word of God, and the advice of teachers, every man's conscience, strictly examined, will be his best director in this weighty point; and to that I shall leave him.

It might perhaps be thought proper to have added something by way of advice to those who are unhappily engaged in this abominable trade and sin of bearing false witness; but I am far from believing or supposing any of that destructive tribe are now my hearers. I look upon them as a sort of people that seldom frequent these holy places, where they can hardly pick up any materials to serve their turn, unless they think it worth their while to misrepresent or pervert the words of the preacher: And whoever is that way disposed, I doubt, cannot be in a very good condition to edify and reform himself by what he heareth. God in his mercy preserve us from all the guilt of this grievous sin forbidden in my text, and from the snares of those who are guilty of it!

I shall conclude with one or two precepts given by Moses, from God, to the children of Israel, in the xxiiid of Exod. 1, 2.

"Thou shalt not raise a false report: Put not thine hand with the wicked, to be an unrighteous witness.

"Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil, neither shalt them speak in a cause to decline after many, to wrest judgment."

Now to God the Father, &c.

DOING GOOD:

A SERMON, ON THE OCCASION OF WOOD'S PROJECT.

[Footnote 1: "I did very lately, as I thought it my duty, preach to the people under my inspection, upon the subject of Mr. Wood's coin; and although I never heard that my sermon gave the least offence, as I am sure none was intended; yet, if it were now printed and published, I cannot say, I would insure it from the hands of the common hangman; or my own person from those of a messenger." See "The Drapier's Letters," No. VI.

"'I never' (said the Dean in a jocular conversation), 'preached but twice in my life; and then they were not sermons, but pamphlets.' Being asked on what subject, he replied, 'They were against Wood's halfpence.'" — Pilkington's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 56.

"The pieces relating to Ireland are those of a public nature; in which the Dean appears, as usual, in the best light, because they do honour to his heart as well as to his head; furnishing some additional proofs, that, though he was very free in his abuse of the inhabitants of that country, as well natives as foreigners, he had their interest sincerely at heart, and perfectly understood it. His sermon upon Doing Good, though peculiarly adapted to Ireland and Wood's designs upon it, contains perhaps the best motives to patriotism that were ever delivered within so small a compass." — BURKE.]

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXIV.

GALATIANS, VI. 10.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

Nature directs every one of us, and God permits us, to consult our own private good before the private good of any other person whatsoever. We are, indeed, commanded to love our neighbour as ourselves, but not as well as ourselves. The love we have for ourselves is to be the pattern of that love we ought to have towards our neighbour: But, as the copy doth not equal the original, so my neighbour cannot think it hard, if I prefer myself, who am the original, before him, who is only the copy. Thus, if any matter equally concern the life, the reputation, the profit of my neighbour, and my own; the law of nature, which is the law of God, obligeth me to take care of myself first, and afterwards of him. And this I need not be at much pains in persuading you to; for the want of self-love, with regard to things of this

world, is not among the faults of mankind. But then, on the other side, if, by a small hurt and loss to myself, I can procure a great good to my neighbour, in that case his interest is to be preferred. For example, if I can be sure of saving his life, without great danger to my own; if I can preserve him from being undone, without ruining myself, or recover his reputation without blasting mine; all this I am obliged to do: and, if I sincerely perform it, I do then obey the command of God, in loving my neighbour as myself.

But, beside this love we owe to every man in his particular capacity under the title of our neighbour, there is yet a duty of a more large extensive nature incumbent on us; which is, our love to our neighbour in his public capacity, as he is a member of that great body the commonwealth, under the same government with ourselves; and this is usually called love of the public, and is a duty to which we are more strictly obliged than even that of loving ourselves; because therein ourselves are also contained, as well as all our neighbours, in one great body. This love of the public, or of the commonwealth, or love of our country, was in ancient times properly known by the name of virtue, because it was the greatest of all virtues, and was supposed to contain all virtues in it: And many great examples of this virtue are left us on record, scarcely to be believed, or even conceived, in such a base, corrupted, wicked age as this we live in. In those times it was common for men to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country, although they had neither hope or belief of future rewards; whereas, in our days, very few make the least scruple of sacrificing a whole nation, as well as their own souls, for a little present gain; which often hath been known to end in their own ruin in this world, as it certainly must in that to come.

Have we not seen men, for the sake of some petty employment, give up the very natural rights and liberties of their country, and of mankind, in the ruin of which themselves must at last be involved? Are not these corruptions gotten among the meanest of our people, who, for a piece of money, will give their votes at a venture, for the disposal of their own lives and fortunes, without considering whether it be to those who are most likely to betray or defend them? But, if I were to produce only one instance of a hundred wherein we fail in this duty of loving our country, it would be an endless labour; and therefore I shall not attempt it.

But here I would not be misunderstood: By the love of our country I do not mean loyalty to our king, for that is a duty of another nature; and a man may be very loyal, in the common sense of the word, without one grain of public good at his heart. Witness this very kingdom we live in. I verily believe, that, since the beginning of the world, no nation upon earth ever shewed (all circumstances considered) such high constant marks of loyalty in all their actions and behaviour, as we have done: And, at the same time, no people ever appeared more utterly void of what is called a public spirit. When I say the people, I mean the bulk or mass of the people, for I have nothing to do with those in power.

Therefore I shall think my time not ill spent, if I can persuade most or all of you who hear me, to shew the love you have for your country, by endeavouring, in your several stations, to do all the public good you are able. For I am certainly persuaded, that all our misfortunes arise from no other original cause than that general disregard among us to the public welfare.

I therefore undertake to shew you three things.

First: That there are few people so weak or mean, who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public.

Secondly: That it is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public.

And, *Lastly*: That all wilful injuries done to the public are very great and aggravated sins in the sight of God.

First: There are few people so weak or mean, who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public. Solomon tells us of a poor wise man who saved a city by his counsel. It hath often happened that a private soldier, by some unexpected brave attempt, hath been instrumental in obtaining a great victory. How many obscure men have been authors of very useful inventions, whereof the world now reaps the benefit? The very example of honesty and industry in a poor tradesman will sometimes spread through a neighbourhood, when others see how successful he is; and thus so many useful members are gained, for which the whole body of the public is the better. Whoever is blessed with a true public spirit, God will certainly put it into his way to make use of that blessing, for the ends it was given him, by some means or other: And therefore it hath been observed in most ages, that the greatest actions, for the benefit of the commonwealth, have been performed by the wisdom or courage, the contrivance or industry, of particular men, and not of numbers; and that the safety of a kingdom hath often been owing to those hands from whence it was least expected.

But, *Secondly*: It is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public: And hence arise most of those miseries with which the states and kingdoms of the earth are infested. How many great princes have been murdered by the meanest ruffians? The weakest hand can open a flood-gate to drown a country, which a thousand of the strongest cannot stop. Those who have thrown off all regard for public good, will often have it in their way to do public evil, and will not fail to exercise that power whenever they can. The greatest blow given of late to this kingdom, was by the dishonesty of a few manufacturers; who, by imposing bad ware at foreign markets, in almost the only traffic permitted to us, did half ruin that trade; by which this poor unhappy kingdom now suffers in the midst of sufferings. I speak not here of persons in high stations, who ought to be free from all reflection, and are supposed always to intend the welfare of the community: But we now find by experience, that the meanest instrument may, by the concurrence of accidents, have it in his power to bring a whole kingdom to the very brink of destruction, and is, at this present, endeavouring to finish his

work; and hath agents among ourselves, who are contented to see their own country undone, to be small sharers in that iniquitous gain, which at last must end in their own ruin as well as ours. I confess, it was chiefly the consideration of that great danger we are in, which engaged me to discourse to you on this subject; to exhort you to a love of your country, and a public spirit, when all you have is at stake; to prefer the interest of your prince and your fellow-subjects before that of one destructive impostor, and a few of his adherents.

Perhaps it may be thought by some, that this way of discoursing is not so proper from the pulpit. But surely, when an open attempt is made, and far carried on, to make a great kingdom one large poorhouse, to deprive us of all means to exercise hospitality or charity, to turn our cities and churches into ruins, to make the country a desert for wild beasts and robbers, to destroy all arts and sciences, all trades and manufactures, and the very tillage of the ground, only to enrich one obscure ill-designing projector, and his followers; it is time for the pastor to cry out that the wolf is getting into his flock, to warn them to stand together, and all to consult the common safety. And God be praised for His infinite goodness in raising such a spirit of union among us, at least in this point, in the midst of all our former divisions; which union, if it continue, will, in all probability, defeat the pernicious design of this pestilent enemy to the nation.

But, from hence, it clearly follows how necessary the love of our country, or a public spirit, is in every particular man, since the wicked have so many opportunities of doing public mischief. Every man is upon his guard for his private advantage; but, where the public is concerned, he is apt to be negligent, considering himself only as one among two or three millions, among whom the loss is equally shared, and thus, he thinks, he can be no great sufferer. Meanwhile the trader, the farmer, and the shopkeeper, complain of the hardness and deadness of the times, and wonder whence it comes; while it is, in a great measure, owing to their own folly, for want of that love of their country, and public spirit and firm union among themselves, which are so necessary to the prosperity of every nation.

Another method by which the meanest wicked man, may have it in his power to injure the public, is false accusation, whereof this kingdom hath afforded too many examples: Neither is it long since no man, whose opinions were thought to differ from those in fashion, could safely converse beyond his nearest friends, for fear of being sworn against, as a traitor, by those who made a traffic of perjury and subornation; by which the very peace of the nation was disturbed, and men fled from each other as they would from a lion or a bear got loose. And, it is very remarkable, that the pernicious project now in hand to reduce us to beggary, was forwarded by one of these false accusers, who had been convicted of endeavouring, by perjury and subornation, to take away the lives of several innocent persons here among us; and, indeed, there could not be a more proper instrument for such a work.

Another method by which the meanest people may do injury to the public, is the spreading of lies and false rumours, thus raising a distrust among the people of a nation, causing them to mistake their true interest, and their enemies for their friends: And this hath been likewise too successful a practice among us, where we have known the whole kingdom misled by the grossest lies, raised upon occasion to serve some particular turn. As it hath also happened in the case I lately mentioned, where one obscure man, by representing our wants where they were least, and concealing them where they were greatest, had almost succeeded in a project of utterly ruining this whole kingdom; and may still succeed, if God doth not continue that public spirit, which He hath almost miraculously kindled in us upon this occasion.

Thus we see the public is many times, as it were, at the mercy of the meanest instrument, who can be wicked enough to watch opportunities of doing it mischief, upon the principles of avarice or malice; which, I am afraid, are deeply rooted in too many breasts, and against which there can be no defence, but a firm resolution in all honest men, to be closely united and active in shewing their love to their country, by preferring the public interest to their present private advantage. If a passenger, in a great storm at sea, should hide his goods that they might not be thrown overboard to lighten the ship, what would be the consequence? The ship is cast away, and he loses his life and goods together.

We have heard of men, who, through greediness of gain, have brought infected goods into a nation, which bred a plague, whereof the owners and their families perished first. Let those among us consider this and tremble, whose houses are privately stored with those materials of beggary and desolation, lately brought over to be scattered like a pestilence among their countrymen, which may probably first seize upon themselves and their families, until their houses shall be made a dunghill.

I shall mention one practice more, by which the meanest instruments often succeed in doing public mischief; and this is by deceiving us with plausible arguments, to make us believe that the most ruinous project they can offer is intended for our good, as it happened in the case so often mentioned. For the poor ignorant people, allured by the appearing convenience in their small dealings, did not discover the serpent in the brass, but were ready, like the Israelites, to offer incense to it; neither could the wisdom of the nation convince them, until some, of good intentions, made the cheat so plain to their sight, that those who run may read. And thus the design was to treat us, in every point, as the Philistines treated Samson, (I mean when he was betrayed by Delilah) first to put out our eyes, and then bind us with fetters of brass.

[Footnote 2: “Brass” may be read “Wood’s halfpence.” [T.S.]]

I proceed to the last thing I proposed, which was to shew you that all wilful injuries done to the public, are very great and aggravated sins in the sight of God.

First: It is apparent from Scripture, and most agreeable to reason, that the

safety and welfare of nations are under the most peculiar care of God's providence. Thus He promised Abraham to save Sodom, if only ten righteous men could be found in it. Thus the reason which God gave to Jonas for not destroying Nineveh was, because there were six score thousand men in that city.

All government is from God, Who is the God of order, and therefore whoever attempts to breed confusion or disturbance among a people, doth his utmost to take the government of the world out of God's hands, and to put it into the hands of the Devil, who is the author of confusion. By which it is plain, that no crime, how heinous soever, committed against particular persons, can equal the guilt of him who does injury to the public.

Secondly: All offenders against their country lie under this grievous difficulty, that it is next to impossible to obtain a pardon, or make restitution. The bulk of mankind are very quick at resenting injuries, and very slow in forgiving them: And how shall one man be able to obtain the pardon of millions, or repair the injuries he hath done to millions? How shall those, who, by a most destructive fraud, got the whole wealth of our neighbouring kingdom into their hands, be ever able to make a recompence? How will the authors and promoters of that villainous project, for the ruin of this poor country, be able to account with us for the injuries they have already done, although they should no farther succeed? The deplorable case of such wretches, must entirely be left to the unfathomable mercies of God: For those who know the least in religion are not ignorant that, without our utmost endeavours to make restitution to the person injured, and to obtain his pardon, added to a sincere repentance, there is no hope of salvation given in the Gospel.

Lastly: All offences against our own country have this aggravation, that they are ungrateful and unnatural. It is to our country we owe those laws which protect us in our lives, our liberties, our properties, and our religion. Our country produced us into the world, and continues to nourish us so, that it is usually called our mother; and there have been examples of great magistrates, who have put their own children to death for endeavouring to betray their country, as if they had attempted the life of their natural parent.

Thus I have briefly shewn you how terrible a sin it is to be an enemy to our country, in order to incite you to the contrary virtue, which at this juncture is so highly necessary, when every man's endeavour will be of use. We have hitherto been just able to support ourselves under many hardships; but now the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and nothing but a firm union among us can prevent our utter undoing. This we are obliged to, in duty to our gracious King, as well as to ourselves. Let us therefore preserve that public spirit, which God hath raised in us for our own temporal interest For, if this wicked project should succeed, which it cannot do but by our own folly; if we sell ourselves for nought; the merchant, the shopkeeper, the artificer, must fly to the desert with their miserable families, there to starve or live upon rapine, or

at least exchange their country for one more hospitable than that where they were born.

Thus much I thought it my duty to say to you, who are under my care, to warn you against those temporal evils, which may draw the worst of spiritual evils after them; such as heart-burnings, murmurings, discontents, and all manner of wickedness which a desperate condition of life may tempt men to.

I am sensible that what I have now said will not go very far, being confined to this assembly; but I hope it may stir up others of my brethren to exhort their several congregations, after a more effectual manner, to shew their love for their country on this important occasion. And this, I am sure, cannot be called meddling in affairs of state.

I pray God protect his Most Gracious Majesty, and this kingdom, long under his government, and defend us from all ruinous projectors, deceivers, suborners, perjurers, false accusers, and oppressors; from the virulence of party and faction; and unite us in loyalty to our King, love to our country, and charity to each other.

And this we beg for Jesus Christ His sake: To Whom, &c.

ON THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

PREACHED AT ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN, JAN. 30, 1725-26, BEING SUNDAY.

GENESIS, XLIX. 5, 6, 7.

"Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations.

"O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united: for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall.

"Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel."

I know very well, that the Church hath been often censured for keeping holy this day of humiliation, in memory of that excellent king and blessed martyr, Charles I., who rather chose to die on a scaffold, than betray the religion and liberties of his people, wherewith God and the laws had entrusted him. But, at the same time, it is manifest that those who make such censures are either people without any religion at all, or who derive their principles, and perhaps their birth, from the abettors of those who contrived the murder of that prince, and have not yet shewn the world that their opinions are changed. It is alleged, that the observation of this day hath served to continue and increase the animosity and enmity among our countrymen, and to disunite Protestants; that a law was made, upon the restoration of the Martyr's son, for a general pardon and oblivion, forbidding all reproaches upon that occasion; and, since none are now alive who were actors or instruments in that tragedy, it is thought hard and uncharitable to keep up the memory of it for all generations.

Now, because I conceive most of you to be ignorant in many particulars concerning that horrid murder, and the rebellion which preceded it; I will,

First, relate to you so much of the story as may be sufficient for your information:

Secondly, I will tell you the consequences which this bloody deed had upon these kingdoms:

And, *Lastly*, I will shew you to what good uses this solemn day of humiliation may be applied.

As to the first: In the reign of this prince, Charles the Martyr, the power and prerogative of the king were much greater than they are in our times, and so had been for at least seven hundred years before; And the best princes we ever had, carried their power much farther than the blessed Martyr offered to

do in the most blameable part of his reign. But, the lands of the Crown having been prodigally bestowed to favourites, in the preceding reigns, the succeeding kings could not support themselves without taxes raised by Parliament; which put them under a necessity of frequently calling those assemblies: And, the crown lands being gotten into the hands of the nobility and gentry, beside the possessions of which the Church had been robbed by King Henry the Eighth, power, which always follows property, grew to lean to the side of the people, by whom even the just rights of the Crown were often disputed.

But further: Upon the cruel persecution raised against the Protestants, under Queen Mary, among great numbers who fled the kingdom to seek for shelter, several went and resided at Geneva, which is a commonwealth, governed without a king, and where the religion, contrived by Calvin, is without the order of bishops. When the Protestant faith was restored by Queen Elizabeth, those who fled to Geneva returned among the rest home to England, and were grown so fond of the government and religion of the place they had left, that they used all possible endeavours to introduce both into their own country; at the same time continually preaching and railing against ceremonies and distinct habits of the clergy, taxing whatever they disliked, as a remnant of Popery, and continued extremely troublesome to the Church and state, under that great Queen, as well as her successor King James I. These people called themselves Puritans, as pretending to a purer faith than those of the Church established. And these were the founders of our Dissenters. They did not think it sufficient to leave all the errors of Popery, but threw off many laudable and edifying institutions of the primitive Church, and, at last, even the government of bishops; which, having been ordained by the apostles themselves, had continued without interruption, in all Christian churches, for above fifteen hundred years. And all this they did, not because those things were evil, but because they were kept by the Papists. From thence they proceeded, by degrees, to quarrel with the kingly government; because, as I have already said, the city of Geneva, to which their fathers had flown for refuge, was a commonwealth, or government of the people.

These Puritans, about the middle of the Martyr's reign, were grown to a considerable faction in the kingdom, and in the Lower House of Parliament. They filled the public with the most false and bitter libels against the bishops and the clergy, accusing chiefly the very best among them of Popery; and, at the same time, the House of Commons grew so insolent and uneasy to the King, that they refused to furnish him with necessary supplies for the support of his family, unless upon such conditions as he could not submit to without forfeiting his conscience and honour, and even his coronation oath. And, in such an extremity, he was forced upon a practice, no way justifiable, of raising money; for which, however, he had the opinion of the judges on his side; for, wicked judges there were in those times as well as in ours. There were likewise many complaints, and sometimes justly, made against the

proceedings of a certain court, called the Star-chamber, a judicature of great antiquity, but had suffered some corruptions, for which, however, the King was nowise answerable, I cannot recollect any more subjects of complaint with the least ground of reason, nor is it needful to recollect them, because this gracious King did, upon the first application, redress all grievances by an act of Parliament, and put it out of his power to do any hardships for the future. But that wicked faction in the House of Commons, not content with all those marks of his justice and condescension, urged still for more; and joining with a factious party from Scotland, who had the same fancies in religion, forced him to pass an act for cutting off the head of his best and chief minister; and, at the same time, compelled him, by tumults and threatenings of a packed rabble, poisoned with the same doctrines, to pass another law, by which it should not be in his power to dissolve that Parliament without their own consent. Thus, by the greatest weakness and infatuation that ever possessed any man's spirit, this Prince did in effect sign his own destruction. For the House of Commons, having the reins in their own hands, drove on furiously; sent him every day some unreasonable demand, and when he refused to grant it, made use of their own power, and declared that an ordinance of both Houses, without the King's consent, should be obeyed as a law, contrary to all reason and equity, as well as to the fundamental constitution of the kingdom.

About this time the rebellion in Ireland broke out, wherein his Parliament refused to assist him; nor would accept his offer to come hither in person to subdue those rebels. These, and a thousand other barbarities, forced the King to summon his loyal subjects to his standard in his own defence. Meanwhile the English Parliament, instead of helping the poor Protestants here, seized on the very army that his Majesty was sending over for our relief, and turned them against their own Sovereign. The rebellion in England continued for four or five years: At last the King was forced to fly in disguise to the Scots, who sold him to the rebels. And these Puritans had the impudent cruelty to try his sacred person in a mock court of justice, and cut off his head; which he might have saved, if he would have yielded to betray the constitution in Church and state.

In this whole proceeding, Simeon and Levi were brethren; the wicked insinuations of those fanatical preachers stirring up the cruelty of the soldiers, who, by force of arms, excluded from the house every member of Parliament, whom they apprehended to bear the least inclination towards an agreement with the King, suffering only those to enter who thirsted chiefly for his blood; and this is the very account given by their own writers: From whence it is clear that this Prince was, in all respects, a real martyr for the true religion and the liberty of the people. That odious Parliament had first turned the bishops out of the House of Lords; in a few years after, they murdered their King; then immediately abolished the whole House of Lords; and so, at last, obtained their wishes, of having a government of the people, and a new religion, both

after the manner of Geneva, without a king, a bishop, or a nobleman; and this they blasphemously called "The kingdom of Christ and his saints."

This is enough for your information on the first head: I shall therefore proceed to the second, wherein I will shew you the miserable consequences which that abominable rebellion and murder produced in these nations.

First: The Irish rebellion was wholly owing to that wicked English Parliament. For the leaders in the Irish Popish massacre would never have dared to stir a finger, if they had not been encouraged by that rebellious spirit in the English House of Commons, which they very well knew must disable the King from sending any supplies to his Protestant subjects here; and, therefore, we may truly say that the English Parliament held the King's hands, while the Irish Papists here were cutting our grandfathers' throats.

Secondly: That murderous Puritan Parliament, when they had all in their own power, could not agree upon any one method of settling a form either of religion or civil government; but changed every day from schism to schism, from heresy to heresy, and from one faction to another: From whence arose that wild confusion, still continuing in our several ways of serving God, and those absurd notions of civil power, which have so often torn us with factions more than any other nation in Europe.

Thirdly: To this rebellion and murder have been owing the rise and progress of atheism among us. For, men observing what numberless villainies of all kinds were committed during twenty years, under pretence of zeal and the reformation of God's Church, were easily tempted to doubt that all religion was a mere imposture: And the same spirit of infidelity, so far spread among us at this present, is nothing but the fruit of the seeds sown by those rebellious hypocritical saints.

Fourthly: The old virtue and loyalty, and generous spirit of the English nation, were wholly corrupted by the power, the doctrine, and the example of those wicked people. Many of the ancient nobility were killed, and their families extinct, in defence of their Prince and country, or murdered by the merciless courts of justice. Some of the worst among them favoured, or complied with the reigning iniquities, and not a few of the new set created, when the Martyr's son was restored, were such who had drunk too deep of the bad principles then prevailing.

Fifthly: The children of the murdered Prince were forced to fly, for the safety of their lives, to foreign countries; where one of them at least, I mean King James II., was seduced to Popery; which ended in the loss of his kingdoms, the misery and desolation of this country, and a long and expensive war abroad. Our deliverance was owing to the valour and conduct of the late King; and, therefore, we ought to remember him with gratitude, but not mingled with blasphemy or idolatry. It was happy that his interests and ours were the same: And God gave him greater success than our sins deserved. But, as a house thrown down by a storm, is seldom rebuilt without some change in the foundation; so it hath happened, that, since the late Revolution,

men have sat much looser in the true fundamentals both of religion and government, and factions have been more violent, treacherous, and malicious than ever, men running naturally from one extreme into another; and, for private ends, taking up those very opinions professed by the leaders in that rebellion, which carried the blessed Martyr to the scaffold.

Sixthly: Another consequence of this horrid rebellion and murder was the destroying or defacing of such vast number of God's houses. "In their self-will they digged down a wall." If a stranger should now travel in England, and observe the churches in his way, he could not otherwise conclude, than that some vast army of Turks or heathens had been sent on purpose to ruin and blot out all marks of Christianity. They spared neither the statues of saints, nor ancient prelates, nor kings, nor benefactors; broke down the tombs and monuments of men famous in their generations, seized the vessels of silver set apart for the holiest use, tore down the most innocent ornaments both within and without, made the houses of prayer dens of thieves, or stables for cattle. These were the mildest effects of Puritan zeal, and devotion for Christ; and this was what themselves affected to call a thorough reformation. In this kingdom those ravages were not so easily seen; for the people here being too poor to raise such noble temples, the mean ones we had were not defaced, but totally destroyed.

Upon the whole, it is certain, that although God might have found out many other ways to have punished a sinful people, without permitting this rebellion and murder, yet as the course of the world hath run ever since, we need seek for no other causes, of all the public evils we have hitherto suffered, or may suffer for the future, by the misconduct of princes, or wickedness of the people.

I go on now upon the third head, to shew you to what good uses this solemn day of humiliation may be applied.

First: It may be an instruction to princes themselves, to be careful in the choice of those who are their advisers in matters of law. All the judges of England, except one or two, advised the King, that he might legally raise money upon the subjects for building of ships without consent of Parliament; which, as it was the greatest oversight of his reign, so it proved the principal foundation of all his misfortunes. Princes may likewise learn from hence, not to sacrifice a faithful servant to the rage of a faction, nor to trust any body of men with a greater share of power than the laws of the land have appointed them, much less to deposit it in their hands until they shall please to restore it.

Secondly: By bringing to mind the tragedy of this day, and the consequences that have arisen from it, we shall be convinced how necessary it is for those in power to curb, in season, all such unruly spirits as desire to introduce new doctrines and discipline in the Church, or new forms of government in the state. Those wicked Puritans began, in Queen Elizabeth's time, to quarrel only with surplices and other habits, with the ring in matrimony, the cross in baptism, and the like; thence they went on to further

matters of higher importance, and, at last, they must needs have the whole government of the Church dissolved. This great work they compassed, first, by depriving the bishops of their seats in Parliament, then they abolished the whole order; and, at last, which was their original design, they seized on all the Church-lands, and divided the spoil among themselves; and, like Jeroboam, made priests of the very dregs of the people. This was their way of reforming the Church. As to the civil government, you have already heard how they modelled it upon the murder of their King, and discarding the nobility. Yet, clearly to shew what a Babel they had built, after twelve years' trial and twenty several sorts of government; the nation grown weary of their tyranny, was forced to call in the son of him whom those reformers had sacrificed. And thus were Simeon and Levi divided in Jacob and scattered in Israel.

Thirdly: Although the successors of these Puritans, I mean our present Dissenters, do not think fit to observe this day of humiliation; yet, since it would be very proper in them, upon some occasions, to renounce in a public manner those principles upon which their predecessors acted; and it will be more prudent in them to do so, because those very Puritans, of whom ours are followers, found by experience, that after they had overturned the Church and state, murdered their King, and were projecting what they called a kingdom of the saints, they were cheated of the power and possessions they only panted after, by an upstart sect of religion that grew out of their own bowels, who subjected them to one tyrant, while they were endeavouring to set up a thousand.

Fourthly: Those who profess to be followers of our Church established, and yet presume in discourse to justify or excuse that rebellion, and murder of the King, ought to consider, how utterly contrary all such opinions are to the doctrine of Christ and his apostles, as well as to the articles of our Church, and to the preaching and practice of its true professors for above a hundred years. Of late times, indeed, and I speak it with grief of heart, we have heard even sermons of a strange nature; although reason would make one think it a very unaccountable way of procuring favour under a monarchy, by palliating and lessening the guilt of those who murdered the best of kings in cold blood, and, for a time, destroyed the very monarchy itself. Pray God, we may never more hear such doctrine from the pulpit, nor have it scattered about in print, to poison the people!

Fifthly: Some general knowledge of this horrid rebellion and murder, with the consequences they had upon these nations, may be a warning to our people not to believe a lie, and to mistrust those deluding spirits, who, under pretence of a purer and more reformed religion, would lead them from their duty to God and the laws. Politicians may say what they please, but it is no hard thing at all for the meanest person, who hath common understanding, to know whether he be well or ill governed. If he be freely allowed to follow his trade and calling; if he be secure in his property, and hath the benefit of the

law to defend himself against injustice and oppression; if his religion be different from that of his country, and the government think fit to tolerate it, (which he may be very secure of, let it be what it will;) he ought to be fully satisfied, and give no offence, by writing or discourse, to the worship established, as the dissenting preachers are too apt to do. But, if he hath any new visions of his own, it is his duty to be quiet, and possess them in silence, without disturbing the community by a furious zeal for making proselytes. This was the folly and madness of those ancient puritan fanatics: They must needs overturn heaven and earth, violate all the laws of God and man, make their country a field of blood, to propagate whatever wild or wicked opinions came into their heads, declaring all their absurdities and blasphemies to proceed from the Holy Ghost.

To conclude this head. In answer to that objection of keeping up animosity and hatred between Protestants, by the observation of this day; if there be any sect or sort of people among us, who profess the same principles in religion and government which those puritan rebels put in practice, I think it is the interest of all those who love the Church and King, to keep up as strong a party against them as possible, until they shall, in a body, renounce all those wicked opinions upon which their predecessors acted, to the disgrace of Christianity, and the perpetual infamy of the English nation.

When we accuse the Papists of the horrid doctrine, "that no faith ought to be kept with heretics," they deny it to a man; and yet we justly think it dangerous to trust them, because we know their actions have been sometimes suitable to that opinion. But the followers of those who beheaded the Martyr have not yet renounced their principles; and, till they do, they may be justly suspected. Neither will the bare name of Protestants set them right. For surely Christ requires more from us than a profession of hating Popery, which a Turk or an atheist may do as well as a Protestant.

If an enslaved people should recover their liberty from a tyrannical power of any sort, who could blame them for commemorating their deliverance by a day of joy and thanksgiving? And doth not the destruction of a Church, a King, and three kingdoms, by the artifices, hypocrisy, and cruelty of a wicked race of soldiers and preachers, and other sons of Belial, equally require a solemn time of humiliation? Especially since the consequences of that bloody scene still continue, as I have already shewn, in their effects upon us.

Thus I have done with the three heads I proposed to discourse on. But before I conclude, I must give a caution to those who hear me, that they may not think I am pleading for absolute unlimited power in any one man. It is true, all power is from God, and, as the apostle says, "the powers that be are ordained of God;" but this is in the same sense that all we have is from God, our food and raiment, and whatever possessions we hold by lawful means. Nothing can be meant in those, or any other words of Scripture, to justify tyrannical power, or the savage cruelties of those heathen emperors who lived in the time of the apostles. And so St Paul concludes, "The powers that be are

ordained of God:" For what? Why, "for the punishment of evil doers, and the praise, the reward, of them that do well." There is no more inward value in the greatest emperor, than in the meanest of his subjects: His body is composed of the same substance, the same parts, and with the same or greater, infirmities: His education is generally worse, by flattery, and idleness, and luxury, and those evil dispositions that early power is apt to give. It is therefore against common sense, that his private personal interest, or pleasure, should be put in the balance with the safety of millions, every one of which is his equal by nature, equal in the sight of God, equally capable of salvation; and it is for their sakes, not his own, that he is entrusted with the government over them. He hath as high trust as can safely be reposed in one man, and, if he discharge it as he ought, he deserves all the honour and duty that a mortal may be allowed to receive. His personal failings we have nothing to do with, and errors in government are to be imputed to his ministers in the state. To what height those errors may be suffered to proceed, is not the business of this day, or this place, or of my function, to determine. When oppressions grow too great and universal to be borne, nature or necessity may find a remedy. But, if a private person reasonably expects pardon, upon his amendment, for all faults that are not capital, it would be a hard condition indeed, not to give the same allowance to a prince, who must see with other men's eyes, and hear with other men's ears, which are often wilfully blind and deaf. Such was the condition of the Martyr, and is so, in some degree, of all other princes. Yet this we may justly say in defence of the common people, in all civilized nations, that it must be a very bad government indeed, where the body of the subjects will not rather choose to live in peace and obedience, than take up arms on pretence of faults in the administration, unless where the vulgar are deluded by false preachers to grow fond of new visions and fancies in religion; which, managed by dexterous men, for sinister ends of malice, envy, or ambition, have often made whole nations run mad. This was exactly the case in the whole progress of that great rebellion, and the murder of King Charles I. But the late Revolution under the Prince of Orange was occasioned by a proceeding directly contrary, the oppression and injustice there beginning from the throne: For that unhappy prince, King James II., did not only invade our laws and liberties, but would have forced a false religion upon his subjects, for which he was deservedly rejected, since there could be no other remedy found, or at least agreed on. But, under the blessed Martyr, the deluded people would have forced many false religions, not only on their fellow-subjects, but even upon their sovereign himself, and at the same time invaded all his undoubted rights; and, because he would not comply, raised a horrid rebellion, wherein, by the permission of God, they prevailed, and put their sovereign to death, like a common criminal, in the face of the world.

Therefore, those who seem to think they cannot otherwise justify the late Revolution, and the change of the succession, than by lessening the guilt of the Puritans, do certainly put the greatest affront imaginable upon the present

powers, by supposing any relation, or resemblance, between that rebellion and the late Revolution; and, consequently, that the present establishment is to be defended by the same arguments which those usurpers made use of, who, to obtain their tyranny, trampled under foot all the laws of both God and man.

One great design of my discourse was to give you warning against running into either extreme of two bad opinions, with relation to obedience. As kings are called gods upon earth, so some would allow them an equal power with God, over all laws and ordinances; and that the liberty, and property, and life, and religion of the subject, depended wholly upon the breath of the prince; which, however, I hope was never meant by those who pleaded for passive obedience. And this opinion hath not been confined to that party which was first charged with it, but hath sometimes gone over to the other, to serve many an evil turn of interest or ambition, who have been as ready to enlarge prerogative, where they could find their own account, as the highest maintainers of it.

On the other side, some look upon kings as answerable for every mistake or omission in government, and bound to comply with the most unreasonable demands of an unquiet faction; which was the case of those who persecuted the blessed Martyr of this day from his throne to the scaffold.

Between these two extremes, it is easy, from what hath been said, to choose a middle; to be good and loyal subjects, yet, according to your power, faithful assertors of your religion and liberties; to avoid all broachers and preachers of newfangled doctrines in the Church; to be strict observers of the laws, which cannot be justly taken from you without your own consent: In short, "to obey God and the King, and meddle not with those who are given to change."

Which that you may all do, &c.

ON THE POOR MAN'S CONTENTMENT.

PHILIPPIANS, CHAP. IV. PART OF THE 11TH VERSE.

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content"

The holy Scripture is full of expressions to set forth the miserable condition of man during the whole progress of his life; his weakness, pride, and vanity; his unmeasurable desires, and perpetual disappointments; the prevalency of his passions, and the corruptions of his reason; his deluding hopes, and his real, as well as imaginary, fears; his natural and artificial wants; his cares and anxieties; the diseases of his body, and the diseases of his mind; the shortness of his life; his dread of a future state, with his carelessness to prepare for it: And the wise men of all ages have made the same reflections.

But all these are general calamities, from which none are excepted; and being without remedy, it is vain to bewail them. The great question, long debated in the world, is, whether the rich or the poor are the least miserable of the two? It is certain, that no rich man ever desired to be poor, and that most, if not all, poor men, desire to be rich; whence it may be argued, that, in all appearance, the advantage lieth on the side of wealth, because both parties agree in preferring it before poverty. But this reasoning will be found to be false: For, I lay it down as a certain truth, that God Almighty hath placed all men upon an equal foot, with respect to their happiness in this world, and the capacity of attaining their salvation in the next; or, at least, if there be any difference, it is not to the advantage of the rich and the mighty. Now, since a great part of those who usually make up our congregations, are not of considerable station, and many among them of the lower sort, and since the meaner people are generally and justly charged with the sin of repining and murmuring at their own condition, to which, however, their betters axe sufficiently subject (although, perhaps, for shame, not always so loud in their complaints) I thought it might be useful to reason upon this point in as plain a manner as I can. I shall therefore shew, first, that the poor enjoy many temporal blessings, which are not common to the rich and the great: And, likewise, that the rich and the great are subject to many temporal evils, which are not common to the poor.

But here I would not be misunderstood; perhaps there is not a word more abused than that of the poor, or wherein the world is more generally mistaken. Among the number of those who beg in our streets, or are half-starved at home, or languish in prison for debt, there is hardly one in a hundred who doth not owe his misfortunes to his own laziness, or drunkenness, or worse vices.

To these he owes those very diseases which often disable him from getting his bread. Such wretches are deservedly unhappy: They can only blame themselves; and when we are commanded to have pity on the poor, these are not understood to be of the number.

It is true, indeed, that sometimes honest, endeavouring men are reduced to extreme want, even to the begging of alms, by losses, by accidents, by diseases, and old age, without any fault of their own: But these are very few in comparison of the other; nor would their support be any sensible burthen to the public, if the charity of well-disposed persons were not intercepted by those common strollers, who are most importunate, and who least deserve it. These, indeed, are properly and justly called the poor, whom it should be our study to find out and distinguish, by making them partake, of our superfluity and abundance.

But neither have these anything to do with my present subject; For, by the poor, I only intend the honest, industrious artificer, the meaner sort of tradesmen, and the labouring man, who getteth his bread by the sweat of his brows, in town or country, and who make the bulk of mankind among us.

First: I shall therefore shew, first, that the poor (in the sense I understand the word) do enjoy many temporal blessings, which are not common to the rich and great; and likewise, that the rich and great are subject to many temporal evils, which are not common to the poor.

Secondly: From the arguments offered to prove the foregoing head, I shall draw some observations that may be useful for your practice.

I. As to the first: Health, we know, is generally allowed to be the best of all earthly possessions, because it is that, without which we can have no satisfaction in any of the rest. For riches are of no use, if sickness taketh from us the ability of enjoying them, and power and greatness are then only a burthen. Now, if we would look for health, it must be in the humble habitation of the labouring man, or industrious artificer, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and usually live to a good old age, with a great degree of strength and vigour.

The refreshment of the body by sleep is another great happiness of the meaner sort. Their rest is not disturbed by the fear of thieves and robbers, nor is it interrupted by surfeits of intemperance. Labour and plain food supply the want of quieting draughts; and the wise man telleth us, that the sleep of the labouring man is sweet. As to children, which are certainly accounted of as a blessing, even to the poor, where industry is not wanting; they are an assistance to honest parents, instead of being a burthen; they are healthy and strong, and fit for labour; neither is the father in fear, lest his heir should be ruined by an unequal match: Nor is he solicitous about his rising in the world, farther than to be able to get his bread.

The poorer sort are not the objects of general hatred or envy; they have no twinges of ambition, nor trouble themselves with party quarrels, or state divisions. The idle rabble, who follow their ambitious leaders in such cases,

do not fall within my description of the poorer sort; for, it is plain, I mean only the honest industrious poor in town or country, who are safest in times of public disturbance, in perilous seasons, and public revolutions, if they will be quiet, and do their business; for artificers and husbandmen are necessary in all governments: But in such seasons, the rich are the public mark, because they are oftentimes of no use, but to be plundered; like some sort of birds, who are good for nothing, but their feathers; and so fall a prey to the strongest side.

Let us proceed, on the other side to examine the disadvantages which the rich and the great lie under, with respect to the happiness of the present life.

First, then; While health, as we have said, is the general portion of the lower sort, the gout, the dropsy, the stone, the cholic, and all other diseases, are continually haunting the palaces of the rich and the great, as the natural attendants upon laziness and luxury. Neither does the rich man eat his sumptuous fare with half the appetite and relish, that even the beggars do the crumbs which fall from his table: But, on the contrary, he is full of loathing and disgust, or at best of indifference, in the midst of plenty. Thus their intemperance shortens their lives, without pleasing their appetites.

Business, fear, guilt, design, anguish, and vexation are continually buzzing about the curtains of the rich and the powerful, and will hardly suffer them to close their eyes, unless when they are dosed with the fumes of strong liquors.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the rich want but few things; their wants are more numerous, more craving, and urgent, than those of poorer men: For these endeavour only at the necessaries of life, which make them happy, and they think no farther: But the desire of power and wealth is endless, and therefore impossible to be satisfied with any acquisitions.

If riches were so great a blessing as they are commonly thought, they would at least have this advantage, to give their owners cheerful hearts and countenances; they would often stir them up to express their thankfulness to God, and discover their satisfaction to the world. But, in fact, the contrary to all this is true. For where are there more cloudy brows, more melancholy hearts, or more ingratitude to their great Benefactor, than among those who abound in wealth? And, indeed, it is natural that it should be so, because those men, who covet things that are hard to be got, must be hard to please; whereas a small thing maketh a poor man happy, and great losses cannot befall him.

It is likewise worth considering, how few among the rich have procured their wealth by just measures; how many owe their fortunes to the sins of their parents, how many more to their own? If men's titles were to be tried before a true court of conscience, where false swearing, and a thousand vile artifices, (that are well known, and can hardly be avoided in human courts of justice) would avail nothing; how many would be ejected with infamy and disgrace? How many grow considerable by breach of trust, by bribery and corruption? How many have sold their religion, with the rights and liberties of themselves and others, for power and employments?

And, it is a mistake to think, that the most hardened sinner, who oweth his possessions or titles to any such wicked arts of thieving, can have true peace of mind, under the reproaches of a guilty conscience, and amid the cries of ruined widows and orphans.

I know not one real advantage that the rich have over the poor, except the power of doing good to others. But this is an advantage which God hath not given wicked men the grace to make use of. The wealth acquired by evil means was never employed to good ends; for that would be to divide the kingdom of Satan against itself. Whatever hath been gained by fraud, avarice, oppression, and the like, must be preserved and increased by the same methods.

I shall add but one thing more upon this head, which I hope will convince you, that God (whose thoughts are not as our thoughts) never intended riches or power to be necessary for the happiness of mankind in this life; because it is certain, that there is not one single good quality of the mind absolutely necessary to obtain them, where men are resolved to be rich at any rate; neither honour, justice, temperance, wisdom, religion, truth, or learning; for a slight acquaintance of the world will inform us, that there have been many instances of men, in all ages, who have arrived at great possessions and great dignities, by cunning, fraud, or flattery, without any of these, or any other virtues that can be named. Now, if riches and greatness were such blessings, that good men without them could not have their share of happiness in this life; how cometh it to pass, that God should suffer them to be often dealt to the worst, and most profligate of mankind; that they should be generally procured by the most abominable means, and applied to the basest and most wicked uses? This ought not to be conceived of a just, a merciful, a wise, and Almighty Being. We must therefore conclude, that wealth and power are in their own nature, at best, but things indifferent, and that a good man may be equally happy without them, provided that he hath a sufficiency of the common blessings of human life to answer all the reasonable and virtuous demands of nature, which his industry will provide, and sobriety will prevent his wanting. Agur's prayer, with the reasons of his wish, are full to this purpose: "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, 'Who is the Lord?' Or, lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

From what hath been said, I shall, in the second place, offer some considerations, that may be useful for your practice.

And here I shall apply myself chiefly to those of the lower sort, for whose comfort and satisfaction this discourse is principally intended. For, having observed the great sin of those, who do not abound in wealth, to be that of murmuring and repining, that God hath dealt his blessings unequally to the sons of men, I thought it would be of great use to remove out of your minds so false and wicked an opinion, by shewing that your condition is really happier than most of you imagine.

First: Therefore, it hath been always agreed in the world, that the present happiness of mankind consisted in the ease of our body and the quiet of our mind; but, from what has been already said, it plainly appears, that neither wealth nor power do in any sort contribute to either of these two blessings. If, on the contrary, by multiplying our desires, they increase our discontents; if they destroy our health, gall us with painful diseases, and shorten our life; if they expose us to hatred, to envy, to censure, to a thousand temptations, it is not easy to see why a wise man should make them his choice, for their own sake, although it were in his power. Would any of you, who are in health and strength of body, with moderate food and raiment earned by your own labour, rather choose to be in the rich man's bed, under the torture of the gout, unable to take your natural rest, or natural nourishment, with the additional load of a guilty conscience, reproaching you for injustice, oppressions, covetousness, and fraud? No; but you would take the riches and power, and leave behind the inconveniences that attend them; and so would every man living. But that is more than our share, and God never intended this world for such a place of rest as we would make it; for the Scripture assureth us that it was only designed as a place of trial. Nothing is more frequent, than a man to wish himself in another's condition; yet he seldom doth it without some reserve: He would not be so old; he would not be so sickly; he would not be so cruel; he would not be so insolent; he would not be so vicious; he would not be so oppressive, so griping, and so on. From whence it is plain, that, in their own judgment, men are not so unequally dealt with, as they would at first sight imagine: For, if I would not change my condition with another man, without any exception or reservation at all, I am, in reality, more happy than he.

Secondly: You of the meaner sort are subject to fewer temptations than the rich; and therefore your vices are more unpardonable. Labour subdueth your appetites to be satisfied with common things; the business of your several callings filleth up your whole time; so that idleness, which is the bane and destruction of virtue, doth not lead you into the neighbourhood of sin: Your passions are cooler, by not being inflamed with excess, and therefore the gate and the way that lead to life are not so straight and so narrow to you, as to those who live among all the allurements to wickedness. To serve God with the best of your care and understanding, and to be just and true in your dealings, is the short sum of your duty, and will be the more strictly required of you, because nothing lieth in the way to divert you from it.

Thirdly: It is plain from what I have said, that you of the lower rank have no just reason to complain of your condition: Because, as you plainly see, it affordeth you so many advantages, and freeth you from so many vexations, so many distempers both of body and mind, which pursue and torment the rich and powerful.

Fourthly: You are to remember and apply, that the poorest person is not excused from doing good to others, and even relieving the wants of his distressed neighbour, according to his abilities; and if you perform your duty

in this point, you far outdo the greatest liberalities of the rich, and will accordingly be accepted of by God, and get your reward: For it is our Saviour's own doctrine, when the widow gave her two mites. The rich give out of their abundance; that is to say, what they give, they do not feel it in their way of living: But the poor man, who giveth out of his little stock, must spare it from the necessary food and raiment of himself and his family. And, therefore, our Saviour adds, "That the widow gave more than all who went before her; for she gave all she had, even all her living;" and so went home utterly unprovided to supply her necessities.

Lastly: As it appeareth from what hath been said, that you in the lower rank have, in reality, a greater share of happiness, your work of salvation is easier, by your being liable to fewer temptations; and as your reward in Heaven is much more certain than it is to the rich, if you seriously perform your duty, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven; so your neglect of it will be less excusable, will meet with fewer allowances from God, and will be punished with double stripes: For the most unknowing among you cannot plead ignorance of what you have been so early taught, I hope, so often instructed in, and which is so easy to be understood, I mean the art of leading a life agreeable to the plain and positive laws of God. Perhaps you may think you lie under one disadvantage, which the great and rich have not; that idleness will certainly reduce you to beggary; whereas those who abound in wealth lie under no necessity either of labour or temperance to keep enough to live on. But this is indeed one part of your happiness, that the lowness of your condition, in a manner, forceth you to what is pleasing to God, and necessary for your daily support. Thus your duty and interest are always the same.

To conclude: Since our blessed Lord, instead of a rich and honourable station in this world, was pleased to choose his lot among men of the lower condition; let not those, on whom the bounty of Providence hath bestowed wealth and honours, despise the men who are placed in a humble and inferior station; but rather, with their utmost power, by their countenance, by their protection, by just payment of their honest labour, encourage their daily endeavours for the support of themselves and their families. On the other hand, let the poor labour to provide things honest in the sight of all men; and so, with diligence in their several employments, live soberly, righteously, and godlily in this present world, that they may obtain that glorious reward promised in the Gospel to the poor, I mean the kingdom of Heaven.

Now, to God the Father, &c,

A SERMON ON THE CAUSES OF THE WRETCHED CONDITION OF IRELAND.

[Footnote 1: This is not very properly styled a sermon; but, considered as a political dissertation, it has great merit, and it is highly worthy of the subject, and the author. Most of the circumstances here founded upon, as the causes of national distress, are the subject of separate disquisitions in those political writings connected with Ireland. But they are here summed up, and brought into one view; and the opinions expressed form a sort of index to the Dean's tenets upon the state of that country. [S.]]

PSALM CXLIV. PART OF THE 14TH AND 15TH VERSES.

"That there be no complaining in our streets. Happy is the people that is in such a case."

It is a very melancholy reflection, that such a country as ours, which is capable of producing all things necessary, and most things convenient for life, sufficient for the support of four times the number of its inhabitants, should yet lie under the heaviest load of misery and want, our streets crowded with beggars, so many of our lower sort of tradesmen, labourers, and artificers, not able to find clothes and food for their families.

I think it may therefore be of some use to lay before you the chief causes of this wretched condition we are in, and then it will be easier to assign what remedies are in our power toward removing, at least, some part of these evils.

For it is ever to be lamented, that we lie under many disadvantages, not by our own faults, which are peculiar to ourselves, and which no other nation under heaven hath any reason to complain of.

I shall, therefore, first mention some causes of our miseries, — which I doubt are not to be remedied, until God shall put it in the hearts of those who are stronger to allow us the common rights and privileges of brethren, fellow-subjects, and even of mankind. The first cause of our misery is the intolerable hardships we lie under in every branch of our trade, by which we are become as hewers of wood, and drawers of water, to our rigorous neighbours.

The second cause of our miserable state is the folly, the vanity, and ingratitude of those vast numbers, who think themselves too good to live in the country which gave them birth, and still gives them bread; and rather choose to pass their days, and consume their wealth, and draw out the very vitals of their mother kingdom, among those who heartily despise them.

These I have but lightly touched on, because I fear they are not to be redressed, and, besides, I am very sensible how ready some people are to take offence at the honest truth; and, for that reason, I shall omit several other

grievances, under which we are long likely to groan.

I shall therefore go on to relate some other causes of this nation's poverty, by which, if they continue much longer, it must infallibly sink to utter ruin.

The first is, that monstrous pride and vanity in both sexes, especially the weaker sex, who, in the midst of poverty, are suffered to run into all kind of expense and extravagance in dress, and particularly priding themselves to wear nothing but what cometh from abroad, disdaining the growth or manufacture of their own country, in those articles where they can be better served at home with half the expense; and this is grown to such a height, that they will carry the whole yearly rent of a good estate at once on their body. And, as there is in that sex a spirit of envy, by which they cannot endure to see others in a better habit than themselves, so those, whose fortunes can hardly support their families in the necessaries of life, will needs vie with the richest and greatest amongst us, to the ruin of themselves and their posterity.

Neither are the men less guilty of this pernicious folly, who, in imitation of a gaudiness and foppery of dress, introduced of late years into our neighbouring kingdom, (as fools are apt to imitate only the defects of their betters,) cannot find materials in their own country worthy to adorn their bodies of clay, while their minds are naked of every valuable quality.

Thus our tradesmen and shopkeepers, who deal in home goods, are left in a starving condition, and only those encouraged who ruin the kingdom by importing among us foreign vanities.

Another cause of our low condition is our great luxury, the chief support of which is the materials of it brought to the nation in exchange for the few valuable things left us, whereby so many thousand families want the very necessaries of life.

Thirdly, In most parts of this kingdom the natives are from their infancy so given up to idleness and sloth, that they often choose to beg or steal, rather than support themselves with their own labour; they marry without the least view or thought of being able to make any provision for their families; and whereas, in all industrious nations, children are looked on as a help to their parents; with us, for want of being early trained to work, they are an intolerable burthen at home, and a grievous charge upon the public, as appeareth from the vast number of ragged and naked children in town and country, led about by strolling women, trained up in ignorance and all manner of vice.

Lastly, A great cause of this nation's misery, is that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, covetous landlords, expecting that all who live under them should make bricks without straw, who grieve and envy when they see a tenant of their own in a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in a month, by which the spirits of the people are broken, and made for slavery; the farmers and cottagers, almost through the whole kingdom, being to all intents and purposes as real beggars as any of those to whom we give our charity in the streets. And these cruel landlords are every day unpeopling their

kingdom, by forbidding their miserable tenants to till the earth, against common reason and justice, and contrary to the practice and prudence of all other nations, by which numberless families have been forced either to leave the kingdom, or stroll about, and increase the number of our thieves and beggars.

Such, and much worse, is our condition at present, if I had leisure or liberty to lay it before you; and, therefore, the next thing which might be considered is, whether there may be any probable remedy found, at the least against some part of these evils; for most of them are wholly desperate.

But this being too large a subject to be now handled, and the intent of my discourse confining me to give some directions concerning the poor of this city, I shall keep myself within those limits. It is indeed in the power of the lawgivers to found a school in every parish of the kingdom, for teaching the meaner and poorer sort of children to speak and read the English tongue, and to provide a reasonable maintenance for the teachers. This would, in time, abolish that part of barbarity and ignorance, for which our natives are so despised by all foreigners: this would bring them to think and act according to the rules of reason, by which a spirit of industry, and thrift, and honesty would be introduced among them. And, indeed, considering how small a tax would suffice for such a work, it is a public scandal that such a thing should never have been endeavoured, or, perhaps, so much as thought on.

To supply the want of such a law, several pious persons, in many parts of this kingdom, have been prevailed on, by the great endeavours and good example set them by the clergy, to erect charity-schools in several parishes, to which very often the richest parishioners contribute the least. In those schools, children are, or ought to be, trained up to read and write, and cast accounts; and these children should, if possible, be of honest parents, gone to decay through age, sickness, or other unavoidable calamity, by the hand of God; not the brood of wicked strollers; for it is by no means reasonable, that the charity of well-inclined people should be applied to encourage the lewdness of those profligate, abandoned women, who crowd our streets with their borrowed or spurious issue.

In those hospitals which have good foundations and rents to support them, whereof, to the scandal of Christianity, there are very few in this kingdom; I say, in such hospitals, the children maintained ought to be only of decayed citizens, and freemen, and be bred up to good trades. But in these small-parish charity-schools which have no support, but the casual goodwill of charitable people, I do altogether disapprove the custom of putting the children ‘prentice, except to the very meanest trades; otherwise the poor honest citizen, who is just able to bring up his child, and pay a small sum of money with him to a good master, is wholly defeated, and the bastard issue, perhaps, of some beggar preferred before him. And hence we come to be so overstocked with ‘prentices and journeymen, more than our discouraged country can employ; and, I fear, the greatest part of our thieves, pickpockets, and other vagabonds

are of this number.

Therefore, in order to make these parish charity-schools of great and universal use, I agree with the opinion of many wise persons, that a new turn should be given to this whole matter.

I think there is no complaint more just than what we find in almost every family, of the folly and ignorance, the fraud and knavery, the idleness and viciousness, the wasteful squandering temper of servants, who are, indeed, become one of the many public grievances of the kingdom; whereof, I believe, there are few masters that now hear me who are not convinced by their own experience. And I am not very confident, that more families, of all degrees, have been ruined by the corruptions of servants, than by all other causes put together. Neither is this to be wondered at, when we consider from what nurseries so many of them are received into our houses. The first is the tribe of wicked boys, wherewith most corners of this town are pestered, who haunt public doors. These, having been born of beggars, and bred to pilfer as soon as they can go or speak, as years come on, are employed in the lowest offices to get themselves bread, are practised in all manner of villainy, and when they are grown up, if they are not entertained in a gang of thieves, are forced to seek for a service. The other nursery is the barbarous and desert part of the country, from whence such lads come up hither to seek their fortunes, who are bred up from the dunghill in idleness, ignorance, lying, and thieving. From these two nurseries, I say, a great number of our servants come to us, sufficient to corrupt all the rest. Thus, the whole race of servants in this kingdom have gotten so ill a reputation, that some persons from England, come over hither into great stations, are said to have absolutely refused admitting any servant born among us into their families. Neither can they be justly blamed; for although it is not impossible to find an honest native fit for a good service, yet the inquiry is too troublesome, and the hazard too great for a stranger to attempt.

If we consider the many misfortunes that befall private families, it will be found that servants are the causes and instruments of them all: Are our goods embezzled, wasted and destroyed? Is our house burnt down to the ground? It is by the sloth, the drunkenness or the villainy of servants. Are we robbed and murdered in our beds? It is by confederacy with our servants. Are we engaged in quarrels and misunderstandings with our neighbours? These were all begun and inflamed by the false, malicious tongues of our servants. Are the secrets of our families betrayed, and evil repute spread of us? Our servants were the authors. Do false accusers rise up against us (an evil too frequent in this country)? They have been tampering with our servants. Do our children discover folly, malice, pride, cruelty, revenge, undutifulness in their words and actions? Are they seduced to lewdness or scandalous marriages? It is all by our servants. Nay, the very mistakes, follies, blunders, and absurdities of those in our service, are able to ruffle and discompose the mildest nature, and are often of such consequence, as to put whole families into confusion.

Since therefore not only our domestic peace and quiet, and the welfare of our children, but even the very safety of our lives, reputations, and fortunes have so great a dependence upon the choice of our servants, I think it would well become the wisdom of the nation to make some provision in so important an affair. But in the meantime, and, perhaps, to better purpose, it were to be wished, that the children of both sexes, entertained in the parish charity-schools, were bred up in such a manner as would give them a teachable disposition, and qualify them to learn whatever is required in any sort of service. For instance, they should be taught to read and write, to know somewhat in casting accounts, to understand the principles of religion, to practise cleanliness, to get a spirit of honesty, industry, and thrift, and be severely punished for every neglect in any of these particulars. For, it is the misfortune of mankind, that if they are not used to be taught in their early childhood, whereby to acquire what I call a teachable disposition, they cannot, without great difficulty, learn the easiest thing in the course of their lives, but are always awkward and unhandy; their minds, as well as bodies, for want of early practice, growing stiff and unmanageable, as we observe in the sort of gentlemen, who, kept from school by the indulgence of their parents but a few years, are never able to recover the time they have lost, and grow up in ignorance and all manner of vice, whereof we have too many examples all over the nation. But to return to what I was saying: If these charity children were trained up in the manner I mentioned, and then bound apprentices in the families of gentlemen and citizens, (for which a late law giveth great encouragement) being accustomed from their first entrance to be always learning some useful thing, [they] would learn, in a month, more than another, without those advantages, can do in a year; and, in the meantime, be very useful in a family, as far as their age and strength would allow. And when such children come to years of discretion, they will probably be a useful example to their fellow-servants, at least they will prove a strong check upon the rest; for, I suppose, everybody will allow, that one good, honest, diligent servant in a house may prevent abundance of mischief in the family.

These are the reasons for which I urge this matter so strongly, and I hope those who listen to me will consider them.

I shall now say something about that great number of poor, who, under the name of common beggars, infest our streets, and fill our ears with their continual cries, and craving importunity. This I shall venture to call an unnecessary evil, brought upon us for the gross neglect, and want of proper management, in those whose duty it is to prevent it. But before I proceed farther, let me humbly presume to vindicate the justice and mercy of God and His dealings with mankind. Upon this particular He hath not dealt so hardly with His creatures as some would imagine, when they see so many miserable objects ready to perish for want: For it would infallibly be found, upon strict enquiry, that there is hardly one in twenty of those miserable objects who do not owe their present poverty to their own faults, to their present sloth and

negligence, to their indiscreet marriage without the least prospect of supporting a family, to their foolish expensiveness, to their drunkenness, and other vices, by which they have squandered their gettings, and contracted diseases in their old age. And, to speak freely, is it any way reasonable or just, that those who have denied themselves many lawful satisfactions and conveniences of life, from a principle of conscience, as well as prudence, that they might not be a burthen to the public, should be charged with supporting others, who have brought themselves to less than a morsel of bread by their idleness, extravagance, and vice? Yet such, and no other, are far the greatest number not only in those who beg in our streets, but even of what we call poor decayed housekeepers, whom we are apt to pity as real objects of charity, and distinguish them from common beggars, although, in truth, they both owe their undoing to the same causes; only the former is either too nicely bred to endure walking half naked in the streets, or too proud to own their wants. For the artificer or other tradesman, who pleadeth he is grown too old to work or look after business, and therefore expecteth assistance as a decayed housekeeper; may we not ask him, why he did not take care, in his youth and strength of days, to make some provision against old age, when he saw so many examples before him of people undone by their idleness and vicious extravagance? And to go a little higher; whence cometh it that so many citizens and shopkeepers, of the most creditable trade, who once made a good figure, go to decay by their expensive pride and vanity, affecting to educate and dress their children above their abilities, or the state of life they ought to expect?

However, since the best of us have too many infirmities to answer for, we ought not to be severe upon those of others; and therefore if our brother, through grief, or sickness, or other incapacity, is not in a condition to preserve his being, we ought to support him to the best of our power, without reflecting over seriously on the causes that brought him to his misery. But in order to this, and to turn our charity into its proper channel, we ought to consider who and where those objects are, whom it is chiefly incumbent upon us to support.

By the ancient law of this realm, still in force, every parish is obliged to maintain its own poor, which although some may think to be not very equal, because many parishes are very rich, and have few poor among them, and others the contrary; yet, I think, may be justly defended: For as to remote country parishes in the desert part of the kingdom, the necessaries of life are there so cheap, that the infirm poor may be provided for with little burden to the inhabitants. But in what I am going to say, I shall confine myself only to this city, where we are overrun not only with our own poor, but with a far greater number from every part of the nation. Now, I say, this evil of being encumbered with so many foreign beggars, who have not the least title to our charity, and whom it is impossible for us to support, may be easily remedied, if the government of this city, in conjunction with the clergy and parish officers, would think it worth their care; and I am sure few things deserve it

better. For, if every parish would take a list of those begging poor which properly belong to it, and compel each of them to wear a badge, marked and numbered, so as to be seen and known by all they meet, and confine them to beg within the limits of their own parish, severely punishing them when they offend, and driving out all interlopers from other parishes, we could then make a computation of their numbers; and the strollers from the country being driven away, the remainder would not be too many for the charity of those who pass by to maintain; neither would any beggar, although confined to his own parish, be hindered from receiving the charity of the whole town; because, in this case, those well-disposed persons who walk the streets will give their charity to such whom they think proper objects, wherever they meet them, provided they are found in their own parishes, and wearing their badges of distinction. And, as to those parishes which bordered upon the skirts and suburbs of the town, where country strollers are used to harbour themselves, they must be forced to go back to their homes, when they find nobody to relieve them, because they want that mark which only gives them licence to beg. Upon this point, it were to be wished, that inferior parish officers had better encouragement given them to perform their duty in driving away all beggars who do not belong to the parish, instead of conniving at them, as it is said they do for some small contribution: For the whole city would save much more by ridding themselves of many hundred beggars, than they would lose by giving parish officers a reasonable support.

It should seem a strange, unaccountable thing, that those who have probably been reduced to want by riot, lewdness, and idleness, although they have assurance enough to beg alms publicly from all they meet, should yet be too proud to wear the parish badge, which would turn so much to their own advantage, by ridding them of such great numbers, who now intercept the greatest part of what belongeth to them: Yet it is certain, that there are very many who publicly declare they will never wear those badges, and many others who either hide or throw them away: But the remedy for this is very short, easy, and just, by trying them like vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and forcibly driving them out of the town.

Therefore, as soon as this expedient of wearing badges shall be put in practice, I do earnestly exhort all those who hear me, never to give their alms to any public beggar who doth not fully comply with this order, by which our number of poor will be so reduced, that it will be much easier to provide for the rest. Our shop-doors will be no longer crowded with so many thieves and pickpockets, in beggars' habits, nor our streets so dangerous to those who are forced to walk in the night.

Thus I have, with great freedom, delivered my thoughts upon this subject, which so nearly concerneth us. It is certainly a bad scheme, to any Christian country, which God hath blessed with fruitfulness, and where the people enjoy the just rights and privileges of mankind, that there should be any beggars at all. But, alas! among us, where the whole nation itself is almost

reduced to beggary by the disadvantages we lie under, and the hardships we are forced to bear; the laziness, ignorance, thoughtlessness, squandering temper, slavish nature, and uncleanly manner of living in the poor Popish natives, together with the cruel oppressions of their landlords, who delight to see their vassals in the dust; I say, that, in such a nation, how can we otherwise expect than to be over-run with objects of misery and want? Therefore, there can be no other method to free this city from so intolerable a grievance, than by endeavouring, as far as in us lies, that the burthen may be more equally divided, by contributing to maintain our own poor, and forcing the strollers and vagabonds to return to their several homes in the country, there to smite the conscience of those oppressors, who first stripped them of all their substance.

I might here, if the time would permit, offer many arguments to persuade to works of charity; but you hear them so often from the pulpit, that I am willing to hope you may not now want them. Besides, my present design was only to shew where your alms would be best bestowed, to the honour of God, your own ease and advantage, the service of your country, and the benefit of the poor. I desire you will all weigh and consider what I have spoken, and, according to your several stations and abilities, endeavour to put it in practice; and God give you good success. To Whom, with the Son and Holy Ghost, be all honour, &c.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I.

SWIFT'S REMARKS ON DR GIBBS'S PARAPHRASE OF THE PSALMS.

NOTE.

"THE following manuscript was literally copied from the printed original found in the library of Dr. J. Swift, Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin, in the year 1745. The marginal notes and parodies were written by the Dean's own hand, except such as are distinguished with this mark [O/] with which I am only chargeable. Witness my hand, this 25th day of February, 1745. WILLIAM DUNKIN.

"N.B. — The original was by me presented to his excellency Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland. W.D."

The manuscript to which Dr. Dunkin refers is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The present text is taken from a transcript which is at the South Kensington Museum, and which appears to be the identical transcript used by Nichols for his reprint in the quarto edition, vol. xiv. At the end of this MS. is the following note:

"The above was written from the manuscript mentioned in the first page, now in the hands of Nicholas Coyne, Esq., being the only copy in the kingdom of Ireland; he having purchased the original, and afterwards generously given it to his friend Dr. Dunkin, finding the doctor extremely uneasy at the disappointment the Earl of Chesterfield was like to meet with, as he had promised the earl to attend the auction, and procure it for him at any price; and is now transcribed by Neale Molloy, of Dublin, Esq'r, by the favour of the said Nicholas Coyne, his brother-in-law; and sent by him to his kinsman, and dear friend, Charles Molloy, of London, Esq're.

"*Dublin, 26th, of May*, 1748."

The "Epistle Dedicatory" to Princess Anne, in Dr. Gibbs's volume, has also been annotated, chiefly by Dr. Dunkin; but as these are mostly too filthy to be published, I have omitted the few notes by Swift, which consist merely of marginalia corrections of words and a few satirical interpolations of no great consequence. I have corrected Dr. Gibbs's text by the original edition of

his "Paraphrase" (1701). The corrections were necessary, since the transcript could not be absolutely relied on.

[T.S.]

APPENDIX I. DR SWIFT'S REMARKS

On "The first Fifteen Psalms of David, translated into Lyric Verse: Proposed as an Essay, supplying the Perspicuity and Coherence according to the Modern Art of Poetry; not known to have been attempted before in any Language. With a Preface containing some Observations of the great and general Defectiveness of former Versions in Greek, Latin, and English. By Dr. [James] Gibbs. London: printed by J. Mathews, for John Hartley, over-against Gray's-Inn, in Holborn. MDCCI."

THE FIRST FIFTEEN PSALMS, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

DR GIBBS. DR SWIFT. I. PSALM OF DAVID, (1) (1)I warn the reader that *Comparing the different state of the this is a lie, both here righteous and the wicked, both in this and all over the book; and the next world.* for these are not Psalms of David, but of Dr. Gibbs.

1 Thrice happy he! that does refuse. (2) But I suppose with
With *impious* (2) *sinners* to combine; *pious* sinners a man may
Who ne'er their wicked way pursues, combine safely enough
And does the scorner's *seat*(3)*decline*
(3)What part of speech
is it?

2 But still to learn, and to obey (4) All.
The Law of God is his delight;
In that employs himself all day, (5) A man must have
And reads and thinks thereon at(4) some time to sleep; so
night.(5) that I will change the
verse thus:
"And thinks and dreams
thereon all night."

3 For as a tree, whose spreading root (6) Look ye; you must

By some prolific stream is fed, thin the boughs at the
Produces (6) fair and timely fruit, top, or your fruit will
And numerous boughs adorn its head: be neither fair or
Whose (7) very leaves, tho' storms descend, timely.
In lively verdure still appear
(7) Why, what other part
Whose (7) very leaves, tho' storms descend, of a tree appears in lively.
In lively verdure still appear; verdure, beside the
Such blessings always shall attend leaves?
The man that does the Lord revere. These very leaves on
which you penn'd
Your woeful stuff, may
serve for squibs:
Such blessings always
shall attend
The madrigals of Dr.
Gibbs.

4 Like chaff with every wind disperst:(1) (1) "Disp*u*rst,"
[rhyming with "curst"] Pronounce this like a
blockhead.

6 And these to punishment may go. (2) (2) If they please.

["The above may serve for a tolerable specimen of Swift's remarks. The whole should be given, if it were possible to make them intelligible, without copying the version which is ridiculed; a labour for which our readers would scarcely thank us. A few detached stanzas, however, with the Dean's notes on them, shall be transcribed." Thus writes Scott; but I have added a great many more, which deserve reprinting, if only for their humour. [T.S.]]

DR GIBBS. DR SWIFT.

II. PSALM OF DAVID. (1) I do not believe
that ever kings entered
1 Why do the heathen nations rise, into plots and
And in mad tumults join! confederacies against
the reign of God
Almighty.
2 Confederate kings vain plots (1) devise
Against the Almighty's reign:
His Royal Title they deny, (2) What word does
Whom God appointed Christ; that plural number

belong to?

3 Let us reject their (2) laws, they cry,
Their binding force resist.

7 And thus to Him was pleased to say, (3) An excellent drug-
As I His words declare; (3) german.

9 But those, that do thy laws refuse, (4) After a man is
In pieces thou shalt break; broken in pieces,
And with an iron sceptre bruise (4) 'tis no great matter
Their disobedient (5) *neck*. to have his neck
bruised.

(5) Neak.

10 Ye earthly kings, the caution *hear*; (6) Rulers must *learn*
Ye rulers, *learn* the same; (6) it, but kings may only
hear it.

11 Serve God with reverence, and with *fear*(7)
His joyful praise proclaim; (7) Very proper to make a
joyful proclamation with
fear.

12 Confess the Son, and own His (8) reign, (8) Of Blackmore's
Ere He to wrath inclines; reign.
And, so resenting your disdain,
Confound your vain designs: (9) (9) You with his lines

For should the madness of His foes (1) (1) For should the foes
Th' avenging God incense, of David's ape
Happy are they that can repose Provoke his grey
In Him their confidence. (2) goose quills,
Happy are they that
can escape
The vengeance of
his pills.

(2) Admirably reasoned and connected!

III. PSALM OF DAVID.

When he fled from his son Absalom. To Dr. Gibbs, *ex aquâ in ignem*.

4 When to the Lord for help I cry, (3) Sec*o*ure.
He hears me from the Throne on high;
(4) By this I think it
5 And thus I sleep and wake secure, (3) is clear that he cries
Guarded by His almighty Power. (4) in his sleep.

6 No fears shall then my soul depress,* *Depre*a*se, Lo*a*rd,
Though thus my enemies increase; Scoticé.

7 And (5) therefore, now arise, O Lord,* (5) He desires God's
And graciously thy help afford: help, because
he is not afraid of
his enemies; others,
I think, usually
desire it when they
are afraid.

8 And *thus* (6) to grant a sure defence, (6) The doctor hath a
Belongs to God's (7) omnipotence; mighty affection for the
particle *thus*: he uses
it four times in this
Psalm, and 100 times in
other places, and
always wrong.

(7) That is as much as to say, he that can do all things can defend a man; which I take to be an undoubted truth.

IV. PSALM OF DAVID.

Reproving and admonishing his enemies. Not to burlesque his Psalms.

1 As Thou hast always taken care A pretty phrase!
My sufferings to remove.

2 But you, my frail (1) malicious foes, (1) Are they malicious
Who do my power despise; out of frailty, or frail
Vainly how long will ye oppose, out of malice?
And (2) falsely calumnize!

(2) That is, they say *false* things *falsely*.

I will discover the doctor's secret of making the coherence and connection, in the Psalms that he brags of in his title and preface: he lays violent hands on certain particles,(such as *and, when, since, for, but, thus, so*, &c.) and presses them to his service on all occasions sore against their wills, and without any regard whether the sense will admit them or no.

3 Since those alone the Lord has blest, (3) 'Tis plain the doctor
That do from sin refrain; never requested to be a
He therefore grants what I request, (3) poet.
And hears when I (4) complain:

(4) If your requests be granted, why do you complain?

But of Thy face to us do Thou What is it, to
The favour still dispense; dispense the favour
of his face?

7 Then shall my soul with more divine (5) I have heard of a
And solid joys abound, crown or garland of corn,
Than they with stores of corn and wine, but a crown of wine is
Those earthly riches, crown'd: (5) new, and can hardly be explained, unless we suppose the wine to be in icicles.

8 And thus confiding, Lord, in thee (6) And yet, to shew I
I take my calm repose; (6) tell no fibs,

For thou each night protectest me Thou hast left me in
From all my (7) treacherous foes thrall
To Hopkins, eke, and
Doctor Gibbs
The vilest rogue of all.

(7) Aye, and *open* foes too; or his repose would not be very calm.

V. PSALM OF DAVID:

Trusting in God, he implores protection Especially Doctor from his enemies. Gibbs.

1 O Lord, receive my fervent prayer, (1) I suppose he
Relieve my soul opprest with care, thought it would be
And hear my loud (1) complaint; heard the better for
being loud.
[Greek: Oion aento mega
kekraigenai kai ochlaeson
einai.] — LUC. TIM.,
Misanth.

2 On Thee alone I can rely,
Do Thou, my God, to whom I fly,
My sad (2) petition grant: (2) My poor petition.
Ay, a sad one indeed.

5 They on thy favour can't rely, (3) Such vile poetry.
That practice such iniquity, (3) What is the meaning of
For Thou wilt punish those that word, *such*, in
this place?

6 That do malicious lies (4) invent, (4) Malicious lines.
And would to death the innocent
By treacherous means (5) expose. (5) By doggrel rhimes.

8 Lord, in Thy Laws (6) direct my ways, (6) He perseveres — not
Since those my watchful foe surveys, that he values the Laws,
And make me persevere: but because his foes

watch him. A good
principle!

9 They flatter to destroy:

10 But let, O Lord, the vengeance due (7) Horrid rhimes.
Those in their horrid crimes (7) pursue, (8) Defoy.
Who do Thy power defy: (8)

VI. PSALM OF DAVID:

Penitently complaining of his sufferings. By this translator.

I Thy heavy hand restrain, (9) (9) Thy heavy hand
With mercy, Lord, correct; restrain;
Do not, (1) as if in high disdain, Have mercy, Dr. Gibbs:
My helpless soul reject: Do not, I pray thee,
paper stain
2 For how shall I sustain With rhymes retail'd in
(2)Those ills, which now I bear! dribbs.
My vitals are consumed with pain,
(3)My soul oppress'd with care: (1)That bit is a most
glorious botch.
(2)The squeaking of a
hogrel.

(3)To listen to
thy doggrel.

5 For in the silent grave, } Very true all that.
When there I lie obscure,
No gracious favours I can have,
Nor magnify Thy power:

6 Lord, I have pray'd in (1) vain (1)The doctor must
So long, so much opprest; mean himself, for I hope
My very (2) cries increase my pain, David never thought so.
And tears prevent my rest;
(2)Then he's a dunce

7 These do my sight impair, for crying.
My flowing eyes decay,
While to my enemies I fear
Thus (3) to become a prey. (3)That is, he is afraid of becoming a prey to his enemies while his eyes are sore.

8 But, ye vain forces! fly, (4) (4)Fl*o*y.
For God, Whom I adore, Why then does he tell us just before that he has prayed in vain, and is afraid of becoming a prey to his enemies?

9 My impious foes does still destroy,
When I His aid implore.

10 O Lord, by Thy fierce hand repell'd,
With sudden shame retire (5) A very proper word for a man that is repell'd by a fierce hand.

VII, PSALM OF DAVID:

When unjustly persecuted,(6) and accused of (6) By Doctor Gibbs. treachery against King Saul.

I O Lord my God, since I repose (7) By chance.
My trust in Thee alone, (7)

Save and defend me from my foes,
That furiously come on: (8) (8) Advance.

2 Lest, like a ravenous lion, they What sort of lions are
My captive soul devour, they that devour souls?

4 If I've not spared him though he's grown(9) (9) Gro*u*n.
My causeless (1) enemy,

(1) If he be grown his *causeless* enemy I presume he is no longer *guiltless*.

5 Then let my life, and future (2) crown (2) He gives a thing
Become to him a prey: before he has it, and
gives it to him that has it already; for Saul is the person meant.

6 But, Lord, thy kind assistance (1) lend, (1) But why *lend?*
Arise in my defence; Does he design to return
According to Thy laws, (2) contend it back when he has done
For injured innocence: with it?

(2) Profane rascal! he makes it a struggle and contention between God and the wicked.

7 That all the nations, that oppose, (3) (3) Opp*a*use.
May then confess Thy power:
Therefore assert my righteous cause,
That they may Thee adore: (4) (4) Ado*u*re.

8 For equal judgment, Lord, to Thee (5) Yet in the very
The nations (5) all submit; verse before he tells of
Be therefore (6) merciful to me. nations that *oppose*.
And my just soul acquit: (7)

(6) Because all nations submit to God, therefore God must be merciful to Dr. Gibbs.

(7) Of what?

9 Destroy the wicked in their plots: Poor David never could
The just with blessings crown: acquit
For all the ways and secret thoughts (8) A criminal like thee,
Of both to Thee are known. Against his Psalms who
couldst commit
Such wicked poetry.

(8) Thots.

10 Thus by God's gracious providence (9) (9) Observe the
I'm still preserved secure, (1) connection.
Who all the good and just defends (1) Sec*ou*re.
With a resistless (2) power.
(2) That's right, doctor;
but then there will
be no *contending*, as
you desired a while ago.

'Tis wonderful that
Providence
Should save thee from the
halter,
Who hast in numbers
without sense
Burlesqued the holy
Psalter.

11 All men He does with justice view, (1) That's no great
And their iniquity mark of viewing them
With direful vengeance can pursue, with justice. God has
Or patiently (1) pass by: wiser ends for passing by
His vengeance on the
wicked, you profane
dunce!

13 For He the artillery directs, What's that charge? it
The sudden charge ordains, must allude to a charge
of gunpowder, or it is
nonsense.

15 Lo! now th'inflictions (2) they design'd (2) Ay, but what sort of
By others to be borne, things are these
Even all the mischiefs (3) in their mind inflictions?
Do on themselves return: (4)

(3) If the mischiefs be in their mind, what need they return on themselves? are they not there already?

(4) Retorn.

16 By their own treachery betray'd (5) Pills
To the same ills, (5) that they
Invented, and with those essay'd (6) Rich.
To make the poor (6) their prey:

Does this verse end according to the more modern art of poetry, as the author speaks in his preface?

17 O Lord, how glorious are the ways Do not these verses end
Of Thy good Providence! very sublimely?
Thou, Lord, Whose blessed Name I praise,
True justice dost dispense

VIII. PSALM OF DAVID:

1 The mighty powers, that celebrate That's a lie; for if
Thy endless praises, can't relate they
The glory they in Heaven survey: can survey it they can easily relate it.

2 *Young* helpless *infants* at the breast Young younglings.
Their great Creator have confest, [The italics are
And in their weakness spoke Thy pow'r, Swift's.] This stanza is just upon the purlieus

between sense and
nonsense.

4 Lord, what is wretched (7) man, I cry, (7) A very proper epithet Or all his sinful progeny, for those who are scarce That thou to them dost prove so kind! inferior to angels.

5 To honour Thou dost them prefer, A fine cadence that. To angels scarce inferior,

6 They over all Thy works command:

7 The flocks and herds o'er every field (1) That's a lie, for
To their just lords obedience yield, sometimes they trespass
And all (1) in full subjection stand: on other men's grounds.

8 O'er all the birds, that mount the air, (2) App*ai*r.
And fish, that in the floods appear,(2)
Man bears an arbitrary sway: Those, I think, are
not very many: they are
caught, but till then we
have no great sway over
them.

IX. PSALM OF DAVID:

3 Confounded at the sight of Thee (3) The doctor's mistaken;
My foes are put to flight; (3) for, when people are
confounded, they cannot
fly.

4 Thus thou, great God of equity, (4) Against Sternhold
Dost still assert my right. (4) and Hopkins.

6 Insulting foes, how long can ye (5) b*o*st.
Of ruin'd cities boast! (5) Blunderings, *Siccorrige*
Your plunderings now as well as they meo periculo. That's a
Are in oblivion lost: lie, for Gibbs remembers
them.

7 But God eternally remains (6) (6) That's false and
Fixt in His throne on high, profane; God is not fixed
anywhere.

8 And to the world from thence ordains (7) Did anybody ever
Impartial equity:(7) hear of *partial* equity?

9 And for their injured souls extend That extending a refuge,
A refuge most secure. is pretty.

12 He hears the injured poor, and then *i.e.* is angry at their
Does all their cries resent. cries.

13 And thus consider still, O Lord, (8) Nothing is restored
The justice of my cause; but what has been taken
Who often hast my life (8) restor'd away; so that he has been
From death's devouring jaws: often raised from the
dead, if this be true.

15 The heathen nations are dismay'd (9) (9) We heard a while
They're all to ruin brought, ago their very names were
For in the treacherous nets, they laid, dead, now (it seems)
Ev'n they themselves are caught: they're only dismay'd.

[Footnote 1: Ver. 5. "They and their very names are dead."]

16 Lo, thus the Lord to execute
True judgment still inclines; This is profane, as if
it were only an
inclination in God to be
just.

X. PSALM OF DAVID:

1 Lord, why in times of deep distress If the woes require aid

Dost Thou from us retire, it is to increase them,
When dismal woes our souls oppress, they cannot require it
And Thy kind aid require! against themselves.

2 The wicked do with lawless pride (1) (1) Proide. Pronounce
The helpless persecute; it like the Scotch.
But let them be themselves destroy'd,
And fall in their pursuit: Ay, let them!

3 For still they triumph, when success I cannot crock this
Does their designs attend, stave.
And then their ways, who thus oppress,
Profanely they commend:

* * * * *

5 And from the barbarous (2) paths they tread,(2) The author should
No acts of Providence first have premised what
Can e'er oblige them to recede, sort of paths were
Or stop (3) their bold offence; properly barbarous. I
suppose they must be
very deep and dirty, or
very rugged and stony;
both which I myself
have heard travellers
call barbarous roads.

(3) Which is the way to stop an offence? Would you have it stopped like a bottle, or a thief? For what end? is it to catch a louse, better lay wait for the rich by half.

8 And for the poor in secret they
Do treacherously lay wait:
As a lion observes with
9 As hungry lions do their prey watchful eyes, just so a
Observe with watchful eyes, wicked man surprises
So heedless innocents would they with sudden force — a very
With sudden force surprise; just simile.
And then, like lions merciless, They surprise them like
Their trembling souls devour; lions, but then they devour
And thus the helpless do oppress (4) devour them [like] lions.

When captives to their power;

(4) This line is dry
nonsense or false grammar
and will bear no jest.

13 no more No mo*u*r. Pronounce
[rhyming with pow'r.] this like my lady's
woman.

14 deserts Des*a*rts. Pronounce
[rhyming with hearts.] this like my lady's
housemaid.

XI. PSALM OF DAVID:

1 come on, Come *u*n. Pronounce
[rhyming with shun.] this like a
chambermaid.

The force of his argument
lies here: he does
3 For if the Power, in which they trust, not fear his enemies,
Should fail, how helpless are the just! because if God's power
should fail he has no
help.

6 And on their impious heads will pour (1) A shower of snares
Of snares (1) and flames a dismal shower; on a man's head would
And this their bitter cup must be do wonderful execution.
(2) To drink to all eternity: However, I grant it is a
scurvy thing enough to
swallow them.

(2) To taste the doctor's poetry.

XII. PSALM OF DAVID:

1 O Lord, some help for me provide, He can confide in but
For in but few I can confide, few because all are.
All men are so perfidious grown; perfidious. Smoke
that!

2 True mutual kindness they pretend, Did ever any man
pretend mutual
kindness to another?

3 But God those flatterers will confound, Qu: whether flatterers
That with abusive lies abound, usually abound with
And proudly boast their vicious ways, abusive lies?

4 That say, with our deceitful tongues If they say thus they
are silly flatterers.

6 And since He thus was pleased to say, That comparison is
Like gold refined from base alloy, well applied.
His promise never can deceive; (3)
(3) Deceive. Pronounce
this like a beau.

7 And therefore will their cause assert, Examine well the grammar
Who thus are pure and true of heart, and sense and the
And save them from the enemy; elegance of this
stanza.

8 For, when th' ungodly meet success, Here the author separates
The wicked more and more increase,(1) the wicked from
And proudly all their foes defy. the ungodly.

(1) Incr*ess*.

XIII. PSALM OF DAVID:

1 How long wilt Thou neglect, A civil question that!
O Lord, to hear me pray!

3 Attend, and hear my cries, Mind me, Sir!
Some comfort now disclose,
E'er grief has shut my weeping eyes Which would be nonsense,
In death's obscure repose: put in prose.

4 Lest my proud enemy,
If now my trust should fail,
And those that persecute me cry;
See, thus we still prevail: A pretty speech that!

XIV. PSALM OF DAVID:

1 Hence virtue in the world declines, Without question virtue
And all men vicious grow. declines with a vengeance
when all men
grow vicious.

2 And see who would His being own, What other way is
And Him, as God, adore: there of adoring?

3 (2) But they were all perverted grown, (2) But they were all
Polluted all with blood, perverted grown,
And other impious crimes; not one In spite of Dr. Gibbs
Was either just (3) or good. his blood:
Of all his impious
rhimes not one
Was either just or good.

(3) For a man (it seems) may be good and not just.

4 Are they so stupid (4) then, said (5) God, (4) The fault was not
Who thus My (6) saints devour! that they devoured
These (7) crimes have they not understood, saints, but that they
Nor thought upon My power! were stupid.

Qu: Whether stupidity
makes men devour saints,
or devouring saints
makes a man stupid? I
believe the latter,
because they may be apt
to lie heavy in one's
stomach.

(5) Clod.
(6) Strains.
(7) Rhimes.

7 (1) O, that His aid we now might have (1) And O that every
From Sion's holy hill, parish clerk,
That God the captive just would save, Who hums what Brady cribs
And glad all Israel. From Hopkins, would read
this work,
And glad the
heart with Gibbs.

XV. PSALM OF DAVID:

Representing the character of a good man. And a bad poet.

2 Sincere, and just, who never lie;

3 And so their neighbour ne'er deceive, How *so*?

5 All those that lead a life like this (2) And so the doctor Shall reign in everlasting bliss. (2) now may kiss —— !

FINIS.

Fiddling Impudent Nauseous Illiterate Scoundrel oolish dle onsensical gnorant cot

APPENDIX II.

A

PROPOSAL

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE

P T

FOR THE MORE EFFECTUAL PREVENTING THE

FURTHER GROWTH OF POPERY.

WITH THE

DESCRIPTION AND USE OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL THERMOMETER,

VERY PROPER FOR ALL FAMILIES.

”Insani sanus nomen ferat, aequus iniqui,
Ultra quàm satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.”

HOR. Epist. 1. vi. 16.

This “Proposal,” which has not been included in the editions of Swift’s Works issued by Scott, Faulkner, or Hawkesworth, appeared originally, but in a shorter form, in the “Tatler” (No. 220, September 4th, 1710). In this form the whole of the first portion, from the beginning to the paragraph commencing “The Church thermometer,” is omitted, as are also the last paragraphs of the essay, including the “Advertisement.” The text of the present reprint I have taken from the “Miscellanies,” vol. viii., 1745 (pp. 217-229). In all modern editions of the “Tatler” this paper is ascribed to Addison; but the style and the subject are so characteristic of Swift that, although I am not in a position to say definitely that it is by him, I think it deserves a place in the form of an Appendix. The date of its appearance in the

"Tatler" is somewhat against Swift having written it, since he was at that time on his way to London; and of the few contributions he sent to the "Tatler" it is agreed by all editors that the first is the paper on the same subject as the letter to the Lord High Treasurer, which appeared in No. 230 (September 28th, 1710).

[T.S.]

APPENDIX II.

PROPOSAL FOR PREVENTING THE FURTHER GROWTH OF POPERY.

Having, with great sorrow of heart, observed the increase of Popery among us of late years, and how ineffectual the penal laws and statutes of this realm have been, for near forty years last past, towards reclaiming that blind and deluded people from their errors, notwithstanding the good intentions of the legislators, and the pious and unwearied labours of the many learned divines of the Established Church, who have preached to them without ceasing, although hitherto without success:

Having also remarked, in his Grace's speech to both Houses of Parliament, most kind offers of his Grace's good offices towards obtaining such further laws as shall be thought necessary towards bringing home the said wandering sheep into the fold of the Church, as also a good disposition in the parliament to join in the laudable work, towards which every good Protestant ought to contribute at least his advice: I think it a proper time to lay before the public a scheme which was writ some years since, and laid by to be ready on a fit occasion.

That, whereas the several penal laws and statutes now in being against Papists, have been found ineffectual, and rather tend to confirm, than reclaim men from their errors, as calling a man coward, is a ready way to make him fight; It is humbly proposed,

I. That the said penal laws and statutes against Papists, except the law of Gavelkind, and that which disqualifies them for places, be repealed, abrogated, annulled, destroyed, and obliterated, to all intents and purposes.

II. That, in the room of the said penal laws and statutes, all ecclesiastical jurisdiction be taken from out of the hands of the clergy of the established Church, and the same be vested in the several popish archbishops, bishops, deans and arch-deacons; nevertheless so as such jurisdiction be exercised over persons of the Popish religion only.

III. That a Popish priest shall be settled by law in each and every parish in Ireland.

IV. That the said Popish priest shall, on taking the oath of allegiance to his majesty, be entitled to a tenth part or tithe of all things tithable in Ireland, belonging to the papists, within their respective parishes, yet so as such grant of tithes to such Popish priests, shall not be construed, in law or equity, to hinder the Protestant clergyman of such parish from receiving and collecting his tithes in like manner as he does at present.

V. That, in case of detention or subtraction of tithes by any Papist, the parish priest do have his remedy at law in any of his majesty's courts, in the same manner as now practised by the clergy of the Established Church; together with all other ecclesiastical dues. And, for their further discovery to vex their people at law, it might not be amiss to oblige the solicitor-general, or some other able king's counsel, to give his advice, or assistance to such priests gratis, for which he might receive a salary out of the Barrack Fund, Military Contingencies, or Concordatum; having observed the exceedings there better paid than of the army, or any other branch of the establishment; and I would have no delay in payment in a matter of this importance.

VI. That the archbishops and bishops have power to visit the inferior clergy, and to extort proxies, exhibits, and all other perquisites usual in Popish and Protestant countries.

VII. That the convocation having been found, by long experience, to be hurtful to true religion, be for ever hereafter abolished among Protestants.

VIII. That, in the room thereof, the Popish archbishops, bishops, priests, deans, arch-deacons, and proctors, have liberty to assemble themselves in convocation, and be impowered to make such canons as they shall think proper for the government of the Papists in Ireland:

IX. And that, the secular arm being necessary to enforce obedience to ecclesiastical censure, the sheriffs, constables, and other officers, be commanded to execute the decrees and sentences of the said popish convocation, with secrecy and dispatch, or, in lieu thereof, they may be at liberty to erect an inquisition, with proper officers of their own.

X. That, as Papists declare themselves converts to the Established Church, all spiritual power over them shall cease.

XI. That as soon as any whole parish shall renounce the Popish religion, the priest of such parish shall, for his good services, have a pension of £200 per ann. settled on him for life, and that he be from such time exempt from preaching and praying, and other duties of his function, in like manner as protestant divines, with equal incomes, are at present.

XII. That each bishop, so soon as his diocese shall become protestants, be called, My Lord, and have a pension of two thousand pounds per annum during life.

XIII. That when a whole province shall be reclaimed, the archbishop shall be called His Grace, and have a pension of three thousand pounds per ann.

during life, and be admitted a member of his majesty's most honourable privy council.

The good consequences of this scheme, (which will execute itself without murmurings against the government) are very visible: I shall mention a few of the most obvious.

I. The giving the priest a right to the tithe would produce law-suits and wrangles; his reverence, being entituled to a certain income at all events, would consider himself as a legal incumbent, and behave accordingly, and apply himself more to fleecing than feeding his flock; his necessary attendance on the courts of justice would leave his people without a spiritual guide; by which means protestant curates, who have no suits about tithes, would be furnished with proper opportunities for making converts, which is very much wanted.

II. The erecting a spiritual jurisdiction amongst them would, in all probability, drive as many out of that communion, as a due execution of such jurisdiction hath hitherto drove from amongst ourselves.

III. An inquisition would still be a further improvement, and most certainly would expedite the conversion of Papists.

I know it may be objected to this scheme, and with some shew of reason, that, should the Popish princes abroad pursue the same methods, with regard to their protestant subjects, the Protestant interest in Europe would thereby be considerably weakened: but as we have no reason to suspect Popish counsels will ever produce so much moderation, I think the objection ought to have but little weight.

A due execution of this scheme will soon produce many converts from Popery; nevertheless, to the end may it be known, when they shall be of the true Church, I have ordered a large parcel of ecclesiastical or Church thermometers to be made, one of which is to be hung up in each parish church, the description and use of which take as follows, in the words of the ingenious Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

The Church thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument till it fell into the hand of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both the one and the other) who was some time Vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled, and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. extreme hot sultry hot, very hot, hot, warm, temperate, cold, just freezing,

frost, hard frost, great frost, extreme cold.

[Footnote 1: In the "Tatler" this paragraph is preceded by the following: "*From my own apartment, Sept. 4.* — Having received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the political barometer, I shall here communicate to the publican account of my ecclesiastical thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can." [T.S.]]

It is well known, that Torricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment of a long tube which held thirty-two foot of water; and that a more modern virtuoso finding such a machine altogether unwieldly and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many foot of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red, fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in a fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtile, piercing cold, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through every thing it is put into, and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the Oxford Manuscript has it) the skull of an ass. The thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

[Footnote 2: Evangelista Torricelli (1608-1647) was assistant to Galileo, and is famous as the discoverer of the phenomena on which he made the barometer. In 1644 he published "Opera Geometrica." [T.S.]]

Ignorance.
Persecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Lukewarmness.

Infidelity.
Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the glass between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and, when it sinks to Moderation, it is still in admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch that it is apt to climb from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which often ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and, when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands, and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing, will fall by the breath of the multitude crying Popery; or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same breath, *The Church is in Danger*.

As soon as I have finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort, about this great city. At Saint James's Coffee-house the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my extreme surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark of the glass. At the Grecian it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees; Child's fetched it up to Zeal, and other adjacent coffee-houses to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glass as I went further into the City,
till at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time
I stayed about the Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And here
I cannot but take notice, that, through the whole course of my remarks,
I never observed my glass to rise at the same time that the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the occult sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole Island of Great Britain; and, after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of his

description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing election.

[Footnote 3: Thomas Fuller, D.D. (1608-1661) was the author of "History of the Worthies of England," "History of the Holy War," and many other works distinguished for their humour and style. [T.S.]]

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: We should be careful not to over-shoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High-Church and Low-Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, they have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess I have considered, with some attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

[Footnote 4: Here the "Tatler" paper ends. [T.S.]]

I shall conclude this paper with an account of a conference which happened between a very excellent divine (whose doctrine was easy, and formerly much respected) and a lawyer.

* * * * *

And behold a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law? How readest thou?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

And Jesus answering, said; A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and, when he

saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and, when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise. Luke x. 25 to 38.

* * * * *

Advertisement.

There is now in the press a proposal for raising a fund towards paying the National Debt by the following means: The author would have commissioners appointed to search all the public and private libraries, booksellers shops and warehouses, in this kingdom, for such books as are of no use to the owner, or to the public, viz. all comments on the Holy Scriptures, whether called sermons, creeds, bodies of divinity, tomes of casuistry, vindications, confutations, essays, answers, replies, rejoinders, or sur-rejoinders, together with all other learned treatises and books of divinity, of what denomination or class soever; as also all comments on the laws of the land, such as reports, law-cases, decrees, guides for attorneys and young clerks, and, in fine, all the books now in being in this kingdom (whether of divinity, law, physic, metaphysics, logics or politics) except the pure text of the Holy Scriptures, the naked text of the laws, a few books of morality, poetry, music, architecture, agriculture, mathematics, merchandise and history; the author would have the aforesaid useless books carried to the several paper-mills, there to be wrought into white paper, which, to prevent damage or complaints, he would have performed by the commentators, critics, popular preachers, apothecaries, learned lawyers, attorneys, solicitors, logicians, physicians, almanac-makers, and others of the like wrong turn of mind; the said paper to be sold, and the produce applied to discharge the National Debt; what should remain of the said debt unsatisfied, might be paid by a tax on the salaries or estates of bankers, common cheats, usurers, treasurers, embezzelers of public money, general officers, sharpers, pensioners, pick-pockets, &c.

APPENDIX III.

SWIFT AND SERJEANT BETTESWORTH.

The *rencontre* with Serjeant Bettesworth, to which reference has already been made in the note prefixed to "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit," is further illustrated by the Resolution which the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's passed, and which they presented to the Dean. Bettesworth, as a note in the thirteenth volume of Swift's works (1762) states, "engaged his footman and two ruffians to attend him, in order to secure the dean wherever they met him, until he had gratified his resentment either by maiming or stabbing him." Accordingly, he went directly to the deanery, and hearing the Dean was at a friend's house (Rev. Mr. John Worrall's in Big Ship Street), followed him thither, charged him with writing the said verses, but had not courage enough to put his bloody design in execution. However, as he had the assurance to relate this affair to several noblemen and gentlemen, the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited upon the Dean, and presented the following paper, signed by above thirty of them, in the name of themselves, and the rest of their neighbourhood:

"We the inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's Dublin, and the neighbourhood of the same, having been informed, by universal report, that a certain man of this city hath openly threatened, and sworn before many hundred people, as well persons of quality as others, that he resolves upon the first opportunity, by the help of several ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick, our neighbour, benefactor, and the head of the Liberty of St Patrick, upon a frivolous unproved suspicion of the said Dean's having written some lines in verse reflecting on the said man.

"Therefore, we, the said inhabitants of the said Liberty, and in the neighbourhood thereof, from our great love and respect to the said Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, as well as we of the Liberty, do unanimously declare, that we will endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against the said man, and all his ruffians and murderers, as far as the law will allow, if he or any of them presume to come into the said Liberty with any wicked malicious intent against the house, or family, or person, or goods of the said Dean. To which we have cheerfully, sincerely, and heartily set our hands."

Swift, at the time of receiving this Resolution lay very ill in bed, and was unable to receive the deputation in person. He, however, dictated the following reply:

"GENTLEMEN,

"I receive, with great thankfulness, these many kind expressions of your concern for my safety, as well as your declared resolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow) against all murderers and ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the liberty with any bloody or wicked designs

upon my life, my limbs, my house, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hand of God, and whether it may be cut off by treachery or open violence, or by the common way of other men; as long as it continueth, I shall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have shewn, beyond my expectation, and almost exceeding my wishes.

"The inhabitants of the liberty, as well as those of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years; which I am confident will never diminish during my life. I am chiefly sorry, that by two cruel disorders of deafness and giddiness, which have pursued me for four months, I am not in condition either to hear, or to receive you, much less to return my most sincere acknowledgements, which in justice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bless you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next."

The poem itself to which Bettesworth took exception is herewith reprinted, as well as three others occasioned by the Bettesworth action.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND. 1733.

"An inundation, says the fable,
Overflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and sacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to shew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
'See brother, how we apples swim.'
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
'Not for the world — we doctors, brother,

Must take no fees of one another.'
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, 'Dear sir, your brother loving.'
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St James's cry, 'We courtiers.'
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
'Sir, we, the ministers of state.'
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth;
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
  "As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
  Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather

Say to corruption—'Thou 'rt my father.'
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit."

[Footnote 1: Henry Singleton, Esq., then prime sergeant, afterwards lord-chief-justice of the common pleas, which he resigned, and was some time after made master of the rolls. [F.]]

[Footnote 2: These lines occasioned the personal attack upon the Dean. [T.S.]]

AN EPIGRAM.

INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE.

"In your indignation what mercy appears.
While Jonathan's threaten'd with loss of his ears;
For who would not think it a much better choice,
By your knife to be mangled than rack'd with your voice.
If truly you [would] be revenged on the parson,
Command his attendance while you act your farce on;
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,
Bid *Povey* secure him while you are haranguing.
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense."

[Footnote 1: Now first published from a copy in the Dean's handwriting; in possession of J. Connill, Esq. [S.]]

[Footnote 2: Povey was sergeant-at-arms to the House of Commons.]

"THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD."

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of "Derry Down."

"Jolley boys of St Kevan's, St Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,

How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

[Footnote 3: "Grub Street Journal," No. 189, August 9th, 1734.—"In December last, Mr. Bettesworth of the city of Dublin, serjeant-at-law, and member of parliament, openly swore, before many hundreds of people, that, upon the first opportunity, by the help of ruffians, he would murder or maim the Dean of St. Patrick's, (Dr. Swift). Upon which thirty-one of the principal inhabitants of that liberty signed a paper to this effect: 'That, out of their great love and respect to the Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, they would endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against a certain man and all his ruffians and murderers.' With which paper they, in the name of themselves and all the inhabitants of the city, attended the Dean on January 8, who being extremely ill in bed of a giddiness and deafness, and not able to receive them, immediately dictated a very grateful answer. The occasion of a certain man's declaration of his villainous design against the Dean, was a frivolous unproved suspicion that he had written some lines in verse reflecting upon him."]

[Footnote 4: Kevan Bayl was a cant expression for the mob of this district of Dublin.]

"The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse!
Knock him down, &c.

"That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

"This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folk never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

”Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban’s the same,
What the de’il is’t to him whence the devil they came.
Knock him down, &c.

”Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr’d,
He’s a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

”He only the rights of the clergy debates;
Their rights! their importance! We’ll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less;
What’s next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

”At length his old master, (I need not him name,)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

”He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg’d, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg’d how he bounced, and he swore how he swore.
Knock him down, &c.

[Footnote 5: See the Dean’s letter to the Duke of Dorset, in which he gives an account of his interview with Bettesworth, about which he alleges the serjeant had spread abroad five hundred falsehoods. [S.]]

”Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass’s zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

”On this worrier of deans whene’er we can hit,
We’ll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;
We’ll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

”We’ll colt him through Kevan, St Patrick’s, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne’er colted before;
We’ll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

”And, when this is over, we’ll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

”If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon’d
That sergeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man’s posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

”What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He’ll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.”

“ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

”Dear Dick, pr’ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,

They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean."

[Footnote 1: Dr. Theophilus Bolton. [T.S.]]

The letter to the Earl of Dorset, containing Swift's version of the story is as follows:

"January, 1734.

"MY LORD,

"It has been my great misfortune that since your grace's return to this kingdom I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

"On Monday last week towards evening there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlour. I left my company in the back room and went to him. He began with asking me 'whether I were the author of certain verses wherein he was reflected on.' The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him about two or three years ago at Mr. Ludlow's country-house. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was; said 'I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more.' He then signified to me 'that he was a serjeant-at-law and a member of parliament.' After which he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said 'I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb.' However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, 'that by his taste and skill in poetry he was as sure I wrote them as if

he had seen them fall from my pen.' But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me 'that, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and show the world what a man I was.' When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent I called in the gentleman of the house from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported; and likewise that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related to five hundred persons of all ranks about five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad for his own sake that he proceeded no farther, for the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours first to my assistance, and next to the manifest danger of his life; and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since he has amused himself with declaring in all companies, especially before bishops and lords and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

[Footnote 1: The Rev. Mr. Worrall's. [T.S.]]

"It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter; for though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character; for his very enemies and even his ridiculers, who are of the two by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known by abundance of experience to be perfectly harmless, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good to continue steadfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

"What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the highest respect, etc."

APPENDIX IV.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON, DURING THE GENERAL CONSTERNATION OF ALL RANKS AND DEGREES OF MANKIND;

ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY LAST.

NOTE.

WILLIAM WHISTON (1667-1752), born at Norton, Leicestershire, was educated at Tamworth School and Clare College, Cambridge. He resigned the living at Lowestoft, presented to him by his patron and friend, Bishop Moore, of Norwich, on accepting the Professorship of Mathematics, vacated by Sir Isaac Newton. He was a profound scholar and mathematician, but obtained a somewhat harassing fame by his propagation of Arianism. Indeed, his public lectures and sermons, as well as his publications vindicating his attitude, forced the authorities to deprive him of his lectureship, and expel him from the university. In 1717 Whiston founded a Society for Promoting Primitive Christianity, and its meetings were held at his house in Cross Street, Hatton Garden. But the society lived only for two years. In that curious medley, "Memoirs of the Life of Mr. William Whiston, by himself," we are told that he had a model made of the original Tabernacle of Moses from his own plans, and toured the country giving lectures on the coming of the Messiah, the restoration of the Jews to their own country, and the rebuilding of the Temple according to the model. The Millennium he foretold would commence in 1766.

He wrote a prodigious number of tracts, pamphlets, commentaries, and biblical expositions in support of his particular view of Christianity; but the works for which he is now remembered are his astronomical and mechanical papers and his well-known translation of Josephus's "History of the Jews."

The pamphlet which follows is written in ridicule of Whiston's prophetic pronouncements. Scott ascribes its authorship to Swift; but the "Miscellanies" of 1747 and Hawkesworth in the edition of 1766 of Swift's Works place it in the list of "Contents," with other pieces, under the heading, "By Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay."

The present text is practically that given by Scott, which is based on that

in the third edition of the "Miscellanies" of 1732.

[T.S.]

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF

What passed in London, *during the General Consternation of all Ranks and Degrees of Mankind*;

ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, *and* FRIDAY *last*.

On Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiston held his lecture, near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these, there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings a-piece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the men who were present; of which number I myself was one. Their names are,

Henry Watson, *Haberdasher*.
George Hancock, *Druggist*.
John Lewis, *Dry-Salter*.
William Jones, *Corn-Chandler*.
Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker*.
James Peters, *Draper*.
Thomas Floyer, *Silver-Smith*.
John Wells, *Brewer*.
Samuel Greg, *Soap-Boiler*.
William Cooley, *Fish-monger*.
James Harper, *Hosier*.
Robert Tucker, *Stationer*.
George Ford, *Iron-monger*.
Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary*.

William Bennet, }

David Somers, }
Charles Lock, } *Apprentices*.
Leonard Daval, }
Henry Croft, }

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject matter of his intended discourse. Here he paused, and seemed, for a short space, as it were, lost in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence, he spake as follows:

"Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative science is at an end: the period of all things is at hand; on Friday next this world shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren; for to-morrow morning, five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence, and prepare your wives, your families, and friends, for the universal change."

At this solemn and dreadful prediction, the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper, as to return a shilling a-piece to the youths, who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men, in two or three hours the news had spread through the city. At first, indeed, our report met with but little credit; it being, by our greatest dealers in stocks, thought only a court artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the South Sea, that very evening, fell five *per cent.*, the India, eleven, and all the other funds in proportion. But, at the Court end of the town, our attestations were entirely disbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheless the news spread everywhere, and was the subject matter of all conversation.

That very night, (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great lady, who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers; but he was not now to be found; and since, at other times, he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the lady's faith, or inquisitiveness, that occasioned her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a man should be ordered into custody, as a seditious preacher, who is known to be so well-affected to the present happy establishment.

'Twas now I reflected, with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disused family prayers for above five years, and (though it has been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I

acquainted my wife with my intentions: But two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the comet had made its appearance.

Zachery Bowen, a Quaker, and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a visit. I informed him of everything I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities; for, were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this set of people) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admonished me against selling my stock at the present low price, which, he said, beyond dispute, must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the comet appeared; for, at three minutes after five by my own watch, I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five minutes after five; but, as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all Cheapside was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought that, through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen, who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians, and mysteries of state; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which, in the space of three days, came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon, the belief was universal, that the day of judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock: these, it is said, went thither to petition, that a short prayer might be penned, and ordered, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But, as in things of this nature, it

is necessary that the council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason, that the churches were not that morning so well attended, and is in noways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which the freethinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church, (where we had not been for many years on a week-day,) and, with a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine cambric carried off by a shop-lifter: so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the Bank; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's sagacity, that all the fire-offices were required to have a particular eye upon the Bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden run upon the Bank, which happened on this occasion.

[Footnote 1: Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the Bank when in equal danger, by petitioning against the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin's being removed, as a measure that would destroy the public credit. [H.]]

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account, as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed, too, that he had but few visitors that day.

This added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in everything but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his counting-house. It is said too, that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any farther than in giving half-a-crown a-piece to several crazed and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour sent to countermand their birth-day clothes; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a

bookseller's in Pall-Mall to buy each of them a Bible, and Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from those innocent freedoms, and little levities, so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birth-day suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the tailors and mantua makers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions, that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when everybody was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies, both by nature and custom, addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me, he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident: for I cannot imagine that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner, or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since, upon this very account.

The term being so near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence, by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said, too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few state trials of late years. Several attorneys demanded the return of fees that had been given the lawyers; but it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the attorneys' pockets. Our sage and learned judges had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the barristers rejoiced in that they were not attorneys, and the attorneys felt no less satisfaction, that they were not pettifoggers, scriveners, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen; I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this

morning on the parade in St James's Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occasion to suspect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A duel was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might, at such a juncture, have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction. I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued, that the chaplains of the several regiments should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable physicians, by their outward demeanour, seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time, they everywhere insinuated, that there might be a pestilential malignancy in the air, occasioned by the comet, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Christian resignation of the people increased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy shewed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of souls; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or less, according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the Church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the Court for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the names of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander; so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch, than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons, who shewed the least joy; except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in 'Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers, that one cannot

affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the Jews; who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves Christians, who offered to buy for time; but as these were people of great distinction, I choose not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice and infidelity.

The run upon the Bank is too well known to need a particular relation: for it never can be forgotten, that no one person whatever (except the directors themselves, and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a bill all that day into specie; all hands being employed to serve them.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs, there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and solemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their several kept-mistresses, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priest not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St Bride's church in Fleet-street, Mr. Woolston, (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour,) in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandeville (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same,) did it now in good earnest at St James's gate; as did also at the Temple Church several gentlemen, who frequent coffeehouses near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropped dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

[Footnote 2: Thomas Woolston (1669-1733), a deistical writer, born at Northampton; became a Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge. For his work, "Six Discourses on the Miracles of Christ," he was sentenced to imprisonment for one year and fined one hundred pounds. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 3: Bernard de Mandeville, M.D., author of the "Fable of the Bees," a deistical work, the scope of which was to prove, that private vices are public benefits. The work was attacked by Bishop Berkeley in his "Alciphron." De Mandeville was born in Holland about 1670, but came over to England and settled there about the middle of the eighteenth century. He also wrote "The Virgin Unmasked," "The Grumbling Hive," and "Free Thoughts on Religion." He died in 1733. [T.S.]]

Most of the players, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman Catholic religion: the same thing was observed of some bawds, and ladies of pleasure.

An Irish gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advised me to hire a boat for the ensuing day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging, that, in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the safest place.

There were two lords, and three commoners, who, out of scruple of

conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quieted by a clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city, in common charity, gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who plied about the church doors; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy church-warden with his own hands distributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor, by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts, which he had eaten of at their expense.

Three great ladies, a valet-de-chambre, two lords, a customhouse-officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted gamesters,) came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble or vulgar gamesters, (though the profession is so general,) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe, that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the highwaymen, housebreakers, and common pickpockets, was very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in private transfers, which by malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were so crowded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour, at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every freethinker and atheist. Great numbers went together to the taverns, bespoke suppers, and broke up whole hogsheads for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy, and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were perfectly ashamed, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any

signs of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited; but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolston advertised in that very Saturday's Evening Post, a new Treatise against the Miracles of our Saviour; and that the few who had given up their pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued: which as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

Other Religious Works

Trinity College Library, Dublin, a favourite haunt of Swift. He matriculated at the university when he was 14 years old and remained studying there for seven years.

CONTENTS

AN ARGUMENT TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION
THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN
THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN, WITH RESPECT TO RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT.
REMARKS UPON A BOOK, INTITULED, "THE RIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, &c."
A PREFACE TO THE B — –P OF S —— M'S
MR. COLLINS'S DISCOURSE OF FREETHINKING
SOME THOUGHTS ON FREETHINKING
A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN
SOME ARGUMENTS AGAINST ENLARGING THE POWER OF BISHOPS IN LETTING OF LEASES
REASONS HUMBLY OFFERED TO HIS GRACE WILLIAM, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, &c
ON THE BILL FOR THE CLERGY'S RESIDING ON THEIR LIVINGS
ON THE BILL FOR THE CLERGY'S RESIDING ON THEIR LIVINGS
CONSIDERATIONS UPON TWO BILLS
SOME REASONS AGAINST THE BILL FOR SETTLING THE TITHE OF HEMP, FLAX, &c
AN ESSAY ON THE FATES OF CLERGYMEN
CONCERNING THAT UNIVERSAL HATRED, WHICH PREVAILS AGAINST THE CLERGY
THOUGHTS ON RELIGION
FURTHER THOUGHTS ON RELIGION
THREE PRAYERS USED BY THE DEAN FOR MRS JOHNSON IN HER LAST SICKNESS, 1727
AN EVENING PRAYER, FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT FOUND AMONGST DR LYON'S PAPERS
OBSERVATIONS ON HEYLIN'S HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIANS
A LETTER FROM A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN IRELAND TO A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN ENGLAND CONCERNING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST
THE PRESBYTERIANS' PLEA OF MERIT
A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS, WHICH THE

DISSENTERS OF IRELAND HAVE MADE, FOR A REPEAL OF THE SACRAMENTAL TEST
QUAERIES WROTE BY DR. J. SWIFT, IN THE YEAR 1732
THE ADVANTAGES PROPOSED BY REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST, IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED
REASONS HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND FOR REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST
SOME FEW THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE REPEAL OF THE TEST
TEN REASONS FOR REPEALING THE TEST ACT

AN ARGUMENT TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

NOTE.

In November, 1707, Swift left Dublin in the train of the then Lord Lieutenant, Lord Pembroke. His travelling companion was Sir Andrew Fountaine, who, on landing in England, set out with Lord Pembroke for Wilton, while Swift went on to Leicester to visit his mother. He stayed with her until some time in December, but, by the middle of the same month, he was in London. During this absence from Ireland Swift corresponded somewhat freely with Archbishop King of Dublin, and with Archdeacon Walls — the letters to the former were first printed in Forster's "Life of Swift." For these Forster was indebted to the Rev. Mr. Reeves (vicar of Lusk, co. Dublin), who discovered them in the record-room of the see of Armagh (see "Life," p. 205 et seq. and note). One of Swift's intentions, while in the metropolis, was to push forward the claim of the Irish clergy for the remission of the First Fruits and Tenths, a grant which had already been conceded to the English clergy; and his letters to King often include requests for the necessary papers by means of which he could lay the matter before either Godolphin or Somers. Walls had written to Swift of the vacancy of the see of Waterford, and, from the reply to the archdeacon, we learn that even at so early a date Swift suffered a grievous disappointment; for in January, 1708, the bishopric, of which Swift had hopes, was presented to Dr. Thomas Milles. In his letter to Walls Swift confesses that he "once had a glimpse that things would have gone otherwise…. But let us talk no further on this subject. I am stomach-sick of it already. … Pray send me an account of some smaller vacancy in the Government's gift." It was to Somers, and through him to Lord Halifax, that Swift looked for recognition, either for services rendered, or because of their appreciation of his abilities. But, however much he may have been disappointed at their inaction, it may not be argued, as it has been, that Swift's so-called change in his political opinions was the outcome either of spleen or chagrin against the Whigs for

their ingratitude towards him. It is, indeed, questionable whether Swift ever changed his political opinions, speaking of these as party opinions. From the day of his entrance, it may be said, into the orders of the Church, his first thought was for it; and on all political questions which touched Church matters Swift was neither Whig nor Tory, but churchman. It was because of the attitude of the Whigs towards the Church that Swift left them; and in his writings he does not spare the Tories even when he finds them taking up similar attitudes. On purely political questions Swift was too independent a thinker to be influenced by mere party views. That he wrote for the Tories must be put down to Harley's personal influence, and to his foresight which saw in Swift a man who must be treated as an equal with the highest in the land. Swift's intercourse with the leading men of his day only served to accentuate his consciousness of his superiority; and a party which would permit him the free play of his powers would be the party to which Swift would give his adhesion. Godolphin, Somers, and Walpole either did not recognize the genius of the man, or their own "points of view" did not permit them to give him the free play they felt he would obtain. Be that as it may, Harley gained not only a splendid party fighter, but a friend on whose affection he could ever rely.

In these tracts on Religion and the Church, which he wrote in the year 1708, Swift is not a party man, speaking for party purposes. He believed, and sincerely believed, that for such beings as were the men and women of this kingdom, the Church was, if not the highest and noblest instrument for good, yet the worthiest and ablest they had. Swift never lost himself in theories. He was, however, not blind to the dangers which an established religion might engender; but whatever its dangers, these would be inevitable to the most perfect system so long as human nature was as base as it was. The "Argument" is written in a vein of satirical banter; but the Swiftian cynicism permeates every line. It is the first of four tracts which form Swift's most important expression of his thoughts on Religion and the Church. Scott well describes it as "one of the most felicitous efforts in our language, to engage wit and humour on the side of religion," and Forster speaks of it as "having also that indefinable subtlety of style which conveys not the writer's knowledge of the subject only, but his power and superiority over it."

I have not been able to find a copy of the original edition of the "Argument" upon which to base the present text — for that I have gone to the first edition of the "Miscellanies," published in 1711; but I have collated this with those given by the "Miscellanies" (1728), Faulkner, Hawkesworth, Scott, Morley, and Craik.

[T. S.]

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST ABOLISHING CHRISTIANITY.

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by parliament, because that was looked upon as a design, to oppose the current of the people, which, besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the Attorney-General, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

1: This refers to the Jacobitism of the time, particularly among those who were opposed to the Union. A reference to Lord Mahon's "Reign of Queen Anne" will show how strong was the opposition in Scotland, and how severe were the measures taken to put down that opposition. [T.S.]]

2: Craik and Hawkesworth print the word "seem," but the "Miscellanies," Faulkner, and Scott give it as in the text. [T.S.]]

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe, how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was even in their memories as much in vogue as the other is now; and, that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the Gospel, after the fate of other systems is generally antiquated and exploded, and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions, like fashions, always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a

difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions: To offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

3: This proposal is embodied in the 16th Epode, where, in an appeal "to the Roman people," Horace advises them to fly the evils of tyranny and civil war by sailing away to "the happy land, those islands of the blest:"

"Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus! arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites et insulas!"
[T.S.]]

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling) since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to shew what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

4: I give the reading of the "Miscellanies" (1711), Faulkner and Hawkesworth. Scott and Craik print it: "I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary." [T.S.]]

First, One great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant Religion, which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound

judgment, who upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery, that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it hath been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

5: No record of this "breaking" has been discovered. [T.S.]]

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shews the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *Deorum offensa diis curae.* As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced; yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy we know is freely spoken a million of times in every coffeehouse and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed indeed, that to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for, surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

6: Tacitus, "Annals," bk. i., c. lxxiii. [T.S.]]

It is further objected against the Gospel System, that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for free-thinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not every body freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward, and forty more, imagine the Gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him in the pursuit of any civil or

military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete, to a degree, that Empsom and Dudley themselves if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

7: John Asgill (1659-1738), became a member of Lincoln's Inn, and went over to Ireland in 1697, where he practised as a barrister, amassed a large fortune, and was elected to the Irish parliament. For writing "An Argument, proving that Man may be translated from hence without passing through Death," he was, in 1700, expelled the House, and the book ordered to be burnt. On returning to England he was elected to parliament for Bramber, but suffered a second expulsion in 1712, also on account of this book. He was imprisoned for debt, and remained under the rules of the Fleet and King's Bench for thirty years, during which time he wrote and published various political tracts. His "Argument" attempted to "interpret the relations between God and man by the technical rules of English law," and Coleridge thought no little of its power and style.

Matthew Tindal (1657-1733) was born at Beer Ferrers, in Devonshire. He studied at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship in All Souls. He was made LL.D. in 1685, and, although he professed himself a Roman Catholic in James II.'s reign, he managed to keep his fellowship after that monarch's flight by becoming Protestant again. His most important work was "The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted," which the House of Commons in 1710 adjudged fit for burning by the hangman. In 1730 he published anonymously, the first part of "Christianity as Old as Creation," a work which attacked strongly the authority of the Scriptures; a second volume was never published.

John Toland (1669-1722), born near Londonderry, and educated in a Catholic school. He professed himself a Protestant, and was sent to Glasgow and Edinburgh. In the latter university he graduated in his master's degree. While studying at Leyden he became a sceptic, and in 1695 published his "Christianity not Mysterious," a work which aroused a wide controversy. In his "Life of Milton" (1698) he denied that King Charles was the author of "Eikon Basilikae," and also attacked the Gospels. This also brought upon him rejoinders from Dr. Blackall and Dr. Samuel Clarke. He died at Putney, in easy circumstances, due to the presents made him while visiting German courts. He wrote other works, chief among which may be mentioned, "Socinianism truly Stated" (1705), "Nazarenas" (1718), and "Tetradymus." His "Posthumous Works" were issued in two volumes in 1726, with a life by Des Maizeaux. Craik calls him "a man of utterly worthless character," and refers to his being "mixed up in some discreditable episodes as a political spy."

William Coward (1656? — 1724?) was born at Winchester. He studied medicine and became a fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. His "Second Thoughts concerning Human Souls," published in 1702, occasioned fierce disputes, on account of its materialism. The House of Commons ordered the work to be burnt by the hangman.

Asgill, Toland, Tindal, Collins, and Coward are classed as the Deistical writers of the eighteenth century. In his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" Mr. Leslie Stephen gives an admirable exposition of their views, and their special interpretation of Locke's theories. [T.S.]]

8: Of Henry VII. notoriety, who aided the king, by illegal exactions, to amass his large fortune. They were executed by Henry

VIII. [T.S.]]

It is likewise urged, that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and freethinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices; who might be an ornament to the Court and Town: And then, again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight: But then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: As, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there shall be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the Church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent, as in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to beside the scrofulous, consumptive productions, furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigour, health and estates, they are forced by some disagreeable marriage to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced by the wise regulations of Henry the Eighth, to the necessity of a low diet, and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

9: His seizures of the revenues of the Church. [T.S.]]

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure, besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the Clergy, which might be converted into playhouses, exchanges, market houses, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect *cavil.* I readily own there has been an old custom time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice, but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate houses? Are not the taverns and coffeehouses open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? Are

fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouzes of gallantry? Where more care to appear in the foremost box with greater advantage of dress? Where more meetings for business? Where more bargains driven of all sorts? And where so many conveniences or enticements to sleep?

10: The chocolate houses seem to have been largely used for gambling purposes. They were not so numerous as the coffee houses. [T.S.]]

There is one advantage greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity: that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of High and Low Church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many mutual clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the state.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit and be silent: But will any man say, that if the words *whoring, drinking, cheating, lying, stealing*, were by act of parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox, gout, rheumatism* and *stone*, would that expedient serve like so many talismans to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are *envy, pride, avarice* and *ambition* such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *heydukes* and *mamalukes, mandarins* and *patshaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word church, make it a question in politics, whether the Monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs Mrs. Tofts, and the Trimmers Valentini, would not *Margaritians, Toftians,* and *Valentinians* be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti,* two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons, which we might do with as good a grace about the dignity of the blue and the green, and would serve as properly to divide the Court, the Parliament, and the Kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever, borrowed from religion. And therefore I think, there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

11: Margarita was a famous Italian singer of the day. Her name was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, and she was known as "the Italian woman." In his "Journal to Stella" for August 6th, 1711, Swift writes: "We have a music meeting in our town [Windsor] to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly." (See present edition, vol. ii. p. 219).

Mrs. Catherine Tofts was an Englishwoman, who also sang in Italian opera. She had a fine figure and a beautiful voice. Steele in the "Tatler," No. 20, refers to her when in her state of insanity. Her mind, evidently, could not stand the strain of her great popularity, and she became mad in 1709. In the "Tatler" she is called Camilla; and Cibber also speaks of the "silver tone of her voice." [T.S.]]

12: By the Trimmers Swift referred to the nickname given to the party in the time of Charles II., which consisted of those who wished to compromise between the advocates of the Crown and the supporters of the Protestant succession as against the Duke of York. [T.S.]]

13: Another Italian singer of the time, who was the rival of Margarita and Mrs. Tofts. [T.S.]]

14: This refers to the Roman chariot races. They gave rise to the factions called *Albati, Russati, Prasini,* and *Veniti.* The Prasini (green) and Veniti (blue) were the principal, and their rivalry landed the empire, under Justinian, in a civil war. [T.S.]]

15: Scott has "and we might contend with as good a grace," &c. Craik follows Scott. The reading in the text is that of the "Miscellanies" (1711), Faulkner, and Hawkesworth. [T.S.]]

'Tis again objected, as a very absurd ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use toward the pursuit of greatness, riches and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care, that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished, that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

'Tis likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the Gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently, along with it, those grievous prejudices of education, which under the names of *virtue, conscience, honour, justice,* and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated by right reason or freethinking, sometimes during the

whole course of our lives.

Here first, I observe how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase, which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it, be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would some way or other contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country, all our opinions of God, or a future state, Heaven, Hell, and the like: And there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene, seem to have not the least tincture of those infusions, or string of those weeds; and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever, would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now: For I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England, to be as freethinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.

Lastly, 'tis proposed as a singular advantage, that the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of Protestants, by enlarging the terms of communion so as to take in all sorts of dissenters, who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies which all sides confess to be things indifferent: That this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with dissenters, and dodging about this or t'other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that, not without stooping, and sideling, and squeezing his body.

16: "In this passage," says Scott, "the author's High Church principles, and jealousy of the Dissenters, plainly shew themselves; and it is, perhaps, in special reference to what is here said, that he ranks it among the pamphlets he wrote in opposition to the party then in power." [T. S.]]

To all this I answer: that there is one darling inclination of mankind, which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the spirit of opposition, that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists, we shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all Does the Gospel any where prescribe a

starched, squeezed countenance, a stiff, formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it hath not proper objects to work on, will burst out, and set all into a flame. If the quiet of a state can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock The institution of convents abroad, seems in one point a strain of great wisdom, there being few irregularities in human passions, which may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles, for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion, to keep them quiet And whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number who place a pride and a merit in not coming in?

17: So the "Miscellanies" (1711) and Hawkesworth Faulkner, Scott, and Craik print, "in refusing to enter." [T. S.]]

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen, if the Gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choqued at the sight of so many draggled tail parsons, that happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes, but at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is, for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves, especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

18: Shocked Swift's habit when using a word of French origin was to keep the French spelling. [T. S.]]

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature. If Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius by continual practice hath been

wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For, had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the Church into danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the Church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it: Nothing can be more notorious, than that the Atheists, Deists, Socinians, Anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment: Their declared opinion is for repealing the Sacramental Test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of Episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step toward altering the constitution of the Church established, and setting up Presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

19: Craik follows Scott in altering this sentence to “there may be a dangerous design lurking under it”; but all other editors, except Morley and Roscoe, give it as printed in the text. [T.S.]]

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain, than that by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid; and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because we know it has been the constant practice of the Jesuits to send over emissaries, with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded, that they have at sundry times appeared in the guise of Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents and Quakers, according as any of these were most in credit; so, since the fashion hath been taken up of exploding religion, the popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the freethinkers; among whom, Toland the great oracle of the Antichristians is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest; and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called “The Rights of the Christian Church,” was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some

others to the number; but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right: For, supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship; which will as infallibly produce superstition, as this will end in popery.

20: Dr. Matthew Tindal (see previous note, p. 9). The book was afterwards specially criticised by Swift in his "Remarks upon a Book entitled 'The Rights of the Christian Church.'" See also note to the present reprint of these "Remarks." [T.S.]]

And therefore, if notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment; that instead of the word, Christianity, may be put religion in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For, as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel: For, of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore, the freethinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and by a sudden deduction of a long *sorites*, most logically concluded; "Why, if it be as you say, I may safely whore and drink on, and defy the parson." From which, and many the like instances easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest, than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system, but against religion in general; which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of Church and State, that Christianity be abolished; I conceive however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace, and not venture in this conjuncture to disoblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted, as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If upon being rejected by them, we are to trust an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived: For, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity, than our Christian neighbours. For they [the Turks] are not only strict observers of religious worship, but what is worse, believe a God; which is more than required of us even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude: Whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend, that in six months time

after the act is passed for the extirpation of the Gospel, the Bank, and East-India Stock, may fall at least one *per cent.* And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of destroying it.

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION

AND THE

REFORMATION OF MANNERS.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

NOTE.

In placing this tract second in chronological order I am following Forster and Craik. All the collected editions of Swift's works, including the "Miscellanies" of 1711, begin with "The Sentiments of a Church of England Man," continue with the "Argument," and then the "Project." But the short intervals which separated the publication of all three tracts and the "Letter on the Sacramental Test," make a strict chronological order of less value than the order of development of the subject-matter with which they deal, granting even that the "Project" appeared after "The Sentiments." There seems, however, nothing improbable in the suggestion made by Forster, that Swift planned the writing of both the "Argument" and the "Project" while on a visit to the Earl of Berkeley, at Cranford, in 1708; and his dedication of the latter to Lady Berkeley lends this suggestion added weight. That the original edition of the "Project" is dated 1709 is nothing to the point, since it is well-known that the booksellers often antedated their publications, as publishers do now, when the issue occurred towards the end of a year. Moreover, the letter of the Earl of Berkeley to Swift, which Scott misdates 1706-1707, but which should be 1708, makes special reference to this very tract, showing that it was certainly published in 1708. "I earnestly entreat you," writes the earl, "if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookseller enable the Archbishop of York [Dr. Sterne] to give a book to the queen; for, with Mr. Nelson, I am entirely of opinion, that Her Majesty's reading of that book on the Progress for the Increase of Morality and Piety, may be of very great use to that end." I have never seen a copy of the first edition of "The Sentiments," and I cannot fix the exact date of its publication; but it was certainly not written before the "Project." The "Project," therefore, must be considered in the light of a preliminary essay to the fuller and more digested statement of "The Sentiments of a Church of England man"; and I have, on this account,

placed it as the second tract written by Swift in the year 1708.

Whatever may be thought of the particular methods which Swift suggested for realizing his reformatory scheme, and they were, no doubt, artificial and wooden enough; the tract itself remains an excellent survey of the evils and gross habits of the time. The methods may be Utopian (Swift himself thought they were open to discussion), but the spirit of sincerity and piety is unmistakable. It is worth remembering, however, that several of the proposals, such as those for closing the public-houses at twelve o'clock at night; the penalizing of publicans who supplied drink to drunken customers; the building of churches, have since been adopted.

I cannot agree with Mr. Churton Collins ("Jonathan Swift," pp. 59-61) in suspecting Swift of a special policy of self-interest in writing the "Project." Swift was too honest a man to use the religious sentiment for the purpose of counteracting any bad impression his previous writings had made on those who had the power to advance him. However much he might delight in the possession of high worldly station, he would never so prostitute himself to obtain it. Nor did he care to let the world into the secret of his heart. Indeed, all his life Swift seemed to hide, almost jealously, the genuine piety of his nature. Whatever suspicion of policy has surrounded the tract must be ascribed to the well-intentioned letter of the Earl of Berkeley above quoted; and the Earl would not have written thus had he felt Swift's motive to be any other than a purely impersonal one.

Steele, in his review of the "Project" in the fifth "Tatler" (April 20th, 1709), makes some interesting observations, and seems to take special note of the "Person of Honour," in the character of which Swift wrote it. Writing from Will's Coffee-House, Steele says: "This week being sacred to holy things, and no public diversions allowed, there has been taken notice of even here, a little Treatise, called 'A Project for the Advancement of Religion: dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley.' The title was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done so have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good breeding. The author must certainly be a man of wisdom, as well as piety, and have spent as much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interests of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner, without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonableness, show it was written by one whose virtue sits easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of this company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author seems to have, the man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good mien."

In his "Apology" Steele refers to this "Tatler" note, and remarks: "The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift, this kind of man I thought him at that time. We have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still."

The present text is based upon the first edition; but this edition was so wretchedly printed that I have carefully collated it with those given in the "Miscellanies" (1711), Faulkner (1735), and Hawkesworth (1762).

[T. S.]

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION, AND THE REFORMATION OF MANNERS. BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

O quisquis volet impias
Caedes, & rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quaeret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refraenare licentiam.

Hor.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Water-side.
For the Benefit of the Poor. 1709.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BERKELEY.

MADAM,

My intention in prefixing your Ladyship's name, is not after the common form, to desire your protection of the following papers; which I take to be a very unreasonable request; since, by being inscribed to your Ladyship, though without your knowledge, and from a concealed hand, you cannot recommend them without some suspicion of partiality. My real design is, I confess, the very same I have often detested in most dedications; that of publishing your praises to the world. Not upon the subject of your noble birth, for I know others as noble; or of the greatness of your fortune, for I know others far greater; or of that beautiful race (the images of their parents) which call you mother: for even this may perhaps have been equalled in some other age or country. Besides, none of these advantages do derive any accomplishments to the owners, but serve at best only to adorn what they really possess. What I intend, is your piety, truth, good sense, and good nature, affability, and charity; wherein I wish your Ladyship had many equals, or any superiors; and I wish I could say I knew them too, for then your Ladyship might have had a chance to escape this address. In the meantime, I think it highly necessary, for the interest of virtue and religion, that the whole kingdom should be informed

in some parts of your character: For instance, that the easiest and politest conversation, joined with the truest piety, may be observed in your Ladyship, in as great perfection, as they were ever seen apart in any other persons. That by your prudence and management under several disadvantages, you have preserved the lustre of that most noble family into which you are grafted, and which the immeasurable profusion of ancestors for many generations had too much eclipsed. Then, how happily you perform every office of life to which Providence has called you: In the education of those two incomparable daughters, whose conduct is so universally admired; in every duty of a prudent, complying, affectionate wife; in that care which descends to the meanest of your domestics; and, lastly, in that endless bounty to the poor, and discretion where to distribute it. I insist on my opinion, that it is of importance for the public to know this and a great deal more of your Ladyship; yet whoever goes about to inform them, shall instead of finding credit, perhaps be censured for a flatterer. To avoid so usual a reproach, I declare this to be no dedication, but properly an introduction to a proposal for the advancement of religion and morals, by tracing, however imperfectly, some few lineaments in the character of a Lady, who hath spent all her life in the practice and promotion of both.

1: This is the same Countess of Berkeley whom Swift hoaxed with his "Meditation on a Broomstick." She was the daughter of Viscount Campden and sister to the Earl of Gainsborough. [T.S.]]

Among all the schemes offered to the public in this projecting age, I have observed with some displeasure, that there have never been any for the improvement of religion and morals; which beside the piety of the design from the consequence of such a reformation in a future life, would be the best natural means for advancing the public felicity of the state, as well as the present happiness of every individual. For, as much as faith and morality are declined among us, I am altogether confident, they might in a short time, and with no very great trouble, be raised to as high a perfection as numbers are capable of receiving. Indeed, the method is so easy and obvious, and some present opportunities so good, that, in order to have this project reduced to practice, there seems to want nothing more than to put those in mind, who by their honour, duty, and interest, are chiefly concerned.

But because it is idle to propose remedies before we are assured of the disease, or to be in pain, till we are convinced of the danger; I shall first shew in general, that the nation is extremely corrupted in religion and morals; and then I will offer a short scheme for the reformation of both.

2: Scott follows Faulkner in using the word "fear." The reading in the text is that of the first edition, the "Miscellanies" (1711), and of Hawkesworth. [T.S.]]

As to the first; I know it is reckoned but a form of speech, when divines complain of the wickedness of the age: However, I believe, upon a fair comparison with other times and countries, it would be found an undoubted

truth.

For, first; to deliver nothing but plain matter of fact without exaggeration or satire; I suppose it will be granted, that hardly one in a hundred among our people of quality or gentry, appears to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely discard it, and are ready to own their disbelief of all revelation in ordinary discourse. Nor is the case much better among the vulgar, especially in great towns where the profaneness and ignorance of handicraftsmen, small traders, servants, and the like, are to a degree very hard to be imagined greater. Then, it is observed abroad, that no race of mortals hath so little sense of religion, as the English soldiers; to confirm which, I have been often told by great officers in the army, that in the whole compass of their acquaintance, they could not recollect three of their profession, who seemed to regard or believe one syllable of the Gospel: And the same, at least, may be affirmed of the fleet. The consequences of all which upon the actions of men are equally manifest. They never go about, as in former time, to hide or palliate their vices, but expose them freely to view, like any other common occurrences of life, without the least reproach from the world, or themselves. For instance; any man will tell you he intends to be drunk this evening, or was so last night, with as little ceremony or scruple, as he would tell you the time of the day. He will let you know he is going to a whore, or that he has got a clap, with as much indifferency, as he would a piece of public news. He will swear, curse, or blaspheme, without the least passion or provocation. And, though all regard for reputation is not quite laid aside in the other sex, 'tis, however, at so low an ebb, that very few among them seem to think virtue and conduct of absolute necessity for preserving it. If this be not so, how comes it to pass, that women of tainted reputations find the same countenance and reception in all public places, with those of the nicest virtue, who pay, and receive visits from them without any manner of scruple? which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, so I take it to be of most pernicious consequence: It looks like a sort of compounding between virtue and vice, as if a woman were allowed to be vicious, provided she be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point, where gallantry ends, and infamy begins, or that a hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a score.

Besides those corruptions already mentioned, it would be endless to enumerate such as arise from the excess of play or gaming: The cheats, the quarrels, the oaths and blasphemies among the men; among the women, the neglect of household affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion; and lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when after an ill run, the person must answer the defects of the purse; the rule on such occasions holding true in play as it does in law; *quod non habet in crumena, luat in corpore.*

But all these are trifles in comparison, if we step into other scenes, and consider the fraud and cozenage of trading men and shopkeepers; that insatiable gulf of injustice and oppression, the law. The open traffic for all

civil and military employments, (I wish it rested there) without the least regard to merit or qualifications; the corrupt management of men in office; the many detestable abuses in choosing those who represent the people, with the management of interest and factions among the representatives. To which I must be bold to add, the ignorance of some of the lower clergy; the mean servile temper of others; the pert pragmatical demeanour of several young stagers in divinity, upon their first producing themselves into the world; with many other circumstances, needless, or rather invidious, to mention; which falling in with the corruptions already related, have, however unjustly, almost rendered the whole order contemptible.

This is a short view of the general depravities among us, without entering into particulars, which would be an endless labour. Now, as universal and deep-rooted as these appear to be, I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them; neither am I at present upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution.

For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the Crown, either immediately, or by subordination; it is in the power of the Prince to make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if, at the same time, he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment.

It is clear, from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince will not have any mighty influence, where the age is very corrupt. For, when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present Queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life; wherein, without question or flattery, she hath no superior: yet, neither will it be satire or peevish invective to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown, nor will, in all probability, till some more effectual remedies be provided.

Thus human nature seems to lie under this disadvantage, that the example alone of a vicious prince, will, in time, corrupt an age; but that of a good one, will not be sufficient to reform it, without further endeavours. Princes must therefore supply this defect by a vigorous exercise of that authority, which the law has left them, by making it every man's interest and honour, to cultivate religion and virtue; by rendering vice a disgrace, and the certain ruin to preferment or pretensions: All which they should first attempt in their own courts and families. For instance; might not the Queen's domestics of the middle and lower sort, be obliged, upon penalty of suspension, or loss of their employments, to a constant weekly attendance, at least, on the service of the church; to a decent behaviour in it; to receive the Sacrament four times in the year; to avoid swearing and irreligious profane discourses; and, to the appearance, at least, of temperance and chastity? Might not the care of all this be committed to the strict inspection of proper persons? Might not those of higher rank, and nearer access to her Majesty's person, receive her own

commands to the same purpose, and be countenanced, or disfavoured, according as they obey? Might not the Queen lay her injunctions on the Bishops, and other great men of undoubted piety, to make diligent enquiry, to give her notice, if any person about her should happen to be of libertine principles or morals? Might not all those who enter upon any office in her Majesty's family, be obliged to take an oath parallel with that against simony, which is administered to the clergy? 'Tis not to be doubted, but that if these, or the like proceedings, were duly observed, morality and religion would soon become fashionable court virtues; and be taken up as the only methods to get or keep employments there, which alone would have mighty influence upon many of the nobility and principal gentry.

But, if the like methods were pursued as far as possible, with regard to those who are in the great employments of state, it is hard to conceive how general a reformation they might in time produce among us. For, if piety and virtue were once reckoned qualifications necessary to preferment; every man thus endowed, when put into great stations, would readily imitate the Queen's example, in the distribution of all offices in his disposal; especially if any apparent transgression, through favour or partiality, would be imputed to him for a misdemeanour, by which he must certainly forfeit his favour and station: And there being such great numbers in employment, scattered through every town and county in this kingdom; if all these were exemplary in the conduct of their lives, things would soon take a new face, and religion receive a mighty encouragement: Nor would the public weal be less advanced; since, of nine offices in ten that are ill executed, the defect is not in capacity or understanding, but in common honesty. I know no employment, for which piety disqualifies any man; and if it did, I doubt the objection would not be very seasonably offered at present; because, it is perhaps too just a reflection, that in the disposal of places, the question whether a person be *fit* for what he is recommended to, is generally the last that is thought on, or regarded.

I have often imagined, that something parallel to the office of censors anciently in Rome, would be of mighty use among us, and could be easily limited from running into any exorbitances. The Romans understood liberty at least as well as we, were as jealous of it, and upon every occasion as bold assertors. Yet I do not remember to have read any great complaint of the abuses in that office among them; but many admirable effects of it are left upon record. There are several pernicious vices frequent and notorious among us, that escape or elude the punishment of any law we have yet invented, or have had no law at all against them; such as atheism, drunkenness, fraud, avarice, and several others; which, by this institution, wisely regulated, might be much reformed. Suppose, for instance, that itinerary commissioners were appointed to inspect everywhere throughout the kingdom, into the conduct (at least) of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion, as well as their abilities; to receive the complaints and informations that should be offered against them, and make their report here upon oath, to the court, or the

ministry, who should reward or punish accordingly. I avoid entering into the particulars of this, or any other scheme, which, coming from a private hand, might be liable to many defects, but would soon be digested by the wisdom of the nation; and surely, six thousand pounds a year would not be ill laid out among as many commissioners duly qualified, who, in three divisions, should be personally obliged to take their yearly circuits for that purpose.

But this is beside my present design, which was only to show what degree of reformation is in the power of the Queen, without the interposition of the legislature, and which her Majesty is, without question, obliged in conscience to endeavour by her authority, as much as she does by her practice.

It will be easily granted, that the example of this great town hath a mighty influence over the whole kingdom; and it is as manifest, that the town is equally influenced by the court, and the ministry, and those who, by their employments, or their hopes, depend upon them. Now, if under so excellent a princess as the present Queen, we would suppose a family strictly regulated, as I have above proposed; a ministry, where every single person was of distinguished piety; if we should suppose all great offices of state and law filled after the same manner, and with such as were equally diligent in choosing persons, who, in their several subordinations, would be obliged to follow the examples of their superiors, under the penalty of loss of favour and place; will not everybody grant, that the empire of vice and irreligion would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow through the whole island, which hath so great an intercourse with it, and so much affects to follow its fashions?

For, if religion were once understood to be the necessary step to favour and preferment; can it be imagined that any man would openly offend against it, who had the least regard for his reputation or his fortune? There is no quality so contrary to any nature, which men cannot affect, and put on upon occasions, in order to serve an interest, or gratify a prevailing passion. The proudest man will personate humility, the morosest learn to flatter, the laziest will be sedulous and active, where he is in pursuit of what he has much at heart. How ready, therefore, would most men be to step into the paths of virtue and piety, if they infallibly led to favour and fortune!

If swearing and profaneness, scandalous and avowed lewdness, excessive gaming and intemperance, were a little discountenanced in the army, I cannot readily see what ill consequences could be apprehended; if gentlemen of that profession were at least obliged to some external decorum in their conduct; or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of advancement, and the appearance of piety a most infallible hindrance, it is impossible the corruptions there should be so universal and exorbitant. I have been assured by several great officers, that no troops abroad are so ill disciplined as the English; which cannot well be otherwise, while the common soldiers have perpetually before their eyes the vicious example of their leaders; and it is hardly possible for those to commit any crime, whereof these are not infinitely

more guilty, and with less temptation.

It is commonly charged upon the gentlemen of the army, that the beastly vice of drinking to excess, hath been lately, from their example, restored among us; which for some years before was almost dropped in England. But, whoever the introducers were, they have succeeded to a miracle; many of the young nobility and gentry are already become great proficients, and are under no manner of concern to hide their talent, but are got beyond all sense of shame or fear of reproach.

This might soon be remedied, if the Queen would think fit to declare, that no young person of quality whatsoever, who was notoriously addicted to that, or any other vice, should be capable of her favour, or even admitted into her presence, with positive command to her ministers, and others in great office, to treat them in the same manner; after which, all men, who had any regard for their reputation, or any prospect of preferment, would avoid their commerce. This would quickly make that vice so scandalous, that those who could not subdue, would at least endeavour to disguise it.

By the like methods, a stop might be put to that ruinous practice of deep gaming; and the reason why it prevails so much is, because a treatment, directly opposite in every point, is made use of to promote it; by which means, the laws enacted against this abuse are wholly eluded.

It cannot be denied, that the want of strict discipline in the universities, hath been of pernicious consequence to the youth of this nation, who are there almost left entirely to their own management, especially those among them of better quality and fortune; who, because they are not under a necessity of making learning their maintenance, are easily allowed to pass their time, and take their degrees, with little or no improvement; than which there cannot well be a greater absurdity. For, if no advancement of knowledge can be had from those places, the time there spent is at best utterly lost, because every ornamental part of education is better taught elsewhere: And as for keeping youths out of harm's way, I doubt, where so many of them are got together, at full liberty of doing what they please, it will not answer the end. But, whatever abuses, corruptions, or deviations from statutes, have crept into the universities through neglect, or length of time; they might in a great degree be reformed, by strict injunctions from court (upon each particular) to the visitors and heads of houses; besides the peculiar authority the queen may have in several colleges, whereof her predecessors were the founders. And among other regulations, it would be very convenient to prevent the excess of drink, with that scurvy custom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco, where it is not absolutely necessary in point of health.

From the universities, the young nobility, and others of great fortunes, are sent for early up to town, for fear of contracting any airs of pedantry, by a college education. Many of the younger gentry retire to the Inns of Court, where they are wholly left to their own discretion. And the consequence of this remissness in education appears, by observing that nine in ten of those,

who rise in the church or the court, the law, or the army, are younger brothers, or new men, whose narrow fortunes have forced them upon industry and application.

As for the Inns of Court, unless we suppose them to be much degenerated, they must needs be the worst instituted seminaries in any Christian country; but whether they may be corrected without interposition of the legislature, I have not skill enough to determine. However, it is certain, that all wise nations have agreed in the necessity of a strict education, which consisted, among other things, in the observance of moral duties, especially justice, temperance, and chastity, as well as the knowledge of arts, and bodily exercises: But all these among us are laughed out of doors.

Without the least intention to offend the clergy, I cannot but think, that through a mistaken notion and practice, they prevent themselves from doing much service, which otherwise might lie in their power, to religion and virtue: I mean, by affecting so much to converse with each other, and caring so little to mingle with the laity. They have their particular clubs, and particular coffee-houses, where they generally appear in clusters: A single divine dares hardly shew his person among numbers of fine gentlemen; or if he happens to fall into such company, he is silent and suspicious, in continual apprehension that some pert man of pleasure should break an unmannerly jest, and render him ridiculous. Now, I take this behaviour of the clergy to be just as reasonable, as if the physicians should agree to spend their time in visiting one another, or their several apothecaries, and leave their patients to shift for themselves. In my humble opinion, the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity; neither is there, perhaps, a more effectual way to forward the salvation of men's souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable as they can, in the conversations of the world; for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would please to improve and apply it. It so happens that the men of pleasure, who never go to church, nor use themselves to read books of devotion, form their ideas of the clergy from a few poor strollers they often observe in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a month; while those of better figure and parts, do seldom appear to correct these notions. And let some reasoners think what they please, 'tis certain that men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy, before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. No man values the best medicine, if administered by a physician, whose person he hates or despises. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies, as other gentlemen, and would a little study the arts of conversation to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome at every party where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense; and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses, as well as actions; neither would men of understanding complain, that a clergyman was a constraint upon the company, because they could not speak blasphemy, or obscene jests before him. While the people are so jealous

of the clergy's ambition, as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastic discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent, which the Author of Christianity directs, and is the very method used by St. Paul, who *became all things to all men, to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.*

How to remedy these inconveniences, may be a matter of some difficulty; since the clergy seem to be of an opinion, that this humour of sequestering themselves is a part of their duty; nay, as I remember, they have been told so by some of their bishops in their pastoral letters, particularly by one among them of great merit and distinction, who yet, in his own practice, hath all his lifetime taken a course directly contrary. But I am deceived, if an awkward shame and fear of ill usage from the laity, have not a greater share in this mistaken conduct, than their own inclinations: However, if the outward profession of religion and virtue, were once in practice and countenance at court, as well as among all men in office, or who have any hopes or dependence for preferment, a good treatment of the clergy would be the necessary consequence of such a reformation; and they would soon be wise enough to see their own duty and interest in qualifying themselves for lay-conversation, when once they were out of fear of being chocqued by ribaldry or profaneness.

3: Bishop Burnet of Salisbury. See Swift's "Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction." [T.S.]]

There is one further circumstance upon this occasion, which I know not whether it will be very orthodox to mention: The clergy are the only set of men among us, who constantly wear a distinct habit from others; the consequence of which (not in reason but in fact) is this, that as long as any scandalous persons appear in that dress, it will continue in some degree a general mark of contempt. Whoever happens to see a scoundrel in a gown, reeling home at midnight, (a sight neither frequent nor miraculous), is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices. Some remedy might be put to this, if those straggling gentlemen, who come up to town to seek their fortunes, were fairly dismissed to the West Indies, where there is work enough, and where some better provision should be made for them, than I doubt there is at present. Or, what if no person were allowed to wear the habit, who had not some preferment in the church, or at least some temporal fortune sufficient to keep him out of contempt? Though, in my opinion, it were infinitely better, if all the clergy (except the bishops) were permitted to appear like other men of the graver sort, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function.

There is one abuse in this town, which wonderfully contributes to the

promotion of vice, that such men are often put into the commission of the peace, whose interest it is, that virtue should be utterly banished from among us, who maintain, or at least enrich themselves, by encouraging the grossest immoralities, to whom all the bawds of the ward pay contribution, for shelter and protection from the laws. Thus these worthy magistrates, instead of lessening enormities, are the occasion of just twice as much debauchery as there would be without them. For those infamous women are forced upon doubling their work and industry, to answer double charges, of paying the justice, and supporting themselves. Like thieves who escape the gallows, and are let out to steal, in order to discharge the gaoler's fees.

It is not to be questioned, but the Queen and ministry might easily redress this abominable grievance, by enlarging the number of justices of the peace, by endeavouring to choose men of virtuous principles, by admitting none who have not considerable fortunes, perhaps, by receiving into the number some of the most eminent clergy. Then, by forcing all of them, upon severe penalties, to act when there is occasion, and not permitting any who are offered to refuse the commission, but in these two last cases, which are very material, I doubt there will be need of the legislature.

The reformation of the stage is entirely in the power of the Queen, and in the consequences it hath upon the minds of the younger people, does very well deserve the strictest care. Besides the indecent and profane passages, besides the perpetual turning into ridicule the very function of the priesthood, with other irregularities, in most modern comedies, which have by others been objected to them, it is worth observing the distributive justice of the authors, which is constantly applied to the punishment of virtue, and the reward of vice, directly opposite to the rules of their best critics, as well as to the practice of dramatic poets, in all other ages and countries. For example, a country squire, who is represented with no other vice but that of being a clown, and having the provincial accent upon his tongue, which is neither a fault, nor in his power to remedy, must be condemned to marry a cast wench, or a cracked chambermaid. On the other side, a rakehell of the town, whose character is set off with no other accomplishment, but excessive prodigality, profaneness, intemperance, and lust, is rewarded with a lady of great fortune to repair his own, which his vices had almost ruined. And as in a tragedy, the hero is represented to have obtained many victories in order to raise his character in the minds of the spectators; so the hero of a comedy is represented to have been victorious in all his intrigues, for the same reason. I do not remember, that our English poets ever suffered a criminal amour to succeed upon the stage, till the reign of King Charles the Second. Ever since that time, the alderman is made a cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are supposed to be committed behind the scenes, as part of the action. These and many more corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation, need continue no longer, than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them. Surely a pension would not be ill employed on

some men of wit, learning, and virtue, who might have power to strike out every offensive or unbecoming passage, from plays already written, as well as those that may be offered to the stage for the future. By which, and other wise regulations, the theatre might become a very innocent and useful diversion, instead of being a scandal and reproach to our religion and country.

The proposals I have hitherto made for the advancement of religion and morality, are such as come within reach of the administration; such as a pious active prince, with a steady resolution, might soon bring to effect. Neither am I aware of any objections to be raised against what I have advanced; unless it should be thought, that making religion a necessary step to interest and favour might increase hypocrisy among us; and I readily believe it would. But if one in twenty should be brought over to true piety by this, or the like methods, and the other nineteen be only hypocrites, the advantage would still be great. Besides, hypocrisy is much more eligible than open infidelity and vice; it wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her authority, and is cautious of giving scandal. Nay, a long continued disguise is too great a constraint upon human nature, especially an English disposition; men would leave off their vices out of mere weariness, rather than undergo the toil and hazard, and perhaps expense, of practising them perpetually in private. And I believe it is often with religion, as it is with love; which, by much dissembling, at last grows real.

All other projects to this great end have proved hitherto ineffectual. Laws against immorality have not been executed; and proclamations occasionally issued out to enforce them are wholly unregarded as things of form. Religious societies, though begun with excellent intention, and by persons of true piety, have dwindled into factious clubs, and grown a trade to enrich little knavish informers of the meanest rank, such as common constables, and broken shopkeepers.

4: The original edition omits here the words, “are said, I know not whether truly or not.” All other editions give these words. [T. S.]]

And that some effectual attempt should be made toward such a reformation, is perhaps more necessary than people commonly apprehend; because the ruin of a state is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners, and contempt of religion; which is entirely our case at present.

“Dis te minorem quod geris imperas.” — HOR.

5: “Carmina,” iii. 6. 5.]

Neither is this a matter to be deferred till a more convenient time of peace and leisure: Because a reformation in men’s faith and morals is the best natural, as well as religious means, to bring the war to a good conclusion. For, if men in trust performed their duty for conscience sake, affairs would not suffer through fraud, falsehood, and neglect, as they now perpetually do. And if they believed a God, and his Providence, and acted accordingly, they might

reasonably hope for his divine assistance, in so just a cause as ours.

Nor could the majesty of the English Crown appear, upon any occasion, in a greater lustre, either to foreigners or subjects, than by an administration, which, producing such great effects, would discover so much power. And power being the natural appetite of princes, a limited monarch cannot so well gratify it in anything, as a strict execution of the laws.

Besides; all parties would be obliged to close with so good a work as this, for their own reputation: Neither is any expedient more likely to unite them. For the most violent party men, I have ever observed, are such, as in the conduct of their lives have discovered least sense of religion or morality; and when all such are laid aside, at least those among them as shall be found incorrigible, it will be a matter perhaps of no great difficulty to reconcile the rest.

The many corruptions at present in every branch of business are almost inconceivable. I have heard it computed by skilful persons, that of six millions raised every year for the service of the public, one third, at least, is sunk and intercepted through the several classes and subordinations of artful men in office, before the remainder is applied to the proper use. This is an accidental ill effect of our freedom. And while such men are in trust, who have no check from within, nor any views but toward their interest, there is no other fence against them, but the certainty of being hanged upon the first discovery, by the arbitrary will of an unlimited monarch, or his vizier. Among us, the only danger to be apprehended is the loss of an employment; and that danger is to be eluded a thousand ways. Besides, when fraud is great, it furnishes weapons to defend itself: And at worst, if the crimes be so flagrant, that a man is laid aside out of perfect shame, (which rarely happens) he retires loaded with the spoils of the nation; *et fruitur diis iratis*. I could name a commission, where several persons, out of a salary of five hundred pounds, without other visible revenues, have always lived at the rate of two thousand, and laid out forty or fifty thousand upon purchases of lands or annuities. A hundred other instances of the same kind might easily be produced. What remedy, therefore, can be found against such grievances, in a constitution like ours, but to bring religion into countenance, and encourage those, who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future punishment, will be moved to act with justice and integrity?

This is not to be accomplished any other way, but by introducing religion, as much as possible, to be the turn and fashion of the age; which only lies in the power of the administration; the prince with utmost strictness regulating the court, the ministry, and other persons in great employment; and these, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them.

It is certain, that a reformation successfully carried on in this great town, would in time spread itself over the whole kingdom, since most of the considerable youth pass here that season of their lives, wherein the strongest impressions are made, in order to improve their education, or advance their

fortune, and those among them, who return into their several counties, are sure to be followed and imitated, as the greatest patterns of wit and good breeding.

And if things were once in this train, that is, if virtue and religion were established as the necessary titles to reputation and preferment, and if vice and infidelity were not only loaded with infamy, but made the infallible ruin of all men's pretensions, our duty, by becoming our interest, would take root in our natures, and mix with the very genius of our people, so that it would not be easy for the example of one wicked prince to bring us back to our former corruptions.

I have confined myself (as it is before observed) to those methods for the advancement of piety, which are in the power of a prince, limited like ours, by a strict execution of the laws already in force. And this is enough for a project, that comes without any name or recommendation, I doubt, a great deal more than will suddenly be reduced into practice. Though, if any disposition should appear towards so good a work, it is certain, that the assistance of the legislative power would be necessary to make it more complete. I will instance only a few particulars.

In order to reform the vices of this town, which, as we have said, hath so mighty an influence on the whole kingdom, it would be very instrumental to have a law made, that all taverns and alehouses should be obliged to dismiss their company at twelve at night, and shut up their doors, and that no woman should be suffered to enter any tavern or alehouse, upon any pretence whatsoever. It is easy to conceive what a number of ill consequences such a law would prevent, the mischiefs of quarrels, and lewdness, and thefts, and midnight brawls, the diseases of intemperance and venery, and a thousand other evils needless to mention. Nor would it be amiss, if the masters of those public-houses were obliged, upon the severest penalties, to give only a proportioned quantity of drink to every company, and when he found his guests disordered with excess, to refuse them any more.

I believe there is hardly a nation in Christendom, where all kind of fraud is practised in so immeasurable a degree as with us. The lawyer, the tradesman, the mechanic, have found so many arts to deceive in their several callings, that they far outgrow the common prudence of mankind, which is in no sort able to fence against them. Neither could the legislature in anything more consult the public good, than by providing some effectual remedy against this evil, which, in several cases, deserves greater punishment than many crimes that are capital among us. The vintner, who, by mixing poison with his wines, destroys more lives than any one disease in the bill of mortality; the lawyer, who persuades you to a purchase which he knows is mortgaged for more than the worth, to the ruin of you and your family; the goldsmith or scrivener, who takes all your fortune to dispose of, when he has beforehand resolved to break the following day, do surely deserve the gallows much better than the wretch who is carried thither for stealing a horse.

It cannot easily be answered to God or man, why a law is not made for limiting the press; at least so far as to prevent the publishing of such pernicious books, as, under pretence of freethinking, endeavour to overthrow those tenets in religion which have been held inviolable, almost in all ages, by every sect that pretend to be Christian; and cannot, therefore, with any colour of reason, be called points in controversy, or matters of speculation, as some would pretend. The Doctrine of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Immortality of the Soul, and even the truth of all revelation, are daily exploded and denied in books openly printed; though it is to be supposed neither party will avow such principles, or own the supporting of them to be any way necessary to their service.

6: This passage refers to the deistical publications of Asgill, Toland, Tindal, and Collins, already noted. [T. S.]]

It would be endless to set down every corruption or defect which requires a remedy from the legislative power. Senates are like to have little regard for any proposals that come from without doors; though, under a due sense of my own inabilities, I am fully convinced, that the unbiassed thoughts of an honest and wise man, employed on the good of his country, may be better digested than the results of a multitude, where faction and interest too often prevail; as a single guide may direct the way better than five hundred, who have *contrary views*, or *look asquint*, or *shut their eyes*.

I shall therefore mention but one more particular, which I think the Parliament ought to take under consideration; whether it be not a shame to our country, and a scandal to Christianity, that in many towns, where there is a prodigious increase in the number of houses and inhabitants, so little care should be taken for the building of churches, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service? Particularly here in London, where a single minister, with one or two sorry curates, hath the care sometimes of above twenty thousand souls incumbent on him. A neglect of religion so ignominious, in my opinion, that it can hardly be equalled in any civilized age or country.

7: This paragraph is known to have given the first hint to certain bishops, particularly to Bishop Atterbury, to procure a fund for building fifty new churches in London. [T. S.]]

But, to leave these airy imaginations of introducing new laws for the amendment of mankind; what I principally insist on is, a due execution of the old, which lies wholly in the crown, and in the authority derived from thence. I return, therefore, to my former assertion; that if stations of power, trust, profit, and honour, were constantly made the rewards of virtue and piety, such an administration must needs have a mighty influence on the faith and morals of the whole kingdom: And men of great abilities would then endeavour to excel in the duties of a religious life, in order to qualify themselves for public service. I may possibly be wrong in some of the means I prescribe towards

this end; but that is no material objection against the design itself. Let those who are at the helm contrive it better, which, perhaps, they may easily do. Everybody will agree that the disease is manifest, as well as dangerous; that some remedy is necessary, and that none yet applied hath been effectual, which is a sufficient excuse for any man who wishes well to his country, to offer his thoughts, when he can have no other end in view but the public good. The present Queen is a princess of as many and great virtues as ever filled a throne: How would it brighten her character to the present and after ages, if she would exert her utmost authority to instil some share of those virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn only from her example! And, be it spoke with all the veneration possible for so excellent a sovereign, her best endeavours in this weighty affair are a most important part of her duty, as well as of her interest and her honour.

But, it must be confessed, that as things are now, every man thinks that he has laid in a sufficient stock of merit, and may pretend to any employment, provided he has been loud and frequent in declaring himself hearty for the government. 'Tis true, he is a man of pleasure, and a freethinker, that is, in other words, he is profligate in his morals, and a despiser of religion; but in point of party, he is one to be confided in; he is an assertor of liberty and property; he rattles it out against Popery and Arbitrary Power, and Priestcraft and High Church. 'Tis enough: He is a person fully qualified for any employment, in the court or the navy, the law or the revenue; where he will be sure to leave no arts untried, of bribery, fraud, injustice, oppression, that he can practise with any hope of impunity. No wonder such men are true to a government where liberty runs high, where property, however attained, is so well secured, and where the administration is at least so gentle: 'Tis impossible they could choose any other constitution, without changing to their loss.

Fidelity to a present establishment is indeed the principal means to defend it from a foreign enemy, but without other qualifications, will not prevent corruptions from within; and states are more often ruined by these than the other.

To conclude. Whether the proposals I have offered toward a reformation, be such as are most prudent and convenient, may probably be a question; but it is none at all, whether some reformation be absolutely necessary; because the nature of things is such, that if abuses be not remedied, they will certainly increase, nor ever stop, till they end in the subversion of a commonwealth. As there must always of necessity be some corruptions, so, in a well-instituted state, the executive power will be always contending against them, by *reducing things* (as Michiaevel speaks) *to their first principles*; never letting abuses grow inveterate, or multiply so far, that it will be hard to find remedies, and perhaps impossible to apply them. As he that would keep his house in repair, must attend every little breach or flaw, and supply it immediately; else time alone will bring all to ruin; how much more the common accidents of

storms and rain? He must live in perpetual danger of his house falling about his ears; and will find it cheaper to throw it quite down, and build it again from the ground, perhaps upon a new foundation, or at least in a new form, which may neither be so safe, nor so convenient, as the old.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN

WITH RESPECT TO

RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

NOTE.

The writing of this tract, as has been already observed, placed Swift in a position where allegiance to party was not easy to maintain. It amounted to a warning to Whigs as well as Tories. To the former he urged that the Church of England was wide enough for the highest principles of civil liberty; to the latter he tried to show that to be a religious and God-fearing man it was not absolutely necessary to be a Tory in politics. "Whoever has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding." It is true that Whiggism and "fanatical genius" were almost synonymous terms for Swift; but that was because the Church was of prime consideration with him, and the Whigs numbered in their ranks the great army of Dissent. Swift, in his famous letter to Pope, dated Dublin, January 10th, 1720-21, reviews his political opinions of 1708 to justify himself against the misrepresentations of "the virulence of libellers: whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing." That review is but a summary of what is given fully in this tract. No appeal was ever better intentioned. "I only wish," he says to Pope, "my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other." But High Church and Low Church were cries which had divided politicians as if they did not belong to one nation. To Swift it was easy enough to be a staunch Churchman and at the same time expose the fallacies underlying the faith in the sovereign power; but then Swift was here no party fanatic who would use the "Church in

danger" cry for party purposes. "If others," he writes twelve years later, "who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts," his appeal had not been made in vain. As it was it failed in its intended purpose, and Swift lost what hold he had on Somers, Godolphin, and the rest. It remains, however, to testify to Swift's principles in a manner least expected by those who have set him down as intemperate and inconsistent. Certainly, no principles were ever more moderately expressed; and, assuredly, no expression of principles found fitter realization in conduct.

The text of this edition is based on that given in the "Miscellanies" of 1711. I have not succeeded in obtaining a copy of the original issue; but I have collated the various texts given in the re-issues by Faulkner, Hawkesworth, Scott, and the "Miscellanies" of 1728 (vol. i.) and 1747 (vol. i.).

[T. S.]

THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN, WITH RESPECT TO RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT.

Whosoever hath examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding. A wise and a good man may indeed be sometimes induced to comply with a number whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small importance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own side another time to something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocency of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience to the humour, or passion, or interest of a party, plainly shews that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be: Yet this very practice is the fundamental law of each faction among us, as may be obvious to any who will impartially, and without engagement, be at the pains to examine their actions, which however is not so easy a task: For it seems a principle in human nature, to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation, that in reading a history of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing by at play among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder then, we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some *real* share, and by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great *imaginary* one.

And indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles, to balance the others; it seems every man's duty to choose a side, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious, only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals while the public is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is, by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world, because it is of all others the least consistent with the common design, of making a fortune by the merit of an opinion.

1: Faulkner and Scott have "one of the two sides." [T. S.]]

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myself to be such a moderator: I believe I am no bigot in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties, and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one ministry than another. Then, I am not under the necessity of declaring myself by the prospect of an employment. And lastly, if all this be not sufficient, I industriously conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In consequence of this free use of my reason, I cannot possibly think so well or so ill of either party, as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other, and of themselves. For instance; I do not charge it upon the body of the Whigs or the Tories, that their several principles lead them to introduce Presbytery, and the religion of the Church of Rome, or a commonwealth and arbitrary power. For, why should any party be accused of a principle which they solemnly disown and protest against? But, to this they have a mutual answer ready; they both assure us, that their adversaries are not to be believed, that they disown their principles out of fear, which are manifest enough when we examine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed Presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets, and on the other, of professed Papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now, it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state, to side with some general party, and to choose that which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus at the restoration, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects, did all with very good reason unite and solder up their several schemes to join against the Church, who without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus, our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the Whigs, who profess moderation, declare they abhor all thoughts of persecution, and think it hard that those who differ only in a few ceremonies and speculations, should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country in the highest employments of state. Thus, the atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general, that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of freethinkers, do properly join with the same body; because they likewise preach up moderation, and are not so overnice to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience, and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then on the other side, the professed firmness of the Tories for Episcopacy as an apostolical institution: Their aversion to those sects who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation have defaced the primitive model of the Church: Next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: These,

I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even Papists themselves fall readily in with. And every extreme here mentioned flings a general scandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But surely no man whatsoever ought in justice or good manners to be charged with principles he actually disowns, unless his practices do openly and without the least room for doubt contradict his profession: Not upon small surmises, or because he has the misfortune to have ill men sometimes agree with him in a few general sentiments. However, though the extremes of Whig and Tory seem with little justice to have drawn religion into their controversies, wherein they have small concern; yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuse of it; which is, to have built their several systems of political faith, not upon enquiries after truth, but upon opposition to each other, upon injurious appellations, charging their adversaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falso*.

In order to remove these prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual than to describe the sentiments of a Church of England man with respect to religion and government. This I shall endeavour to do in such a manner as may not be liable to least objection from either party, and which I am confident would be assented to by great numbers in both, if they were not misled to those mutual misrepresentations, by such motives as they would be ashamed to own.

I shall begin with religion.

And here, though it makes an odd sound, yet it is necessary to say, that whoever professes himself a member of the Church of England, ought to believe a God and his providence, together with revealed religion, and the divinity of Christ. For beside those many thousands, who (to speak in the phrase of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives; there is no small number, who in their conversation and writings directly or by consequence endeavour to overthrow it; yet all these place themselves in the list of the National Church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars: A Church of England man hath a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastic government; and though he will not determine whether Episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution, fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and under its present regulations best calculated for our civil state: He should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit as to a general calamity, a dearth, or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies, and forms of prayer; he allows there might be some useful alterations, and more, which in the prospect of uniting Christians

might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to which he therefore would readily comply, if the clergy, or, (though this be not so fair a method) if the legislature should direct: Yet at the same time he cannot altogether blame the former for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration; which beside the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition that could make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial or any other indifferent part, would be, a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose by some strict and effectual laws to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects how plausible soever, for the future; else there must never be an end: And it would be to act like a man who should pull down and change the ornaments of his house, in compliance to every one who was disposed to find fault as he passed by, which besides the perpetual trouble and expense, would very much damage, and perhaps in time destroy the building. Sects in a state seem only tolerated with any reason because they are already spread; and because it would not be agreeable with so mild a government, or so pure a religion as ours, to use violent methods against great numbers of mistaken people, while they do not manifestly endanger the constitution of either. But the greatest advocates for general liberty of conscience, will allow that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all, or which is the same thing, if they will only grant, it were better for the peace of the state, that there should be none. But while the clergy consider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what assurances can they have, that any compliances they shall make, will remove the evil of dissension, while the liberty still continues of professing whatever new opinion we please? Or how can it be imagined that the body of dissenting teachers, who must be all undone by such a revolution, will not cast about for some new objections to withhold their flocks, and draw in fresh proselytes by some further innovations or refinements?

Upon these reasons he is for tolerating such different forms in religious worship as are already admitted, but by no means for leaving it in the power of those who are tolerated, to advance their own models upon the ruin of what is already established, which it is natural for all sects to desire, and which they cannot justify by any consistent principles if they do not endeavour; and yet, which they cannot succeed in without the utmost danger to the public peace.

To prevent these inconveniences, he thinks it highly just, that all rewards of trust, profit, or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of Occasional Conformity, the general argument of those who were against it, was not, to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper, which is the Bishop of Salisbury's opinion in the speech he made and published against the bill: But, however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and

precipitate to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser a maxim, than that no man should on the account of conscience be deprived the liberty of serving his country; a topic which may be equally applied to admit Papists, Atheists, Mahometans, Heathens, and Jews. If the Church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public; or be so unhappily contrived as to exclude from its communion such persons who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered and reduced into some more perfect, or at least more popular form: But in the meanwhile, it is not altogether improbable, that when those who dislike the constitution, are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party or of themselves.

The Dutch whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them: But why should they be a precedent for us either in religion or government? Our country differs from theirs, as well in situation, soil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden by a desperate attempt in a desperate condition, not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but huddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it among them. These difficulties do indeed preserve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy constitution would extremely subject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people in a persecuting age, to a place of refuge nearest at hand, put them upon the necessity of trade, to which they wisely gave all ease and encouragement: And if we could think fit to imitate them in this last particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us; who seem to think no further than how to secure their property and conscience, without projecting any share in that government which gives them protection, or calling it persecution if it be denied them. But I speak it for the honour of our administration, that although our sects are not so numerous as those in Holland, which I presume is not our fault, and I hope is not our misfortune, we much excel them and all Christendom besides in our indulgence to tender consciences. One single compliance with the national form of receiving the sacrament, is all we require to qualify any sectary among us for the greatest employments in the state, after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own assemblies for the rest of his life. Besides, I will suppose any of the numerous sects in Holland, to have so far prevailed as to have raised a civil war, destroyed their government and religion, and put their administrators to death; after which I will suppose the people to have recovered all again, and to have settled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query, whether that sect which was the unhappy instrument of all this confusion, could reasonably expect to be entrusted for the future with the

greatest employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them?

2: When this was written there was no law against Occasional Conformity. [Faulkner, 1735.]]

To go on with the sentiments of a Church of England man: He does not see how that mighty passion for the Church which some men pretend, can well consist with those indignities and that contempt they bestow on the persons of the clergy. Tis a strange mark whereby to distinguish High Churchmen, that they are such who imagine the clergy can never be too low. He thinks the maxim these gentlemen are so fond of, that they are for an humble clergy, is a very good one; and so is he, and for an humble laity too, since humility is a virtue that perhaps equally benefits and adorns every station of life.

3: "I observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the High-Church party treated, not only their own chaplains, but all other clergy whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church."]

But then, if the scribblers on the other side freely speak the sentiments of their party, a divine of the Church of England cannot look for much better quarter thence. You shall observe nothing more frequent in their weekly papers than a way of affecting to confound the terms of Clergy and High Church, of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calumny they can invent. They will tell you they honour a clergyman; but talk, at the same time, as if there were not three in the kingdom, who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they insult the universities, as poisoned fountains, and corrupters of youth.

4: "I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with great courtesy, but shewed much ill-will and contempt for the order in general."]

Now, it seems clear to me, that the Whigs might easily have procured and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the universities, if they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of speech and virulence of pen, in the worst and most prostitute of their party; among whom there has been for some years past such a perpetual clamour against the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetousness of the priesthood: Such a cant of High Church, and persecution, and being priest-ridden; so many reproaches about narrow principles, or terms of communion: Then such scandalous reflections on the universities, for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and Jacobite principles, that it was natural for those, who had the care of religion and education, to apprehend some general design of altering the constitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary, because it could not easily be forgot, that whatever opposition was made to the usurpations of King James, proceeded altogether from the Church of England, and chiefly from the clergy, and one of the universities. For, if it were of any use to recall matters of fact, what is more notorious than that

prince's applying himself first to the Church of England? And upon their refusal to fall in with his measures, making the like advances to the dissenters of all kinds, who readily and almost universally complied with him, affecting in their numerous addresses and pamphlets, the style of Our Brethren the Roman Catholics, whose interests they put on the same foot with their own: And some of Cromwell's officers took posts in the army raised against the Prince of Orange. These proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate by urging the provocations they had met from the Church in King Charles's reign, which though perhaps excusable upon the score of human infirmity, are not by any means a plea of merit equal to the constancy and sufferings of the bishops and clergy, or of the head and fellows of Magdalen College, that furnished the Prince of Orange's declaration with such powerful arguments to justify and promote the Revolution.

5: De Foe's "History of Addresses" contains some humbling instances of the applause with which the sectaries hailed their old enemy, James II., when they saw him engaged in hostility with the established Church. [T. S.]]

Therefore a Church of England man abhors the humour of the age in delighting to fling scandals upon the clergy in general; which besides the disgrace to the Reformation, and to religion itself, casts an ignominy upon the kingdom that it does not deserve. We have no better materials to compound the priesthood of, than the mass of mankind, which corrupted as it is, those who receive orders must have some vices to leave behind them when they enter into the Church, and if a few do still adhere, it is no wonder, but rather a great one that they are no worse. Therefore he cannot think ambition, or love of power more justly laid to their charge than to other men, because, that would be to make religion itself, or at least the best constitution of Church-government, answerable for the errors and depravity of human nature.

Within these last two hundred years all sorts of temporal power have been wrested from the clergy, and much of their ecclesiastic, the reason or justice of which proceeding I shall not examine; but, that the remedies were a little too violent with respect to their possessions, the legislature hath lately confessed by the remission of their First Fruits. Neither do the common libellers deny this, who in their invectives only tax the Church with an insatiable desire of power and wealth (equally common to all bodies of men as well as individuals) but thank God, that the laws have deprived them of both. However, it is worth observing the justice of parties: The sects among us are apt to complain, and think it hard usage to be reproached now after fifty years for overturning the state, for the murder of a king, and the indignity of a usurpation; yet these very men and their partisans, are continually reproaching the clergy, and laying to their charge the pride, the avarice, the luxury, the ignorance, and superstition, of Popish times for a thousand years past.

6: The first fruits were the first year's income of ecclesiastical benefices. In the middle ages they were taken by the Pope as a right; but were handed over to the English crown in 1534. Anne in 1703 gave them back to the Church by letters patent, an act confirmed by Parliament in 1704. The "Bounty" of Queen Anne, however, did not extend to Ireland; and one of Swift's missions in London was to obtain this remission of the first fruits for the Irish clergy also. [T. S.]]

He thinks it a scandal to government that such an unlimited liberty should be allowed of publishing books against those doctrines in religion, wherein all Christians have agreed, much more to connive at such tracts as reject all revelation, and by their consequences often deny the very being of a God. Surely 'tis not a sufficient atonement for the writers, that they profess much loyalty to the present government, and sprinkle up and down some arguments in favour of the dissenters; that they dispute as strenuously as they can for liberty of conscience, and inveigh largely against all ecclesiastics, under the name of High Church; and, in short, under the shelter of some popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he doth not reckon every schism of that damnable nature which some would represent, so he is very far from closing with the new opinion of those who would make it no crime at all, and argue at a wild rate, that God Almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worship, as He is with the varieties of nature. To such absurdities are men carried by the affectation of freethinking, and removing the prejudices of education, under which head they have for some time begun to list morality and religion. It is certain that before the rebellion in 1642, though the number of Puritans (as they were then called) was as great as it is with us, and though they affected to follow pastors of that denomination, yet those pastors had episcopal ordination, possessed preferments in the Church, and were sometimes promoted to bishoprics themselves. But, a breach in the general form of worship was in those days reckoned so dangerous and sinful in itself, and so offensive to Roman Catholics at home and abroad, and that it was too unpopular to be attempted; neither, I believe, was the expedient then found out of maintaining separate pastors out of private purses.

7: In the reign of Elizabeth, and even in that of James, the Puritans were not, properly speaking, Dissenters; but, on the contrary, formed a sort of Low Church party in the national establishment. Archbishop Abbot himself has been considered as a Puritan. [T. S.]]

When a schism is once spread in a nation, there grows at length a dispute which are the schismatics. Without entering on the arguments, used by both sides among us, to fix the guilt on each other; 'tis certain, that, in the sense of the law, the schism lies on that side which opposes itself to the religion of the state. I leave it among the divines to dilate upon the danger of schism, as a spiritual evil, but I would consider it only as a temporal one. And I think it clear that any great separation from the established worship, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangering the public peace, because it will compose a body always in reserve, prepared to follow any discontented heads upon the plausible pretext of advancing true religion, and opposing error, superstition, or idolatry. For this reason Plato lays it down as a maxim, that, *men ought to worship the gods according to the*

laws of the country, and he introduces Socrates in his last discourse utterly disowning the crime laid to his charge, of teaching new divinities or methods of worship. Thus the poor Huguenots of France were engaged in a civil war, by the specious pretences of some, who under the guise of religion sacrificed so many thousand lives to their own ambition and revenge. Thus was the whole body of Puritans in England drawn to be instruments, or abettors of all manner of villainy, by the artifices of a few men whose designs from the first were levelled to destroy the constitution both of religion and government. And thus, even in Holland itself, where it is pretended that the variety of sects live so amicably together, and in such perfect obedience to the magistrate, it is notorious how a turbulent party joining with the Arminians, did in the memory of our fathers attempt to destroy the liberty of that republic. So that upon the whole, where sects are tolerated in a state, 'tis fit they should enjoy a full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of freeborn subjects to which no power is annexed. And to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease, nor trust them with too little power.

8: Lord Clarendon's History; but see also Gardiner's "History of England." [T. S.]]

The clergy are usually charged with a persecuting spirit, which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all dissenters; and this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a toleration than any of the conforming laity: For while the Church remains in its present form, no dissenter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible, that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the clergy in possession such an aversion and contempt for all innovators, as physicians are apt to have for empirics, or lawyers for pettifoggers, or merchants for pedlars: But since the number of sectaries doth not concern the clergy either in point of interest or conscience, (it being an evil not in their power to remedy) 'tis more fair and reasonable to suppose their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this section, it must be observed, there is a very good word, which hath of late suffered much by both parties, and that is, MODERATION, which the one side very justly disowns, and the other as unjustly pretends to. Beside what passeth every day in conversation; any man who reads the papers published by Mr. Lesley and others of his stamp, must needs conclude, that if this author could make the nation see his adversaries under the colours he paints them in, we have nothing else to do, but rise as one man and destroy such wretches from the face of the earth. On the other side, how shall we excuse the advocates for moderation? among whom, I could appeal to a

hundred papers of universal approbation by the cause they were writ for, which lay such principles to the whole body of the Tories, as, if they were true, and believed; our next business should in prudence be, to erect gibbets in every parish, and hang them out of the way. But I suppose it is presumed, the common people understand raillery, or at least, rhetoric, and will not take hyperboles in too literal a sense; which however in some junctures might prove a desperate experiment.

9: This was Charles Leslie, the second son of the Bishop of Clogher (1650-1722). He was educated for the bar, but forsook that, and entered into holy orders. In his zeal for the established Church he persecuted the Catholics; but this did not interfere with his adhesion to Jacobite political principles. He settled in London, and wrote a weekly paper called "The Rehearsal, or a Review of the Times," in which he attacked Locke and Hoadly. He did all he could for the cause of the exiled James, but he gave up the work when he found it hopeless, and died in Ireland. He wrote many virulent theological works, as well as a host of political tracts. [T. S.]]

And this is moderation in the modern sense of the word, to which, speaking impartially, the bigots of both parties are equally entitled.

SECTION II.

The Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Government.

We look upon it as a very just reproach, though we cannot agree where to fix it, that there should be so much violence and hatred in religious matters, among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in some ceremonies, or at most mere speculative points. Yet is not this frequently the case between contending parties in a state? For instance: Do not the generality of Whigs and Tories among us, profess to agree in the same fundamentals, their loyalty to the Queen, their abjuration of the Pretender, the settlement of the crown in the protestant line, and a revolution principle? Their affection to the Church established, with toleration of dissenters? Nay sometimes they go further, and pass over into each other's principles; the Whigs become great assertors of the prerogative, and the Tories of the people's liberty; these crying down almost the whole set of bishops, and those defending them; so that the differences fairly stated, would be much of a sort with those in religion among us, and amount to little more than, *who should take place* or *go in and out first*, or *kiss the Queen's hand*; and what are these but a few court ceremonies? Or, *who should be in the ministry*? And what is that to the body of the nation, but a mere speculative point? Yet I think it must be allowed, that no religious sects ever carried their aversions for each other to greater heights than our state-parties have done, who the more to inflame their passions have mixed religious and civil animosities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the Church, with the addition of High and Low, how little soever their disputes relate to the term as it is generally understood.

I now proceed to deliver the sentiments of a Church of England man with respect to government.

He doth not think the Church of England so narrowly calculated, that it cannot fall in with any regular species of government; nor does he think any

one regular species of government more acceptable to God than another. The three generally received in the schools have all of them their several perfections, and are subject to their several depravations. However, few states are ruined by any defect in their institution, but generally by the corruption of manners, against which the best institution is no long security, and without which a very ill one may subsist and flourish: Whereof there are two pregnant instances now in Europe. The first is the aristocracy of Venice, which founded upon the wisest maxims, and digested by a great length of time, hath in our age admitted so many abuses through the degeneracy of the nobles, that the period of its duration seems to approach. The other is the united republics of the States-general, where a vein of temperance, industry, parsimony, and a public spirit, running through the whole body of the people, hath preserved an infant commonwealth of an untimely birth and sickly constitution, for above an hundred years, through so many dangers and difficulties, as a much more healthy one could never have struggled against, without those advantages.

Where security of person and property are preserved by laws which none but the Whole can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided for whether the administration be in the hands of One, or of Many. Where any one person or body of men, who do not represent the Whole, seize into their hands the power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Aristotle and his followers call the abuse and corruption of one. This distinction excludes arbitrary power in whatever numbers; which notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer and others have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than anarchy itself; as much as a savage is in a happier state of life than a slave at the oar.

10: Hobbes, Thomas (1588-1679), the English philosopher, and author of "De Cive" (1642), "Treatise on Human Nature" (1650), "De Corpore Politico" (1650), "Leviathan" (1651), and other works. Swift is here combating Hobbes's advocacy for a sovereign power, as vested in a single person.

Filmer, Sir Robert (died 1647), author of "The Anarchy of a limited and mixed Monarchy," "Patriarcha," and "The Freeholder's Grand Inquest." In the "Patriarcha" Filmer attempted to prove that absolute government by a monarch was a patriarchal institution. Locke replied to this work in his "Two Treatises on Government." [T.S.]]

It is reckoned ill manners, as well as unreasonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; because that is usually supposed to be a thing which no man can help in himself; which however I do not conceive to be an universal infallible maxim, except in those cases where the question is pretty equally disputed among the learned and the wise; where it is otherwise, a man of tolerable reason, small experience, and willing to be instructed, may apprehend he is got into a wrong opinion, though the whole course of his mind and inclination would persuade him to believe it true: He may be convinced that he is in error though he does not see where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by observing those persons for whose wisdom and goodness he has the greatest deference, to be of a

contrary sentiment. According to Hobbes's comparison of reasoning with casting up accounts, whoever finds a mistake in the sum total, must allow himself out, though, after repeated trials he may not see in which article he has misreckoned. I will instance in one opinion, which I look upon every man obliged in conscience to quit, or in prudence to conceal; I mean, that whoever argues in defence of absolute power in a single person, though he offers the old plausible plea, that, *it is his opinion, which he cannot help unless he be convinced*, ought, in all free states to be treated as the common enemy of mankind. Yet this is laid as a heavy charge upon the clergy of the two reigns before the Revolution, who under the terms of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance are said to have preached up the unlimited power of the prince, because they found it a doctrine that pleased the Court, and made way for their preferment. And I believe there may be truth enough in this accusation, to convince us, that human frailty will too often interpose itself among persons of the holiest function. However, it may be offered in excuse for the clergy, that in the best societies there are some ill members, which a corrupted court and ministry will industriously find out and introduce. Besides, it is manifest that the greater number of those who held and preached this doctrine, were misguided by equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the principles of government, which they had not made any part of their study. The question originally put, and as I remember to have heard it disputed in public schools, was this; *whether under any pretence whatsoever it may be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate?* which was held in the negative; and this is certainly the right opinion. But many of the clergy, and other learned men, deceived by dubious expression, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate is properly understood the legislative power, which in all government must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the legislature was for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration. Neither is it any wonder, that the clergy or other well-meaning people should fall into this error, which deceived Hobbes himself so far, as to be the foundation of all the political mistakes in his book, where he perpetually confounds the executive with the legislative power, though all well-instituted states have ever placed them in different hands, as may be obvious to those who know anything of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as well as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Besides, it is to be considered that when these doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that unhappy rebellion, under the consequences of which it had groaned almost twenty years. And a weak prince in conjunction with a succession of most prostitute ministers, began again to dispose the people to new attempts, which it was, no doubt, the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent, if some of them had not for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others perhaps from a

worse principle, proceeded upon a topic that strictly followed would enslave all mankind.

Among other theological arguments made use of in those times, in praise of monarchy, and justification of absolute obedience to a prince, there seemed to be one of a singular nature: It was urged that Heaven was governed by a monarch, who had none to control his power, but was absolutely obeyed: Then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in Heaven. All which I look upon as the strongest argument against despotic power that ever was offered; since no reason can possibly be assigned why it is best for the world that God Almighty hath such a power, which doth not directly prove that no mortal man should ever have the like.

But though a Church of England man thinks every species of government equally lawful, he does not think them equally expedient; or for every country indifferently. There may be something in the climate, naturally disposing men toward one sort of obedience, as is manifest all over Asia, where we never read of any commonwealth, except some small ones on the western coasts established by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the situation of a country, and in the present genius of the people. It hath been observed, that the temperate climates usually run into moderate governments, and the extremes into despotic power. 'Tis a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons; arts and sciences took their rise, and flourished only in those few small territories were the people were free. And though learning may continue after liberty is lost, as it did in Rome, for a while, upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth, and the particular patronage of some emperors; yet it hardly ever began under a tyranny in any nation: Because slavery is of all things the greatest clog and obstacle to speculation. And indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy or the savage life; the adjusting of power and freedom being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: And this is nowhere so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy: Because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state, that the administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the legislature in too many. Now in this material point, the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth, to which the present establishment of the Church doth so happily agree, that I think, whoever is an enemy to either, must of necessity be so to both.

He thinks, as our monarchy is constituted, a hereditary right is much to be preferred before election. Because the government here, especially by some late amendments, is so regularly disposed in all its parts, that it almost executes itself. And therefore upon the death of a prince among us, the

administration goes on without any rub or interruption. For the same reasons we have little to apprehend from the weakness or fury of our monarchs, who have such wise councils to guide the first, and laws to restrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right should be kept so sacred, as never to break the succession, unless where the preserving of it may endanger the constitution; which is not from any intrinsic merit, or unalienable right in a particular family, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors, to which elective kingdoms are exposed; and which is the only obstacle to hinder them from arriving at the greatest perfection that government can possibly reach. Hence appears the absurdity of that distinction between a king *de facto*, and one *de jure*, with respect to us. For every limited monarch is a king *de jure*, because he governs by the consent of the whole, which is authority sufficient to abolish all precedent right. If a king come in by conquest, he is no longer a limited monarch, if he afterward consent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure* for the same reason.

The great advocates for succession, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or consideration whatsoever, do insist much upon one argument that seems to carry little weight. They would have it, that a crown is a prince's birthright, and ought at least to be as well secured to him and his posterity as the inheritance of any private man: In short, that he has the same title to his kingdom which every individual has to his property. Now the consequence of this doctrine must be, that as a man may find several ways to waste, misspend, or abuse his patrimony, without being answerable to the laws; so a king may in like manner do what he will with his own, that is, he may squander and misapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without being called to an account by his subjects. They allow such a prince to be guilty indeed of much folly and wickedness, but for those he is to answer to God, as every private man must do that is guilty of mismanagement in his own concerns. Now the folly of this reasoning will best appear, by applying it in a parallel case. Should any man argue, that a physician is supposed to understand his own art best; that the law protects and encourages his profession; and therefore although he should manifestly prescribe poison to all his patients, whereof they should immediately die, he cannot be justly punished, but is answerable only to God: Or should the same be offered in behalf of a divine, who would preach against religion and moral duties; in either of these two cases everybody would find out the sophistry, and presently answer, that although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty; yet the difference between poisons and remedies is easily known by their effects, and common reason soon distinguishes between virtue and vice: And it must be necessary to forbid both these the further practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in

respect to a prince, with whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included; whereas it is of small consequence to the public, farther than examples, how any private person manages his property.

But granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown were upon the same foot with the property of a subject, still It may at any time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can do no wrong, because whatever that doth, is the action of all; and when the lawyers apply this maxim to the king, they must understand it only in that sense as he is administrator of the supreme power, otherwise it is not universally true, but may be controlled in several instances easy to produce.

And these are the topics we must proceed upon to justify our exclusion of the young Pretender in France; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of as I remember, since the Revolution in any speech, vote, or proclamation where there was occasion to mention him.

As to the abdication of King James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I think a man may observe every article of the English Church, without being in much pain about it. 'Tis not unlikely that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privity of the Prince of Orange, as reasonably concluding that the kingdom might be settled in his absence: But to affirm he had any cause to apprehend the same treatment with his father, is an improbable scandal flung upon the nation by a few bigotted French scribblers, or the invidious assertion of a ruined party at home, in the bitterness of their souls: Not one material circumstance agreeing with those in 1648; and the greatest part of the nation having preserved the utmost horror for that ignominious murder: But whether his removal were caused by his own fears or other men's artifices, 'tis manifest to me, that supposing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot they went upon, the body of the people were thereupon left at liberty, to choose what form of government they pleased, by themselves or their representatives.

The only difficulty of any weight against the proceedings at the Revolution, is an obvious objection, to which the writers upon that subject have not yet given a direct or sufficient answer, as if they were in pain at some consequences which they apprehend those of the contrary opinion might draw from it, I will repeat this objection as it was offered me some time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party.

11: Mr. Nelson, author of "The Feasts and Fasts of the Church of England."]

The force of his argument turned upon this; that the laws made by the supreme power, cannot otherwise than by the supreme power be annulled: That this consisting in England of a King, Lords, and Commons, whereof each have a negative voice, no two of them can repeal or enact a law without

consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature by a vote of the other two. That all these maxims were openly violated at the Revolution; where an assembly of the nobles and people, not summoned by the king's writ (which was an essential part of the constitution) and consequently no lawful meeting, did merely upon their own authority, declare the king to have abdicated, the throne vacant, and gave the crown by a vote to a nephew, when there were three children to inherit; though by the fundamental laws of the realm the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither does it appear how a prince's abdication can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne, than would be caused by his death, since he cannot abdicate for his children (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament) otherwise than by his own consent in form to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those, who from a mere scruple of conscience refuse to join with us upon the revolution principle; but for the rest, are I believe as far from loving arbitrary government, as any others can be, who are born under a free constitution, and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included: First, whether upon the foot of our constitution, as it stood in the reign of the late King James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, whether the people of England convened by their own authority, after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession?

As for the first; it is a point I shall not presume to determine, and shall therefore only say, that to any man who holds the negative, I would demand the liberty of putting the case as strongly as I please. I will suppose a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thousand caprices of cruelty like Nero or Caligula. I will suppose him to murder his mother and his wife, to commit incest, to ravish matrons, to blow up the senate, and burn his metropolis, openly to renounce God and Christ, and worship the devil. These and the like exorbitances are in the power of a single person to commit without the advice of a ministry, or assistance of an army. And if such a king as I have described, cannot be deposed but by his own consent in parliament, I do not well see how he can be resisted, or what can be meant by a limited monarchy; or what signifies the people's consent in making and repealing laws, if the person who administers hath no tie but conscience, and is answerable to none but God. I desire no stronger proof that an opinion must be false, than to find very great absurdities annexed to it; and there cannot be greater than in the present case: For it is not a bare speculation that kings may run into such enormities as are above-mentioned; the practice may be proved by examples not only drawn from the first Caesars or later emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; such as Peter the Cruel, Philip the Second of Spain, John Basilovitz of Muscovy, and in our own nation, King John, Richard the Third, and Henry the Eighth. But there cannot be equal

absurdities supposed in maintaining the contrary opinion; because it is certain, that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their side, by any tolerable administration; till provoked by continual oppressions, no man indeed can then answer where the madness of the people will stop.

12: Peter the Cruel is Pedro of Castile. Ivan Basilovitz was the first emperor of Russia who assumed the title of Czar. He was born in 1529, and died in 1584.]

As to the second part of the objection; whether the people of England convened by their own authority, upon King James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the succession?

In answer to this, I think it is manifest from the practice of the wisest nations, and who seem to have had the truest notions of freedom, that when a prince was laid aside for mal-administration, the nobles and people, if they thought it necessary for the public weal, did resume the administration of the supreme power (the power itself having been always in them) and did not only alter the succession, but often the very form of government too; because they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by institution, force, or consent. Thus, the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrannical kings, either chose others from a new family, or abolished the kingly government, and became free states. Thus the Romans upon the expulsion of Tarquin found it inconvenient for them to be subject any longer to the pride, the lust, the cruelty and arbitrary will of single persons, and therefore by general consent entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any historian of the succeeding ages.

But a great deal hath been already said by other writers upon this invidious and beaten subject; therefore I shall let it fall, though the point is commonly mistaken, especially by the lawyers; who of all others seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under-workmen, who are expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjust the several parts, or regulate the movements.

To return therefore from this digression: It is a Church of England man's opinion, that the freedom of a nation consists in an absolute unlimited legislative power, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an executive duly limited; because on this side likewise there may be dangerous degrees, and a very ill extreme. For when two parties in a state are pretty equal in power, pretensions, merit, and virtue, (for these two last are with relation to parties and a court, quite different things) it hath been the opinion of the best writers upon government, that a prince ought not in any sort to be under the guidance or influence of either, because he declines by this means from his office of presiding over the whole, to be the head of a party; which besides the indignity, renders him answerable for all public mismanagements and the consequences of them; and in whatever state this happens, there must either be a weakness in the prince or ministry, or else the

former is too much restrained by the legislature.

1: This is as given in the "Miscellanies" (1711). Scott and Faulkner print "by the nobles, or those who represent the people." [T.S.]]

To conclude: A Church of England man may with prudence and a good conscience approve the professed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they best promote the good of Church and State; but he will never be swayed by passion or interest, to advance an opinion merely because it is that of the party he most approves; which one single principle he looks upon as the root of all our civil animosities. To enter into a party as into an order of friars with so resigned an obedience to superiors, is very unsuitable both with the civil and religious liberties we so zealously assert. Thus the understandings of a whole senate are often enslaved by three or four leaders on each side; who instead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly set upon ways and means how to get or to keep employments. But to speak more at large, how has this spirit of faction mingled itself with the mass of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation; broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance and hospitality; destroyed all ties of friendship, and divided families against themselves! And no wonder it should be so, when in order to find out the character of a person, instead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good sense, or learning; the modern question is only, whether he be a Whig or a Tory, under which terms all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, because it is a point of difficulty to choose an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth enquiring in the present case, which of these, a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid: Taking therefore their own good and ill characters with due abatements and allowances for partiality and passion; I should think that in order to preserve the constitution entire in Church and State, whoever has a true value for both, would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter.

I have now said all that I could think convenient upon so nice a subject, and find I have the ambition common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me in the right, which would be of some use to those who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon false representations, to serve the ambition or malice of designing men, without any prospect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be, that both might think me in the wrong; which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe, that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.

***** ***** ***** *****

REMARKS UPON A BOOK, INTITULED, "THE RIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, &c."

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED.

NOTE.

Dr. Matthew Tindal, of whom a short account has already been given (see note, p. 9), issued his "Rights of the Christian Church" in 1706. In 1707 it had already gone through three editions. The full title of the work is: "The Rights of the Christian Church asserted, against the Romish and all other Priests, who claim an independent Power over it: with a Preface concerning the Government of the Church of England, as by law established." Ostensibly the book was an attack on the Roman Catholic Church, but the attack was so cleverly veiled that it included in its criticisms the Church of England also; and must take its place among the works of the deistical writers of the time who aimed at subverting the foundations of the relationships between the Church and the State. According to Dr. Hicks, who wrote several works in reply to Tindal's book, Tindal told a gentleman, who found him at work on it, that "he was writing a book which would make the clergy mad." If so, he did not fall short of his intention; for not only the clergy, but even learned laymen became "mad." In addition to Dr. Hicks of Oxford, the Church of England found champions in Dr. William Wotton, Samuel Hill, Conyers-Place, Mr. Oldisworth, and Swift. Swift delayed the preparation of the materials for his reply, or else he found other matters to occupy his time — the Sacheverel business came on soon after, and the Tindal controversy lost interest in this more immediate and more important affair. So that Swift's criticism remained unfinished, and was only published when his editors came to search among his papers. In 1710 Tindal's work was ordered, by a vote of the House of Commons, to be publicly burned by the hangman. The grand jury of Middlesex were presented that the author, printer, and publisher of "The Rights of the Christian Church" to be dangerous and disaffected persons, and promoters of sedition and profaneness; and this charge was grounded on the following extracts. I take these from Scott's note, and I find that the page references are to the second edition of Tindal's work issued in 1706.

"The church is a private society, and no more power belonging to it than to other private companies and clubs, and, consequently, all the right anyone has to be an ecclesiastical officer, and the power he is entrusted with, depends on the consent of the parties concerned, and is no greater than they can

bestow." Preface, p. xxx.

"The Scriptures nowhere make the receiving the Lord's Supper from the hands of a priest necessary." p. 104.

"The remembrance of Christ's sufferings a mere grace-cup delivered to be handed about." p. 105.

"Among Christians, one no more than another can be reckoned a priest from Scripture"—"And the clerk has as good a title to the priesthood as the parson … Every one, as well as the minister, rightly consecrateth the elements to himself … Anything farther than this, may rather be called Conjuration than Consecration." p. 108.

"The absurdities of bishops being by divine appointment, governors of the Christian Church, and no others are capable of being of that number, who derive not their right by an uninterrupted succession of bishops in the Catholic Church." p. 313.

"The supreme powers had no way to escape the heavier oppressions, and more insupportable usurpations of their own clergy, than by submitting to the Pope's milder yoke and gentler authority." p. 255.

"One grand cause of mistake is, not considering when God acts as governor of the universe, and when as prince of a particular nation. The Jews, when they came out of the land of bondage, were under no settled government, till God was pleased to offer himself to be their king, to which all the people expressly consented … God's laws bound no nation, except those that agreed to the Horeb contract." p. 151.

"Not only an independent power of excommunication, but of ordination in the clergy, is inconsistent with the magistrate's right to protect the commonwealth." p. 87.

"Priests, no better than spiritual make-baits, baraters, boute-feux, and incendiaries, and who make churches serve to worse purposes than bear gardens." p. 118.

"It is a grand mistake to suppose the magistrate's power extends to indifferent things … Men have liberty as they please, and a right … to form what clubs, companies, or meetings, they think fit, either for business or pleasure, which the magistrate … cannot hinder, without manifest injustice." p. 15.

"God … interposed not among the Jews, until they had chosen him for their king." p. 312.

For a full account of Tindal and his work, see the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Matthew Tindal, with a History of the Controversies wherein he was engaged," published in 1733. The text of the present reprint of Swift's "Remarks" is based on that given in "Works," vol. vii. of the 4to edition of 1764. It has also been collated with the 8vo edition of same date (vol. xiii.) and with that of 1762 (vol. xiii.).

[T. S.]

REMARKS UPON A BOOK INTITULED ”THE RIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, &c.”

Before I enter upon a particular examination of this treatise, it will be convenient to do two things:

First, To give some account of the author, together with the motives, that might probably engage him in such a work. And,

Secondly, to discover the nature and tendency in general, of the work itself.

The first of these, although it hath been objected against, seems highly reasonable, especially in books that instil pernicious principles. For, although a book is not intrinsically much better or worse, according to the stature or complexion of the author, yet, when it happens to make a noise, we are apt, and curious, as in other noises, to look about from whence it cometh. But however, there is something more in the matter.

If a theological subject be well handled by a layman, it is better received than if it came from a divine; and that for reasons obvious enough, which, although of little weight in themselves, will ever have a great deal with mankind.

But, when books are written with ill intentions, to advance dangerous opinions, or destroy foundations; it may be then of real use to know from what quarter they come, and go a good way towards their confutation. For instance, if any man should write a book against the lawfulness of punishing felony with death; and, upon enquiry, the author should be found in Newgate under condemnation for robbing a house; his arguments would not very unjustly lose much of their force, from the circumstances he lay under. So, when Milton writ his book of divorces, it was presently rejected as an occasional treatise; because every body knew, he had a shrew for his wife. Neither can there be any reason imagined, why he might not, after he was blind, have writ another upon the danger and inconvenience of eyes. But, it is a piece of logic which will hardly pass on the world; that because one man hath a sore nose, therefore all the town should put plasters upon theirs. So, if this treatise about the rights of the church should prove to be the work of a man steady in his principles, of exact morals, and profound learning, a true lover of his country, and a hater of Christianity, as what he really believes to be a cheat upon mankind, whom he would undeceive purely for their good; it might be apt to check unwary men, even of good dispositions towards religion. But if it be found the production of a man soured with age and misfortunes, together with the consciousness of past miscarriages; of one, who, in hopes of preferment, was reconciled to the Popish religion; of one wholly prostitute in life and principles, and only an enemy to religion, because

it condemns them: In this case, and this last I find is the universal opinion, he is like to have few proselytes, beside those, who, from a sense of their vicious lives, require to be perpetually supplied by such amusements as this; which serve to flatter their wishes, and debase their understandings.

1: Dr. Matthew Tindal became a convert to the Romish religion during the reign of James II. What share interest had in his conversion may be easily imagined; but it is uncertain whether it was the disappointment of his expectations, or conviction, that, in 1687, induced him to reconcile himself to the Church of England, and become a decided favourer of those doctrines which produced the Revolution. He often sat as a judge in the Court of Delegates, but did not practise much as an advocate in Doctor's Commons. His chief means of support was a pension from government of £200. Tindal died in 1733, three years after publication of his grand deistical work, "Christianity as Old as the Creation." His effects, amounting to £2,000 and upwards, were appropriated by the noted Eustace Budgell, to the prejudice of the heir at law, under a will attended with circumstances of great suspicion. [T. S.]]

I know there are some who would fain have it, that this discourse was written by a club of freethinkers, among whom the supposed author only came in for a share. But, sure, we cannot judge so meanly of any party, without affronting the dignity of mankind. If this be so, and if here be the product of all their quotas and contributions, we must needs allow, that freethinking is a most confined and limited talent. It is true indeed, the whole discourse seemeth to be a motley, inconsistent composition, made up of various shreds of equal fineness, although of different colours. It is a bundle of incoherent maxims and assertions, that frequently destroy one another. But still there is the same flatness of thought and style; the same weak advances towards wit and raillery; the same petulancy and pertness of spirit; the same train of superficial reading; the same thread of threadbare quotations: the same affectation of forming general rules upon false and scanty premises. And, lastly, the same rapid venom sprinkled over the whole; which, like the dying impotent bite of a trodden benumbed snake, may be nauseous and offensive, but cannot be very dangerous.

And, indeed, I am so far from thinking this libel to be born of several fathers, that it hath been the wonder of several others, as well as myself; how it was possible for any man, who appeareth to have gone the common circle of academical education; who hath taken so universal a liberty, and hath so entirely laid aside all regards, not only of Christianity, but common truth and justice; one who is dead to all sense of shame, and seemeth to be past the getting or losing a reputation, should, with so many advantages, and upon so unlimited a subject, come out with so poor, so jejune a production. Should we pity or be amazed at so perverse a talent, which, instead of qualifying an author to give a new turn to old matter, disposeth him quite contrary to talk in an old beaten trivial manner upon topics wholly new. To make so many sallies into pedantry without a call, upon a subject the most alien, and in the very moments he is declaiming against it, and in an age too, where it is so violently exploded, especially among those readers he proposeth to entertain.

2: See note, p. 9, where it will be seen that Tindal was an Oxford man. [T.S.]]

I know it will be said, that this is only to talk in the common style of an

answerer; but I have not so little policy. If there were any hope of reputation or merit from such victory, I should be apt like others to cry up the courage and conduct of an enemy. Whereas to detect the weakness, the malice, the sophistry, the falsehood, the ignorance of such a writer, requireth little more than to rank his perfections in such an order, and place them in such a light, that the commonest reader may form a judgment of them.

It may still be a wonder how so heavy a book, written upon a subject in appearance so little instructive or diverting, should survive to three editions, and consequently find a better reception than is usual with such bulky spiritless volumes; and this, in an age that pretendeth so soon to be nauseated with what is tedious and dull. To which I can only return, that, as burning a book by the common hangman, is a known expedient to make it sell; so, to write a book that deserveth such treatment, is another: And a third, perhaps as effectual as either, is to ply an insipid, worthless tract with grave and learned answers, as Dr. Hickes, Dr. Potter, and Mr. Wotton have done. Design and performances, however commendable, have glanced a reputation upon the piece; which oweth its life to the strength of those hands and weapons, that were raised to destroy it; like flinging a mountain upon a worm, which, instead of being bruised, by the advantage of its littleness, lodgeth under it unhurt.

3: George Hickes, D.D. (1642-1715), born at Newsham, Yorks, and educated at Oxford. He visited Scotland with his patron, the Duke of Lauderdale, in 1677, and was presented by the St. Andrews University with the degree of LL.D. Became Dean of Worcester in 1683, but lost that office at the Revolution, for not taking the oaths. The nonjuring prelates, in 1693, consecrated him Bishop of Thetford. Dr. Hickes was a profound scholar, and well versed in northern literature. Among his works may be named, "Institutiones Grammaticae Anglo-Saxonicae et Maeso-Gothicae," "Antiquae Literaturae Septentrionalis Thesaurus."

John Potter, D.D. (1674-1747), born at Wakefield, and educated at Oxford. In 1707 he published a "Discourse on Church Government," and eight years later became Bishop of Oxford. On the death of Wake, in 1737, he was appointed to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. [T.S.]]

But neither is this all. For the subject, as unpromising as it seemeth at first view, is no less than that of Lucretius, to free men's minds from the bondage of religion; and this not by little hints and by piecemeal, after the manner of those little atheistical tracts that steal into the world, but in a thorough wholesale manner; by making religion, church, Christianity, with all their concomitants, a perfect contrivance of the civil power. It is an imputation often charged on this sort of men, that, by their invectives against religion, they can possibly propose no other end than that of fortifying themselves and others against the reproaches of a vicious life; it being necessary for men of libertine practices to embrace libertine principles, or else they cannot act in consistence with any reason, or preserve any peace of mind. Whether such authors have this design, (whereof I think they have never gone about to acquit themselves) thus much is certain; that no other use is made of such writings: Neither did I ever hear this author's book justified by any person, either Whig or Tory, except such who are of that profligate character. And, I

believe, whoever examineth it, will be of the same opinion; although indeed such wretches are so numerous, that it seemeth rather surprising, why the book hath had no more editions, than why it should have so many.

Having thus endeavoured to satisfy the curious with some account of this author's character, let us examine what might probably be the motives to engage him in such a work. I shall say nothing of the principal, which is a sum of money; because that is not a mark to distinguish him from any other trader with the press. I will say nothing of revenge and malice, from resentment of the indignities and contempt he hath undergone for his crime of apostasy. To this passion he has thought fit to sacrifice order, propriety, discretion, and common sense, as may be seen in every page of his book: But, I am deceived, if there were not a third motive as powerful as the other two; and that is, vanity. About the latter end of King James's reign he had almost finished a learned discourse in defence of the Church of Rome, and to justify his conversion: All which, upon the Revolution, was quite out of season. Having thus prostituted his reputation, and at once ruined his hopes, he had no course left, but to shew his spite against religion in general; the false pretensions to which, had proved so destructive to his credit and fortune: And, at the same time, loth to employ the speculations of so many years to no purpose; by an easy turn, the same arguments he had made use of to advance Popery, were full as properly levelled by him against Christianity itself; like the image, which, while it was new and handsome, was worshipped for a saint, and when it came to be old and broken, was still good enough to make a tolerable devil. And, therefore every reader will observe, that the arguments for Popery are much the strongest of any in his book, as I shall further remark when I find them in my way.

There is one circumstance in his title-page, which I take to be not amiss, where he calleth his book, "Part the First." This is a project to fright away answerers, and make the poor advocates for religion believe, he still keepeth further vengeance in *petto*. It must be allowed, he hath not wholly lost time, while he was of the Romish communion. This very trick he learned from his old father, the Pope; whose custom it is to lift up his hand, and threaten to fulminate, when he never meant to shoot his bolts; because the princes of Christendom had learned the secret to avoid or despise them. Dr. Hickes knew this very well, and therefore, in his answer to this "Book of Rights," where a second part is threatened, like a rash person he desperately crieth, "Let it come." But I, who have not too much phlegm to provoke angry wits of his standard, must tell the author, that the doctor plays the wag, as if he were sure, it were all grimace. For my part, I declare, if he writeth a second part, I will not write another answer; or, if I do, it shall be published, before the other part cometh out.

4: Tindal did, however, attempt to maintain his ground against his numerous opponents, in "A Defence of the Rights of the Christian Church, against a late Visitation Sermon, 8vo. 1707;" and also in "A Second Defence of the Rights of the Christian Church considered, in two late Indictments against a Bookseller and His Servant, for selling one of the said Books, 1707." [T. S.]]

There may have been another motive, although it be hardly credible, both for publishing this work, and threatening a second part: It is not soon conceived how far the sense of a man's vanity will transport him. This man must have somewhere heard, that dangerous enemies have been often bribed to silence with money or preferment: And, therefore, to shew how formidable he is, he hath published his first essay; and, in hopes of hire to be quiet, hath frighted us with his design of another. What must the clergy do in these unhappy circumstances? If they should bestow this man bread enough to stop his mouth, it will but open those of a hundred more, who are every whit as well qualified to rail as he. And truly, when I compare the former enemies to Christianity, such as Socinus, Hobbes, and Spinosa, with such of their successors, as Toland, Asgil, Coward, Gildon, this author of the "Rights," and some others; the church appeareth to me like the sick old lion in the fable, who, after having his person outraged by the bull, the elephant, the horse, and the bear, took nothing so much to heart, as to find himself at last insulted by the spurn of an ass.

5: Laelius Socinus (1525-1562), born at Siena. He studied at Bologna, and in 1546 became a member of a secret freethinking society in Venice. The society, however, was broken up, and Socinus left Italy for Switzerland and Poland. He died at Zurich. His papers were published by his nephew, Faustus Socinus, who founded a sect on the tenets they taught.]

6: Benedict or Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677), born at Amsterdam, of a Portuguese Jewish family. He was excommunicated by his people for atheism. He retired to the Hague and took to making lenses, and the study of philosophy. His "Ethics" and "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" constitute a system of philosophy which has had no little influence on modern thought. See Pollock's "Spinoza."]

7: Charles Gildon (1665-1723-4) was educated at Douay. He printed a book called "The Deist's Manual." For accounts of Coward, Toland, and Asgil, see note, p. 9.] I will now add a few words to give the reader some general notion of the nature and tendency of the work itself.

I think I may assert, without the least partiality, that it is a treatise wholly devoid of wit or learning, under the most violent and weak endeavours and pretences to both. That it is replenished throughout with bold, rude, improbable falsehoods, and gross misinterpretations; and supported by the most impudent sophistry and false logic I have anywhere observed. To this he hath added a paltry, traditional cant of "priestrid" and "priestcraft," without reason or pretext as he applyeth it. And when he raileth at those doctrines in Popery (which no Protestant was ever supposed to believe) he leads the reader, however, by the hand, to make applications against the English clergy, and then he never faileth to triumph, as if he had made a very shrewd and notable stroke. And because the court and kingdom seemeth disposed to moderation with regard to Dissenters, more perhaps than is agreeable to the hot unreasonable temper of some mistaken men among us; therefore under the shelter of that popular opinion, he ridiculeth all that is sound in religion, even Christianity itself, under the names of Jacobite, Tackers, High Church, and other terms of factious jargon. All which, if it were to be first rased from his

book (as just so much of nothing to the purpose) how little would remain to give the trouble of an answer! To which let me add, that the spirit or genius, which animates the whole, is plainly perceived to be nothing else but the abortive malice of an old neglected man, who hath long lain under the extremes of obloquy, poverty and contempt; that have soured his temper, and made him fearless. But where is the merit of being bold, to a man that is secure of impunity to his person, and is past apprehension of anything else? He that hath neither reputation nor bread hath very little to lose, and hath therefore as little to fear. And, as it is usually said, "Whoever values not his own life, is master of another man's;" so there is something like it in reputation: He that is wholly lost to all regards of truth or modesty, may scatter so much calumny and scandal, that some part may perhaps be taken up before it fall to the ground; because the ill talent of the world is such, that those who will be at pains enough to inform themselves in a malicious story, will take none at all to be undeceived, nay, will be apt with some reluctance to admit a favourable truth.

8: Tindal was not an old man at the time Swift wrote, certainly not older than was Swift himself. [T. S.]]

To expostulate, therefore, with this author for doing mischief to religion, is to strew his bed with roses; he will reply in triumph, that this was his design; and I am loth to mortify him, by asserting he hath done none at all. For I never yet saw so poor an atheistical scribble, which would not serve as a twig for sinking libertines to catch at. It must be allowed in their behalf, that the faith of Christians is not as a grain of mustard seed in comparison of theirs, which can remove such mountains of absurdities, and submit with so entire a resignation to such apostles. If these men had any share of that reason they pretend to, they would retire into Christianity, merely to give it ease. And therefore men can never be confirmed in such doctrines, until they are confirmed in their vices; which last, as we have already observed, is the principal design of this and all other writers against revealed religion.

I am now opening the book which I propose to examine. An employment, as it is entirely new to me, so it is that to which, of all others, I have naturally the greatest antipathy. And, indeed, who can dwell upon a tedious piece of insipid thinking, and false reasoning, so long as I am likely to do, without sharing the infection?

But, before I plunge into the depths of the book itself, I must be forced to wade through the shallows of a long preface.

This preface, large as we see it, is only made up of such supernumerary arguments against an independent power in the church, as he could not, without nauseous repetition, scatter into the body of his book: And it is detached, like a forlorn hope, to blunt the enemy's sword that intendeth to attack him. Now, I think, it will be easy to prove, that the opinion of *imperium in imperio*, in the sense he chargeth it upon the clergy of England, is what no one divine of any reputation, and very few at all, did ever maintain; and, that

their universal sentiment in this matter is such as few Protestants did ever dispute. But, if the author of the "Regale," or two or three more obscure writers, have carried any points further than Scripture and reason will allow, (which is more than I know, or shall trouble myself to enquire) the clergy of England is no more answerable for those, than the laity is for all the folly and impertinence of this treatise. And, therefore, that people may not be amused, or think this man is somewhat, that he hath advanced or defended any oppressed truths, or overthrown any growing dangerous errors, I will set in as clear a light as I can, what I conceive to be held by the established clergy and all reasonable Protestants in this matter.

Everybody knows and allows, that in all government there is an absolute, unlimited, legislative power, which is originally in the body of the people, although, by custom, conquest, usurpation, or other accidents, sometimes fallen into the hands of one or a few. This in England is placed in the three estates (otherwise called the two Houses of Parliament) in conjunction with the King. And whatever they please to enact or to repeal in the settled forms, whether it be ecclesiastical or civil, immediately becometh law or nullity. Their decrees may be against equity, truth, reason and religion, but they are not against law; because law is the will of the supreme legislature, and that is, themselves. And there is no manner of doubt, but the same authority, whenever it pleaseth, may abolish Christianity, and set up the Jewish, Mahometan, or heathen religion. In short, they may do anything within the compass of human power. And, therefore, who will dispute that the same law, which deprived the church not only of lands, misapplied to superstitious uses, but even the tithes and glebes, (the ancient and necessary support of parish priests) may take away all the rest, whenever the lawgivers please, and make the priesthood as primitive, as this writer, or others of his stamp, can desire.

But as the supreme power can certainly do ten thousand things more than it ought, so there are several things which some people may think it can do, although it really cannot. For, it unfortunately happens, that edicts which cannot be executed, will not alter the nature of things. So, if a king and parliament should please to enact, that a woman who hath been a month married, is *virgo intacta*, would that actually restore her to her primitive state? If the supreme power should resolve a corporal of dragoons to be a doctor of divinity, law or physic, few, I believe, would trust their souls, fortunes, or bodies to his direction; because that power is neither fit to judge or teach those qualifications which are absolutely necessary to the several professions. Put the case that walking on the slack rope were the only talent required by act of parliament for making a man a bishop; no doubt, when a man had done his feat of activity in form, he might sit in the House of Lords, put on his robes and his rochet, go down to his palace, receive and spend his rents; but it requireth very little Christianity to believe this tumbler to be one whit more a bishop than he was before; because the law of God hath otherwise decreed; which law, although a nation may refuse to receive it, cannot alter in its own

nature.

And here lies the mistake of this superficial man, who is not able to distinguish between what the civil power can hinder, and what it can do. "If the parliament can annul ecclesiastical laws, they must be able to make them, since no greater power is required for one than the other." See pref., p. viii. This consequence he repeateth above twenty times, and always in the wrong. He affecteth to form a few words into the shape and size of a maxim, then trieth it by his ear, and, according as he likes the sound or cadence, pronounceth it true. Cannot I stand over a man with a great pole, and hinder him from making a watch, although I am not able to make one myself. If I have strength enough to knock a man on the head, doth it follow I can raise him to life again? The parliament may condemn all the Greek and Roman authors; can it therefore create new ones in their stead? They may make laws, indeed, and call them canon and ecclesiastical laws, and oblige all men to observe them under pain of high treason. And so may I, who love as well as any man to have in my own family the power in the last resort, take a turnip, then tie a string to it, and call it a watch, and turn away all my servants, if they refuse to call it so too.

For my own part, I must confess that this opinion of the independent power of the Church, or *imperium in imperio*, wherewith this writer raiseth such a dust, is what I never imagined to be of any consequence, never once heard disputed among divines, nor remember to have read, otherwise than as a scheme in one or two authors of middle rank, but with very little weight laid on it. And I dare believe, there is hardly one divine in ten that ever once thought of this matter. Yet to see a large swelling volume written only to encounter this doctrine, what could one think less than that the whole body of the clergy were perpetually tiring the press and the pulpit with nothing else?

I remember some years ago, a virtuoso writ a small tract about worms, proved them to be in more places than was generally observed, and made some discoveries by glasses. This having met with some reception, presently the poor man's head was full of nothing but worms; all we eat and drink, all the whole consistence of human bodies, and those of every other animal, the very air we breathe, in short, all nature throughout was nothing but worms: And, by that system, he solved all difficulties, and from thence all causes in philosophy. Thus it hath fared with our author, and his independent power. The attack against occasional conformity, the scarcity of coffee, the invasion of Scotland, the loss of kerseys and narrow cloths, the death of King William, the author's turning Papist for preferment, the loss of the battle of Almanza, with ten thousand other misfortunes, are all owing to this *imperium in imperio*.

It will be therefore necessary to set this matter in a clear light, by enquiring whether the clergy have any power independent of the civil, and of what nature it is.

Whenever the Christian religion was embraced by the civil power in any

nation, there is no doubt but the magistrates and senates were fully instructed in the rudiments of it. Besides, the Christians were so numerous, and their worship so open before the conversion of princes, that their discipline, as well as doctrine, could not be a secret: They saw plainly a subordination of ecclesiastics, bishops, priests, and deacons: That these had certain powers and employments different from the laity: That the bishops were consecrated, and set apart for that office by those of their own order: That the presbyters and deacons were differently set apart, always by the bishops: That none but the ecclesiastics presumed to pray or preach in places set apart for God's worship, or to administer the Lord's Supper: That all questions relating either to discipline or doctrine, were determined in ecclesiastical conventions. These and the like doctrines and practices, being most of them directly proved, and the rest by very fair consequences deduced from the words of our Saviour and His apostles, were certainly received as a divine law by every prince or state which admitted the Christian religion: and, consequently, what they could not justly alter afterwards, any more than the common laws of nature. And, therefore, although the supreme power can hinder the clergy or Church from making any new canons, or executing the old; from consecrating bishops, or refuse those that they do consecrate; or, in short, from performing any ecclesiastical office, as they may from eating, drinking, and sleeping; yet they cannot themselves perform those offices, which are assigned to the clergy by our Saviour and His apostles; or, if they do, it is not according to the divine institution, and, consequently, null and void. Our Saviour telleth us, "His kingdom is not of this world;" and therefore, to be sure, the world is not of His kingdom, nor can ever please Him by interfering in the administration of it, since He hath appointed ministers of His own, and hath empowered and instructed them for that purpose: So that, I believe, the clergy, who, as he sayeth, are good at distinguishing, would think it reasonable to distinguish between their power, and the liberty of exercising this power. The former they claim immediately from Christ, and the latter from the permission, connivance, or authority of the civil government; with which the clergy's power, according to the solution I have given, cannot possibly interfere.

But this writer, setting up to form a system upon stale, scanty topics, and a narrow circle of thought, falleth into a thousand absurdities. And for a further help, he hath a talent of rattling out phrases, which seem to have sense, but have none at all: the usual fate of those who are ignorant of the force and compass of words, without which it is impossible for a man to write either pertinently or intelligibly upon the most obvious subjects.

So, in the beginning of his preface, page iv, he says, "The Church of England being established by acts of parliament, is a perfect creature of the civil power; I mean the polity and discipline of it, and it is that which maketh all the contention; for as to the doctrines expressed in the articles, I do not find high church to be in any manner of pain; but they who lay claim to most orthodoxy can distinguish themselves out of them." It is observable in this

author, that his style is naturally harsh and ungrateful to the ear, and his expressions mean and trivial; but whenever he goeth about to polish a period, you may be certain of some gross defect in propriety or meaning: So the lines just quoted seem to run easily over the tongue: and, upon examination, they are perfect nonsense and blunder: To speak in his own borrowed phrase, what is contained in the idea of established? Surely, not existence. Doth establishment give being to a thing? He might have said the same thing of Christianity in general, or the existence of God, since both are confirmed by acts of parliament. But, the best is behind: for, in the next line, having named the church half a dozen times before, he now says, he meaneth only "the polity and discipline of it": As if, having spoke in praise of the art of physic, a man should explain himself, that he meant only the institution of a college of physicians into a president and fellows. And it will appear, that this author, however versed in the practice, hath grossly transgressed the rules of nonsense, (whose property it is neither to affirm nor deny) since every visible assertion gathered from those few lines is absolutely false: For where was the necessity of excepting the doctrines expressed in the articles, since these are equally creatures of the civil power, having been established by acts of parliament as well as the others. But the Church of England is no creature of the civil power, either as to its polity or doctrines. The fundamentals of both were deduced from Christ and His apostles, and the instructions of the purest and earliest ages, and were received as such by those princes or states who embraced Christianity, whatever prudential additions have been made to the former by human laws, which alone can be justly altered or annulled by them.

What I have already said, would, I think, be a sufficient answer to his whole preface, and indeed to the greatest part of his book, which is wholly turned upon battering down a sort of independent power in the clergy; which few or none of them ever claimed or defended. But there being certain peculiarities in this preface, that very much set off the wit, the learning, the raillery, reasoning and sincerity of the author; I shall take notice of some of them, as I pass.

But here, I hope, it will not be expected, that I should bestow remarks upon every passage in this book, that is liable to exception for ignorance, falsehood, dulness, or malice. Where he is so insipid, that nothing can be struck out for the reader's entertainment, I shall observe Horace's rule:

"Quae desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas."

Upon which account I shall say nothing of that great instance of his candour and judgment in relation to Dr. Stillingfleet, who (happening to lie under his displeasure upon the fatal test of *imperium in imperio*) is High Church and Jacobite, took the oaths of allegiance to save him from the gallows, and subscribed the articles only to keep his preferment: Whereas the character of that prelate is universally known to have been directly the reverse of what this writer gives him.

9: Edward Stillingfleet (1635-1699), educated at Cambridge, wrote in 1659 his "Irenicum, or Weapon Salve for the Church's

Wounds." He also published a "Rational Account of the Protestant Religion" in 1664. He occupied successively the important clerical offices of Prebendary of St. Paul's, Archdeaconry of London, Deanery of St. Paul's, and Bishopric of Worcester. The later years of his life were occupied in a controversy with Locke on that writer's "Essay on the Human Understanding." [T. S.]]

10: Page v, he quotes Bishop Stillingfleet's "Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity," where the bishop says, that a man might be very right in the belief of an article, though mistaken in the explication of it. Upon which Tindal observes: "These men treat the articles, as they do the oath of allegiance, which, they say, obliges them not actually to assist the government, but to do nothing against it; that is, nothing that would bring 'em to the gallows." [Note in edition 1764, 4to.]]

But before he can attempt to ruin this damnable opinion of two independent powers, he telleth us; page vi., "It will be necessary to shew what is contained in the idea of government" Now, it is to be understood, that this refined way of speaking was introduced by Mr. Locke; after whom the author limpeth as fast as he is able. All the former philosophers in the world, from the age of Socrates to ours, would have ignorantly put the question, *Quid est imperium*? But now it seemeth we must vary our phrase; and, since our modern improvement of human understanding, instead of desiring a philosopher to describe or define a mouse-trap, or tell me what it is; I must gravely ask, what is contained in the idea of a mouse-trap? But then to observe how deeply this new way of putting questions to a man's self, maketh him enter into the nature of things; his present business is to show us, what is contained in the idea of government. The company knoweth nothing of the matter, and would gladly be instructed; which he doth in the following words, p. 5.

"It would be in vain for one intelligent being to pretend to set rules to the actions of another, if he had it not in his power to reward the compliance with, or punish the deviations from, his rules by some good, or evil, which is not the natural consequence of those actions; since the forbidding men to do or forbear an action on the account of that convenience or inconvenience which attendeth it, whether he who forbids it will or no, can be no more than advice."

I shall not often draw such long quotations as this, which I could not forbear to offer as a specimen of the propriety and perspicuity of this author's style. And, indeed, what a light breaketh out upon us all, as soon as we have read these words! How thoroughly are we instructed in the whole nature of government? What mighty truths are here discovered; and how clearly conveyed to our understandings? And therefore let us melt this refined jargon into the old style for the improvement of such, who are not enough conversant in the new.

If the author were one who used to talk like one of us, he would have spoke in this manner: "I think it necessary to give a full and perfect definition of government, such as will shew the nature and all the properties of it; and my definition is thus: One man will never cure another of stealing horses, merely by minding him of the pains he hath taken, the cold he hath got, and the shoe-leather he hath lost in stealing that horse; nay, to warn him, that the horse may kick or fling him, or cost him more than he is worth in hay and

oats, can be no more than advice. For the gallows is not the natural effect of robbing on the highway, as heat is of fire: and therefore, if you will govern a man, you must find out some other way of punishment, than what he will inflict upon himself."

Or, if this will not do, let us try it in another case (which I instanced before) and in his own terms. Suppose he had thought it necessary (and I think it was as much so as the other) to shew us what is contained in the idea of a mousetrap, he must have proceeded in these terms. "It would be in vain for an intelligent being, to set rules for hindering a mouse from eating his cheese, unless he can inflict upon that mouse some punishment, which, is not the natural consequence of eating the cheese. For, to tell her, it may lie heavy on her stomach; that she will grow too big to get back into her hole, and the like, can be no more than advice: therefore, we must find out some way of punishing her, which hath more inconveniences than she will ever suffer by the mere eating of cheese." After this, who is so slow of understanding, as not to have in his mind a full and complete idea of a mouse-trap? Well. — The Free thinkers may talk what they please of pedantry, and cant, and jargon of schoolmen, and insignificant terms in the writings of the clergy, if ever the most perplexed and perplexing follower of Aristotle from Scotus to Suarez could be a match for this author.

11: Duns Scotus flourished in the thirteenth century. He studied at Oxford and Paris, and his learning and acumen in reasoning earned for him the title *The Subtle Doctor*. He died at Cologne in 1308. He was a strong upholder of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. His works are published in twelve volumes folio.

Francis Suarez (1548-1617) was a Spanish Jesuit who wrote a work by command of the Pope against the English Reformation. He published some very able religio-philosophical treatises, from the Roman Catholic point of view; but, indeed, his writings altogether were enormous, so far as their number are concerned. [T. S.]]

But the strength of his arguments is equal to the clearness of his definitions. For, having most ignorantly divided government into three parts, whereof the first contains the other two; he attempteth to prove that the clergy possess none of these by a divine right. And he argueth thus, p. vii. "As to a legislative power, if that belongs to the clergy by a divine right, it must be when they are assembled in convocation: but the 25 Hen. VIII. c. 19 is a bar to any such divine right, because that act makes it no less than a *praemunire* for them, so much so as to meet without the king's writ, &c." So that the force of his argument lieth here; if the clergy had a divine right, it is taken away by the 25th of Henry the Eighth. And as ridiculous as this argument is, the preface and book are founded upon it.

Another argument against the legislative power in the clergy of England, is, p. viii. that Tacitus telleth us; that in great affairs, the Germans consulted the whole body of the people. "*De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes: Ita tamen, ut ea quoque, quorum penes plebem arbitrium est, apud principes pertractentur." — Tacitus de Moribus et Populis*

Germaniae. Upon which Tindal observeth thus: "*De majoribus omnes*, was a fundamental amongst our ancestors long before they arrived in Great Britain, and matters of religion were ever reckoned among their *majora*." (See Pref. p. viii. and ix.) Now it is plain, that our ancestors, the Saxons, came from Germany: It is likewise plain, that religion was always reckoned by the heathens among their *majora*: And it is plain, the whole body of the people could not be the clergy, and therefore, the clergy of England have no legislative power.

Thirdly, p. ix. They have no legislative power, because Mr. Washington, in his "Observations on the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of the Kings of England," sheweth, from "undeniable authorities, that in the time of William the Conqueror, and several of his successors, there were no laws enacted concerning religion, but by the great council of the kingdom." I hope, likewise, Mr. Washington observeth that this great council of the kingdom, as appeareth by undeniable authorities, was sometimes entirely composed of bishops and clergy, and called the parliament, and often consulted upon affairs of state, as well as church, as it is agreed by twenty writers of three ages; and if Mr. Washington says otherwise, he is an author just fit to be quoted by beaux.

Fourthly, — But it is endless to pursue this matter any further; in that, it is plain, the clergy have no divine right to make laws; because Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Elizabeth, with their parliaments will not allow it them. Now, without examining what divine right the clergy have, or how far it extendeth; is it any sort of proof that I have no right, because a stronger power will not let me exercise it? Or doth all, that this author says through his preface, or book itself, offer any other sort of argument but this, or what he deduces the same way?

But his arguments and definitions are yet more supportable than the grossness of historical remarks, which are scattered so plentifully in his book, that it would be tedious to enumerate, or to shew the fraud and ignorance of them. I beg the reader's leave to take notice of one here just in my way; and, the rather, because I design for the future to let hundreds of them pass without further notice. "When," says he, p. x. "by the abolishing of the Pope's power, things were brought back to their ancient channel, the parliament's right in making ecclesiastical laws revived of course." What can possibly be meant by this "ancient channel?" Why, the channel that things ran in before the Pope had any power in England: that is to say, before Austin the monk converted England, before which time, it seems, the parliament had a right to make ecclesiastical laws. And what parliament could this be? Why, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons met at Westminster.

I cannot here forbear reproving the folly and pedantry of some lawyers, whose opinions this poor creature blindly followeth, and rendereth yet more absurd by his comments. The knowledge of our constitution can be only attained by consulting the earliest English histories, of which those gentlemen

seem utterly ignorant, further than a quotation or an index. They would fain derive our government as now constituted, from antiquity: And, because they have seen Tacitus quoted for his *majoribus omnes*; and have read of the Goths' military institution in their progresses and conquests, they presently dream of a parliament. Had their reading reached so far, they might have deduced it much more fairly from Aristotle and Polybius, who both distinctly name the composition of *rex, seniores, et populus*; and the latter, as I remember particularly, with the highest approbation. The princes, in the Saxon Heptarchy, did indeed call their nobles sometimes together upon weighty affairs, as most other princes of the world have done in all ages. But they made war and peace, and raised money by their own authority: They gave or mended laws by their charters, and they raised armies by their tenures. Besides, some of those kingdoms fell in by conquests, before England was reduced under one head, and therefore could pretend no rights, but by the concessions of the conqueror.

Further, which is more material, upon the admission of Christianity, great quantities of land were acquired by the clergy, so that the great council of the nation was often entirely of churchmen, and ever a considerable part. But, our present constitution is an artificial thing, not fairly to be traced, in my opinion, beyond Henry I. Since which time it hath in every age admitted several alterations; and differeth now as much, even from what it was then, as almost any two species of government described by Aristotle. And, it would be much more reasonable to affirm, that the government of Rome continued the same under Justinian, as it was in the time of Scipio, because the senate and consuls still remained, although the power of both had been several hundred years transferred to the emperors.

REMARKS ON THE PREFACE.

12: References to Tindal's book, and remarks upon it, which the author left thus indigested, being hints for himself to use in answering the said book.]

Page iv, v. "If men of opposite sentiments can subscribe the same articles, they are as much at liberty as if there were none." May not a man subscribe the whole articles, because he differs from another in the explication of one? How many oaths are prescribed, that men may differ in the explication of some part of them? Instance, &c.

Page vi. "Idea of Government." A canting pedantic way, learned from Locke; and how prettily he sheweth it. Instance —

Page vii, "25 Hen. VIII. c. 19 is a bar to any such divine right [of a legislative power in the clergy.]" Absurd to argue against the clergy's divine right, because of the statute of Henry VIII. How doth that destroy divine

right? The sottish way of arguing; from what the parliament can do; from their power, &c.

Page viii. “If the parliament did not think they had a plenitude of power in this matter, they would not have damned all the canons of 1640.” What doth he mean? A grave divine could not answer all his playhouse and Alsatia cant, &c. He hath read Hudibras, and many plays.

13: Or Whitefriars, then a place of asylum, and frequented by sharpers, of whose gibberish there are several specimens in Shadwell’s comedy, “The Squire of Alsatia.” [T. S.]]

Ibid. “If the parliament can annul ecclesiastical laws, they must be able to make them.” Distinguish, and shew the silliness, &c.

Ibid. All that he saith against the discipline, he might say the same against the doctrine, nay, against the belief of a God, *viz.* That the legislature might forbid it. The Church formeth and contriveth canons; and the civil power, which is compulsive, confirms them.

Page ix. “There were no laws enacted but by the great council of the kingdom.” And that was very often, chiefly, only bishops.

Ibid. “Laws settled by parliament to punish the clergy.” What laws were those?

Page x. “The people are bound to no laws but of their own choosing.” It is fraudulent; for they may consent to what others choose, and so people often do.

Page xiv. paragraph 6. “The clergy are not supposed to have any divine legislature, because that must be superior to all worldly power; and then the clergy might as well forbid the parliament to meet but when and where they please, &c.” No such consequence at all. They have a power exclusive from all others. Ordained to act as clergy, but not govern in civil affairs; nor act without leave of the civil power.

Page xxv. “The parliament suspected the love of power natural to churchmen.” Truly, so is the love of pudding, and most other things desirable in this life; and in that they are like the laity, as in all other things that are not good. And, therefore, they are held not in esteem for what they are like in, but for their virtues. The true way to abuse them with effect, is to tell us some faults of theirs, that other men have not, or not so much of as they, &c. Might not any man speak full as bad of senates, diets, and parliaments, as he can do about councils; and as bad of princes, as he does of bishops?

Page xxxi. “They might as well have made Cardinals Campegi and de Chinuchii, Bishops of Salisbury and Worcester, as have enacted that their several sees and bishoprics were utterly void.” No. The legislature might determine who should not be a bishop there, but not make a bishop.

Ibid. “Were not a great number deprived by parliament upon the Restoration?” Does he mean presbyters? What signifies that?

Ibid. “Have they not trusted this power with our princes?” Why, aye. But that argueth not right, but power. Have they not cut off a king’s head, &c. The

Church must do the best they can, if not what they would.

Page xxxvi. “If tithes and first-fruits are paid to spiritual persons as such, the king or queen is the most spiritual person, &c.” As if the first-fruits, &c. were paid to the king, as tithes to a spiritual person.

Page xliii. “King Charles II. thought fit that the bishops in Scotland should hold their bishoprics during will and pleasure; I do not find that the High Church complained of this as an encroachment, &c.” No; but as a pernicious counsel of Lord Loch.

14: Scott thinks this refers to Lord Lauderdale. [T.S.]]

Page xliv. “The common law judges have a power to determine, whether a man has a legal right to the sacrament.” They pretend it, but what we complain of as most abominable hardship, &c.

Page xlv. “Giving men thus blindly to the devil, is an extraordinary piece of complaisance to a lay chancellor.” He is something in the right; and therefore it is a pity there are any; and I hope the Church will provide against it. But if the sentence be just, it is not the person, but the contempt. And, if the author attacketh a man on the highway, and taketh but twopence, he shall be sent to the gallows, more terrible to him than the devil, for his contempt of the law, &c. Therefore he need not complain of being sent to hell.

Page xliv. Mr. Leslie may carry things too far, as it is natural, because the other extreme is so great. But what he says of the king’s losses, since the Church lands were given away, is too great a truth, &c.

Page lxxvi. “To which I have nothing to plead, except the zeal I have for the Church of England.” You will see some pages further, what he meaneth by the Church; but it is not fair not to begin with telling us what is contained in the idea of a Church, &c.

Page lxxxiii. “They will not be angry with me for thinking better of the Church than they do, &c.” No, but they will differ from you; because the worse the Queen is pleased, you think her better. I believe the Church will not concern themselves much about your opinion of them, &c.

Page lxxxiv. “But the Popish, Eastern, Presbyterian and Jacobite clergy, &c.” This is like a general pardon, with such exceptions as make it useless, if we compute it, &c.

Page lxxxvii. “Misapplying of the word church, &c.” This is cavilling. No doubt his project is for exempting the people: But that is not what in common speech we usually mean by the Church. Besides, who doth not know that distinction?

Ibid. “Constantly apply the same ideas to them.” This is, in old English, meaning the same thing.

Page lxxxix. “Demonstrates I could have no design but the promoting of truth, &c.” Yes, several designs, as money, spleen, atheism, &c. What? will any man think truth was his design, and not money and malice? Doth he expect the House will go into a committee for a bill to bring things to his

scheme, to confound everything, &c.

Some deny Tindal to be the author, and produce stories of his dulness and stupidity. But what is there in all this book, that the dullest man in England might not write, if he were angry and bold enough, and had no regard to truth?

REMARKS UPON THE BOOK, &c.

Page 4. "Whether Lewis XIV. has such a power over Philip V?" He speaketh here of the unlimited, uncontrollable authority of fathers. A very foolish question; and his discourse hitherto, of government, weak and trivial, and liable to objections.

Ibid. "Whom he is to consider not as his own, but the Almighty's workmanship." A very likely consideration for the Ideas of the state of nature. A very wrong deduction of paternal government; but that is nothing to the dispute, &c.

Page 12. "And as such might justly be punished by every one in the state of nature." False; he doth not seem to understand the state of nature, although he hath borrowed it from Hobbes, &c.

Page 14. "Merely speculative points, and other indifferent things, &c." And why are speculative opinions so insignificant? Do not men proceed in their practice according to their speculations? So, if the author were a chancellor and one of his speculations were, that the poorer the clergy the better; would not that be of great use, if a cause came before him of tithes or Church lands?

Ibid. "Which can only be known by examining whether men had any power in the state of nature over their own, or others' actions in these matters." No, that is a wrong method, unless where religion hath not been revealed; in natural religion.

Ibid. "Nothing at first sight can be more obvious, than that in all religious matters, none could make over the right of judging for himself, since that would cause his religion to be absolutely at the disposal of another." At his rate of arguing (I think I do not misrepresent him, and I believe he will not deny the consequence) a man may profess Heathenism, Mahometism, &c. and gain as many proselytes as he can; and they may have their assemblies, and the magistrate ought to protect them, provided they do not disturb the state: And they may enjoy all secular preferments, be lords chancellors, judges, &c. But there are some opinions in several religions, which, although they do not directly make men rebel, yet lead to it. Instance some. Nay we might have temples for idols, &c. A thousand such absurdities follow from his general notions, and ill-digested schemes. And we see in the Old Testament, that kings were reckoned good or ill, as they suffered or hindered image-worship and idolatry, &c. which was limiting conscience.

Page 15. "Men may form what clubs, companies, or meetings they think fit, &c, which the magistrate, as long as the public sustains no damage, cannot hinder, &c." This is false; although the public sustain no damage, they will forbid clubs, where they think danger may happen.

Page 16. “The magistrate is as much obliged to protect them in the way they choose of worshipping Him, as in any other indifferent matter.” — Page 17. “The magistrate to treat all his subjects alike, how much soever they differ from him or one another in these matters.” This shews, that although they be Turks, Jews, or Heathens, it is so. But we are sure Christianity is the only true religion, &c. and therefore it should be the magistrate’s chief care to propagate it; and that God should be worshipped in that that those who are the teachers think most proper, &c.

Page 18. “So that persecution is the most comprehensive of all crimes, &c.” But he hath not told us what is concluded in the idea of persecution. State it right.

Ibid. “But here it may be demanded, If a man’s conscience make him do such acts, &c.” This doth not answer the above objection: For, if the public be not disturbed with atheistical principles preached, nor immoralities, all is well. So that still, men may be Jews, Turks, &c.

Page 22. “The same reason which obliges them to make statutes of mortmain, and other laws, against the people’s giving estates to the clergy, will equally hold for their taking them away when given.” A great security for property! Will this hold to any other society in the state, as merchants, &c. or only to ecclesiastics? A pretty project: Forming general schemes requires a deeper head than this man’s.

Ibid. “But the good of the society being the only reason of the magistrate’s having any power over men’s properties, I cannot see why he should deprive his subjects of any part thereof, for the maintenance of such opinions as have no tendency that way, &c.” Here is a paragraph (*vide* also *infra*) which has a great deal in it. The meaning is, that no man ought to pay tithes, who doth not believe what the minister preacheth. But how came they by this property? When they purchased the land, they paid only for so much; and the tithes were exempted. It is an older title than any man’s estate is, and if it were taken away to-morrow, it could not without a new law belong to the owners of the other nine parts, any more than impropriations do.

Ibid. “For the maintenance of such opinions, as no ways contribute to the public good,” By such opinions as the public receive no advantage by, he must mean Christianity.

Page 23. “Who by reason of such articles are divided into different sects.” A pretty cause of sects! &c.

Page 24. “So the same reason as often as it occurs, will oblige him to leave that Church.” This is an excuse for his turning Papist.

Ibid. “Unless you suppose churches like traps, easy to admit one; but when once he is in, there he must always stick, either for the pleasure or profit of the trap-setters.” Remark his wit.

Page 29. “Nothing can be more absurd than maintaining there must be two independent powers in the same society.” This is abominably absurd; shew it.

Page 33. “The whole hierarchy as built on it, must necessarily fall to the ground, and great will be the fall of this spiritual Babylon.” I will do him justice, and take notice, when he is witty, &c.

Page 36. “For if there may be two such [independent powers] in every society on earth, why may there not be more than one in heaven?” A delicate consequence.

Page 37. “Without having the less, he could not have the greater, in which that is contained.” Sophistical; instance wherein.

Page 42. “Some since, subtler than the Jews, have managed commutations more to their own advantage, by enriching themselves, and beggaring, if Fame be not a liar, many an honest dissenter.” It is fair to produce witnesses, is she a liar or not? The report is almost impossible. Commutations were contrived for roguish registers and proctors, and lay chancellors, but not for the clergy.

Page 43. “Kings and people, who (as the Indians do the Devil) adored the Pope out of fear.” I am in doubt, whether I shall allow that for wit or no, &c. Look you, in these cases, preface it thus: If one may use an old saying.

Page 44. “One reason why the clergy make what they call schism, to be so heinous a sin.” There it is now; because he hath changed churches, he ridiculeth schism; as Milton wrote for divorces, because he had an ill wife. For ten pages on, we must give the true answer, that makes all these arguments of no use.

Page 60. “It possibly will be said, I have all this while been doing these gentlemen a great deal of wrong.” To do him justice, he sets forth the objections of his adversaries with great strength, and much to their advantage. No doubt those are the very objections we would offer.

Page 68. “Their executioner.” He is fond of this word in many places, yet there is nothing in it further than it is the name for the hangman, &c.

Page 69. “Since they exclude both from having anything in the ordering of Church matters.” Another part of his scheme: For by this the people ought to execute ecclesiastical offices without distinction, for he brings the other opinion as an absurd one.

Page 72, “They claim a judicial power, and, by virtue of it the government of the Church, and thereby (pardon the expression) become traitors both to God and man.” Who doth he desire to pardon him? or is this meant of the English clergy? So it seemeth. Doth he desire them to pardon him? They do it as Christians. Doth he desire the government to do it? But then how can they make examples? He says, the clergy do so, &c. so he means all.

Page 74. “I would gladly know what they mean by giving the Holy Ghost.” Explain what is really meant by giving the Holy Ghost, like a king empowering an ambassador.

15: See Hooker’s “Eccl. Pol.,” book v. § 77.]

Page 76. “The Popish clergy make very bold with the Three Persons of the Trinity.” Why then, don’t mix them, but we see whom this glanceth on most. As to the *Congé d’Élire*, and *Nolo episcopari*, not so absurd; and, if omitted, why changed.

Page 78. “But not to digress” — Pray, doth he call scurrility upon the clergy, a digression? The apology needless, &c.

Ibid. “A clergyman, it is said, is God’s ambassador.” But you know an ambassador may have a secretary, &c.

Ibid. “Call their pulpit speeches, the word of God.” That is a mistake.

Page 79. “Such persons to represent Him.” Are not they that own His power, fitter to represent Him than others? Would the author be a fitter person?

Ibid. “Puffed up with intolerable pride and insolence.” Not at all; for where is the pride to be employed by a prince, whom so few own, and whose being is disputed by such as this author?

Ibid. “Perhaps from a poor servitor, &c. to be a prime minister in God’s kingdom.” That is right. God taketh notice of the difference between poor servitors, &c. Extremely foolish — shew it. The argument lieth strongly against the apostles, poor fishermen; and St. Paul, a tentmaker. So gross and idle!

Page 80. “The formality of laying hand over head on a man.” A pun; but an old one. I remember, when Swan made that pun first, he was severely checked for it.

16: Captain Swan was a celebrated low humorist and punster who frequented Will’s Coffee-house when it was the fashionable resort of men of wit and pleasure. [T. S.]]

Ibid. “What more is required to give one a right, &c.” Here shew, what power is in the church, and what in the state to make priests.

Page 85. “To bring men into, and not turn them out of the ordinary way of salvation.” Yes; but as one rotten sheep doth mischief — and do you think it reasonable, that such a one as this author, should converse with Christians, and weak ones.

Page 86. See his fine account of spiritual punishment.

Page 87. “The clergy affirm, that if they had not the power to exclude men from the Church, its unity could not be preserved.” So to expel an ill member from a college, would be to divide the college; as in All-Souls, &c. Apply it to him.

17: Tindal was a fellow of All Souls College. [T. S.]]

Page 88. “I cannot see but it is contrary to the rules of charity, to exclude men from the Church, &c.” All this turns upon the falsest reasoning in the world. So, if a man be imprisoned for stealing a horse, he is hindered from other duties: And, you might argue, that a man who doth ill, ought to be more diligent in minding other duties, and not to be debarred from them. It is for

contumacy and rebellion against that power in the church, which the law hath confirmed. So a man is outlawed for a trifle, upon contumacy.

Page 92. “Obliging all by penal laws to receive the sacrament.” This is false.

Page 93. “The want of which means can only harden a man in his impenitence.” It is for his being hardened that he is excluded. Suppose a son robbeth his father on the highway, and his father will not see him till he restoreth the money and owneth his fault. It is hard to deny him paying his duty in other things, &c. How absurd this!

Page 95. “And that only *they* had a right to give it.” Another part of his scheme, that the people have a right to give the sacrament. See more of it, pp. 135 and 137.

Page 96. “Made familiar to such practices by the heathen priests.” Well; and this shews the necessity of it for peace’ sake. A silly objection of this and other enemies to religion, to think to disgrace it by applying heathenism, which only concerns the political part wherein they were as wise as others, and might give rules. Instance in some, &c.

Page 98. “How differently from this do the great pretenders to primitive practice act, &c.” This is a remarkable passage. Doth he condemn or allow this mysterious way? It seems the first — and therefore these words are a little turned, but infallibly stood in the first draught as a great argument for Popery.

Page 100. “They dress them up in a *sanbenito*.” So, now we are to answer for the inquisition. One thing is, that he makes the fathers guilty of asserting most of the corruptions about the power of priests.

Page 104. “Some priests assume to themselves an arbitrary power of excluding men from the Lord’s Supper.” His scheme; that any body may administer the sacraments, women or children, &c.

Page 108. “One no more than another can be reckoned a priest.” See his scheme. Here he disgraces what the law enacts, about the manner of consecrating, &c.

Page 118. “Churches serve to worse purposes than bear-gardens.” This from Hudibras.

Page 119. “In the time of that wise heathen Ammianus Marcellinus.”
Here he runs down all Christianity in general.

18: Ammianus Marcellinus (died *c*. 390) wrote a history of Rome in thirty-one books, of which Gibbon thought rather highly. The history may be taken as a continuation of Tacitus and Suetonius. [T.S.]]

Page 120. “I shall, in the following part of my discourse, shew that this doctrine is so far from serving the ends of religion, that, 1. It prevents the spreading of the gospel, &c.” This independent power in the church is like the worms; being the cause of all diseases.

Page 124. “How easily could the Roman emperors have destroyed the

Church?" Just as if he had said; how easily could Herod kill Christ whilst a child, &c.

Page 125. "The people were set against bishops by reason of their tyranny." Wrong. For the bishops were no tyrants: Their power was swallowed up by the Popes, and the people desired they should have more. It were the regulars that tyrannized and formed priestcraft. He is ignorant.

Page 139. "He is not bound by the laws of Christ to leave his friends in order to be baptized, &c." This directly against the Gospel. — One would think him an emissary, by his preaching schism.

Page 142. "Then will the communion of saints be practicable, to which the principles of all parties, the occasional conformists only excepted, stand in direct opposition, &c." So that all are wrong but they. The Scripture is fully against schism. Tindal promoteth it and placeth in it all the present and future happiness of man.

Page 144. All he has hitherto said on this matter, with a very little turn, were arguments for Popery: For, it is certain, that religion had share in very few wars for many hundred years before the Reformation, because they were all of a mind. It is the ambition of rebels, preaching upon the discontents of sectaries, that they are not supreme, which hath caused wars for religion. He is mistaken altogether. His little narrow understanding and want of learning.

Page 145. "Though some say the high-fliers' lives might serve for a very good rule, if men would act quite contrary to them," Is he one of those some? Beside the new turn of wit, &c. all the clergy in England come under his notion of high-fliers, as he states it.

Page 147. "None of them (Churchmen) could be brought to acknowledge it lawful upon any account whatever, to exclude the Duke of York." This account false in fact.

Ibid. "And the body-politic, whether ecclesiastical or civil, must be dealt with after the same manner, as the body-natural." What, because it is called a body, and is a simile, must it hold in all circumstances?

Page 148. "We find all wise legislators have had regard to the tempers, inclinations, and prejudices, &c." This paragraph false. — It was directly contrary in several, as Lycurgus, &c.

Page 152. "All the skill of the prelatists is not able to discover the least distinction between bishop and presbyter." Yet, God knows, this hath been done many a time.

Page 158. "The Epistle to the Philippians is directed to the bishops and deacons, I mean in due order after the people, *viz*, to the saints with their bishops and deacons." I hope he would argue from another place, that the people precede the king, because of these words: "Ye shall be destroyed both you and your king."

Page 167. "The Pope and other great Church dons." I suppose, he meaneth bishops: But I wish, he would explain himself, and not be so very witty in the midst of an argument; it is like two mediums; not fair in disputing.

Page 168. “Clemens Romanus blames the people not for assuming a power, but for making a wrong use of it, &c.” His great error all along is, that he doth not distinguish between a power, and a liberty of exercising that power, &c. I would appeal to any man, whether the clergy have not too little power, since a book like this, that unsettleth foundations and would destroy all, goes unpunished, &c.

Page 171. “By this or some such method the bishops obtained their power over their fellow presbyters, and both over the people. The whole tenor of the Gospel directly contrary to it.” Then it is not an allowable means: This carries it so far as to spoil his own system; it is a sin to have bishops as we have them.

Page 172. “The preservation of peace and unity, and not any divine right, was the reason of establishing a superiority of one of the presbyters over the rest. Otherwise there would, as they say, have been as many schismatics as Presbyters. No great compliment to the clergy of those days.” Why so? It is the natural effect of a worse independency, which he keepeth such a clatter about; an independency of churches on each other, which must naturally create schism.

Page 183. “How could the Christians have asserted the disinterestedness of those who first preached the Gospel, particularly their having a right to the tenth part.” Yes, that would have passed easy enough; for they could not imagine teachers could live on air; and their heathen priests were much more unreasonable.

Page 184. “Men’s suffering for such opinions is not sufficient to support the weight of them.” This is a glance against Christianity. State the case of converting infidels; the converters are supposed few; the bulk of the priests must be of the converted country. It is their own people therefore they maintain. What project or end can a few converters propose? they can leave no power to their families, &c. State this, I say, at length, and give it a true turn. Princes give corporations power to purchase lands.

Page 187. “That it became an easy prey to the barbarous nations.” Ignorance in Tindal. The empire long declined before Christianity was introduced. This a wrong cause, if ever there was one.

Page 190, “It is the clergy’s interest to have religion corrupted.” Quite the contrary; prove it. How is it the interest of the English clergy to corrupt religion? The more justice and piety the people have, the better it is for them; for that would prevent the penury of farmers, and the oppression of exacting covetous landlords, &c. That which hath corrupted religion, is the liberty unlimited of professing all opinions. Do not lawyers render law intricate by their speculations, &c. And physicians, &c.

Page 209. “The spirit and temper of the clergy, &c.” What does this man think the clergy are made of? Answer generally to what he says against councils in the ten pages before. Suppose I should bring quotations in their praise.

Page 211. “As the clergy, though few in comparison of the laity, were the inventors of corruptions.” His scheme is, that the fewer and poorer the clergy the better, and the contrary among the laity. A noble principle; and delicate consequences from it.

Page 207. “Men are not always condemned for the sake of opinions, but opinions sometimes for the sake of men.” And so, he hopes, that if his opinions are condemned, people will think, it is a spite against him, as having been always scandalous.

Page 210. “The meanest layman as good a judge as the greatest priest, for the meanest man is as much interested in the truth of religion as the greatest priest.” As if one should say, the meanest sick man hath as much interest in health as a physician, therefore is as good a judge of physic as a physician, &c.

Ibid. “Had synods been composed of laymen, none of those corruptions which tend to advance the interest of the clergy, &c.” True, but the part the laity had in reforming, was little more than plundering. He should understand, that the nature of things is this, that the clergy are made of men, and, without some encouragement, they will not have the best, but the worst.

Page 215. “They who gave estates to, rather than they who took them from, the clergy, were guilty of sacrilege.” Then the people are the Church, and the clergy not; another part of his scheme.

Page 219. “The clergy, as they subsisted by the alms of the people, &c.” This he would have still. Shew the folly of it. Not possible to shew any civilized nation ever did it Who would be clergymen then? The absurdity appears by putting the case, that none were to be statesmen, lawyers, or physicians, but who were to subsist by alms.

Page 222. “These subtle clergymen work their designs, who lately cut out such a tacking job for them, &c.” He is mistaken — Everybody was for the bill almost: though not for the tack. The Bishop of Sarum was for it, as appears by his speech against it. But it seems, the tacking is owing to metaphysical speculations. I wonder whether is most perplexed, this author in his style, or the writings of our divines. In the judgment of all people our divines have carried practical preaching and writing to the greatest perfection it ever arrived to; which shews, that we may affirm in general, our clergy is excellent, although this or that man be faulty. As if an army be constantly victorious, regular, &c. we may say, it is an excellent victorious army: But Tindal; to disparage it, would say, such a serjeant ran away; such an ensign hid himself in a ditch; nay, one colonel turned his back, therefore, it is a corrupt, cowardly army, &c.

Page 224. “They were as apprehensive of the works of Aristotle, as some men are of the works of a late philosopher, which, they are afraid, will let too much light into the world.” Yet just such, another; only a commentator on Aristotle. People are likely to improve their understanding much with Locke; It is not his “Human Understanding,” but other works that people dislike,

although in that there are some dangerous tenets, as that of [no] innate ideas.

Page 226. “Could they, like the popish priests, add to this a restraint on the press, their business would be done.” So it ought: For example, to hinder his book, because it is written to justify the vices and infidelity of the age. There can be no other design in it. For, is this a way or manner to do good? Railing doth but provoke. The opinion of the whole parliament is, the clergy are too poor.

Ibid. “When some nations could be no longer kept from prying into learning, this miserable gibberish of the schools was contrived.” We have exploded schoolmen as much as he, and in some people’s opinion too much, since the liberty of embracing any opinion is allowed. They following Aristotle, who is doubtless the greatest master of arguing in the world: But it hath been a fashion of late years to explode Aristotle, and therefore this man hath fallen into it like others, for that reason, without understanding him. Aristotle’s poetry, rhetoric, and politics, are admirable, and therefore, it is likely, so are his logics.

Page 230. “In these freer countries, as the clergy have less power, so religion is better understood, and more useful and excellent discourses are made on that subject, &c.” Not generally. Holland not very famous, Spain hath been, and France is. But it requireth more knowledge, than his, to form general rules, which people strain (when ignorant) to false deductions to make them out.

Page 232. Chap. VII. “That this hypothesis of an independent power in any set of clergymen, makes all reformation unlawful, except where those who have this power, do consent.” The title of this chapter, A Truism.

Page 234. “If God has not placed mankind in respect to civil matters under an absolute power, but has permitted them in every society to act as they judge best for their own safety, &c.” Bad parallels; bad politics; want of due distinction between teaching and government. The people may know when they are governed well, but not be wiser than their instructors. Shew the difference.

Ibid. “If God has allowed the civil society these privileges can we suppose He hath less kindness for His church, &c.” Here they are distinguished, then, here it makes for him. It is a sort of turn of expression, which is scarce with him, and he contradicts himself to follow it.

Page 235. “This cursed hypothesis had, perhaps, never been thought on with relation to civils, had not the clergy (who have an inexhaustible magazine of oppressive doctrines) contrived first in ecclesiasticals, &c.” The seventh paragraph furious and false. Were there no tyrants before the clergy, &c.?

Page 236. “Therefore in order to serve them, though I expect little thanks, &c.” And, why so? Will they not, as you say, follow their interest? I thought you said so. He has three or four sprightly turns of this kind, that look, as if he thought he had done wonders, and had put all the clergy in a ferment.

Whereas, I do assure him, there are but two things wonderful in his book: First, how any man in a Christian country could have the boldness and wickedness to write it: And, how any government would neglect punishing the author of it, if not as an enemy of religion, yet a profligate trumpeter of sedition. These are hard words, got by reading his book.

Ibid. "The light of nature as well as the Gospel, obliges people to judge of themselves, &c. to avoid false prophets, seducers, &c." The legislature can turn out a priest, and appoint another ready-made, but not make one; as you discharge a physician, and may take a farrier; but he is no physician, unless made as he ought to be.

Ibid. "Since no more power is required for the one than the other." That is, I dislike my physician, and can turn him off, therefore I can make any man a physician, &c. "*Cujus est destruere*, &c." Jest on it: Therefore because he lays schemes for destroying the Church, we must employ him to raise it again. See, what danger lies in applying maxims at random. So, because it is the soldiers' business to knock men on the head, it is theirs likewise to raise them to life, &c.

Page 237. "It can belong only to the people to appoint their own ecclesiastical officers." This word "people" is so delicious in him, that I cannot tell what is included in the idea of the "people." Doth he mean the rabble or the legislature, &c. In this sense it may be true, that the legislature giveth leave to the bishops to appoint, and they appoint themselves, I mean, the executive power appoints, &c. He sheweth his ignorance in government. As to High Church he carrieth it a prodigious way, and includeth, in the idea of it, more than others will allow.

Page 239 "Though it be customary to admit none to the ministry who are not approved by the bishops or priests, &c." One of his principles to expose.

Ibid "If every one has not an inherent right to choose his own guide, then a man must be either of the religion of his guide, or, &c." That would make delicate work in a nation. What would become of all our churches? They must dwindle into conventicles. Show what would be the consequence of this scheme in several points. This great reformer, if his projects were reduced to practice, how many thousand sects, and consequently tumults, &c. Men must be governed in speculation, at least not suffered to vent them, because opinions tend to actions, which are most governed by opinions, &c. If those who write for the church writ no better, they would succeed but scurvily. But to see whether he be a good writer, let us see when he hath published his second part.

Page 253 "An excellent author in his preface to the Account of Denmark." This man judgeth and writeth much of a level. Molesworth's preface full of stale profligate topics. That author wrote his book in spite to a nation, as this doth to religion, and both perhaps on poor personal piques.

19: This was Robert, Viscount Molesworth (1656-1725), who was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College there. He was ambassador at Copenhagen, but had to resign on account of a dispute with the Danish king. The "Account of Denmark," which he wrote on his return, was answered by Dr. King. [T. S.]]

Ibid "By which means, and not by any difference in speculative matters, they are more rich and populous." As if ever anybody thought that a difference in speculative opinions made men richer or poorer, for example, &c.

Page 258 "Play the Devil for God's sake." If this is meant for wit, I would be glad to observe it, but in such cases I first look whether there be common sense, &c.

Page 261 "Christendom has been the scene of perpetual wars, massacres, &c." He doth not consider that most religious wars have been caused by schisms, when the dissenting parties were ready to join with any ambitious discontented man. The national religion always desireth peace, even in her notions, for its interests.

Page 270. "Some have taken the liberty to compare a high church priest in politics to a monkey in a glass-shop, where, as he can do no good, so he never fails of doing mischief enough." That is his modesty, it is his own simile, and it rather fits a man that does so and so, (meaning himself.) Besides the comparison is foolish: So it is with *men*, as with *stags*.

Page 276. "Their interest obliges them directly to promote tyranny." The matter is, that Christianity is the fault, which spoils the priests, for they were like other men, before they were priests. Among the Romans, priests did not do so; for they had the greatest power during the republic. I wonder he did not prove they spoiled Nero.

Page 277. "No princes have been more insupportable and done greater violence to the commonwealth than those the clergy have honoured for saints and martyrs." For example in our country, the princes most celebrated by our clergy are, &c. &c. &c. And the quarrels since the Conquest were nothing at all of the clergy, but purely of families, &c. wherein the clergy only joined like other men.

Page 279. "After the Reformation,I desire to know whether the conduct of the clergy was anyways altered for the better, &c." Monstrous misrepresentation. Does this man's spirit of declaiming let him forget all truth of fact, as here, &c.? Shew it. Or doth he flatter himself, a time will come in future ages, that men will believe it on his word? In short, between declaiming, between misrepresenting, and falseness, and charging Popish things, and independency huddled together, his whole book is employed.

20: "Reformation" in 4to and 8vo editions, but Tindal's word is "Restoration." [T.S.]]

Set forth at large the necessity of union in religion, and the disadvantage of the contrary, and answer the contrary in Holland, where they have no religion, and are the worst constituted government in the world to last. It is ignorance of causes and appearances which makes shallow people judge so much to their advantage. They are governed by the administration and almost legislature of Holland through advantage of property; nor are they fit to be set

in balance with a noble kingdom, &c. like a man that gets a hundred pounds a year by hard labour, and one that has it in land.

Page 280. “It may be worth enquiring, whether the difference between the several sects in England, &c.” A noble notion started, that union in the Church must enslave the kingdom: reflect on it. This man hath somewhere heard, that it is a point of wit to advance paradoxes, and the bolder the better. But the wit lies in maintaining them, which he neglecteth, and formeth imaginary conclusions from them, as if they were true and uncontested.

He adds, “That in the best constituted Church, the greatest good which, can be expected of the ecclesiastics, is from their divisions.” This is a maxim deduced from a gradation of false suppositions. If a man should turn the tables, and argue that all the debauchery, atheism, licentiousness, &c. of the times, were owing to the poverty of the clergy, &c. what would he say? There have been more wars of religion since the ruin of the clergy, than before, in England. All the civil wars before were from other causes.

Page 283. “Prayers are made in the loyal university of Oxford, to continue the throne free from the contagion of schism. See Mather’s sermon on the 29th of May, 1705.” Thus he ridicules the university while he is eating their bread. The whole university comes with the most loyal addresses, yet that goes for nothing. If one indiscreet man drops an indiscreet word, all must answer for it.

Page 286. “By allowing all, who hold no opinions prejudicial to the state, and contribute equally with their fellow-subjects to its support, equal privileges in it.” But who denies that of the dissenters? The Calvinist scheme, one would not think, proper for monarchy. Therefore, they fall in with the Scotch, Geneva, and Holland; and when they had strength here, they pulled down the monarchy. But I will tell an opinion they hold prejudicial to the state in his opinion; and that is, that they are against toleration, of which, if I do not shew him ten times more instances from their greatest writers, than he can do of passive obedience among the clergy, I have done.

“Does not justice demand, that they who alike contribute to the burden, should alike receive the advantage?” Here is another of his maxims closely put without considering what exceptions may be made. The Papists have contributed doubly (being so taxed) therefore by this rule they ought to have double advantage. Protection in property, leave to trade and purchase, &c. are enough for a government to give. Employments in a state are a reward for those who entirely agree with it, &c. For example, a man, who upon all occasions declared his opinion of a commonwealth to be preferable to a monarchy, would not be a fit man to have employments; let him enjoy his opinion, but not be in a capacity of reducing it to practice, &c.

Page 287. “There can be no alteration in the established mode of Church discipline, which is not made in a legal way.” Oh, but there are several methods to compass this legal way, by cunning, faction, industry. The common people, he knows, may be wrought upon by priests; these may

influence the faction, and so compass a very pernicious law, and in a legal way ruin the state; as King Charles I. began to be ruined in a legal way, by passing bills, &c.

Page 288. "As everything is persecution, which puts a man in a worse condition than his neighbours." It is hard to think sometimes whether this man is hired to write for or against dissenters and the sects. This is their opinion, although they will not own it so roundly. Let this be brought to practice: Make a quaker lord chancellor, who thinketh paying tithes unlawful. And bring other instances to shew that several employments affect the Church.

Ibid. "Great advantage which both Church and state have got by the kindness already shewn to dissenters." Let them then be thankful for that. We humour children for their good sometimes, but too much may hurt. Observe that this 64th paragraph just contradicts the former. For, if we have advantage by kindness shewn dissenters, then there is no necessity of banishment, or death.

Page 290. "Christ never designed the holy Sacrament should be prostituted to serve a party. And that people should be bribed by a place to receive unworthily." Why, the business is, to be sure, that those who are employed are of the national church; and the way to know it is by receiving the sacrament, which all men ought to do in their own church; and if not, are hardly fit for an office; and if they have those moral qualifications he mentioneth, joined to religion, no fear of receiving unworthily. And for this there might be a remedy: To take an oath, that they are of the same principles, &c. for that is the end of receiving; and that it might be no bribe, the bill against occasional conformity would prevent entirely.

Ibid. "Preferring men not for their capacity, but their zeal to the Church." The misfortune is, that if we prefer dissenters to great posts, they will have an inclination to make themselves the national church, and so there will be perpetual struggling; which case may be dangerous to the state. For men are naturally wishing to get over others to their own opinion: Witness this writer, who hath published as singular and absurd notions as possible, yet hath a mighty zeal to bring us over to them, &c.

Page 292. Here are two pages of scurrilous faction, with a deal of reflections on great persons. Under the notion of High-Churchmen, he runs down all uniformity and church government. Here is the whole Lower House of Convocation, which represents the body of the clergy and both universities, treated with rudeness by an obscure, corrupt member, while he is eating their bread.

Page 294. "The reason why the middle sort of people retain so much of their ancient virtue &c. is because no such pernicious notions are the ingredients of their education; which 'tis a sign are infinitely absurd, when so many of the gentry and nobility can, notwithstanding their prepossession, get clear of them." Now the very same argument lies against religion, morality, honour, and honesty, which are, it seems, but prejudices of education, and too

many get clear of them. The middle sort of people have other things to mind than the factions of the age. He always assigneth many causes, and sometimes with reason, since he maketh imaginary effects. He quarrels at power being lodged in the clergy: When there is no reasonable Protestant, clergy, or laity, who will not readily own the inconveniences by too great power and wealth, in any one body of men, ecclesiastics, or seculars: But on that account to weed up the wheat with the tares; to banish all religion, because it is capable of being corrupted; to give unbounded licence to all sects, &c. — And if heresies had not been used with some violence in the primitive age, we should have had, instead of true religion, the most corrupt one in the world.

Page 316. “The Dutch, and the rest of our presbyterian allies, &c.” The Dutch will hardly thank him for this appellation. The French Huguenots, and Geneva Protestants themselves, and others, have lamented the want of episcopacy, and approved ours, &c. In this and the next paragraph, the author introduceth the arguments he formerly used, when he turned papist in King James’s time; and loth to lose them, he gives them a new turn; and they are the strongest In his book, at least have most artifice.

Page 333. “’Tis plain, all the power the bishops have, is derived from the people, &c.” In general the distinction lies here. The permissive power of exercising jurisdiction, lies in the people, or legislature, or administrator of a kingdom; but not of making him a bishop. As a physician that commenceth abroad, may be suffered to practise in London or be hindered; but they have not the power of creating him a doctor, which is peculiar to a university. This is some allusion; but the thing is plain, as it seemeth to me, and wanteth no subterfuge, &c.

Page 338. “A journeyman bishop to ordain for him.” Doth any man think, that writing at this rate, does the author’s cause any service? Is it his wit or his spleen that he cannot govern?

Page 364. “Can any have a right to an office without having a right to do those things in which the office consists?” I answer, the ordination is valid. But a man may prudentially forbid to do some things. As a clergyman may marry without licence or banns; the marriage is good; yet he is punishable for it.

Page 368. “A choice made by persons who have no right to choose, is an error of the first concoction.” That battered simile again; this is hard. I wish the physicians had kept that a secret, it lieth so ready for him to be witty with.

Page 370. “If prescription can make mere nullities to become good and valid, the laity may be capable of all manner of ecclesiastical power, &c.” There is a difference; for here the same way is kept, although there might be breaches; but it is quite otherwise, if you alter the whole method from what it was at first. We see bishops: There always were bishops: It is the old way still. So a family is still held the same, although we are not sure of the purity of every one of the race.

Page 380. “It is said, That every nation is not a complete body politic

within itself as to ecclesiasticals. But the whole church, say they, composes such a body, and Christ is the head of it. But Christ's headship makes Christians no more one body politic with respect to ecclesiasticals than to civils." Here we must shew the reason and necessity of the Church being a corporation all over the world: To avoid heresies, and preserve fundamentals, and hinder corrupting of Scripture, &c. But there are no such necessities in government, to be the same everywhere, &c. It is something like the colleges in a university; they all are independent, yet, joined, are one body. So a general council consisteth of many persons independent of one another, &c.

However there is such a thing as *jus gentium*, &c. And he that is doctor of physic, or law, is so in any university of Europe, like the *Respublica Literaria*. Nor to me does there seem anything contradicting, or improper in this notion of the Catholic Church; and for want of such a communion, religion is so much corrupted, and would be more, if there were [not] more communion in this than in civils. It is of no import to mankind how nations are governed; but the preserving the purity of religion is best held up by endeavouring to make it one body over the world. Something like as there is in trade. So to be able to communicate with all Christians we come among, is at least to be wished and aimed at as much as we can.

Page 384. "In a word, if the bishops are not supreme, &c." Here he reassumeth his arguments for Popery, that there cannot be a body politic of the Church through the whole world, without a visible head to have recourse to. These were formerly writ to advance Popery, and now to put an absurdity upon the hypothesis of a Catholic Church. As they say in Ireland, in King James's time, they built mass-houses, which we make very good barns of.

Page 388. "Bishops are, under a *premunire* obliged to confirm and consecrate the person named in the *congé d'Élire*." This perhaps is complained of. He is permitted to do it. We allow the legislature may hinder if they please; as they may turn out Christianity, if they think fit.

Page 389. "It is the magistrate who empowers them to do more for other bishops than they can for themselves, since they cannot appoint their own successors." Yes they could, if the magistrate would let them. Here is an endless splutter, and a parcel of perplexed distinctions upon no occasion. All that the clergy pretend to, is a right of qualifying men for the ministry, something like what a university doth with degrees. This power they claim from God, and that the civil power cannot do it as pleasing to God without them; but they may choose whether they will suffer it or no. A religion cannot be crammed down a nation's throat against their will; but when they receive a religion, it is supposed they receive as their converters give it; and, upon that foot, they cannot justly mingle their own methods, that contradict that religion, &c.

Page 390. "With us the bishops act only ministerially and by virtue of the regal commission, by which the prince firmly enjoins and commands them to proceed in choosing, confirming, and consecrating, &c." Suppose we held it

unlawful to do so: How can we help it? but does that make it rightful, if it be not so? Suppose the author lived in a heathen country, where a law would be made to call Christianity idolatrous; would that be a topic for him to prove it so by, &c.? And why do the clergy incur a *pre-munire;* — To frighten them — Because the law understandeth, that, if they refuse, the chosen cannot be a bishop: But, if the clergy had an order to do it otherwise than they have prescribed, they ought and would incur an hundred rather.

Page 402. "I believe the Catholic Church, &c." Here he ridicules the Apostles' Creed. — Another part of his scheme. — By what he says in these pages, it is certain, his design is either to run down Christianity, or set up Popery; the latter it is more charitable to think, and, from his past life, highly probable.

Page 405. "That which gave the Papists so great advantage was, clergymen's talking so very inconsistent with themselves, &c." State the difference here between our separation from Rome, and the dissenters from us, and shew the falseness of what he sayeth. I wish he would tell us what he leaveth for a clergyman to do, if he may not instruct the people in religion, and if they should not receive his instructions.

Page 411. "The restraint of the press a badge of Popery." Why is that a badge of Popery? Why not restrain the press to those who would confound religion, as in civil matters? But this toucheth himself. He would starve, perhaps, &c, Let him get some honester livelihood then. It is plain, all his arguments against constraint, &c. favour the papists as much as dissenters; for both have opinions that may affect the peace of the state.

Page 413. "Since this discourse, &c." And must we have another volume on this one subject of independency? Or, is it to fright us? I am not of Dr. Hickes's mind, *Qu'il venge*. I pity the readers, and the clergy that must answer it, be it ever so insipid. Reflect on his sarcastic conclusion, &c.

A PREFACE TO THE B — –P OF S —— M'S

INTRODUCTION, &c.

NOTE.

AT the time of writing this scathing piece of invective, Swift was busy dealing out to an old friend a similar specimen of his terrible power of rejoinder. Steele, in the newly established "Guardian," as Mr. Churton Collins well puts it, "drunk with party spirit, had so far forgotten himself as to insert … a coarse and ungenerous reflection on Swift." Swift sought an explanation through Addison, but Steele's egotism was stronger than the feeling of friendship, and the insult remained for Swift to wipe out in "The Importance of the 'Guardian' Considered." Probably this severance from his friend, due to political differences — for Steele glowed in Whiggism — deepened, if possible, his hatred to Whigs of whatever degree; and in Burnet he found another object for his wit. But apart from such a suggestion, there was enough in the Bishop's attitude towards the Tories to rouse Swift to his task. It was not enough that Burnet should accuse his political opponents of sympathy with the French, Jacobitism, and Popery, but he must needs flaunt his vanity in issuing, in advance, for purposes of advertisement, the introduction to a work which was to come later. This was enough for Swift, and the prelate who "could smell popery at five hundred miles distance better than fanaticism under his nose," became the recipient of one of the most amusing and yet most virulent attacks which even that controversial age produced. "The whole pamphlet," Mr. Collins truly says, "is inimitable. Its irony, its humour, its drollery, are delicious."

It must not, however, be imagined that Swift's opinion of Burnet is only that which can be gathered from this "Preface." He fully appreciated the sterling qualities of scholarship and good nature, since in his "Remarks" on Burnet's "History of My Own Time," he says: "after all he was a man of generosity and good nature, and very communicative; but in his last ten years was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw Popery under every bush." Lord Dartmouth has left an excellent sketch of Burnet's character in a note to the "History of My Own Time": "Bishop Burnet was a man of the most extensive knowledge I ever met with; had read and seen a great deal, with a prodigious memory, and a very indifferent judgment: he was extremely partial, and readily took everything for granted that he heard to the prejudice of those he did not like: which made him pass for a man of less truth than he really was. I do not think he designedly published anything he believed to be false. He had a boisterous, vehement manner of expressing himself, which

often made him ridiculous, especially in the House of Lords, when what he said would not have been thought so, delivered in a lower voice, and a calmer behaviour. His vast knowledge occasioned his frequent rambling from the point he was speaking to, which ran him into discourses of so universal a nature, that there was no end to be expected but from a failure of his strength and spirits, of both which he had a larger share than most men; which were accompanied with a most invincible assurance." (Note to the Preface of Burnet's "History of My Own Time," vol. i. p. xxxiii, Oxford, 1897.)

It may not be altogether out of place to give here a short biographical sketch of Bishop Burnet.

Gilbert Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643. He studied first at Aberdeen and then in Holland. In 1665, after he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, he entered holy orders, became vicar of Saltoun, and, in 1669, professor of divinity at Glasgow. The year 1673 found him in London, engaged on his "History of the Reformation," and fulfilling the duties of chaplain to the king, preacher to the Rolls, and lecturer of St. Clement's. The "Reformation" appeared in three folio volumes; the first in 1679, the second in 1681, and the third in 1714. He had already written the "Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton," the "Life of Sir Matthew Hale," and a "Life of the Earl of Rochester." Getting into some political trouble he was deprived of his offices, and left England for the continent. After travelling in France he settled in Holland, and married a Dutch lady. When the Prince of Orange came to England to assume the government of the country, Burnet accompanied him, and in 1689 was installed into the bishopric of Salisbury. Evidently he had too zealous a sentiment for William and Mary, for his pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, commenting on the new sovereign, was condemned by the parliament, and ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. He married again, on the death of his Dutch wife, a rich widow, Mrs. Berkeley, who was his third spouse — hence Swift's caustic reference. He died March 17th, 1714-15. In addition to his histories of the Reformation and his own times, he wrote an "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles" (1699), the "Life of Bishop Bedell" and the other lives already named, and several sermons and controversial pieces.

The text of this pamphlet is that of the first edition, collated with, those given by Faulkner, Hawkesworth, the "Miscellanies" of 1745, and Scott. It was originally published in 1713. [T.S.]

A PREFACE TO THE B — p of S — r — m's INTRODUCTION To the Third Volume of the History of the Reformation of the

Church of *England*.

By GREGORY MISOSARVM.

—— *Spargere voces In vulgum ambiguas; & quaerere confcius arma.*

The Second Edition

LONDON:

Printed for *John Morphew,* near *Stationers Hall*. 1713. Price *6d*.

THE PREFACE.

MR. MORPHEW,

Your care in putting an advertisement in the *EXAMINER* has been of great use to me. I do now send you my Preface to the B —— p of S —— r —— m's INTRODUCTION to his third volume, which I desire you to print in such a form, as in the bookseller's phrase will make a sixpenny touch; hoping it will give such a public notice of my design, that it may come into the hands of those who perhaps look not into the B —— p's Introduction. I desire you will prefix to this a passage out of Virgil, which does so perfectly agree with my present thoughts of his L —— dsh —— p, that I cannot express them better, nor more truly, than those words do.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

G. MISOSARUM.

1: Mr. Nichols quotes from the "Speculum Sarisburianum," "That the frequent and hasty repetitions of such prefaces and introductions, no less than three new ones in about one year's time, beside an old serviceable one republished concerning persecution — are preludes to other practical things, beside pastoral cares, sermons, and histories." [T. S.]]

2: This preface "to the bookseller" is in imitation of the bishop's own preface to the bookseller in the "Introduction," which was signed "G. Sarum." [T. S.]]

This way of publishing introductions to books that are, God knows when, to come out, is either wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small reading cannot trace it. However we are to suppose, that a person of his Lordship's great age and experience, would hardly act such a piece of singularity without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe, that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called *The Englishman*, seems, in some of his late performances, to have almost transcribed the notions of the Bishop: these notions, I take to have been dictated by the same masters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself, which the poverty of our language forces me to call their style. When the *Guardian* changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given, that grand preparations were making against next sessions; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the *Guardian* would soon be seconded by some other piqueerers from the same camp. But I will confess, my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion would be in such

mighty haste to come into the field, and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*, armed only with a pocket pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked headpiece mended.

3: Steele.]

4: Piqueerer = pickeerer (modern) = a marauder, a skirmisher in advance of an army. From French *picorer* = to maraud. [T.S.]]

5: *Enfant perdu*, one of the advanced guard; or, as
Hawkesworth notes it, "one of the forlorn hope." [T.S.]]

I was debating with myself, whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet to give notice of a large folio, was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a dwarf is sent out upon the battlements to signify to all passengers, what a mighty giant there is in the castle; or whether the Bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfarronade* of Monsieur Boufflers, when the Earl of Portland and that general had an interview. Several men were appointed at certain periods to ride in great haste toward the English camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient:* Then, small parties advanced with the same speed and the same cry, and this foppery held for many hours, until the mareschal himself arrived. So here, the Bishop (as we find by his dedication to Mr. Churchill the bookseller) has for a long time sent warning of his arrival by advertisements in *Gazettes*, and now his Introduction advances to tell us again, *Monseigneur vient:* In the mean time, we must gape and wait and gaze the Lord knows how long, and keep our spirits in some reasonable agitation, until his Lordship's real self shall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have seen the same sort of management at a puppet-show. Some puppets of little or no consequence appeared several times at the window to allure the boys and the rabble: The trumpeter sounded often, and the doorkeeper cried a hundred times till he was hoarse, that they were just going to begin; yet after all, we were forced sometimes to wait an hour before Punch himself in person made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintance? The world and he have long known one another: Let him appoint his hour and make his visit, without troubling us all day with a succession of messages from his laqueys and pages.

With submission, these little arts of getting off an edition, do ill become any author above the size of Marten the surgeon. My Lord tells us, that "many thousands of the two former parts of his History are in the kingdom," and now he perpetually advertises in the gazette, that he intends to publish the third: This is exactly in the method and style of Marten: "The seventh edition (many thousands of the former editions having been sold off in a small time) of Mr.

Marten's book concerning secret diseases," &c.

6: This is John Marten, the author of two treatises on the gout, and a "Treatise of all the Degrees and Symptoms of the Venereal Disease" (1708?-9). His notoriety brought on him the ire of a "licens'd practitioner in physick and surgery," one J. Spinke, who, in a pamphlet entitled "Quackery Unmask'd" (1709), dealt Marten some most uncourteous blows. From the pamphlet, it is difficult to judge whether Spinke or Marten were the greater quack; we should judge the former. Certainly Marten deserves our sympathy, if only for Spinke's virulence. [T.S.]]

7: Page 26.]

Does his Lordship intend to publish his great volume by subscription, and is this Introduction only by way of specimen? I was inclined to think so, because, in the prefixed letter to Mr. Churchill, which introduces this Introduction, there are some dubious expressions: He says, "the advertisements he published were in order to move people to furnish him with materials, which might help him to finish his work with great advantage." If he means half-a-guinea upon the subscription, and t'other half at the delivery, why does he not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass, that this diminutive letter to Mr. Churchill should understand the business of introducing better than the Introduction itself; or why the Bishop did not take it into his head to send the former into the world some months before the latter; which would have been a greater improvement upon the solemnity of the procession?

Since I writ these last lines, I have perused the whole pamphlet (which I had only dipped in before) and found I have been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the author hath in several parts of his piece, discovered the true motives which put him upon sending it abroad at this juncture; I shall therefore consider them as they come in my way.

My Lord begins his Introduction with an account of the reasons why he was guilty of so many mistakes in the first volume of his "History of the Reformation:" His excuses are just, rational, and extremely consistent. He says, "he wrote in haste," which he confirms by adding, "that it lay a year after he wrote it before it was put into the press:" At the same time he mentioned a passage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate, Archbishop Sancroft, which demonstrates his Grace to have been a person of great sagacity, and almost a prophet. Dr. Burnet, then a private divine, "desired admittance to the Cotton library, but was prevented by the archbishop, who told Sir John Cotton, that the said doctor was no friend to the prerogative of the crown, nor to the constitution of the kingdom." This judgment was the more extraordinary, because the doctor had not long before published a book in Scotland, with his name prefixed, which carries the regal prerogative higher than any writer of the age: however, the good archbishop lived to see his opinion become universal in the kingdom.

8: Page 6.]

9: Page 10.]

10: This was Burnet's "Vindication of the Authority, Constitution, and Laws of the Church and State of Scotland," dedicated to the Duke of Lauderdale, and published in 1672. The dedication contains an eulogium of the duke, and the work a defence of episcopacy and monarchy against Buchanan and his followers. At a later period, the author did not probably recollect this juvenile publication with, much complacence.

It is somewhat remarkable to see the progress of this story. In the first edition of this "Introduction," it should seem, "he was prevented by the Archbishop," &c. When the "Introduction" was reprinted a year after with the "History," it stands: "A great prelate had been beforehand and possessed him [Sir John Cotton] against me — That unless the Archbishop of Canterbury would recommend me — he desired to be excused — The Bishop of Worcester could not prevail on the Archbishop to interpose." This is somewhat less than preventing, unless the Archbishop be meant by the "great prelate." Which is not very probable. 1. Because in the Preface to this very third volume, p. 4, he says, "It was by Archbishop Sancroft's order he had the free use of everything that lay in the Lambeth Library." 2. Because the Author of "Speculum Sarisburianum" (p. 6), tells us, "His access to the Library was owing solely to the recommendation of Archbishop Sancroft, as I have been informed by some of the family." 3. Because Bishop Burnet, in his "History of My Own Times," vol. i. p. 396, says it was "Dolben, Bishop of Rochester (at the instigation of the Duke of Lauderdale), that diverted Sir John Cotton from suffering me to search his Library." ["Miscellanies," vol. viii. 1745.]]

The Bishop goes on for many pages, with an account of certain facts relating to the publishing of his two former volumes of the Reformation, the great success of that work, and the adversaries who appeared against it. These are matters out of the way of my reading; only I observe that poor Mr. Henry Wharton, who has deserved so well of the commonwealth of learning, and who gave himself the trouble of detecting some hundreds of the Bishop's mistakes, meets with very ill quarter from his Lordship. Upon which I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar method which this prelate takes to revenge himself upon those who presume to differ from him in print. The Bishop of Rochester happened some years ago to be of this number. My Lord of Sarum in his reply ventured to tell the world, that the gentleman who had writ against him, meaning Dr Atterbury, was one upon whom he had conferred great obligations; which was a very generous Christian contrivance of charging his adversary with ingratitude. But it seems the truth happened to be on the other side; which the doctor made appear in such a manner as would have silenced his Lordship for ever, if he had not been writing proof. Poor Mr. Wharton in his grave is charged with the same accusation, but with circumstances the most aggravating that malice and something else could invent; and which I will no more believe than five hundred passages in a certain book of travels. See the character he gives of a divine, and a scholar, who shortened his life in the service of God and the church. "Mr. Wharton desired me to intercede with Tillotson for a prebend of Canterbury. I did so, but Wharton would not

believe it; said he would be revenged, and so writ against me. Soon after he was convinced I had spoke for him, said he was set on to do what he did, and, if I would procure any thing for him, he would discover every thing to me." What a spirit of candour, charity, and good nature, generosity, and truth, shines through this story, told of a most excellent and pious divine, twenty years after his death, without one single voucher!

11: Henry Wharton (1664-1694-5), a divine, born at Worstead, Norfolk, and educated at Cambridge. Became chaplain to Archbishop Sancroft in 1688, and then rector of Chartham. Wrote "A Treatise on the Celibacy of the Clergy;" "The Enthusiasm of the Church of Rome demonstrated in the Life of Ignatius Loyola;" "A Defence of Pluralities;" "Specimen of Errors in Burnet's 'History of the Reformation;'" "Anglia Sacra, sive Collectio Historiarum;" and "History of Archbishop Laud." The criticism on Burnet's "History" was written under the *nom de guerre* of Anthony Farmar. [T. S.]]

12: Dr. Atterbury.]

13: Page 22.]

14: Burnet's "Travels."]

15: Page 23.]

16: Burnet's account of this matter was reprinted in the Preface to his "History of the Reformation," and it contains also the bishop's rejoinder against Wharton's method of criticism in the "Specimen": "He had examined the dark ages before the Reformation with much diligence, and so knew many things relating to those times beyond any man of the age; he pretended that he had many more errors in reserve, and that this specimen was only a hasty collection of a few, out of many other discoveries he could make. This consisted of some trifling and minute differences in some dates and transactions of no importance, upon which nothing depended; so I cannot tell whether I took these too easily from printed books, or if I committed any errors in my notes taken in the several offices. He likewise follows me through the several recapitulations I had made of the state of things before the Reformation, and finds errors and omissions in most of these; he adds some things out of papers I had never seen. The whole was writ with so much malice, and such contempt, that I must give some account of the man, and of his motives. He had expressed great zeal against popery, in the end of King James's reign, being then chaplain to Archbishop Sancroft, who, as he said, had promised him the first of those prebends of Canterbury that should fall in his gift: for when he saw that the archbishop was resolved not to take the oaths, but to forsake the post, he made an earnest application to me, to secure that for him at Archbishop Tillotson's hands. I pressed him in it as much as was decent for me to do, but he said he would not encourage these aspiring men, by promising any thing, before it should fall; as indeed none of them fell during his time. Wharton, upon this answer, thought I had neglected him, looking on it as a civil denial, and said he would be revenged; and so he published that specimen: upon which, I, in a letter that I printed, addressed to the present Bishop of Worcester, charged him again and again to bring forth all that he pretended to have reserved at that time, for, till that was done, I would not enter upon the examination of that specimen. It was received with contempt, and Tillotson justified my pressing him to take Wharton under his particular protection so fully, that he sent and asked me pardon. He said he was set on to it; and that, if I would procure any thing for him, he would discover any thing to me. I despised that offer, but said that I would at any price buy of him those discoveries that he pretended to have in reserve. But Mr. Chiswell (at whose house he then lay) being sick, said he could draw nothing of that from him, and he believed he had nothing. He died about a year after." — BURNET'S *History of the Reformation* III, vii. [T. S.]]

Come we now to the reasons, which moved his lordship to set about this work at this time. He "could delay it no longer, because the reasons of his engaging in it at first seem to return upon him." He was then frightened with "the danger of a popish successor in view, and the dreadful apprehensions of the power of France. England has forgot these dangers, and yet is nearer to them than ever," and therefore he is resolved to "awaken them" with his third volume; but in the mean time, sends this Introduction to let them know they are asleep. He then goes on in describing the condition of the kingdom, after such a manner as if destruction hung over us by a single hair; as if the Pope,

the devil, the Pretender, and France, were just at our doors.

17: Page 27.]

18: Page 28.]

19: Page 28.]

When the Bishop published his History, there was a popish plot on foot, the Duke of York a known papist was presumptive heir to the crown, the House of Commons would not hear of any expedient for securing their religion under a popish prince, nor would the King or Lords, consent to a bill of exclusion: The French King was in the height of his grandeur, and the vigour of his age. At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole illustrious family, are Protestants, the Popish Pretender excluded for ever by several acts of Parliament, and every person in the smallest employment, as well as the members in both Houses, obliged to abjure him. The French King is at the lowest ebb of life; his armies have been conquered and his towns won from him for ten years together, and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by divisions during a long minority. Are these cases parallel? Or are we now in more danger of France and popery than we were thirty years ago? What can be the motive for advancing such false, such detestable assertions? What conclusions would his Lordship draw from such premises as these? If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cause, (as the style of our adversaries would make us believe) what appellations would those deserve who thus endeavour to sow the seeds of sedition, and are impatient to see the fruits? “But,” saith he, “the deaf adder stops her ear let the charmer charm never so wisely.” True, my Lord, there are indeed too many adders in this nation’s bosom, adders in all shapes, and in all habits, whom neither the Queen nor parliament can charm to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

20: Page 28.] Among other instances produced by him of the dismal condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this: That the little factious pamphlets written about the end of King Charles II’s reign, “lie dead in shops, are looked on as waste paper, and turned to pasteboard.” How many are there of his Lordship’s writings which could otherwise never have been of any real service to the public? Has he indeed so mean an opinion of our taste, to send us at this time of day into all the corners of Holborn, Duck Lane, and Moorfields, in quest after the factious trash published in those days by Julian Johnson, Hickeringil, Dr. Oates, and himself?

21: The Rev. Samuel Johnson, degraded from his clerical rank, scourged, and imprisoned, for a work called “Julian’s Arts to undermine Christianity,” in which he drew a parallel between that apostate and James, then Duke of York. [S.]

Edmund Hickeringil, a fanatic preacher at Colchester. He appears, from the various pamphlets which he wrote during the reigns of Charles II. and his brother, to have been a meddling crazy fool. He was born in Essex, 1630, and was educated at Cambridge. He entered the army, and went to Jamaica, of which place he wrote a very curious account. Afterwards he entered holy orders, and became rector of All Saints, Colchester. He was a most eccentric

individual. [T. S.]]

His Lordship, taking it for a *postulatum*, that the Queen and ministry, both Houses of Parliament, and a vast majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England are running headlong into Popery, lays hold on the occasion to describe "the cruelties in Queen Mary's reign, an inquisition setting up faggots in Smithfield, and executions all over the kingdom. Here is that" (says he) "which those that look toward a popish successor must look for." And he insinuates through his whole pamphlet, that all who are not of his party, "look toward a popish successor." These he divides into two parts, the Tory laity, and the Tory clergy. He tells the former, though they have no religion at all, but "resolve to change with every wind and tide; yet they ought to have compassion on their countrymen and kindred." Then he applies himself to the Tory clergy, assures them, that "the fires revived in Smithfield, and all over the nation, will have no amiable view; but least of all to them, who if they have any principle at all, must be turned out of their livings, leave their families, be hunted from place to place into parts beyond the seas, and meet with that contempt with which they treated foreigners who took sanctuary among us."

22: Page 36.]

23: Page 36.]

This requires a recapitulation, with some remarks. First, I do affirm, that of every hundred professed atheists, deists, and socinians in the kingdom, ninety-nine at least are staunch thorough-paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his Lordship in politics and discipline; and therefore will venture all the fires of hell, rather than singe one hair of their beards in Smithfield. Secondly, I do likewise affirm, that those whom we usually understand by the appellation of Tory or high-church clergy, were the greatest sticklers against the exorbitant proceedings of King James, the best writers against popery, and the most exemplary sufferers for the established religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it to be a most false and infamous scandal upon the nation in general, and on the clergy in particular, to reproach them for "treating foreigners with haughtiness and contempt:" The French Huguenots are many thousand witnesses to the contrary; and I wish they deserved a thousandth part of the good treatment they have received.

24: Swift's disparaging reference to the Huguenots must be put down to the fact that he included them among Dissenters, on account of their Calvinism. [T. S.]]

Lastly, I observe that the author of the paper called *The Englishman*, hath run into the same cant, gravely advising the whole body of the clergy not to bring in Popery, because that will put them under a necessity of parting with their wives, or losing their livings.

The bulk of the kingdom, both clergy and laity, happens to differ

extremely from this prelate, in many principles both of politics and religion: Now I ask, whether if any man of them had signed his name to a system of atheism, or Popery, he could have argued with them otherwise than he does? Or, if I should write a grave letter to his Lordship with the same advice, taking it for granted that he was half an atheist, and half a papist, and conjuring him by all he held dear to have compassion upon all those who believed a God, "not to revive the fires in Smithfield," that he must either forfeit his bishopric, or not marry a fourth wife; I ask whether he would not think I intended him the highest injury and affront?

25: Bishop Burnet had already been married three times. [T.S.]]

But as to the Tory laity; he gives them up in a lump for abandoned atheists: They are a set of men so "impiously corrupted in the point of religion, that no scene of cruelty can fright them from leaping into it [Popery] and perhaps acting such a part in it, as may be assigned them." He therefore despairs of influencing them by any topics drawn from religion or compassion, and advances the consideration of interest, as the only powerful argument to persuade them against Popery.

26: Page 37.]

What he offers upon this head is so very amazing from a Christian, a clergyman, and a prelate of the Church of England, that I must in my own imagination strip him of those three capacities, and put him among the number of that set of men he mentions in the paragraph before; or else it will be impossible to shape out an answer.

His Lordship, in order to dissuade the Tories from their design of bringing in Popery, tells them, "how valuable a part of the whole soil of England, the abbey lands, the estates of the bishops, of the cathedrals, and the tithes are;" how difficult such "a resumption would be to many families; yet all these must be thrown up; for sacrilege in the church of Rome, is a mortal sin." I desire it may be observed, what a jumble here is made of ecclesiastical revenues, as if they were all upon the same foot, were alienated with equal justice, and the clergy had no more reason to complain of the one than the other. Whereas the four branches mentioned by him are of very different consideration. If I might venture to guess the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they could wish that some small part of the abbey lands had been applied to the augmentation of poor bishoprics, and a very few acres to serve for glebes in those parishes where there are none; after which I think they would not repine that the laity should possess the rest. If the estates of some bishops and cathedrals were exorbitant before the Reformation, I believe the present clergy's wishes reach no further than that some reasonable temper had been used, instead of paring them to the quick: But as to the tithes, without examining whether they be of divine institution, I conceive there is hardly one of that sacred order in England, and very few even among the laity

that love the Church, who will not allow the misapplying of those revenues to secular persons, to have been at first a most flagrant act of injustice and oppression: Though at the same time, God forbid they should be restored any other way than by gradual purchase, by the consent of those who are now the lawful possessors, or by the piety and generosity of such worthy spirits as this nation sometimes produceth. The Bishop knows very well that the application of tithes to the maintenance of monasteries, was a scandalous usurpation even in popish times: That the monks usually sent out some of their fraternity to supply the cures; and that when the monasteries were granted away by Henry VIII., the parishes were left destituted, or very meanly provided of any maintenance for a pastor: So that in many places, the whole ecclesiastical dues, even to mortuaries, Easter-offerings, and the like, are in lay hands, and the incumbent lies wholly at the mercy of his patron for his daily bread. By these means there are several hundred parishes in England under £20 a year, and many under ten. I take his Lordship's bishopric to be worth near £2,500 annual income; and I will engage at half a year's warning to find him above 200 beneficed clergymen who have not so much among them all to support themselves and their families; most of them orthodox, of good life and conversation, as loth to see the fires kindled in Smithfield, as his Lordship, and at least as ready to face them under a popish persecution. But nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger, while my Lord is seated by a good fire in the warmest room in his palace, with a dozen dishes before him? I remember one other prelate much of the same stamp; who when his clergy would mention their wishes that some act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the Church, would say, "Gentlemen, *we* are very well as *we* are; if they would let *us* alone, *we* should ask no more."

27: Page 38.]

28: Scott, in a note, thinks this reflection on Burnet to be unjust, because of that prelate's zeal "in forwarding a scheme in 1704 for Improving the livings of the poorer clergy." [T. S.]]

"Sacrilege" (says my Lord) "in the church of Rome, is a mortal sin;" and is it only so in the church of Rome? Or is it but a venial sin in the Church of England? Our litany calls fornication a deadly sin; and I would appeal to his Lordship for fifty years past, whether he thought that or sacrilege the deadliest? To make light of such a sin, at the same moment that he is frighting us from an idolatrous religion, should seem not very consistent. "*Thou* that sayest, a man should not commit adultery, dost *thou* commit adultery? *Thou* that abhorrest idols, dost *thou* commit sacrilege?"

29: Page 38.]

To smooth the way for the return of Popery in Queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the Pope in the possession of the abbey lands. But

the Bishop tells us, that "this confirmation was fraudulent and invalid" I shall believe it to be so, though I happen to read in his Lordship's history: But he adds, that although the confirmation had been good, the priests would have got their land again by these two methods; "first, the Statute of Mortmain was repealed for 20 years, in which time no doubt they reckoned they would recover the best part of what they had lost; besides that, engaging the clergy to renew no leases, was a thing entirely in their own power, and this in forty years time would raise their revenues to be about ten times their present value." These two expedients for increasing the revenues of the Church, he represents as pernicious designs, fit only to be practised in times of Popery, and such as the laity ought never to consent to: Whence, and from what he said before about tithes, his Lordship has freely declared his opinion, that the clergy are rich enough, and that the least addition to their subsistence would be a step toward Popery. Now it happens, that the two only methods, which could be thought on, with any probability of success, toward some reasonable augmentation of ecclesiastical revenues, are here rejected by a Bishop, as a means for introducing Popery, and the nation publicly warned against them. The continuance of the Statute of Mortmain in full force, after the Church had been so terribly stripped, appeared to Her Majesty and the kingdom a very unnecessary hardship; upon which account it was at several times relaxed by the legislature. Now as the relaxation of that statute is manifestly one of the reasons which gives the Bishop those terrible apprehensions of Popery coming on us; so I conceive another ground of his fears, is the remission of the first-fruits and tenths. But where the inclination to Popery lay, whether in Her Majesty who proposed this benefaction, the parliament which confirmed, or the clergy who accepted it, his Lordship hath not thought fit to determine.

30: Page 39.]

The other popish expedient for augmenting church-revenues, is "engaging the clergy to renew no leases." Several of the most eminent clergymen have assured me, that nothing has been more wished for by good men, than a law to prevent (at least) bishops from setting leases for lives. I could name ten bishoprics in England whose revenues one with another do not amount to £600 a-year for each; and if his lordship's, for instance, would be above ten times the value when the lives are expired, I should think the overplus would not be ill disposed toward an augmentation of such as are now shamefully poor. But I do assert, that such an expedient was not always thought popish and dangerous by this right reverend historian. I have had the honour formerly to converse with him; and he has told me several years ago, that he lamented extremely the power which bishops had of letting leases for lives, whereby, as he said, they were utterly deprived of raising their revenues, whatever alterations might happen in the value of money by length of time: I think the reproach of betraying private conversation will not upon this account be laid to my charge. Neither do I believe he would have changed his opinion upon

any score, but to take up another, more agreeable to the maxims of his party; that "the least addition of property to the Church, is one step toward Popery."

31: Page 39.]

The Bishop goes on with much earnestness and prolixity to prove that the Pope's confirmation of the church lands to those who held them by King Henry's donation, was null and fraudulent: Which is a point that I believe no Protestant in England would give threepence to have his choice whether it should be true or false: It might indeed serve as a passage in his history, among a thousand other instances, to detect the knavery of the court of Rome; but I ask, where could be the use of it in this Introduction? Or why all this haste in publishing it at this juncture; and so out of all method apart, and before the work itself? He gives his reasons in very plain terms; we are now, it seems, "in more danger of Popery than toward the end of King Charles II.'s reign. That set of men (the Tories) is so impiously corrupted in the point of religion, that no scene of cruelty can fright them from leaping into it, and perhaps from acting such a part in it as may be assigned them." He doubts whether the High-Church clergy have any principles, and therefore will be ready to turn off their wives, and look on the fires kindled in Smithfield as an amiable view. These are the facts he all along takes for granted, and argues accordingly; therefore, in despair of dissuading the nobility and gentry of the land from introducing Popery by any motives of honour, religion, alliance or mercy, he assures them, that "the Pope has not duly confirmed their titles to the church lands in their possession," which therefore must infallibly be restored, as soon as that religion is established among us.

32: Page 37.]

Thus, in his Lordship's opinion, there is nothing wanting to make the majority of the kingdom, both for number, quality and possession, immediately embrace Popery, except a "firm bull from the Pope," to secure the abbey and other church lands and tithes to the present proprietors and their heirs; if this only difficulty could now be adjusted, the Pretender would be restored next session, the two Houses reconciled to the church of Rome against Easter term, and the fires lighted in Smithfield by Midsummer. Such horrible calumnies against a nation are not the less injurious to decency, good-nature, truth, honour, and religion, because they may be vented with safety. And I will appeal to any reader of common understanding, whether this be not the most natural and necessary deduction from the passages I have cited and referred to.

Yet all this is but friendly dealing, in comparison with what he affords the clergy upon the same article. He supposes all that reverend body, who differ from him in principles of church or state, so far from disliking Popery, upon the above-mentioned motives of perjury, "quitting their wives, or burning their relations;" that the hopes of "enjoying the abbey lands" would soon bear

down all such considerations, and be an effectual incitement to their perversion; and so he goes gravely on, as with the only argument which he thinks can have any force, to assure them, that "the parochial priests in Roman Catholic countries are much poorer than in ours, the several orders of regulars, and the magnificence of their church, devouring all their treasure," and by consequence "their hopes are vain of expecting to be richer after the introduction of Popery."

33: Page 46.]

But after all, his Lordship despairs, that even this argument will have any force with our abominable clergy, because, to use his own words, "They are an insensible and degenerate race, who are thinking of nothing but their present advantages; and so that they may now support a luxurious and brutal course of irregular and voluptuous practices, they are easily hired to betray their religion, to sell their country, and give up that liberty and those properties, which are the present felicities and glories of this nation." He seems to reckon all these evils as matters fully determined on, and therefore falls into the last usual form of despair, by threatening the authors of these miseries with "lasting infamy, and the curses of posterity upon perfidious betrayers of their trust."

34: Page 47.]

35: Page 47.]

Let me turn this paragraph into vulgar language for the use of the poor, and strictly adhere to the sense of the words. I believe it may be faithfully translated in the following manner: "The bulk of the clergy, and one-third of the bishops, are stupid sons of whores, who think of nothing but getting money as soon as they can: If they may but produce enough to supply them in gluttony, drunkenness, and whoring, they are ready to turn traitors to God and their country, and make their fellow-subjects slaves." The rest of the period, about threatening "infamy," and "the curses of posterity upon such dogs and villains," may stand as it does in the Bishop's own phrase, and so make the paragraph all of a piece.

I will engage, on the other side, to paraphrase all the rogues and rascals in the *Englishman*, so as to bring them up exactly to his Lordship's style: But, for my own part, I much prefer the plain Billingsgate way of calling names, because it expresses our meaning full as well, and would save abundance of time which is lost by circumlocution; so, for instance, John Dunton, who is retained on the same side with the Bishop, calls my Lord-treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, traitors, whoremasters, and Jacobites, which three words cost our right reverend author thrice as many lines to define them; and I hope his Lordship does not think there is any difference in point of morality, whether a man calls me traitor in one word, or says I am one "hired to betray my

religion and sell my country."

36: See note on p. 50 of vol. i. of this edition of Swift's works. [T.S.]]

37: Page 51.]

I am not surprised to see the Bishop mention with contempt all Convocations of the Clergy; for Toland, Collins, Tindal, and others of the fraternity, talk the very same language. His Lordship confesses he "is not" inclined "to expect much from the assemblies of clergymen." There lies the misfortune; for if he and some more of his order would correct their "inclinations," a great deal of good might be expected from such assemblies, as much as they are now cramped by that submission, which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent successors. He will not deny that his copiousness in these matters is, in his own opinion, one of the meanest parts of his new work. I will agree with him, unless he happens to be more "copious" in any thing else. However, it is not easy to conceive why he should be so "copious" upon a subject he so much despises, unless it were to gratify his talent of railing at the clergy, in the number of whom he disdains to be reckoned, because he is a Bishop. For it is a style I observe some prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themselves were not of the number: You will read in many of their speeches at Dr. Sacheverel's trial, expressions to this or the like effect: "My lords, if clergymen be suffered," &c. wherein they seem to have reason; and I am pretty confident, that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to disown any relation they had to the managers in lawn. However, it was a confounding argument against Presbytery, that those who are most suspected to lean that way, treating their inferior brethren with haughtiness, rigour, and contempt: Although, to say the truth, nothing better could be hoped for; because, I believe, it may pass for a universal rule, that in every diocese governed by bishops of the Whig species, the clergy (especially the poorer sort) are under double discipline, and the laity left to themselves. The opinion of Sir Thomas More, which he produces to prove the ill consequences or insignificancy of Convocations, advances no such thing, but says, "if the clergy assembled often, and might act as other assemblies of clergy in Christendom, much good might have come: but the misfortune lay in their long disuse, and that in his own and a good part of his father's time, they never came together, except at the command of the prince."

38: Page 47.]

39: See note, p. 9. [T.S.]]

40: Henry Sacheverell, D.D., was educated at Marlborough and Oxford. At Magdalen College he was a fellow-student with Addison, and obtained there his fellowship and doctor's degree. In 1709 he preached two sermons, one at the Derby Assizes, and the other at St. Paul's, in which he urged the imminent danger of the Church. For these sermons, which the parliament considered highly inflammatory, he was, by the House of Commons, at the instigation of Godolphin, impeached, and tried before the Lords in 1710. He was found guilty of a misdemeanour, and was suspended from preaching for three years. The

trial made a great stir at the time, and served but to increase the popularity of a man who, had he been let alone, would, probably, never have been heard of. He died in 1724, holding the living of St. Andrew, Holborn, to which he was presented after the expiration of his sentence. [T.S.]]

41: See Sir Thomas More's "Apology," 1533, p. 241.]

I suppose his lordship thinks, there is some original impediment in the study of divinity, or secret incapacity in a gown and cassock without lawn, which disqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon subjects of doctrine or discipline in the church. It is a famous saying of his, that "he looks upon every layman to be an honest man, until he is by experience convinced to the contrary; and on every clergyman as a knave, till he finds him to be an honest man." What opinion then must we have of a Lower House of Convocation: where I am confident he will hardly find three persons that ever convinced him of their honesty, or will ever be at the pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would think such a conviction might be no very advantageous bargain, to gain the character of an honest man with his Lordship, and lose it with the rest of the world.

42: It must not be forgotten, that, during the reign of Queen Anne, the body of the clergy were high-church men; but the bishops, who had chiefly been promoted since the Revolution, were Whiggish in politics, and moderate in their sentiments of church government. Hence the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation rarely agreed in sentiment on affairs of church or state. [T. S.]]

In the famous Concordate that was made between Francis I. of France and Pope Leo X., the Bishop tells us, that "the king and pope came to a bargain, by which they divided the liberties of the Gallican Church between them, and indeed quite enslaved it." He intends, in the third part of his History which he is going to publish, "to open this whole matter to the world." In the mean time, he mentions some ill consequences to the Gallican Church from that Concordate, which are worthy to be observed; "The church of France became a slave, and this change in their constitution put an end not only to national, but even to provincial synods in that kingdom. The assemblies of the clergy there, meet now only to give subsidies," &c. and he says, "our nation may see by that proceeding, what it is to deliver up the essential liberties of a free constitution to a court."

43: Page 53.]

44: Page 53.]

All I can gather from this matter is, that our King Henry made a better bargain than his contemporary Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between himself and the Pope, while the King of England seized them all to himself. But how comes he to number the want of synods in the Gallican church among the grievances of that Concordate, and as a mark of their slavery, since he reckons all Convocations of the Clergy in England to be useless and dangerous? Or what difference in point of liberty was there

between the Gallican Church under Francis, and the English under Harry? For, the latter was as much a papist as the former, unless in the point of obedience to the see of Rome; and in every quality of a good man, or a good prince, (except personal courage wherein both were equal) the French monarch had the advantage by as many degrees as is possible for one man to have over another.

Henry VIII. had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom; he still continued to persecute and burn Protestants after he had cast off the Pope's supremacy, and I suppose this seizure of ecclesiastical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the church's liberty. By the quotation the Bishop sets down to show the slavery of the French church, he represents it as a grievance, that "bishops are not now elected there as formerly, but wholly appointed by the prince; and that those made by the court have been ordinarily the chief advancers of schisms, heresies, and oppressions of the church." He cites another passage from a Greek writer, and plainly insinuates, that it is justly applicable to Her Majesty's reign: "Princes choose such men to that charge [of a bishop] who may be their slaves, and in all things obsequious to what they prescribe; and may lie at their feet, and have not so much as a thought contrary to their commands."

45: Page 55.]

46: Page 55.]

These are very singular passages for his Lordship to set down in order to show the dismal consequences of the French Concordate, by the slavery of the Gallican Church, compared with the freedom of ours. I shall not enter into a long dispute, whether it were better for religion that bishops should be chosen by the clergy, or people, or both together: I believe our author would give his vote for the second (which however would not have been of much advantage to himself, and some others that I could name). But I ask, Whether bishops are any more elected in England than in France? And the want of synods are in his own opinion rather a blessing than a grievance, unless he will affirm that more good can be expected from a popish synod than an English Convocation. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties, than the submission made to Henry VIII., or so great a one as the seizure of their lands? The Reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of K. Henry: He was only an instrument of it, (as the logicians speak) by accident; nor doth he appear through his whole reign to have had any other views than those of gratifying his insatiable love of power, cruelty, oppression, and other irregular appetites. But this kingdom as well as many other parts of Europe, was, at that time, generally weary of the corruptions and impositions of the Roman court and church, and disposed to receive those doctrines which Luther and his followers had universally spread. Cranmer the

archbishop, Cromwell, and others of the court, did secretly embrace the Reformation; and the King's abrogating the Pope's supremacy, made the people in general run into the new doctrines with greater freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it by the authority and example of their prince, who disappointed them so far that he made no other step than rejecting the Pope's supremacy as a clog upon his own power and passions, but retained every corruption beside, and became a cruel persecutor, as well of those who denied his own supremacy, as of all others who professed any Protestant doctrine. Neither hath any thing disgusted me more in reading the histories of those times, than to see one of the worst princes of any age or country, celebrated as an instrument in that glorious work of the Reformation.

The Bishop having gone over all the matters that properly fall within his Introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several sorts of people; First with Protestants who are no Christians, such as atheists, deists, freethinkers, and the like enemies to Christianity. But these he treats with the tenderness of a friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig principles in church and state. However, to do him justice, he lightly touches some old topics for the truth of the Gospel; and concludes by wishing that the freethinkers would consider well, if (*Anglice,* whether) they think it possible to bring a nation to be without any religion at all, and what the consequences of that may prove; and in case they allow the negative, he gives it clearly for Christianity.

47: Page 56.]

48: Page 59.]

Secondly, he applies himself (if I take his meaning right) to Christian papists "who have a taste of liberty," and desires them to "compare the absurdities of their own religion with the reasonableness of the reformed:" Against which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

49: Page 59.]

Thirdly, he is somewhat rough against his own party, "who having tasted the sweets of Protestant liberty, can look back so tamely on Popery coming on them; it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be so negligent. It is not enough that they resolve not to turn papists themselves: They ought to awaken all about them, even the most ignorant and stupid, to apprehend their danger, and to exert themselves with their utmost industry to guard against it, and to resist it. If after all their endeavours to prevent it, the corruption of the age, and the art and power of our enemies, prove too hard for us, then, and not until then, we must submit to the will of God, and be silent, and prepare ourselves for all the extremity of suffering and of misery:" with a great deal more of the same strain.

50: Pages 60, 61.]

With due submission to the profound sagacity of this prelate, who can smell Popery at 500 miles distance, better than fanaticism just under his nose; I take leave to tell him, that this reproof to his friends, for want of zeal and clamour against Popery, slavery, and the Pretender, is what they have not deserved. Are the pamphlets and papers, daily published by the sublime authors of his party full of any thing else? Are not the Queen, the ministers, the majority of Lords and Commons, loudly taxed in print with this charge against them at full length? Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffeehouse and club? Have they not quartered Popery and the Pretender upon the peace, and treaty of commerce; upon the possessing, and quieting, and keeping, and demolishing of Dunkirk? Have they not clamoured because the Pretender continued in France, and because he left it? Have they not reported, that the town swarmed with many thousand papists, when upon search there were never found so few of that religion in it before? If a clergyman preaches obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a papist? Can mortal man do more? To deal plainly, my Lord, your friends are not strong enough yet to make an insurrection, and it is unreasonable to expect it from them, until their neighbours are ready.

My Lord, I have a little seriousness at heart upon this point, where your Lordship affects to show so much. When you can prove, that one single word has ever dropped from any minister of state, in public or private, in favour of the Pretender, or his cause; when you can make it appear, that in the course of this administration, since the Queen thought fit to change her servants, there hath one step been made toward weakening the Hanover title, or giving the least countenance to any other whatsoever; then, and not until then, go dry your chaff and stubble, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmness.

Fourthly, the Bishop applies himself to the Tories in general. Taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce Popery, he puts an excuse into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to justify their change of religion. That “Popery is not what it was before the Reformation: Things are now much mended; and further corrections might be expected, if we would enter into a treaty with them: In particular, they see the error of proceeding severely with heretics; so that there is no reason to apprehend the returns of such cruelties as were practised an age and a half ago.”

51: Page 62.]

This, he assures us, is a plea offered by the Tories in defence of themselves, for going about at this juncture to establish the Popish religion among us: What argument does he bring to prove the fact itself?

”Quibus indiciis, quo teste, probavit?

Nil horum: verbosa et grandis epistola venit”

52: Juvenal, “Sat.” x. 70-71. [T. S.]]

Nothing but this tedious Introduction, wherein he supposes it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole Christian Church, is a blessing which every good man wishes, but no reasonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman Catholics have in several places given up some of their superstitious fopperies, particularly concerning legends, relics, and the like, is what nobody denies. But the material points in difference between us and them are universally retained and asserted, in all their controversial writings. And if his Lordship really thinks that every man who differs from him, under the name of a Tory in some church and state opinions, is ready to believe transubstantiation, purgatory, the infallibility of pope or councils, to worship saints and angels, and the like; I can only pray God to enlighten his understanding, or graft in his heart the first principles of charity; a virtue which some people ought not by any means wholly to renounce, “because it covers a multitude of sins.”

Fifthly, the Bishop applies himself to his own party in both Houses of Parliament, whom he exhorts to “guard their religion and liberty against all danger at what distance soever it may appear. If they are absent and remiss on critical occasions,” that is to say, if they do not attend close next sessions, to vote upon all occasions whatsoever against the proceedings of the Queen and Her Ministry; “or, if any views of advantage to themselves prevail on them.” In other words, if any of them vote for the Bill of Commerce, in hopes of a place or a pension, a title, or a garter; “God may work a deliverance for us another way.” That is to say, by inviting the Dutch. “But they and their families,” (id est) those who are negligent or revolters, “shall perish.” By which is meant; they shall be hanged as well as the present ministry and their abettors, as soon as we recover our power. “Because they let in idolatry, superstition, and tyranny.” Because they stood by and suffered the peace to be made, the Bill of Commerce to pass, and Dunkirk to lie undemolished longer than we expected, without raising a rebellion.

53: Pages 67, 68.]

His last application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of “blind, ignorant, dumb, sleeping, greedy, drunken dogs.” A pretty artful episcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleases. It is but quoting a text of Scripture, where the characters of evil men are described, and the thing is done; and at the same time the appearances of piety and devotion preserved. I would engage, with the help of a good Concordance, and the liberty of perverting Holy Writ, to find out as many injurious appellations, as the *Englishman* throws out in any of his politic papers, and apply them to those persons “who call good evil, and evil good;” to those who

cry without cause, “Every man to his tent, O Israel! and to those who curse the Queen in their hearts!”

54: This is the bishop’s reference to the Tory clergy: “But, in the last place, Those who are appointed to be the watchmen, who ought to give warning, and to lift up their voice as a trumpet, when they see those wolves ready to break in and devour the flock, have the heaviest account of all others to make, if they neglect their duty; much more if they betray their trust. If they are so set on some smaller matters, and are so sharpened upon that account, that they will not see their danger, nor awaken others to see it, and to fly from it; the guilt of those souls who have perished by their means, God will require at their hands. If they, in the view of any advantage to themselves, are silent when they ought to cry out day and night, they will fall under the character given by the prophet, of the watchmen in his time: ‘They are blind, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber: Yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough. And they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his quarter; that say, come, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.’” — BURNET’S *History of the Reformation*, vol. iii. p. xxii. [T. S.]]

These decent words he tells us, make up a “lively description of such pastors, as will not study controversy, nor know the depths of Satan.” He means I suppose, the controversy between us and the papists; for as to the freethinkers and dissenters of every denomination, they are some of the best friends to the cause. Now I have been told, there is a body of that kind of controversy published by the London divines, which is not to be matched in the world. I believe likewise, there is a good number of the clergy at present, thoroughly versed in that study; after which I cannot but give my judgment, that it would be a very idle thing for pastors in general to busy themselves much in disputes against Popery. It being a dry heavy employment of the mind at best, especially when, God be thanked, there is so little occasion for it, in the generality of parishes throughout the kingdom, and must be daily less and less by the just severity of the laws, and the utter aversion of our people from that idolatrous superstition.

If I might be so bold as to name those who have the honour to be of his Lordship’s party, I would venture to tell him, that pastors have much more occasion to study controversies against the several classes of freethinkers and dissenters; the former (I beg his Lordship’s pardon for saying so) being a little worse than papists, and both of them more dangerous at present to our constitution both in church and state. Not that I think Presbytery so corrupt a system of Christian religion as Popery; I believe it is not above one-third as bad: but I think the Presbyterians, and their clans of other fanatics of freethinkers and atheists that dangle after them, are as well inclined to pull down the present establishment of monarchy and religion, as any set of Papists in Christendom, and therefore that our danger as things now stand, is infinitely greater from our Protestant enemies; because they are much more able to ruin us, and full as willing. There is no doubt, but Presbytery, and a commonwealth, are less formidable evils than Popery, slavery, and the Pretender; for if the fanatics were in power, I should be in more apprehension of being starved than burned. But there are probably in England forty dissenters of all kinds, including their brethren the freethinkers, for one papist; and, allowing one papist to be as terrible as three dissenters, it will appear by arithmetic, that we are thirteen times and one-third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

The other qualification necessary for all pastors, if they will not be "blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs," &c., is, "to know the depths of Satan." This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be parson, vicar, or curate of a parish, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect for one manifest reason, because whoever had only half the cunning of the devil, would never take up with a vicarage of £10 a-year, "to live on at his ease," as my Lord expresseth it; but seek out for some better livelihood. His Lordship is of a nation very much distinguished for that quality of cunning (though they have a great many better) and I think he was never accused for wanting his share. However upon a trial of skill I would venture to lay six to four on the devil's side, who must be allowed to be at least the older practitioner. Telling truth shames him, and resistance makes him fly: But to attempt outwitting him, is to fight him at his own weapon, and consequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would observe is, that a man may be "in the depths of Satan," without knowing them all, and such a man may be so far in Satan's depths as to be out of his own. One of the depths of Satan, is to counterfeit an angel of light. Another, I believe, is, to stir up the people against their governors, by false suggestions of danger. A third is to be a prompter to false brethren, and to send wolves about in sheep's clothing. Sometimes he sends Jesuits about England in the habit and cant of fanatics, at other times he has fanatic missionaries in the habits of —— . I shall mention but one more of Satan's depths, for I confess I know not the hundredth part of them; and that is, to employ his emissaries in crying out against remote imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourselves against those which are real and just at our elbows.

But his Lordship draws towards a conclusion, and bids us "look about, to consider the danger we are in, before it is too late;" for he assures us, we are already "going into some of the worst parts of popery;" like the man who was so much in haste for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong side out. "Auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the sacrifice of the mass," have made great progress in England, and nobody has observed it: several other popish points "are carried higher with us than by the papists themselves." And somebody, it seems, "had the impudence to propose a union with the Gallican church." I have indeed heard that Mr. Lesley published a discourse to that purpose, which I have never seen; nor do I perceive the evil in proposing an union between any two churches in Christendom. Without doubt Mr. Lesley is most unhappily misled in his politics; but if he be the author of the late tract against Popery, he has given the world such a proof of his soundness in religion, as many a bishop ought to be proud of. I never saw the gentleman in my life: I know he is the son of a great and excellent prelate, who upon several accounts was one of the most extraordinary men of his age. Mr. Lesley has written many useful discourses upon several subjects, and hath so well deserved of the Christian religion, and the Church of England in particular, that to accuse him of "impudence for proposing an union" in two

very different faiths, is a style which I hope few will imitate. I detest Mr. Lesley's political principles as much as his Lordship can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a mistaken conscience, and therefore I distinguish between the principles and the person. However, it is some mortification to me, when I see an avowed nonjuror contribute more to the confounding of Popery, than could ever be done by a hundred thousand such Introductions as this.

55: Page 70.]

56: Page 70.]

57: Swift here disowns a charge loudly urged by the Whigs of the time against the high churchmen. There were, however, strong symptoms of a nearer approach on their part to the church of Rome. Hickes, the head of the Jacobite writers, had insinuated, that there was a proper sacrifice in the Eucharist; Brett had published a Sermon on the "Doctrine of Priestly Absolution as essential to Salvation;" Dodwell had written against Lay-Baptism, and his doctrine at once excluded all the dissenters (whose teachers are held as lay-men) from the pale of Christianity; and, upon the whole, there was a general disposition among the clergy to censure, if not the Reformation itself, at least the mode in which it was carried on. [S.]]

58: Charles Lesley, or Leslie, the celebrated nonjuror. He published a Jacobite paper, called the "Rehearsal," and was a strenuous assertor of divine right; but he was also so steady a Protestant, that he went to Bar-le-Duc to convert the Chevalier de St George from the errors of Rome. [S.] See note on p. 63. [T. S.]]

59: "The Case stated between the Church of Rome and the Church of England," 1713.]

His Lordship ends with discovering a small ray of comfort. "God be thanked there are many among us that stand upon the watch-tower, and that give faithful warning; that stand in the breach, and make themselves a wall for their church and country; that cry to God day and night, and lie in the dust mourning before him, to avert those judgments that seem to hasten towards us. They search into the mystery of iniquity that is working among us, and acquaint themselves with that mass of corruption that is in popery." He prays "that the number of these may increase, and that he may be of that number, ready either to die in peace, or to seal that doctrine he has been preaching above fifty years, with his blood." This being his last paragraph, I have made bold to transcribe the most important parts of it. His design is to end after the manner of orators, with leaving the strongest impression possible upon the minds of his hearers. A great breach is made; "the mystery of popish iniquity is working among us;" may God avert those "judgments that are hastening towards us!" I am an old man, "a preacher above fifty years," and I now expect and am ready to die a martyr for the doctrines I have preached. What an amiable idea does he here leave upon our minds, of Her Majesty and her government! He has been poring so long upon Fox's Book of Martyrs, that he imagines himself living in the reign of Queen Mary, and is resolved to set up for a knight-errant against Popery. Upon the supposition of his being in earnest, (which I am sure he is not) it would require but a very little more heat of imagination, to make a history of such a knight's adventures. What would

he say, to behold the "fires kindled in Smithfield, and all over the town," on the 17th of November; to behold the Pope borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people, with a cardinal on the one side, and the Pretender on the other? He would never believe it was Queen Elizabeth's day, but that of her persecuting sister: In short, how easily might a windmill be taken for the whore of Babylon, and a puppet-show for a popish procession?

60: Page 71]

61: Page 72]

But enthusiasm is none of his Lordship's faculty: I am inclined to believe he might be melancholy enough when he writ this Introduction: The despair at his age of seeing a faction restored, to which he hath sacrificed so great a part of his life: The little success he can hope for in case he should resume those High-Church Principles, in defence of which he first employed his pen: No visible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth: And lastly, the misfortune of being hated by every one, who either wears the habit, or values the profession of a clergyman: No wonder such a spirit, in such a situation, is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or self-conviction. To do him justice, he seems to have nothing else left, but to cry out, halters, gibbets, faggots, inquisition, Popery, slavery, and the Pretender. But in the meantime, he little considers what a world of mischief he does to his cause. It is very convenient, for the present designs of that faction, to spread the opinion of our immediate danger from Popery and the Pretender. His directors therefore ought, in my humble opinion, to have employed his Lordship in publishing a book, wherein he should have asserted, by the most solemn asseverations, that all things were safe and well; for the world has contracted so strong a habit of believing him backwards, that I am confident, nine parts in ten of those who have read or heard of his Introduction, have slept in greater security ever since. It is like the melancholy tone of a watchman at midnight, who thumps with his pole, as if some thief were breaking in, but you know by the noise, that the door is fast.

However, he "thanks God there are many among us who stand in the breach:" I believe they may; 'tis a breach of their own making, and they design to come forward, and storm and plunder, if they be not driven back. "They make themselves a wall for their church and country." A south wall, I suppose, for all the best fruit of the church and country to be nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor: The wall of our church and country is built of those who love the constitution in both: Our domestic enemies undermine some parts of the wall, and place themselves in the breach; and then they cry, "We are the wall!" We do not like such patchwork, they build with untempered mortar; nor can they ever cement with us, till they get better materials and better workmen: God keep us from having our breaches made up with such rubbish! "They stand upon the watch-tower;" they are indeed pragmatical

enough to do so; but who assigned them that post, to give us false intelligence, to alarm us with false dangers, and send us to defend one gate, while their accomplices are breaking in at another? “They cry to God, day and night to avert the judgment of Popery which seems to hasten towards us.” Then I affirm, they are hypocrites by day, and filthy dreamers by night. When they cry unto him, he will not hear them: For they cry against the plainest dictates of their own conscience, reason, and belief.

But lastly, “They lie in the dust, mourning before him.” Hang me if I believe that, unless it be figuratively spoken. But suppose it to be true; why do “they lie in the dust?” Because they love to raise it: For what do “they mourn?” Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the Queen, and monarchy, and the church, lie, and mourn, and lick the dust, like serpents, till they are truly sensible of their ingratitude, falsehood, disobedience, slander, blasphemy, sedition, and every evil work!

I cannot find in my heart to conclude without offering his Lordship a little humble advice upon some certain points.

First, I would advise him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his style, which is mighty defective in the circumstances of grammar, propriety, politeness, and smoothness; I fancied at first, it might be owing to the prevalence of his passion, as people sputter out nonsense for haste when they are in a rage. And indeed I believe this piece before me has received some additional imperfections from that occasion. But whoever has heard his sermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in his choice and disposition of his words, and, for want of variety, repeating them, especially the particles, in a manner very grating to an English ear. But I confine myself to this Introduction, as his last work, where endeavouring at rhetorical flowers, he gives us only bunches of thistles; of which I could present the reader with a plentiful crop; but I refer him to every page and line of the pamphlet itself.

62: In Swift’s notes on Burnet’s “History of his Own Times,” he points out many instances of the deficiency here stated. [S.]]

Secondly, I would most humbly advise his Lordship to examine a little into the nature of truth, and sometimes to hear what she says. I shall produce two instances among a hundred. When he asserts that we are “now in more danger of Popery than toward the end of King Charles II.’s reign,” and gives the broadest hints, that the Queen, the ministry, the parliament, and the clergy, are just going to introduce it; I desire to know, whether he really thinks truth is of his side, or whether he be not sure she is against him? If the latter, then truth and he will be found in two different stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the clergy and laity of the Tory side, not to “light the fires in Smithfield,” and goes on in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for Popery and slavery to enter: I ask again, whether he has rightly considered the nature of truth? I desire to put a parallel case. Suppose his Lordship should take it into his fancy to write and

publish a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals; and there advise him with great earnestness, not to rob or fire churches, ravish his daughter, or murder his father; show him the sin and the danger of these enormities, that if he flattered himself, he could escape in disguise, or bribe his jury, he was grievously mistaken: That he must in all probability forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be cursed by posterity; Would not such a gentleman justly think himself highly injured, though his Lordship did not affirm that the said gentleman had his picklocks or combustibles ready, that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his sword against his father in order to stab him? Whereas, in the other case, this writer affirms over and over, that all attempts for introducing Popery and slavery are already made, the whole business concerted, and that little less than a miracle can prevent our ruin.

Thirdly, I could heartily wish his Lordship would not undertake to charge the opinions of one or two, and those probably nonjurors, upon the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr. Lesley writ a "Proposal for a Union with the Gallican Church;" somebody else has "carried the necessity of priesthood in the point of baptism farther than popery;" a third has "asserted the independency of the church on the state, and in many things arraigned the supremacy of the crown." Then he speaks in a dubious insinuating way, as if some other popish tenets had been already advanced: And at last concludes in this affected strain of despondency, "What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!" 'Tis as clear as the sun, that these authors are encouraged by the ministry with a design to bring in Popery; and in Popery all these things will end.

I never was so uncharitable as to believe, that the whole party of which his Lordship professeth himself a member, had a real formed design of establishing atheism among us. The reason why the Whigs have taken the atheists, or freethinkers, into their body, is because they wholly agree in their political schemes, and differ very little in church power and discipline. However, I could turn the argument against his Lordship with very great advantage, by quoting passages from fifty pamphlets wholly made up of Whiggism and atheism, and then conclude; "What will all these things end in? And on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!"

Lastly, I would beg his Lordship not to be so exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead; because it is highly probable, that, in a very short time he will be one of the number. He has in plain words given Mr. Wharton the character of a "most malicious, revengeful, treacherous, lying, mercenary villain." To which I shall only say, that the direct reverse of this amiable description is what appears from the works of that most learned divine, and from the accounts given me by those who knew him much better than the Bishop seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of his treatment. God Almighty forgive his Lordship this manner of revenging himself; and then there will be but little consequence from an accusation

which the dead cannot feel, and which none of the living will believe.

MR. COLLINS'S DISCOURSE OF FREETHINKING

PUT INTO PLAIN ENGLISH,

BY WAY OF ABSTRACT,

FOR THE USE OF THE POOR.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1713

NOTE.

Of the deistical writers of the early eighteenth century, Anthony Collins (1676-1729) is, perhaps, the most celebrated. He was born near Hounslow and educated at Eton and Cambridge. His writings were mainly attacks on Christianity, and, in addition to the "Discourse on Freethinking," he published: "Discourse of the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion;" "Scheme of Literal Prophecy Considered;" "Priestcraft in Perfection;" "Historical and Critical Essay on the Thirty-Nine Articles;" and "A Philosophical Enquiry concerning Human Liberty." Most of these writings engaged him in many and violent controversies with some of the ablest divines of his time. Among these, beside Swift, may be named, Whiston, Hare, Hoadly, Bentley, and Samuel Clarke. Steele, also, had his fling at Collins, and thought that "if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of 'A Discourse upon Freethinking'" ("Guardian," No. 3). But then Steele's opinion on such a matter was of no great moment. What was of more, was the fact that the school to which Collins belonged found a decided opponent in Locke, from the writings of whom the members of the school professed to draw their strongest arguments. For a philosophical appreciation of Toland, Collins, and the rest, see Mr. Leslie Stephen's "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (chaps. iii. and iv. of vol. i. 1881).

Swift took an entirely different attitude towards Collins from that

assumed by the professional controversialists. He refused to take him seriously, and no doubt he felt that ridicule would as effectually serve his purpose as another method. Moreover, he sought to use the opportunity for scoring a point against the Whigs, by insisting on the political side of the matter, and, in the person of an assumed defender of Collins, betrayed undoubted Whig leanings. Swift, at this time, was deep in work, pamphleteering for Harley and St. John. He had already written "The Conduct of the Allies," and "Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," and was soon to write "The Public Spirit of the Whigs." The assumed and sarcastic defence of Collins must be taken as a Swiftian dodge to bring odium and suspicion on the opponents of the Tory ministry, by showing that the propounders of the hateful and ridiculous atheism were themselves Whigs.

Sir Henry Craik, in a note to his reprint of this tract ("Selections from Swift," Oxford, 1893, vol. ii. p. 42), agrees with Scott as to the motive which urged Swift in writing it. "In this later tract," he says, "Swift makes no attempt to cloak his enmity; and he boldly assumes the character of a Whig as the propounder of those atheistical absurdities, which he wished, as a useful political move, but without any scrupulous regard to fairness, to represent as part and parcel of the tenets of that party." "What gave colour," says Scott, "though only a colour, to his charge was, that Toland, Tindal, Collins, and most of those who carried to licence their abhorrence of Church-government, were naturally enough enrolled among that party in politics who professed most attachment to freedom of sentiment." It must not, however, be forgotten, that Swift's attachment to his Church, as it influenced him against the Whigs, would naturally influence him against the deistical writers also, and that he must be credited, to that extent, with honesty of purpose. That these writers were Whigs was, if one may so put it, an accident, of which it would have been more than a human act for Swift not to take advantage, for party purposes.

Curiously enough, none of Swift's more modern biographers have thought this imitation of Collins's "Discourse" worthy of a mention; yet it is, in its way, as fine a performance as his castigation of Bishop Burnet and his "Introduction." The fooling is admirably carried on, and the intention, as explained in the introduction, is excellently well realized. It frightened Collins into Holland. To appreciate the cleverness with which it has been done, one should read Swift's "Abstract" side by side with Collins's "Discourse."

The pamphlet was advertised for sale in "The Examiner" for Tuesday, January 26th, 1712-13. In His "Letters to Stella" (January 16th and 21st, 1712-13), Swift makes the following references to it: "I came home at seven, and began a little whim which just came into my head, and will make a three-penny pamphlet. It shall be finished in a week; and, if it succeeds, you shall know what it is; otherwise not. … I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written; but not politics. It will be out by Monday."

The present text is based on that of the first edition, collated with those

given by Nichols, Hawkesworth and Scott. None of the "Miscellanies" prints this tract, nor is it given in Faulkner's edition of 1735-38 (6 vols.). It is fully annotated and edited by Nichols in the first volume of his "Supplement to Swift's Works" (1779).

[T. S.]

Mr. COLLIN'S DISCOURSE OF FREE-THINKING, PUT INTO PLAIN ENGLISH, BY WAY OF ABSTRACT, FOR THE

USE OF THE POOR.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

1713.

INTRODUCTION.

Our party having failed, by all their political arguments, to re-establish their power; the wise leaders have determined, that the last and principal remedy should be made use of, for opening the eyes of this blinded nation; and that a short, but perfect, system of their divinity, should be published, to which we are all of us ready to subscribe, and which we lay down as a model, bearing a close analogy to our schemes in religion. Crafty, designing men, that they might keep the world in awe, have, in their several forms of government, placed a *Supreme Power* on earth, to keep human-kind in fear of being hanged; and a supreme power in heaven, for fear of being damned. In order to cure men's apprehensions of the former, several of our learned members have writ many profound treatises on Anarchy; but a brief complete body of Atheology seemed yet wanting, till this irrefragable Discourse appeared. However, it so happens, that our ablest brethren, in their elaborate disquisitions upon this subject, have written with so much caution, that ignorant unbelievers have edified very little by them. I grant that those daring spirits, who first adventured to write against the direct rules of the gospel, the current of antiquity, the religion of the magistrate, and the laws of the land, had some measures to keep; and particularly when they railed at religion, were in the right to use little artful disguises, by which a jury could only find them guilty of abusing heathenism or popery. But the mystery is now revealed, that there is no such thing as mystery or revelation; and though our friends are out of place and power, yet we may have so much confidence in the present ministry, to be secure, that those who suffer so many free speeches against their sovereign and themselves, to pass unpunished, will never resent our expressing the freest thoughts against their religion; but think with Tiberius, that if there be a God, he is able enough to revenge any injuries done to himself, without expecting the civil power to interpose.

1: Swift was evidently very fond of this reference, since he uses it several times in his writings. [T. S.]]

By these reflections I was brought to think, that the most ingenious author of the Discourse upon Freethinking, in a letter to Somebody, Esq.; although he hath used less reserve than any of his predecessors, might yet have been more free and open. I considered, that several well-witters to infidelity, might be discouraged by a show of logic, and a multiplicity of quotations, scattered through his book, which to understandings of that size, might carry an appearance of something like book-learning, and consequently fright them from reading for their improvement; I could see no reason why these great discoveries should be hid from our youth of quality, who frequent Whites and Tom's; why they should not be adapted to the capacities of the Kit-Cat and Hanover Clubs, who might then be able to read lectures on them to their

several toasts: and it will be allowed on all hands, that nothing can sooner help to restore our abdicated cause, than a firm universal belief of the principles laid down by this sublime author.

2: These were chocolate houses of the time, supported mainly by the aristocracy and the gamblers. White's is still in existence, and has had the honour of having had a special history written about it. Tom's was in Russell Street, and so-called after its landlord, Tom West. The Kit-Cat Club was the resort of the Whig wits of the day, and the Hanover Club of those who favoured the Hanover succession. [T. S.]]

For I am sensible that nothing would more contribute to "the continuance of the war" and the restoration of the late ministry, than to have the doctrines delivered in this treatise well infused into the people. I have therefore compiled them into the following Abstract, wherein I have adhered to the very words of our author, only adding some few explanations of my own, where the terms happen to be too learned, and consequently a little beyond the comprehension of those for whom the work was principally intended, I mean the nobility and gentry of our party. After which I hope it will be impossible for the malice of a Jacobite, highflying, priestridden faction, to misrepresent us. The few additions I have made are for no other use than to help the transition, which could not otherwise be kept in an abstract; but I have not presumed to advance anything of my own; which besides would be needless to an author who hath so fully handled and demonstrated every particular. I shall only add, that though this writer, when he speaks of priests, desires chiefly to be understood to mean the English clergy, yet he includes all priests whatsoever, except the ancient and modern heathens, the Turks, Quakers, and Socinians.

THE LETTER.

SIR,

I send you this apology for Freethinking, without the least hopes of doing good, but purely to comply with your request; for those truths which nobody can deny, will do no good to those who deny them. The clergy, who are so impudent to teach the people the doctrines of faith, are all either cunning knaves or mad fools; for none but artificial, designing men, and crack-brained enthusiasts, presume to be guides to others in matters of speculation, which all the doctrines of Christianity are; and whoever has a mind to learn the Christian religion, naturally chooses such knaves and fools to teach them. Now the Bible, which contains the precepts of the priests' religion, is the most difficult book in the world to be understood; it requires a thorough knowledge in natural, civil, ecclesiastical history, law, husbandry, sailing, physic, pharmacy, mathematics, metaphysics, ethics, and everything else that can be named: And everybody who believes it ought to understand it, and must do so by force of his own freethinking, without any guide or instructor.

3: The chief strain of Collins's "Discourse" is an eulogium upon the necessity and advantage of Freethinking; in which it is more than insinuated that the advocates of revealed religion are enemies to the progress of enlightened inquiry. This insidious position is ridiculed in the following parody. [S.]]

How can a man think at all, if he does not think freely? A man who does not eat and drink freely, does not eat and drink at all. Why may not I be denied the liberty of freeseeing, as well as freethinking? Yet nobody pretends that the first is unlawful, for a cat may look on a king; though you be near-sighted, or have weak or sore eyes, or are blind, you may be a free-seer; you ought to see for yourself, and not trust to a guide to choose the colour of your stockings, or save you from falling into a ditch.

In like manner, there ought to be no restraint at all on thinking freely upon any proposition, however impious or absurd. There is not the least hurt in the wickedest thoughts, provided they be free; nor in telling those thoughts to everybody, and endeavouring to convince the world of them; for all this is included in the doctrine of freethinking, as I shall plainly show you in what follows; and therefore you are all along to understand the word freethinking in this sense.

If you are apt to be afraid of the devil, think freely of him, and you destroy him and his kingdom. Freethinking has done him more mischief than all the clergy in the world ever could do; they believe in the devil, they have an interest in him, and therefore are the great supports of his kingdom. The devil was in the States-General before they began to be freethinkers. For

England and Holland were formerly the Christian territories of the devil; I told you how he left Holland; and freethinking and the revolution banished him from England; I defy all the clergy to shew me when they ever had such success against him. My meaning is, that to think freely of the devil, is to think there is no devil at all; and he that thinks so, the devil's in him if he be afraid of the devil.

4: Collins is supposed to have imbibed his freethinking philosophy during his repeated visits to Holland. [S.]]

But, within these two or three years, the devil has come into England again, and Dr. Sacheverell has given him commission to appear in the shape of a cat, and carry old women about upon broomsticks: And the devil has now so many "ministers ordained to his service," that they have rendered freethinking odious, and nothing but the second coming of Christ can restore it.

5: See note on p. 147.]

The priests tell me, I am to believe the Bible, but freethinking tells me otherwise in many particulars: The Bible says, the Jews were a nation favoured by God; but I who am a freethinker say, that cannot be, because the Jews lived in a corner of the earth, and freethinking makes it clear, that those who live in corners cannot be favourites of God. The New Testament all along asserts the truth of Christianity, but freethinking denies it; because Christianity was communicated but to a few; and whatever is communicated but to a few, cannot be true; for that is like whispering, and the proverb says, that there is no whispering without lying.

Here is a society in London for propagating freethinking throughout the world, encouraged and supported by the Queen and many others. You say, perhaps, it is for propagating the Gospel. Do you think the missionaries we send will tell the heathens that they must not think freely? No, surely; why then, it is manifest, those missionaries must be freethinkers, and make the heathens so too. But why should not the king of Siam, whose religion is heathenism and idolatry, send over a parcel of his priests to convert us to his church, as well as we send missionaries there? Both projects are exactly of a piece, and equally reasonable; and if those heathen priests were here, it would be our duty to hearken to them, and think freely whether they may not be in the right rather than we. I heartily wish a detachment of such divines as Dr Atterbury, Dr. Smallridge, Dr. Swift, Dr. Sacheverell, and some others, were sent every year to the farthest part of the heathen world, and that we had a cargo of their priests in return, who would spread freethinking among us; then the war would go on, the late ministry be restored, and faction cease, which our priests inflame by haranguing upon texts, and falsely call that preaching the Gospel.

6: Dr. Smallridge, it will be remembered, was the gentleman who indignantly denied the authorship of "A Tale of a Tub" (see vol. i. of this edition). He became Bishop of Bristol in 1714, and died in 1719. His style was well thought of at the time.

[T.S.]]

I have another project in my head, which ought to be put in execution, in order to make us freethinkers: It is a great hardship and injustice, that our priests must not be disturbed while they are prating in the pulpit. For example: Why should not William Penn the Quaker, or any Anabaptist, Papist, Muggletonian, Jew, or Sweet-Singer, have liberty to come into St Paul's Church, in the midst of divine service, and endeavour to convert first the aldermen, then the preacher, and singing-men? Or pray, why might not poor Mr. Whiston, who denies the divinity of Christ, be allowed to come into the Lower House of Convocation, and convert the clergy? But, alas! we are overrun with such false notions, that, if Penn or Whiston should do their duty, they would be reckoned fanatics, and disturbers of the holy synod, although they have as good a title to it as St Paul had to go into the synagogues of the Jews; and their authority is full as divine as his.

7: The Sweet-Singers were a fanatical sect of wailers, founded in Scotland, but which had no long life. [T.S.]] Christ himself commands us to be freethinkers; for he bids us search the scriptures, and take heed what and whom we hear; by which he plainly warns us, not to believe our bishops and clergy; for Jesus Christ, when he considered that all the Jewish and heathen priests, whose religion he came to abolish, were his enemies, rightly concluded that those appointed by him to preach his own gospel, would probably be so too; and could not be secure, that any set of priests, of the faith he delivered, would ever be otherwise; therefore it is fully demonstrated that the clergy of the Church of England are mortal enemies to Christ, and ought not to be believed.

8: Yet Whiston, who receives this side-cut, was himself an anxious combatant of Collins, in his "Reflections on an Anonymous Pamphlet, entitled, 'A Defence of Freethinking.'" 1713. [S.]]

But, without the privilege of freethinking, how is it possible to know which is the right Scripture? Here are perhaps twenty sorts of Scriptures in the several parts of the world, and every set of priests contend that their Scripture is the true one. The Indian Brahmins have a book of scripture called the Shaster; the Persees their Zundivastaw; the Bonzes in China have theirs, written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call *God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins*: which, you see, is directly the same with what our priests pretend of Christ. And must we not think freely, to find out which are in the right, whether the Bishops or the Bonzes? But the Talapoins, or heathen clergy of Siam, approach yet nearer to the system of our priests; they have a Book of Scripture written by Sommonocodam, who, the Siamese say, was "born of a virgin," and was "the God expected by the Universe;" just as our priests tell us, that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and was the Messiah so long expected. The Turkish priests, or dervises, have their Scripture which they call the Alcoran. The Jews have the Old Testament for their Scripture, and the Christians have both the Old and the New. Now among all these Scriptures, there cannot above one be right; and how is it possible to know which is that, without reading them all, and then thinking freely, every one of us for ourselves, without following the advice or instruction of any guide, before we venture to choose? The parliament ought

to be at the charge of finding a sufficient number of these Scriptures, for every one of Her Majesty's subjects, for there are twenty to one against us, that we may be in the wrong: But a great deal of freethinking will at last set us all right, and every one will adhere to the Scripture he likes best; by which means, religion, peace, and wealth, will be for ever secured in Her Majesty's realms.

9: Swift means here, of course, the Zendavesta, the commentaries on the sacred books of the Parsees. Not that Swift could have known much of these Oriental religions; but the names were good enough for his purpose. [T.S.]]

And it is the more necessary that the good people of England should have liberty to choose some other Scripture, because all Christian priests differ so much about the copies of theirs, and about the various readings of the several manuscripts, which quite destroys the authority of the Bible: for what authority can a book pretend to, where there are various readings? And for this reason, it is manifest that no man can know the opinions of Aristotle or Plato, or believe the facts related by Thucydides or Livy, or be pleased with the poetry of Homer and Virgil, all which books are utterly useless, upon account of their various readings. Some books of Scripture are said to be lost, and this utterly destroys the credit of those that are left: some we reject, which the Africans and Copticks receive; and why may we not think freely, and reject the rest? Some think the scriptures wholly inspired, some partly; and some not at all. Now this is just the very case of the Bramins, Persees, Bonzes, Talapoins, Dervises, Rabbis, and all other priests, who build their religion upon books, as our priests do upon their Bibles; they all equally differ about the copies, various readings and inspirations, of their several Scriptures, and God knows which are in the right: Freethinking alone can determine it.

10: In the discourse on "Freethinking," p. 80, Collins insists much on a passage in Victor of Tunis, from which he infers, that the Gospels were corrected and altered in the fourth century. [S.]]

It would be endless to show in how many particulars the priests of the Heathen and Christian churches, differ about the meaning even of those Scriptures which they universally receive as sacred. But, to avoid prolixity, I shall confine myself to the different opinions among the priests of the Church of England, and here only give you a specimen, because even these are too many to be enumerated.

I have found out a bishop, (though indeed his opinions are condemned by all his brethren,) who allows the Scriptures to be so difficult, that God has left them rather as a trial of our industry than a repository of our faith, and furniture of creeds and articles of belief; with several other admirable schemes of freethinking, which you may consult at your leisure.

The doctrine of the Trinity is the most fundamental point of the whole Christian religion. Nothing is more easy to a freethinker, yet what different notions of it do the English priests pretend to deduce from Scripture, explaining it by "specific unities, eternal modes of subsistence," and the like

unintelligible jargon? Nay, it is a question whether this doctrine be fundamental or no; for though Dr. South and Bishop Bull affirm it, yet Bishop Taylor and Dr. Wallis deny it. And that excellent freethinking prelate, Bishop Taylor, observes, that Athanasius's example was followed with too much greediness; by which means it has happened, that the greater number of our priests are in that sentiment, and think it necessary to believe the Trinity, and incarnation of Christ.

11: Dr. Robert South (1633-1716), rector of Islip. The reference by Swift is to his controversy with Sherlock on the doctrine of the Trinity. The two disputants got into such depths that both were charged with heresy.

Dr. George Bull (1634-1710), Bishop of St. David's, wrote the "Defensio Fidei Nicenae." For his exposition of the necessity for the belief in the divinity of the Son of God he received the thanks of Bossuet.

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor (1613-1667), and author of "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," wrote also "Unum Necessarium, or the Doctrine and Practice of Repentance." His treatment, in this work, of the doctrine of original sin was considered heterodox by Bishop Warner and Dr. Sanderson, and a controversy ensued, in the course of which Taylor was imprisoned in Chepstow Castle on a charge of being concerned in a Royalist insurrection.

Dr. John Wallis (1616-1703), here referred to, is the famous mathematician and divine, and one of the original members of the Royal Society. He is mentioned in the text by Swift because of a work he published on the Trinity, which brought him into collision with the Arians. But the Doctor seems to have been addicted to views of a controversial nature, for his opinions on infant baptism and the keeping of the Sabbath found many objectors. He was Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford in 1648. [T.S.]]

12: See Swift's opinion of controversies on this subject in his "Sermon upon the Trinity." [S.]]

Our priests likewise dispute several circumstances about the resurrection of the dead, the nature of our bodies after the resurrection, and in what manner they shall be united to our souls. They also attack one another "very weakly with great vigour," about predestination. And it is certainly true, (for Bishop Taylor and Mr. Whiston the Socinian say so,) that all churches in prosperity alter their doctrines every age, and are neither satisfied with themselves, nor their own confessions; neither does any clergyman of sense believe the Thirty-nine Articles.

Our priests differ about the eternity of hell torments. The famous Dr Henry More, and the most pious and rational of all priests, Dr Tillotson, (both freethinkers,) believe them to be not eternal. They differ about keeping the sabbath, the divine right of episcopacy, and the doctrine of original sin; which is the foundation of the whole Christian religion; for if men are not liable to be damned for Adam's sin, the Christian religion is an imposture: Yet this is now disputed among them; so is lay baptism; so was formerly the lawfulness

of usury, but now the priests are common stock-jobbers, attorneys, and scriveners. In short there is no end of disputing among priests, and therefore I conclude, that there ought to be no such thing in the world as priests, teachers, or guides, for instructing ignorant people in religion; but that every man ought to think freely for himself.

13: Dr. Henry More (1614-1687), the Platonist theologian, wrote a philosophical poem entitled, "Psycho-Zoia, or the Life of the Soul" (1640). [T.S.]]

14: Dr. John Tillotson (1630-1694) succeeded Bancroft as Archbishop of Canterbury. He published some eloquent sermons and several controversial tracts against Catholicism. [T.S.]]

I will tell you the meaning in all this; the priests dispute every point in the Christian religion, as well as almost every text in the Bible; and the force of my argument lies here, that whatever point is disputed by one or two divines, however condemned by the Church, not only that particular point, but the whole article to which it relates, may lawfully be received or rejected by any freethinker. For instance, suppose More and Tillotson deny the eternity of hell torments, a freethinker may deny all future punishments whatsoever. The priests dispute about explaining the Trinity; therefore a freethinker may reject one or two, or the whole three persons; at least he may reject Christianity, because the Trinity is the most fundamental doctrine of that religion. So I affirm original sin, and that men are now liable to be damned for Adam's sin, to be the foundation of the whole Christian religion; but this point was formerly, and is now disputed, therefore, a freethinker may deny the whole. And I cannot help giving you one farther direction, how I insinuate all along, that the wisest freethinking priests, whom you may distinguish by the epithets I bestow them, were those who differed most from the generality of their brethren.

But besides, the conduct of our priests in many other points, makes freethinking unavoidable; for some of them own, that the doctrines of the Church are contradictory to one another, as well as to reason; which I thus prove: Dr. Sacheverell says in his speech at his trial, That by abandoning passive obedience we must render ourselves the most inconsistent Church in the world: Now 'tis plain, that one inconsistency could not make the most inconsistent Church in the world; *ergo*, there must have been a great many inconsistencies and contradictory doctrines in the Church before. Dr. South describes the incarnation of Christ, as an astonishing mystery, impossible to be conceived by man's reason; *ergo*, it is contradictory to itself, and to reason, and ought to be exploded by all freethinkers.

Another instance of the priests' conduct, which multiplies freethinkers, is their acknowledgment of abuses, defects, and false doctrines, in the Church; particularly that of eating black pudding, which is so plainly forbid in the Old and New Testament, that I wonder those who pretend to believe a syllable in either will presume to taste it. Why should I mention the want of discipline,

and of a sideboard at the altar, with complaints of other great abuses and defects made by some of the priests, which no man can think on without freethinking, and consequently rejecting Christianity?

15: Collins in his pamphlet quotes a Dr. Grabe, who, following the Jewish code of rules as regards food, considered the eating of blood one of the points on which the Church did not insist against. In the text Swift ridicules this in the reference to "black pudding." [T. S.]]

When I see an honest freethinking bishop endeavour to destroy the power and privileges of the Church, and Dr. Atterbury angry with him for it, and calling it "dirty work," what can I conclude, by virtue of being a freethinker, but that Christianity is all a cheat?

Mr. Whiston has published several tracts, wherein he absolutely denies the divinity of Christ: A bishop tells him, "Sir, in any matter where you have the Church's judgment against you, you should be careful not to break the peace of the Church, by writing against it, though you are sure you are in the right." Now my opinion is directly contrary; and I affirm, that if ten thousand freethinkers thought differently from the received doctrine, and from each other, they would be all in duty bound to publish their thoughts (provided they were all sure of being in the right) though it broke the peace of the Church and state ten thousand times.

16: Swift's "Sermon on the Trinity," as well as a passage in his "Thoughts upon Religion," shews the weight which he attached to this important argument. [S.]]

And here I must take leave to tell you, although you cannot but have perceived it from what I have already said, and shall be still more amply convinced by what is to follow; that freethinking signifies nothing, without freespeaking and freewriting. It is the indispensable duty of a freethinker, to endeavour forcing all the world to think as he does, and by that means make them freethinkers too. You are also to understand, that I allow no man to be a freethinker, any further than as he differs from the received doctrines of religion. Where a man falls in, though by perfect chance, with what is generally believed, he is in that point a confined and limited thinker; and you shall see by and by, that I celebrate those for the noblest freethinkers in every age, who differed from the religion of their countries in the most fundamental points, and especially in those which bear any analogy to the chief fundamentals of religion among us.

Another trick of the priests is, to charge all men with atheism, who have more wit than themselves; which therefore I expect will be my case for writing this discourse: This is what makes them so implacable against Mr. Gildon, Dr. Tindal, Mr. Toland, and myself, and when they call us wits, atheists, it provokes us to be freethinkers.

17: See notes on pp. 9, 79, 80, 82.]

Again; the priests cannot agree when their Scripture was written. They differ about the number of canonical books, and the various readings. Now

those few among us who understand Latin, are careful to tell this to our disciples, who presently fall a-freethinking, that the Bible is a book not to be depended upon in anything at all.

There is another thing, that mightily spreads freethinking, which I believe you would hardly guess. The priests have got a way of late of writing books against freethinking; I mean treatises in dialogue, where they introduce atheists, deists, sceptics, and Socinians offering their several arguments. Now these freethinkers are too hard for the priests themselves in their own books; and how can it be otherwise? For if the arguments usually offered by atheists, are fairly represented in these books, they must needs convert everybody that reads them; because atheists, deists, sceptics, and Socinians, have certainly better arguments to maintain their opinions, than any the priests can produce to maintain the contrary.

Mr. Creech, a priest, translated Lucretius into English, which is a complete system of atheism; and several young students, who were afterwards priests, wrote verses in praise of this translation. The arguments against Providence in that book are so strong, that they have added mightily to the number of freethinkers.

18: This is Thomas Creech, the translator of Horace, to whom Swift refers in "The Battle of the Books" (see vol. i. p. 180). The translation of Lucretius was published in English verse in 1682. [T.S.]]

Why should I mention the pious cheats of the priests, who in the New Testament translate the word *ecclesia* sometimes the *church*, and sometimes the *congregation*; and *episcopus*, sometimes a *bishop*, and sometimes an *overseer*? A priest, translating a book, left out a whole passage that reflected on the king, by which he was an enemy to political freethinking, a most considerable branch of our system. Another priest, translating a book of travels, left out a lying miracle, out of mere malice, to conceal an argument for freethinking. In short, these frauds are very common in all books which are published by priests: But however, I love to excuse them whenever I can: And as to this accusation, they may plead the authority of the ancient fathers of the Church, for forgery, corruption, and mangling of authors, with more reason than for any of their articles of faith. St Jerom, St Hilary, Eusebius Vercellensis, Victorinus, and several others, were all guilty of arrant forgery and corruption: For when they translated the works of several freethinkers, whom they called heretics, they omitted all their heresies or freethinkings, and had the impudence to own it to the world.

19: Collins refers to the Rev. Mr. Brown, who translated Father Paul's "Letters," and omitted the words, "If the King of England [James I.] were not more a doctor than a king."]

20: Baumgarten's "Travels." [T. S.]]

21: Jerome, or St. Hieronymus (*circa* 340-420), wrote the

Latin vulgate translation of the Scriptures. Is accepted as one of the Fathers of the Church.

St. Hilary, another accepted Father, was bishop of Poictiers. He died 367 or 368.

The Eusebius here named was Bishop of Vercelli, a city of Liguria. He flourished about A.D. 360, and distinguished himself at the Council of Milan in A.D. 355, for his attacks against Arianism. He was exiled to Upper Thebais, with several other bishops who refused to subscribe to the condemnation of Athanasius; but was recalled with Lucifer, bishop of Cagliari, Sardinia. In conjunction with Athanasius he attended an Alexandrian synod which declared the Trinity consubstantial. He travelled much, in the Eastern provinces and Italy, engaging in missionary work. He died about A.D. 373.

Fabius Marius Victorinus was born in Africa, and died at Rome in 370. He was a distinguished orator, grammarian, and rhetorician. His chief work was a treatise entitled "De Orthographia." He also wrote many theological books. [T. S.]]

From these many notorious instances of the priests' conduct, I conclude they are not to be relied on in any one thing relating to religion; but that every man must think freely for himself.

But to this it may be objected, that the bulk of mankind is as well qualified for flying as thinking, and if every man thought it his duty to think freely, and trouble his neighbour with his thoughts (which is an essential part of freethinking,) it would make wild work in the world. I answer; whoever cannot think freely, may let it alone if he pleases, by virtue of his right to think freely; that is to say, if such a man freely thinks that he cannot think freely, of which every man is a sufficient judge, why, then, he need not think freely, unless he thinks fit.

Besides, if the bulk of mankind cannot think freely in matters of speculation, as the being of a God, the immortality of the soul, &c. why then, freethinking is indeed no duty: But then the priests must allow, that men are not concerned to believe whether there is a God or no. But still those who are disposed to think freely, may think freely if they please.

It is again objected, that freethinking will produce endless divisions in opinion, and by consequence disorder society. To which I answer;

When every single man comes to have a different opinion every day from the whole world, and from himself, by virtue of freethinking, and thinks it his duty to convert every man to his own freethinking (as all we freethinkers do) how can that possibly create so great a diversity of opinions, as to have a set of priests agree among themselves to teach the same opinions in their several parishes to all who will come to hear them? Besides, if all people were of the same opinion, the remedy would be worse than the disease; I will tell you the reason some other time.

Besides, difference in opinion, especially in matters of great moment,

breeds no confusion at all. Witness Papist and Protestant, Roundhead and Cavalier, Whig and Tory, now among us. I observe, the Turkish empire is more at peace within itself, than Christian princes are with one another. Those noble Turkish virtues of charity and toleration, are what contribute chiefly to the flourishing state of that happy monarchy. There Christians and Jews are tolerated, and live at ease, if they can hold their tongues and think freely, provided they never set foot within the mosques, nor write against Mahomet: A few plunderings now and then by the janissaries are all they have to fear.

It is objected, that by freethinking, men will think themselves into atheism; and indeed I have allowed all along, that atheistical books convert men to freethinking. But suppose that to be true; I can bring you two divines who affirm superstition and enthusiasm to be worse than atheism, and more mischievous to society, and in short it is necessary that the bulk of the people should be atheists or superstitious.

It is objected, that priests ought to be relied on by the people, as lawyers and physicians, because it is their faculty.

I answer, 'Tis true, a man who is no lawyer is not suffered to plead for himself; but every man may be his own quack if he pleases, and he only ventures his life; but in the other case the priest tells him he must be damned: Therefore do not trust the priest, but think freely for yourself, and if you happen to think there is no hell, there certainly is none, and consequently you cannot be damned; I answer further, that wherever there is no lawyer, physician, or priest, the country is paradise. Besides, all priests, (except the orthodox, and those are not ours, nor any that I know,) are hired by the public to lead men into mischief; but lawyers and physicians are not, you hire them yourself.

It is objected, (by priests no doubt, but I have forgot their names) that false speculations are necessary to be imposed upon men, in order to assist the magistrate in keeping the peace, and that men ought therefore to be deceived, like children, for their own good. I answer, that zeal for imposing speculations, whether true or false (under which name of speculations I include all opinions of religion, as the belief of a God, Providence, immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, &c.) has done more hurt than it is possible for religion to do good. It puts us to the charge of maintaining ten thousand priests in England, which is a burden upon society never felt upon any other occasion; and a greater evil to the public than if these ecclesiastics were only employed in the most innocent offices of life, which I take to be eating and drinking. Now if you offer to impose anything on mankind besides what relates to moral duties, as to pay your debts, not pick pockets, nor commit murder, and the like; that is to say, if, besides this, you oblige them to believe in God and Jesus Christ, what you add to their faith will take just so much off from their morality. By this argument it is manifest, that a perfect moral man must be a perfect atheist; every inch of religion he gets loses him an inch of morality: For there is a certain *quantum*

belongs to every man, of which there is nothing to spare. This is clear from the common practice of all our priests, they never once preach to you to love your neighbour, to be just in your dealings, or to be sober and temperate. The streets of London are full of common whores, publicly tolerated in their wickedness; yet the priests make no complaints against this enormity, either from the pulpit or the press: I can affirm, that neither you nor I, sir, have ever heard one sermon against whoring since we were boys. No, the priests allow all these vices, and love us the better for them, provided we will promise not "to harangue upon a text," nor to sprinkle a little water in a child's face, which they call baptizing, and would engross it all to themselves.

Besides, the priests engage all the rogues, villains, and fools in their party, in order to make it as large as they can: By this means they seduced Constantine the Great over to their religion, who was the first Christian emperor, and so horrible a villain, that the heathen priests told him they could not expiate his crimes in their church; so he was at a loss to know what to do, till an AEgyptian bishop assured him, that there was no villainy so great, but was to be expiated by the sacraments of the Christian religion; upon which he became a Christian, and to him that religion owes its first settlement.

22: The reference here is to the luminous cross which Constantine said he saw in the heavens, and which influenced him to embrace Christianity. [T. S.]]

It is objected, that freethinkers themselves are the most infamous, wicked, and senseless of all mankind.

I answer, first, we say the same of priests, and other believers. But the truth is, men of all sects are equally good and bad; for no religion whatsoever contributes in the least to mend men's lives.

I answer, secondly, that freethinkers use their understanding, but those who have religion do not; therefore the first have more understanding than the others; witness Toland, Tindal, Gildon, Clendon, Coward, and myself. For, use legs and have legs.

23: John Clendon, of the Middle Temple, published in 1709-1710, "Tractatus Philosophico-Theologicus de Persona; or, a Treatise of the Word Person." This singular book appears to have been written principally to prove that the doctrine of the Trinity was very well explained by an Act of Parliament, 9 and 10 Will. III. It was complained of in the House of Commons, March 25th, 1710, and was judged to be a scandalous, seditious, and blasphemous libel …. and was burnt by the common hangman at the same time with Tindal's "Rights." [N.]]

I answer, thirdly, that freethinkers are the most virtuous persons in the world; for all freethinkers must certainly differ from the priests, and from nine hundred ninety-nine of a thousand of those among whom they live; and are therefore virtuous of course, because everybody hates them.

I answer, fourthly, that the most virtuous people in all ages have been freethinkers; of which I shall produce several instances.

24: What follows is in ridicule of a long list of freethinkers, as he calls them, with which Collins has graced his discourse; in which he includes not only the ancient philosophers, but the inspired prophets, and even "King Solomon the wise." [S.]]

Socrates was a freethinker; for he disbelieved the gods of his country, and

the common creeds about them, and declared his dislike when he heard men attribute "repentance, anger, and other passions to the gods, and talk of wars and battles in heaven, and of the gods getting women with child," and such like fabulous and blasphemous stones. I pick out these particulars, because they are the very same with what the priests have in their Bibles, where repentance and anger are attributed to God; where it is said, there was "war in heaven;" and that "the Virgin Mary was with child by the Holy Ghost," whom the priests call God; all fabulous and blasphemous stories. Now, I affirm Socrates to have been a true Christian. You will ask, perhaps, how that can be, since he lived three or four hundred years before Christ? I answer, with Justin Martyr, that Christ is nothing else but reason, and I hope you do not think Socrates lived before reason. Now, this true Christian Socrates never made notions, speculations, or mysteries, any part of his religion, but demonstrated all men to be fools who troubled themselves with enquiries into heavenly things. Lastly, 'tis plain that Socrates was a freethinker, because he was calumniated for an atheist, as freethinkers generally are, only because he was an enemy to all speculations and inquiries into heavenly things. For I argue thus, that if I never trouble myself to think whether there be a God or no, and forbid others to do it, I am a freethinker, but not an atheist.

Plato was a freethinker, and his notions are so like some in the Gospel, that a heathen charged Christ with borrowing his doctrine from Plato. But Origen defends Christ very well against this charge, by saying he did not understand Greek, and therefore could not borrow his doctrine from Plato. However their two religions agreed so well, that it was common for Christians to turn Platonists, and Platonists Christians. When the Christians found out this, one of their zealous priests (worse than any atheist) forged several things under Plato's name, but conformable to Christianity, by which the heathens were fraudulently converted.

25: Origen, a Father of the Church, was born about 185. He carried to extremes the celibate life taught in the Gospel; and his "Treatise against Celsus" contains, according to St. Jerome and Eusebius, the refutation of "all the objections which have been made, and all which ever will be made against Christianity." [T. S.]]

Epicurus was the greatest of all freethinkers, and consequently the most virtuous man in the world. His opinions in religion were the most complete system of atheism that ever appeared. Christians ought to have the greatest veneration for him, because he taught a higher point of virtue than Christ; I mean the virtue of friendship, which in the sense we usually understand it, is not so much as named in the New Testament.

Plutarch was a freethinker, notwithstanding his being a priest; but indeed he was a heathen priest. His freethinking appears by showing the innocence of atheism, (which at worst is only false reasoning,) and the mischiefs of superstition; and explains what superstition is, by calling it a conceit of immortal ills after death, the opinion of hell torments, dreadful aspects, doleful groans, and the like. He is likewise very satirical upon the public forms of devotion in his own country (a qualification absolutely necessary to a

freethinker) yet those forms which he ridicules, are the very same that now pass for true worship in almost all countries: I am sure some of them do so in ours; such as abject looks, distortions, wry faces, beggarly tones, humiliation, and contrition.

Varro, the most learned among the Romans, was a freethinker; for he said, the heathen divinity contained many fables below the dignity of immortal beings; such, for instance, as Gods BEGOTTEN and PROCEEDING from other Gods. These two words I desire you will particularly remark, because they are the very terms made use of by our priests in their doctrine of the Trinity: He says likewise, that there are many things false in religion, and so say all freethinkers; but then he adds; "which the vulgar ought not to know, but it is expedient they should believe." In this last he indeed discovers the whole secret of a statesman and politician, by denying the vulgar the privilege of freethinking, and here I differ from him. However, it is manifest from hence, that the Trinity was an invention of statesmen and politicians.

26: Marcus Terentius Varro (born B.C. 117) was the friend of Cicero. He was a profound grammarian, historian, and philosopher. The expression Swift applies to him as "the most learned among the Romans" is one by which he is generally called. [T. S.]]

The grave and wise Cato the censor will for ever live in that noble freethinking saying—"I wonder," said he, "how one of our priests can forbear laughing when he sees another!" (For contempt of priests is another grand characteristic of a freethinker). This shews that Cato understood the whole mystery of the Roman religion "as by law established." I beg you, sir, not to overlook these last words, "religion as by law established." I translate *hanisfax,* into the general word, *priest*. Thus I apply the sentence to our priests in England, and, when Dr. Smallridge sees Dr. Atterbury, I wonder how either of them can forbear laughing at the cheat they put upon the people, by making them believe their "religion as by law established."

Cicero, that consummate philosopher, and noble patriot, though he was a priest, and consequently more likely to be a knave; gave the greatest proofs of his freethinking. First, he professed the sceptic philosophy, which doubts of everything. Then, he wrote two treatises; in the first, he shews the weakness of the Stoics' arguments for the being of the Gods: In the latter, he has destroyed the whole revealed religion of the Greeks and Romans (for why should not theirs be a revealed religion as well as that of Christ?) Cicero likewise tells us, as his own opinion, that they who study philosophy, do not believe there are any Gods: He denies the immortality of the soul, and says, there can be nothing after death.

27: "De Natura Deomm." [T. S.]]

And because the priests have the impudence to quote Cicero in their pulpits and pamphlets, against freethinking; I am resolved to disarm them of

his authority. You must know, his philosophical works are generally in dialogues, where people are brought in disputing against one another: Now the priests when they see an argument to prove a God, offered perhaps by a Stoic, are such knaves or blockheads, to quote it as if it were Cicero's own; whereas Cicero was so noble a freethinker, that he believed nothing at all of the matter, nor ever shews the least inclination to favour superstition, or the belief of a God, and the immortality of the soul; unless what he throws out sometimes to save himself from danger, in his speeches to the Roman mob; whose religion was, however, much more innocent and less absurd, than that of popery at least: And I could say more — but you understand me.

Seneca was a great freethinker, and had a noble notion of the worship of the gods, for which our priests would call any man an atheist: He laughs at morning devotions, or worshipping upon Sabbath-days; he says God has no need of ministers and servants, because he himself serves mankind. This religious man, like his religious brethren the Stoics, denies the immortality of the soul, and says, all that is feigned to be so terrible in hell, is but a fable: Death puts an end to all our misery, &c. Yet the priests were anciently so fond of Seneca, that they forged a correspondence of letters between him and St. Paul.

Solomon himself, whose writings are called "the word of God," was such a freethinker, that if he were now alive, nothing but his building of churches could have kept our priests from calling him an atheist. He affirms the eternity of the world almost in the same manner with Manilius, the heathen philosophical poet, (which opinion entirely overthrows the history of the creation by Moses, and all the New Testament): He denies the immortality of the soul, assures us that men die like beasts, and that both go to one place.

28: Marcus Manilius, who probably flourished under Theodosius the Great, was a Latin poet, who wrote a poem entitled "Astronomica." [T.S.]]

The prophets of the Old Testament were generally freethinkers: you must understand, that their way of learning to prophesy was by music and drinking. These prophets writ against the established religion of the Jews, (which those people looked upon as the institution of God himself,) as if they believed it was all a cheat: that is to say, with as great liberty against the priests and prophets of Israel, as Dr. Tindal did lately against the priests and prophets of our Israel, who has clearly shewn them and their religion to be cheats. To prove this, you may read several passages in Isaiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Jeremiah, &c., wherein you will find such instances of freethinking, that, if any Englishman had talked so in our days, their opinions would have been registered in Dr. Sacheverell's trial, and in the representation of the Lower House of Convocation, and produced as so many proofs of the profaneness, blasphemy, and atheism of the nation; there being nothing more profane, blasphemous, or atheistical in those representations, than what these prophets have spoke, whose writings are yet called by our priests, "the word of God."

And therefore these prophets are as much atheists as myself, or as any of my freethinking brethren whom I lately named to you.

29: Collins, after making the charge, which has been repeated by all freethinkers down to Thomas Paine, that the prophets acquired their fervour of spirit by the aid of music and wine, allows, nevertheless, that they were great freethinkers, and "writ with as great liberty against the established religion of the Jews, which the people looked on as the institution of God himself as if they looked upon it all to be imposture." — *Discourse*, p. 153, *et sequen.* [S.]]

Josephus was a great freethinker: I wish he had chosen a better subject to write on, than those ignorant, barbarous, ridiculous scoundrels, the Jews, whom God (if we may believe the priests) thought fit to choose for his own people. I will give you some instances of his freethinking. He says, Cain travelled through several countries, and kept company with rakes and profligate fellows; he corrupted the simplicities of former times, &c., which plainly supposes men before Adam, and consequently that the priests' history of the creation by Moses, is an imposture. He says, the Israelites' passing through the Red Sea, was no more than Alexander's passing at the Pamphilian sea; that as for the appearance of God at Mount Sinai, the reader may believe it as he pleases; that Moses persuaded the Jews he had God for his guide, just as the Greeks pretended they had their laws from Apollo. These are noble strains of freethinking, which the priests knew not how to solve, but by thinking as freely: For one of them says, that Josephus writ this to make his work acceptable to the heathens, by striking out everything that was incredible.

Origen, who was the first Christian that had any learning, has left a noble testimony of his freethinking; for a general council has determined him to be damned; which plainly shews he was a freethinker, and was no saint; for people were only sainted because of their want of learning and excess of zeal; so that all the fathers, who are called saints by the priests, were worse than atheists.

Minutius Felix seems to be a true modern latitudinarian, freethinking Christian; for he is against altars, churches, public preaching, and public assemblies; and likewise against priests; for, he says, there were several great flourishing empires before there were any orders of priests in the world.

30: Marcus Minutius Felix is said to have been born in Africa. He flourished in the third century, and wrote a defence of Christianity, in dialogue form, entitled, "Octavius." The work has been translated into English by Lord Hailes. [T.S.]]

Synesius, who had too much learning and too little zeal for a saint, was for some time a great freethinker; he could not believe the resurrection till he was made a bishop, and then pretended to be convinced by a lying miracle.

31: Synesius of Cyrene, born 379, is the Platonic philosopher who became Bishop of Ptolemais. [T.S.]]

To come to our own country: My Lord Bacon was a great freethinker, when he tells us, that whatever has the least relation to religion, is particularly liable to suspicion; by which he seems to suspect all the facts whereon most of the superstitions (that is to say, what the priests call the religions) of the world

are grounded. He also prefers atheism before superstition.

Mr. Hobbes was a person of great learning, virtue, and freethinking, except in the high church politics.

But Archbishop Tillotson is the person whom all English freethinkers own as their head; and his virtue is indisputable for this manifest reason; that Dr. Hickes, a priest, calls him an atheist; says, he caused several to turn atheists, and to ridicule the priesthood and religion. These must be allowed to be noble effects of freethinking. This great prelate assures us, that all the duties of the Christian religion, with respect to God, are no other but what natural light prompts men to, except the two sacraments, and praying to God in the name and mediation of Christ. As a priest and prelate, he was obliged to say something of Christianity; but pray observe, sir, how he brings himself off. He justly affirms that even these things are of less moment than natural duties; and because mothers' nursing their children is a natural duty, it is of more moment than the two sacraments, or than praying to God in the name and by the mediation of Christ. This freethinking archbishop could not allow a miracle sufficient to give credit to a prophet who taught anything contrary to our natural notions: By which it is plain, he rejected at once all the mysteries of Christianity.

I could name one-and-twenty more great men, who were all freethinkers; but that I fear to be tedious: For, 'tis certain that all men of sense depart from the opinions commonly received; and are consequently more or less men of sense, according as they depart more or less from the opinions commonly received; neither can you name an enemy to freethinking, however he be dignified or distinguished, whether archbishop, bishop, priest, or deacon, who has not been either "a crack-brained enthusiast, a diabolical villain, or a most profound ignorant brute."

Thus, sir, I have endeavoured to execute your commands, and you may print this Letter, if you please; but I would have you conceal my name. For my opinion of virtue is, that we ought not to venture doing ourselves harm, by endeavouring to do good.

I am yours, &c.

I have here given the public a brief, but faithful abstract of this most excellent Essay; wherein I have all along religiously adhered to our author's notions, and generally to his words, without any other addition than that of explaining a few necessary consequences, for the sake of ignorant readers; for, to those who have the least degree of learning, I own they will be wholly useless. I hope I have not, in any single instance, misrepresented the thoughts of this admirable writer. If I have happened to mistake through inadvertency, I entreat he will condescend to inform me, and point out the place, upon which I will immediately beg pardon both of him and the world. The design of his piece is to recommend freethinking, and one chief motive is the example of many excellent men who were of that sect. He produces as the principal points of their freethinking; that they denied the Being of a God, the Torments of

Hell, the Immortality of the Soul, the Trinity, Incarnation, the history of the creation by Moses, with many other such "fabulous and blasphemous stories," as he judiciously calls them: And he asserts, that whoever denies the most of these, is the completest freethinker, and consequently the wisest and most virtuous man. The author, sensible of the prejudices of the age, does not directly affirm himself an atheist; he goes no further than to pronounce that atheism is the most perfect degree of freethinking; and leaves the reader to form the conclusion. However, he seems to allow, that a man may be a tolerable freethinker, though he does believe a God; provided he utterly rejects "Providence, Revelation, the Old and New Testament, Future Rewards and Punishments, the Immortality of the Soul," and other the like impossible absurdities. Which mark of superabundant caution, sacrificing truth to the superstition of priests, may perhaps be forgiven, but ought not to be imitated by any who would arrive (even in this author's judgment) at the true perfection of freethinking.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FREETHINKING

WRITTEN IN ENGLAND, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED.

Discoursing one day with a prelate of the kingdom of Ireland, who is a person of excellent wit and learning, he offered a notion applicable to the subject we were then upon, which I took to be altogether new and right. He said, that the difference betwixt a madman and one in his wits, in what related to speech, consisted in this; that the former spoke out whatever came into his mind, and just in the confused manner as his imagination presented the ideas: The latter only expressed such thoughts as his judgment directed him to choose, leaving the rest to die away in his memory; and that, if the wisest man would, at any time, utter his thoughts in the crude indigested manner as they come into his head, he would be looked upon as raving mad. And, indeed, when we consider our thoughts, as they are the seeds of words and actions, we cannot but agree that they ought to be kept under the strictest regulation; and that in the great multiplicity of ideas which one's mind is apt to form, there is nothing more difficult than to select those which are most proper for the conduct of life. So that I cannot imagine what is meant by the mighty zeal in some people for asserting the freedom of thinking; because, if such thinkers keep their thoughts within their own breasts, they can be of no consequence, farther than to themselves. If they publish them to the world, they ought to be answerable for the effects their thoughts produce upon others. There are thousands in this kingdom, who, in their thoughts, prefer a republic, or absolute power of a prince, before a limited monarchy; yet, if any of these should publish their opinions, and go about, by writing or discourse, to persuade the people to innovations in government, they would be liable to the severest punishments the law can inflict; and therefore they are usually so wise as to keep their sentiments to themselves. But, with respect to religion, the matter is quite otherwise: and the public, at least here in England, seems to be of opinion with *Tiberius*, that *Deorum injuriae diis curae*. They leave it to God Almighty to vindicate the injuries done to himself, who is no doubt sufficiently able, by perpetual miracles, to revenge the affronts of impious men. And, it should seem, that is what princes expect from him, though I cannot readily conceive the grounds they go upon; nor why, since they are God's vicegerents, they do not think themselves at least equally obliged to preserve their master's honour as their own; since this is what they expect from those they depute, and since they never fail to represent the disobedience of their subjects, as offences against God. It is true, the visible reason of this neglect is obvious enough: The consequences of atheistical opinions,

published to the world, are not so immediate, or so sensible, as doctrines of rebellion and sedition, spread in a proper season. However, I cannot but think the same consequences are as natural and probable from the former, though more remote: And whether these have not been in view among our great planters of infidelity in England, I shall hereafter examine.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN

LATELY ENTERED INTO

HOLY ORDERS.

1719-20.

NOTE.

No stronger proof could be adduced of Swift's genuine and earnest belief in the dignity of a clergyman of the Church than this letter. In spite of the sarcasms which here and there are levelled against the mediocre members of the class, it is evident Swift felt that these might be made worthy teachers and preachers of the doctrines of an institution founded, in his opinion, for the best regulation of mankind. The letter serves also to present us with an outline of a picture of the clergyman of his day; and if this picture be not flattering, it seems faithfully to reflect the social conditions which we know to have prevailed at the time.

The letter was written in the years of quiet which Swift enjoyed between the pamphleteering crusade against the Whigs, when Harley and St. John were in power, and the famous social and political troubles which began with Wood's halfpence.

The text of this letter is practically that of the first edition; but I have collated this with the texts given by Hawkesworth, Scott, the first volume of the "Miscellanies" of 1728, and the second volume of the "Miscellanies" of 1745. In the original edition, and in the reprints published to the time of Faulkner's collected edition, the title reads "A Letter to a Young Gentleman," etc. [T.S.]

A LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, LATELY ENTER'D INTO HOLY ORDERS

By a Person of QUALITY.

It is certainly known, that the following Treatise was writ in Ireland by the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in that Kingdom.

Dublin, *January the 9th,* 1719-20.

Sir,

Although it was against my knowledge or advice, that you entered into holy orders, under the present dispositions of mankind toward the Church, yet since it is now supposed too late to recede, (at least according to the general practice and opinion,) I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wish that the circumstances of your fortune, had enabled you to have continued some years longer in the university; at least till you were ten years standing; to have laid in a competent stock of human learning, and some knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world: For I cannot but lament the common course, which at least nine in ten of those who enter into the ministry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are consequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themselves fully discharged, they get into orders as soon as they can; (upon which I shall make no remarks,) first solicit a readership, and if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or else are sent to be assistants in the country, where they probably continue several years, (many of them their whole lives,) with thirty or forty pounds a-year for their support, till some bishop, who happens to be not overstocked with relations, or attached to favourites, or is content to supply his diocese without colonies from England, bestows upon them some inconsiderable benefice, when it is odds they are already encumbered with a numerous family. I should be glad to know what intervals of life such persons can possibly set apart for the improvement of their minds; or which way they could be furnished with books, the library they brought with them from their college being usually not the most numerous, or judiciously chosen. If such gentlemen arrive to be great scholars, it must, I think, be either by means supernatural, or by a method altogether out of any road yet known to the learned. But I conceive the fact directly otherwise, and that many of them lose the greatest part of the small pittance they receive at the university.

I take it for granted, that you intend to pursue the beaten track, and are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit, only I hope you will think it proper to pass your quarantine among some of the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to read and to speak before you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation; not that these are better

judges, but because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well if you can prevail upon some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and allow him with the utmost freedom to give you notice of whatever he shall find amiss either in your voice or gesture; for want of which early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives; neither is it rare to observe among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they never have been able to shake off.

I should likewise have been glad, if you had applied yourself a little more to the study of the English language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the most general defects among the scholars of this kingdom, who seem not to have the least conception of a style, but run on in a flat kind of phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expressions, peculiar to the nation: Neither do I perceive that any person, either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the least desires to have them supplied. Proper words in proper places, make the true definition of a style. But this would require too ample a disquisition to be now dwelt on: however, I shall venture to name one or two faults, which are easy to be remedied, with a very small portion of abilities.

The first is the frequent use of obscure terms, which by the women are called hard words, and by the better sort of vulgar, fine language; than which I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake, among the clergy of all distinctions, but especially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a list of several hundred words in a sermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could possibly understand, neither can I easily call to mind any clergyman of my own acquaintance who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with me in the dislike of the thing. But I am apt to put myself in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obscure, which they will not allow to be so, because those words are obvious to scholars, I believe the method observed by the famous Lord Falkland in some of his writings, would not be an ill one for young divines: I was assured by an old person of quality who knew him well, that when he doubted whether a word was perfectly intelligible or no, he used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids, (not the waiting-woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances,) and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that great person thought such a caution necessary in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chambermaid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe: a common farmer

shall make you understand in three words, that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken, wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same case in law, physic, and even many of the meaner arts.

1: Lucius Cary, second Viscount Falkland (1610-1643), who was killed at the battle of Newbury in the great Civil War, was a generous patron of learning and of the literary men of his day. He was himself a fine scholar and able writer. Clarendon has recorded his character in the seventh book of his "History of the Great Rebellion": "A person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging an humanity and goodness to mankind, that, if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed Civil War than that single loss, it must be infamous and execrable to all posterity." Falkland has been made the hero of a romance by Lord Lytton. [T. S.]]

And upon this account it is, that among hard words, I number likewise those which are peculiar to divinity as it is a science, because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers, as if it were our duty to understand them; which I am sure it is not. And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience, omnipresence, ubiquity, attribute, beatific vision,* with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric, idiosyncracy, entity,* and the like. I believe I may venture to insist farther, that many terms used in Holy Writ, particularly by St Paul, might with more discretion be changed into plainer speech, except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

2: Swift refers to this point in his "Thoughts on Religion," and regrets that the explanation of matters of doctrine, which St. Paul expressed in the current eastern vocabulary, should have been perpetuated in terms founded on the same terminology. [T. S.]]

I am the more earnest in this matter, because it is a general complaint, and the justest in the world. For a divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom, which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. And this assertion must be true, or else God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might possibly put a case that would serve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at least nineteen in twenty of those perplexing words might not be changed into easy ones, such as naturally first occur to ordinary men, and probably did so at first to those very gentlemen who are so fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines from the pulpits, on account of our ignorance in things sacred, and perhaps with justice enough. However, it is not very reasonable for them to expect, that common men should understand expressions which are never made use of in common life. No gentleman thinks it safe or prudent to send a servant with a message, without repeating it more than once, and endeavouring to put it into terms brought down to the capacity of the bearer: yet after all this care, it is frequent for servants to mistake, and sometimes to occasion misunderstandings among friends. Although the common domestics in some gentlemen's families have more

opportunities of improving their minds than the ordinary sort of tradesmen.

It is usual for clergymen who are taxed with this learned defect, to quote Dr. Tillotson, and other famous divines, in their defence; without considering the difference between elaborate discourses upon important occasions, delivered to princes or parliaments, written with a view of being made public, and a plain sermon intended for the middle or lower size of people. Neither do they seem to remember the many alterations, additions, and expungings, made by great authors in those treatises which they prepare for the public. Besides, that excellent prelate above-mentioned, was known to preach after a much more popular manner in the city congregations: and if in those parts of his works he be any where too obscure for the understandings of many who may be supposed to have been his hearers, it ought to be numbered among his omissions.

The fear of being thought pedants hath been of pernicious consequence to young divines. This hath wholly taken many of them off from their severer studies in the university, which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houses. This they usually call "polite conversation; knowing the world; and reading men instead of books." These accomplishments, when applied to the pulpit, appear by a quaint; terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadences, commonly without either propriety or meaning. I have listen'd with my utmost attention for half an hour to an orator of this species, without being able to understand, much less to carry away one single sentence out of a whole sermon. Others, to shew that their studies have not been confined to sciences, or ancient authors, will talk in the style of a gaming ordinary, and White Friars, when I suppose the hearers can be little edified by the terms *palming, shuffling, biting, bamboozling* and the like, if they have not been sometimes conversant among pick-pockets and sharpers. And truly, as they say, a man is known by his company, so it should seem that a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself, either in public assemblies, or private conversation.

3: See note on "Alsatia," p. 100. [T. S.]]

It would be endless to run over the several defects of style among us; I shall therefore say nothing of the mean and paltry (which are usually attended by the fustian), much less of the slovenly or indecent. Two things I will just warn you against; the first is the frequency of flat unnecessary epithets, and the other is the folly of using old threadbare phrases, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauseous to rational hearers, and will seldom express your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already observed, our English tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom; yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of understanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the

properest words will generally offer themselves first, and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, so as they may be best understood. Where men err against this method, it is usually on purpose, and to shew their learning, their oratory, their politeness, or their knowledge of the world. In short, that simplicity without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, is nowhere more eminently useful than in this.

I have been considering that part of oratory which relates to the moving of the passions; this I observe is in esteem and practice among some church divines, as well as among all the preachers and hearers of the fanatic or enthusiastic strain. I will here deliver to you (perhaps with more freedom than prudence) my opinion upon the point.

The two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demosthenes and Cicero, though each of them a leader (or as the Greeks call it a demagogue) in a popular state, yet seem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art; the former who had to deal with a people of much more politeness, learning, and wit, laid the greatest weight of his oratory upon the strength of his arguments, offered to their understanding and reason: whereas Tully considered the dispositions of a sincere, more ignorant, and less mercurial nation, by dwelling almost entirely on the pathetic part.

But the principal thing to be remembered is, that the constant design of both these orators in all their speeches, was to drive some one particular point, either the condemnation or acquittal of an accused person, a persuasive to war, the enforcing of a law, and the like; which was determined upon the spot, according as the orators on either side prevailed. And here it was often found of absolute necessity to inflame or cool the passions of the audience, especially at Rome where Tully spoke, and with whose writings young divines (I mean those among them who read old authors) are more conversant than with those of Demosthenes, who by many degrees excelled the other at least as an orator. But I do not see how this talent of moving the passions can be of any great use toward directing Christian men in the conduct of their lives, at least in these northern climates, where I am confident the strongest eloquence of that kind will leave few impressions upon any of our spirits deep enough to last till the next morning, or rather to the next meal.

4: Swift's own sermons rarely appealed to the emotions; they were, in his own phrase, political pamphlets, and aimed at convincing the reason. [T. S.]]

But what hath chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent disappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman, who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences where he spied a note of admiration at the end. I believe those preachers who abound in *epiphonemas*, if they look about them, would find one part of their congregation out of countenance, and the other asleep, except perhaps an old female beggar or two in the aisles, who (if they be sincere) may probably groan at the sound.

5: *Epiphonema* is a figure in rhetoric, signifying a sententious kind of exclamation. [S.]]

Nor is it a wonder, that this expedient should so often miscarry, which requires so much art and genius to arrive at any perfection in it, as any man will find, much sooner than learn by consulting Cicero himself.

I therefore entreat you to make use of this faculty (if you ever be so unfortunate as to think you have it) as seldom, and with as much caution as you can, else I may probably have occasion to say of you as a great person said of another upon this very subject. A lady asked him coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving discourse? "Yes," said he, "I was extremely sorry, for the man is my friend."

If in company you offer something for a jest, and nobody second you in your own laughter, nor seems to relish what you said, you may condemn their taste, if you please, and appeal to better judgments; but in the meantime, it must be agreed you make a very indifferent figure; and it is at least equally ridiculous to be disappointed in endeavouring to make other folks grieve, as to make them laugh.

A plain convincing reason may possibly operate upon the mind both of a learned and ignorant hearer as long as they live, and will edify a thousand times more than the art of wetting the handkerchiefs of a whole congregation, if you were sure to attain it.

If your arguments be strong, in God's name offer them in as moving a manner as the nature of the subject will properly admit, wherein reason and good advice will be your safest guides; but beware of letting the pathetic part swallow up the rational: For I suppose, philosophers have long agreed, that passion should never prevail over reason.

As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are first to tell the people what is their duty, and then to convince them that it is so. The topics for both these, we know, are brought from Scripture and reason. Upon this first, I wish it were often practised to instruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compass of every duty, which requires a good deal of skill and judgment: the other branch is, I think, not so difficult. But what I would offer them both, is this; that it seems to be in the power of a reasonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the most ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him by argument drawn to the level of his understanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I must remember that my design in this paper was not so much to instruct you in your business either as a clergyman or a preacher, as to warn you against some mistakes which are obvious to the generality of mankind as well as to me; and we who are hearers, may be allowed to have some opportunities in the quality of being standers-by. Only perhaps I may now again transgress by desiring you to express the heads of your divisions in as few and clear words as you possibly can, otherwise, I and many thousand others will never be able to retain them, nor consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity almost to a man on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never made use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time, I am highly sensible what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method, and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes, which when I complimented him upon, he assured me he could not repeat six lines; but his method was to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then on Sunday morning he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he deliver'd it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people by making them believe he had it all by heart. He farther added, that whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now among us, many clergymen act too directly contrary to this method, that from a habit of saving time and paper, which they acquired at the University, they write in so diminutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations or extemporary expletives: And I desire to know what can be more inexcusable, than to see a divine and a scholar, at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much pains and thought for the instruction of his people? The want of a little more care in this article, is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their paper to the audience, like an idle school-boy on a repetition day.

6: "The custom of reading sermons," notes Scott, "seems originally to have arisen in opposition to the practice of Dissenters, many of whom affected to trust to their Inspiration in their *extempore* harangues." [T. S.]]

Let me entreat you, therefore, to add one half-crown a year to the article of paper; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can, and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we your hearers would rather you should be less correct than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric: And lastly, read your

sermon once or twice for a few days before you preach it: to which you will probably answer some years hence, "that it was but just finished when the last bell rang to church:" and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you in the most earnest manner against endeavouring at wit in your sermons, because by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and because too many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men in this town, who could never leave the pulpit under half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness: accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

Before you enter into the common insufferable cant of taking all occasions to disparage the heathen philosophers, I hope you will differ from some of your brethren, by first enquiring what those philosophers can say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those ancient sages, falls undoubtedly very short of that delivered in the Gospel, and wants besides, the divine sanction which our Saviour gave to His. Whatever is further related by the evangelists, contains chiefly, matters of fact, and consequently of faith, such as the birth of Christ, His being the Messiah, His Miracles, His death, resurrection, and ascension. None of which can properly come under the appellation of human wisdom, being intended only to make us wise unto salvation. And therefore in this point nothing can justly be laid to the charge of the philosophers further than that they were ignorant of certain facts that happened long after their death. But I am deceived, if a better comment could be anywhere collected, upon the moral part of the Gospel, than from the writings of those excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies, is at large insisted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of heathenism, I doubt they had less of it than the corrupted Jews in whose time they lived. For it is a gross piece of ignorance among us to conceive that in those polite and learned ages, even persons of any tolerable education, much less the wisest philosophers did acknowledge or worship any more than one almighty power, under several denominations, to whom they allowed all those attributes we ascribe to the Divinity: and as I take it, human comprehension reacheth no further: neither did our Saviour think it necessary to explain to us the nature of God, because I suppose it would be impossible without bestowing on us other faculties than we possess at present. But the true misery of the heathen world appears to be what I before mentioned, the want of a Divine Sanction, without which the dictates of the philosophers failed in the point of authority, and consequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance even in the article of morality, but the philosophers themselves did not. Take the matter in this light, it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by showing the advantages which the Christian world

has over the heathen, and the absolute necessity of Divine Revelation, to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue more universal in the world.

7: This is in the "Crito" of Plato, where Socrates says it is wrong to do harm to our enemies. [T. S.]]

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from some ancient fathers in the Church, who arguing against the heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philosophy as much as they could: which, I hope, is not altogether our present case. Besides, it is to be considered, that those fathers lived in the decline of literature; and in my judgment (who should be unwilling to give the least offence) appear to be rather most excellent, holy persons, than of transcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely suffered by spurious editions) are of admirable use for confirming the truth of ancient doctrines and discipline, by shewing the state and practice of the primitive church. But among such of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any whose manner of arguing or exhorting I could heartily recommend to the imitation of a young divine when he is to speak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too hastily; there being several of them in whose writings I have made very little progress, and in others none at all. For I perused only such as were recommended to me, at a time when I had more leisure and a better disposition to read, than have since fallen to my share.

8: Swift must refer here to the years he spent at Moor Park, in the house of Sir William Temple. The "Tale of a Tub," however, shows that he had not idled his time, and that his acquaintance with the writings of the fathers was fairly intimate. [T, S.]]

To return then to the heathen philosophers, I hope you will not only give them quarter, but make their works a considerable part of your study: To these I will venture to add the principal orators and historians, and perhaps a few of the poets: by the reading of which, you will soon discover your mind and thoughts to be enlarged, your imagination extended and refined, your judgment directed, your admiration lessened, and your fortitude increased; all which advantages must needs be of excellent use to a divine, whose duty it is to preach and practise the contempt of human things.

I would say something concerning quotations, wherein I think you cannot be too sparing, except from Scripture, and the primitive writers of the Church. As to the former, when you offer a text as a proof of an illustration, we your hearers expect to be fairly used, and sometimes think we have reason to complain, especially of you younger divines, which makes us fear that some of you conceive you have no more to do than to turn over a concordance, and there having found the principal word, introduce as much of the verse as will serve your turn, though in reality it makes nothing for you. I do not altogether disapprove the manner of interweaving texts of scripture through the style of your sermons, wherein however, I have sometimes observed great instances of

indiscretion and impropriety, against which I therefore venture to give you a caution.

As to quotations from ancient fathers, I think they are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted by those who differ from us: in other cases we give you full power to adopt the sentence for your own, rather than tell us, "as St. Austin excellently observes." But to mention modern writers by name, or use the phrase of "a late excellent prelate of our Church," and the like, is altogether intolerable, and for what reason I know not, makes every rational hearer ashamed. Of no better a stamp is your "heathen philosopher" and "famous poet," and "Roman historian," at least in common congregations, who will rather believe you on your own word, than on that of Plato or Homer.

I have lived to see Greek and Latin almost entirely driven out of the pulpit, for which I am heartily glad. The frequent use of the latter was certainly a remnant of Popery which never admitted Scripture in the vulgar language; and I wonder, that practice was never accordingly objected to us by the fanatics.

The mention of quotations puts me in mind of commonplace books, which have been long in use by industrious young divines, and I hear do still continue so. I know they are very beneficial to lawyers and physicians, because they are collections of facts or cases, whereupon a great part of their several faculties depend; of these I have seen several, but never yet any written by a clergyman; only from what I am informed, they generally are extracts of theological and moral sentences drawn from ecclesiastical and other authors, reduced under proper heads, usually begun, and perhaps finished, while the collectors were young in the church, as being intended for materials or nurseries to stock future sermons. You will observe the wise editors of ancient authors, when they meet a sentence worthy of being distinguished, take special care to have the first word printed in capital letters, that you may not overlook it: Such, for example, as the INCONSTANCY of FORTUNE, the GOODNESS of PEACE, the EXCELLENCY of WISDOM, the CERTAINTY of DEATH: that PROSPERITY makes men INSOLENT, and ADVERSITY HUMBLE; and the like eternal truths, which every ploughman knows well enough before Aristotle or Plato were born. If theological commonplace books be no better filled, I think they had better be laid aside, and I could wish that men of tolerable intellectuals would rather trust their own natural reason, improved by a general conversation with books, to enlarge on points which they are supposed already to understand. If a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company do to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or

making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials, which he has been at the pains to gather and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patchwork.

9: Thus in first edition. Scott and Hawkesworth have: "though he never heard of Aristotle or Plato." [T.S.]]

Some gentlemen abounding in their university erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind, which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed by a chapter in the "Pilgrim's Progress," than by a long discourse upon the will and the intellect, and simple or complex ideas. Others again, are fond of dilating on matter and motion, talk of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, of theories, and phenomena, directly against the advice of St Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kinds of studies.

10: Thus in first edition. Scott and Hawkesworth have "a few pages" instead of "a chapter" [T. S]]

I do not find that you are anywhere directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to piety, orthodoxy or good sense, to go about such a work. For, to me there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer, if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine as the Church holds it, and confirm it by Scripture. For my part, having considered the matter impartially, I can see no great reason which those gentlemen you call the freethinkers can have for their clamour against religious mysteries, since it is plain, they were not invented by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit, nor acquire any honour. For every clergyman is ready either to tell us the utmost he knows, or to confess that he does not understand them; neither is it strange that there should be mysteries in divinity as well as in the commonest operations of nature.

And here I am at a loss what to say upon the frequent custom of preaching against atheism, deism, freethinking, and the like, as young divines are particularly fond of doing especially when they exercise their talent in churches frequented by persons of quality, which as it is but an ill compliment

to the audience; so I am under some doubt whether it answers the end.

Because persons under those imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and so the congregation is but little edified for the sake of three or four fools who are past grace. Neither do I think it any part of prudence to perplex the minds of well-disposed people with doubts, which probably would never have otherwise come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be positive in it, that not one in an hundred of those who pretend to be freethinkers, are really so in their hearts. For there is one observation which I never knew to fail, and I desire you will examine it in the course of your life, that no gentleman of a liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profess himself a freethinker: where then are these kind of people to be found? Among the worst part of the soldiery made up of pages, younger brothers of obscure families, and others of desperate fortunes; or else among idle town fops, and now and then a drunken ‘squire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of those you generally call freethinkers, who in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all. And since I am in the way of it, pray consider one thing farther: as young as you are, you cannot but have already observed, what a violent run there is among too many weak people against university education. Be firmly assured, that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to a college; or through their irregularities and stupidity never made the least improvement while they were there. I have at least forty of the latter sort now in my eye; several of them in this town, whose learning, manners, temperance, probity, good-nature, and politics, are all of a piece. Others of them in the country, oppressing their tenants, tyrannizing over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonsense, and getting drunk at the sessions. It is from such seminaries as these, that the world is provided with the several tribes and denominations of freethinkers, who, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Christian religion, because reasoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reasoning he never acquired: for in the course of things, men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers; but if you would once convince the town or country profligate, by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would soon drop off: This I confess is no easy task, because it is almost in a literal sense, to fight with beasts. Now, to make it clear, that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines so much complain, it is allowed on all hands, that the people of England are more corrupt in their morals than any other nation at this day under the sun: and this corruption is manifestly owing to other causes, both, numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication of irreligious books, which indeed are but the consequence of the former. For all the writers against Christianity since the Revolution have been of the lowest rank among men in regard to literature, wit, and good sense, and upon that account wholly

unqualified to propagate heresies, unless among a people already abandoned.

11: Scott and Hawkesworth print “above forty.” [T. S.]]

In an age where everything disliked by those who think with the majority is called disaffection, it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you that this universal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years past; when without weighing the motives of justice, law, conscience, or honour, every man adjusts his principles to those of the party he hath chosen, and among whom he may best find his own account: But by reason of our frequent vicissitudes, men who were impatient of being out of play, have been forced to recant, or at least to reconcile their former tenets with every new system of administration. Add to this, that the old fundamental custom of annual parliaments being wholly laid aside, and elections growing chargeable, since gentlemen found that their country seats brought them in less than a seat in the House, the voters, that is to say, the bulk of the common people have been universally seduced into bribery, perjury, drunkenness, malice, and slanders.

Not to be further tedious, or rather invidious, these are a few among other causes which have contributed to the ruin of our morals, and consequently to the contempt of religion: For imagine to yourself, if you please, a landed youth, whom his mother would never suffer to look into a book for fear of spoiling his eyes, got into parliament, and observing all enemies to the clergy heard with the utmost applause, what notions he must imbibe; how readily he will join in the cry; what an esteem he will conceive of himself; and what a contempt he must entertain, not only for his vicar at home, but for the whole order.

I therefore again conclude, that the trade of infidelity hath been taken up only for an expedient to keep in countenance that universal corruption of morals, which many other causes first contributed to introduce and to cultivate. And thus, Mr. Hobbes’ saying upon reason may be much more properly applied to religion: that, “if religion will be against a man, a man will be against religion.” Though after all, I have heard a profligate offer much stronger arguments against paying his debts, than ever he was known to do against Christianity; indeed the reason was, because in that juncture he happened to be closer pressed by the bailiff than the parson.

Ignorance may perhaps be the mother of superstition; but experience hath not proved it to be so of devotion: for Christianity always made the most easy and quickest progress in civilized countries. I mention this because it is affirmed that the clergy are in most credit where ignorance prevails (and surely this kingdom would be called the paradise of clergymen if that opinion were true) for which they instance England in the times of Popery. But whoever knows anything of three or four centuries before the Reformation, will find the little learning then stirring was more equally divided between the English clergy and laity than it is at present. There were several famous

lawyers in that period, whose writings are still in the highest repute, and some historians and poets who were not of the Church. Whereas now-a-days our education is so corrupted, that you will hardly find a young person of quality with the least tincture of knowledge, at the same time that many of the clergy were never more learned, or so scurvily treated. Here among us, at least, a man of letters out of the three professions, is almost a prodigy. And those few who have preserved any rudiments of learning are (except perhaps one or two smatterers) the clergy's friends to a man: and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greatest dunce in the parish be not always the most proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable of his flock.

12: What Swift calls learning was, in his day, the property, so to speak, of professional men, such as divines, lawyers, and university teachers. The common man was too poor or too much taxed to acquire it; the aristocrat often too lazy or too fond of pleasure-seeking to bother about it. The Pre-Reformation days, to which Swift refers, could boast such men as Fabyan, Hall, Chaucer, Gower, and Caxton, as well as Lord Berners, Sir Thomas More, and Lydgate, who were not, in any sense, professional men. [T.S.]]

I think the clergy have almost given over perplexing themselves and their hearers with abstruse points of Predestination, Election, and the like; at least it is time they should; and therefore I shall not trouble you further upon this head.

I have now said all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit: your behaviour in life is another scene, upon which I shall readily offer you my thoughts, if you appear to desire them from me by your approbation of what I have here written; if not, I have already troubled you too much.

13: Scott and Hawkesworth print "your behaviour in the world."
The above is the reading of the first edition. [T. S.]]

I am, Sir,
Your Affectionate
Friend and Servant
A.B.

January 9th.
1719-20.

SOME ARGUMENTS AGAINST ENLARGING THE POWER OF BISHOPS IN LETTING OF LEASES

NOTE.

The years between that which saw the publication of the "Drapier Letters," and that which rang with the fame of "Gulliver's Travels," were busy fighting years for Swift. Apart from his vigorous championship of the Test, and his war against the Dissenters, he espoused the cause of the inferior clergy of his own Church, as against the bishops. The business of filling the vacant sees of Ireland had degenerated into what we should now call "jobbery"; and during the period of Sir Robert Walpole's administration it was rarely that an Irishman was selected. On any question, therefore, which affected the welfare of the lower clergy, it will at once be seen, that the Lords Spiritual, sitting in the Irish Upper House, would find little difficulty in coming to a solution. That the solution should also be one which only increased the clergy's difficulties, might be expected from a body which aimed chiefly at acquiring wealth and power for itself.

In the reign of Charles I. an act was passed, "prohibiting all bishops, and other ecclesiastical corporations, from setting their lands for above the term of twenty-one years: the rent reserved to be half the real value of such lands at the time they were set." As Swift points out, about the time of the Reformation, a trade was carried on by the popish bishops, who felt that their terms of office would be short, and who, consequently, to get what benefit they could while in office, "made long leases and fee-farms of great part of their lands, reserving very inconsiderable rents, sometimes only a chiefry." It was owing to a continuance in this traffic by the bishops when they became Protestants, and to a recognition of the injustice of such alienation, that the legislature passed the act. In 1723, however, an attempt was made for its repeal. Swift was not the man to permit the bishops to have their way, if he could help it. His opinion of Irish bishops is well known. "No blame," he said, "rested with the court for these appointments. Excellent and moral men had been selected upon every occasion of vacancy, but it unfortunately happened, that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their way to Ireland, to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead." To prevent, therefore, the encroachments of such individuals he wrote this tract, in which he clearly demonstrates the justice and salutariness of Charles's act. His contention, as Monck Mason points out ("History of St.

Patrick's Cathedral," p. 392, note 1) "is confirmed by all writers upon the subject," and quotes from Carte's "Life of James, Duke of Ormond," where it is stated that the bishoprics in Ireland had, "the greatest part of them, been depauperated in the change of religion by absolute grants and long leases (made generally by the popish bishops that conformed) — some of them not able to maintain a bishop, several were, by these means, reduced to £50 a year, as Waterford, Kilfenora, and others, and some to five marks, as Cloyne and Kilmacduagh." To Swift is largely due the fact that the House of Commons, when they received the bill from the Lords, threw it out.

Scott, in his note on this pamphlet (amended from one by Lord Orrery), takes his usual course when considering Swift's attitude of opposition — he implies a motive or prejudice. In his opinion, Swift considered the bill for the repeal of Charles's act, "an indirect mode of gratifying the existing bishops, whom he did not regard with peculiar respect or complacency, at the expense of the Church establishment," and that, therefore, "the spirit of his opposition is, in this instance, peculiarly caustic." As a matter of fact, the spirit of Swift's opposition was always peculiarly caustic, in this case no more so than in any other. But to imply that his motive was a self gratifying one only, is to treat Swift unfairly. If the bishops required an example as to how they should deal with their lands, they could easily have found one in Swift himself. In all the renewals of the leases of the Deanery lands, Swift never sought his own immediate advantage, his terms were based on the consideration that the lands were his only in trust for a successor. To take one instance only, the instance of the parish of Kilberry in county Kildare, cited by Monck Mason (p. 27, note h). In 1695 the rent of this parish was reserved at £100 English sterling, in 1717, Swift raised this rent to £150, in 1731 to £170, and in 1741 to £200 per annum, with a proportionable loss of fine upon each occasion.

The tract is dated October 21st, 1723, but as I have not come across a copy of the original separate issue, I have based the text on that given by Faulkner (vol. iv, 1735), and the title page here reproduced is from that edition. The fifth volume of "Miscellanies," also issued in 1735, contains this tract, and I have compared the texts of the two. The notes given in Scott's edition are, in the main, altered from Faulkner's edition. [T.S.]

SOME ARGUMENTS AGAINST ENLARGING the POWER OF BISHOPS In LETTING OF LEASES. WITH REMARKS on some *Queries*

lately published.

Mibi credite, major haereditas venit unicuique vestraem in iisdem bonis ae jure & ae legibus, quam ab iis ae quibus illa ipsa bona relicta sunt.
Cicero *pro* A. Caecina.

Written in the Year 1723.
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIII.

In handling this subject, I shall proceed wholly upon the supposition, that those of our party, who profess themselves members of the church established, and under the apostolical government of bishops, do desire the continuance and transmission of it to posterity, at least, in as good a condition as it is at present. Because, as this discourse is not calculated for dissenters of any kind; so neither will it suit the talk or sentiments of those persons, who, with the denomination of churchmen, are oppressors of the inferior clergy, and perpetually quarrelling at the great incomes of the bishops; which is a traditional cant delivered down from former times, and continued with great reason, although it be now near 200 years since almost three parts in four of the church revenues have been taken from the clergy: Besides the spoils that have been gradually made ever since, of glebes and other lands, by the confusion of times, the fraud of encroaching neighbours, or the power of oppressors, too great to be encountered.

About the time of the Reformation, many popish bishops of this kingdom, knowing they must have been soon ejected, if they would not change their religion, made long leases and fee-farms of great part of their lands, reserving very inconsiderable rents, sometimes only a chiefry; by a power they assumed, directly contrary to many ancient canons, yet consistent enough with the common law. This trade held on for many years after the bishops became Protestants; and some of their names are still remembered with infamy, on account of enriching their families by such sacrilegious alienations. By these means, episcopal revenues were so low reduced, that three or four sees were often united to make a tolerable competency. For some remedy to this evil, King James the First, by a bounty that became a good Christian prince, bestowed several forfeited lands on the northern bishoprics: But in all other parts of the kingdom, the Church continued still in the same distress and

poverty; some of the sees hardly possessing enough to maintain a country vicar. About the middle of King Charles the First's reign, the legislature here thought fit to put a stop, at least, to any farther alienations; and so a law was enacted, prohibiting all bishops, and other ecclesiastical corporations, from setting their lands for above the term of twenty-one years; the rent reserved to be one half of the real value of such lands at the time they were set, without which condition the lease to be void.

Soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, the parliament taking into consideration the miserable estate of the Church, certain lands, by way of augmentation, were granted to eight bishops in the act of settlement, and confirmed in the act of explanation; of which bounty, as I remember, three sees were, in a great measure, defeated; but by what accidents, it is not here of any importance to relate.

This, at present, is the condition of the Church in Ireland, with regard to Episcopal revenues: Which I have thus briefly (and, perhaps, imperfectly) deduced for some information to those, whose thoughts do not lead them to such considerations.

By virtue of the statute, already mentioned, under King Charles the First, limiting ecclesiastical bodies to the term of twenty-one years, under the reserved rent of half real value, the bishops have had some share in the gradual rise of lands, without which they could not have been supported, with any common decency that might become their station. It is above eighty years since the passing of that act: The see of Meath, one of the best in the kingdom, was then worth about £400 *per annum*; the poorer ones in the same proportion. If this were their present condition, I cannot conceive how they would have been able to pay for their patents, or buy their robes: But this will certainly be the condition of their successors, if such a bill should pass, as they say is now intended, which I will suppose, and believe, many persons, who may give a vote for it, are not aware of.

However, this is the act which is now attempted to be repealed, or, at least, eluded; some are for giving bishops leave to let fee-farms; others would allow them to let leases for lives; and the most moderate would repeal that clause, by which the bishops are bound to let their lands at half value.

The reasons for the rise of value in lands, are of two kinds. Of the first kind, are long peace and settlement after the devastations of war; plantations, improvements of bad soil, recovery of bogs and marshes, advancement of trade and manufactures, increase of inhabitants, encouragement of agriculture, and the like.

But there is another reason for the rise of land, more gradual, constant and certain; which will have its effects in countries that are very far from flourishing in any of the advantages I have just mentioned: I mean *the perpetual decrease in the value of gold and silver*. I shall discourse upon these two different kinds, with a view towards the bill now attempted.

As to the first: I cannot see how this kingdom is at any height of

improvement, while four parts in five of the plantations for 30 years past, have been real disimprovements; nine in ten of the quick-set hedges being ruined for want of care or skill. And as to forest trees, they being often taken out of woods, and planted in single rows on the tops of ditches, it is impossible they should grow to be of use, beauty, or shelter. Neither can it be said, that the soil of Ireland is improved to its full height, while so much lies all winter under water, and the bogs made almost desperate by the ill cutting of the turf. There hath, indeed, been some little improvement in the manufactures of linen and woollen, although very short of perfection: But our trade was never in so low a condition: And as to agriculture, of which all wise nations have been so tender, the desolation made in the country by engrossing graziers, and the great yearly importation of corn from England, are lamentable instances under what discouragement it lies.

But, notwithstanding all these mortifications, I suppose there is no well-wisher to his country, without a little hope, that in time the kingdom may be on a better foot in some of the articles above mentioned. But it would be hard, if ecclesiastical bodies should be the only persons excluded from any share in public advantages; which yet can never happen, without a greater share of profit to their tenants: If God "sends rain equally upon the just and the unjust;" why should those who wait at His altars, and are instructors of the people, be cut off from partaking in the general benefits of law, or of nature?

But, as this way of reasoning may seem to bear a more favourable eye to the clergy, than perhaps will suit with the present disposition, or fashion of the age; I shall, therefore, dwell more largely upon the second reason for the rise of land, which is the perpetual decrease of the value of gold and silver.

This may be observed from the course of the Roman history, above two thousand years before those inexhaustible silver mines of Potosi were known. The value of an obolus, and of every other coin between the time of Romulus and that of Augustus, gradually sunk about five parts in six, as appears by several passages out of the best authors. And yet, the prodigious wealth of that state did not arise from the increase of bullion in the world, by the discovery of new mines, but from a much more accidental cause, which was, the spreading of their conquests, and thereby importing into Rome and Italy, the riches of the east and west.

When the seat of empire was removed to Constantinople, the tide of money flowed that way, without ever returning; and was scattered in Asia. But when that mighty empire was overthrown by the northern people, such a stop was put to all trade and commerce, that vast sums of money were buried, to escape the plundering of the conquerors; and what remained was carried off by those ravagers.

It were no difficult matter to compute the value of money in England, during the Saxon reigns; but the monkish and other writers since the Conquest, have put that matter in a clearer light, by the several accounts they have given us of the value of corn and cattle, in years of dearth and plenty.

Every one knows, that King John's whole portion, before he came to the crown, was but five thousand pounds, without a foot of land.

I have likewise seen the steward's accounts, of an ancient noble family in England, written in Latin, between three and four hundred years ago, with the several prices of wine and victuals, to confirm my observations.

I have been at the trouble of computing (as others have done) the different values of money for about four hundred years past. Henry Duke of Lancaster, who lived about that period, founded an hospital in Leicester, for a certain number of old men; charging his lands with a groat a week to each for their maintenance, which is to this day duly paid them. In those times, a penny was equal to ten-pence half-penny, and somewhat more than half a farthing in ours; which makes about eight ninths' difference.

This is plain also, from the old custom upon many estates in England, to let for leases of lives, (renewable at pleasure) where the reserved rent is usually about twelve-pence a pound, which then was near the half real value: And although the fines be not fixed, yet the landlord gets altogether not above three shillings in the pound of the worth of his land: And the tenants are so wedded to this custom, that if the owner suffer three lives to expire, none of them will take a lease on other conditions; or, if he brings in a foreigner who will agree to pay a reasonable rent, the other tenants, by all manner of injuries, will make that foreigner so uneasy, that he must be forced to quit the farm; as the late Earl of Bath felt, by the experience of above ten thousand pounds loss.

The gradual decrease for about two hundred years after, was not considerable, and therefore I do not rely on the account given by some historians, that Harry the Seventh left behind him eighteen hundred thousand pounds; for although the West Indies were discovered before his death, and although he had the best talents and instruments for exacting of money, ever possessed by any prince since the time of Vespasian, (whom he resembled in many particulars); yet I conceive, that in his days the whole coin of England could hardly amount to such a sum. For in the reign of Philip and Mary, Sir Thomas Cokayne of Derbyshire, the best housekeeper of his quality in the county, allowed his lady fifty pounds a year for maintaining the family, one pound a year wages to each servant, and two pounds to the steward; as I was told by a person of quality who had seen the original account of his economy. Now this sum of fifty pound, added to the advantages of a large domain, might be equal to about five hundred pounds a year at present, or somewhat more than four-fifths.

1: Sir Thomas Cokayne (1519?-1592), known as "a professed hunter and not a scholler." He was the eldest son of Francis Cokayne, or Cockaine, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire. One of his sons, Edward, was the father of Thomas Cokayne, the lexicographer. Sir Thomas, in 1591, published "A Short Treatise of Hunting, compyled for the Delight of Noblemen and Gentlemen." [T. S.]]

The great plenty of silver in England began in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when Drake, and others, took vast quantities of coin and bullion from the Spaniards, either upon their own American coasts, or in their return to Spain.

However, so much hath been imported annually from that time to this, that the value of money in England, and most parts of Europe, is sunk above one half within the space of an hundred years, notwithstanding the great export of silver for about eighty years past, to the East Indies, from whence it never returns. But gold being not liable to the same accident, and by new discoveries growing every day more plentiful, seems in danger of becoming a drug.

This hath been the progress of the value of money in former ages, and must of necessity continue so for the future, without some new invasion of Goths and Vandals to destroy law, property and religion, alter the very face of nature; and turn the world upside down.

I must repeat, that what I am to say upon this subject, is intended only for the conviction of those among our own party, who are true lovers of the Church, and would be glad it should continue in a tolerable degree of prosperity to the end of the world.

The Church is supposed to last for ever, both in its discipline and doctrine; which is a privilege common to every petty corporation, who must likewise observe the laws of their foundation. If a gentleman's estate which now yields him a thousand pounds a year, had been set for ever at the highest value, even in the flourishing days of King Charles the Second, would it now amount to above four or five hundred at most? What if this had happened two or three hundred years ago; would the reserved rent at this day be any more than a small chiefry? Suppose the revenues of a bishop to have been under the same circumstances; could he now be able to perform works of hospitality and charity? Thus, if the revenues of a bishop be limited to a thousand pounds a year; how will his successor be in a condition to support his station with decency, when the same denomination of money shall not answer an half, a quarter, or an eighth part of that sum? Which must unavoidably be the consequence of any bill to elude the limiting act, whereby the Church was preserved from utter ruin.

The same reason holds good in all corporations whatsoever, who cannot follow a more pernicious practice than that of granting perpetuities, for which many of them smart to this day; although the leaders among them are often so stupid as not to perceive it, or sometimes so knavish as to find their private account in cheating the community.

Several colleges in Oxford, were aware of this growing evil about an hundred years ago; and, instead of limiting their rents to a certain sum of money, prevailed with their tenants to pay the price of so many barrels of corn, to be valued as the market went, at two seasons (as I remember) in the year. For a barrel of corn is of a real intrinsic value, which gold and silver are not: And by this invention, these colleges have preserved a tolerable subsistence, for their fellows and students, to this day.

The present bishops will, indeed be no sufferers by such a bill; because, their ages considered, they cannot expect to see any great decrease in the

value of money; or, at worst, they can make it up in the fines, which will probably be greater than usual, upon the change of leases into fee-farms, or lives; or without the power of obliging their tenants to a real half value. And, as I cannot well blame them for taking such advantages, (considering the nature of human kind) when the question is only, whether the money shall be put into their own or another man's pocket: So they will be never excusable before God or man, if they do not to the death oppose, declare, and protest against any such bill, as must in its consequences complete the ruin of the Church, and of their own order in this kingdom.

If the fortune of a private person be diminished by the weakness, or inadvertency of his ancestors, in letting leases for ever at low rents, the world lies open to his industry for purchasing of more; but the Church is barred by a *dead hand*; or if it were otherwise, yet the custom of making bequests to it, hath been out of practice for almost two hundred years, and a great deal directly contrary hath been its fortune.

I have been assured by a person of some consequence, to whom I am likewise obliged for the account of some other facts already related, that the late Bishop of Salisbury, (the greatest Whig of that bench in his days) confessed to him, that the liberty which bishops in England have of letting leases for lives, would, in his opinion, be one day the ruin of Episcopacy there; and thought the Church in this kingdom happy by the limitation act.

2: Dr. Barnet.]

And have we not already found the effect of this different proceeding in both kingdoms? Have not two English prelates quitted their peerage and seats in Parliament, in a nation of freedom, for the sake of a more ample revenue, even in this unhappy kingdom, rather than lie under the mortification of living below their dignity at home? For which, however, they cannot be justly censured. I know indeed, some persons, who offer, as an argument for repealing the limiting bill, that it may in future ages prevent the practice of providing this kingdom with bishops from England, when the only temptation will be removed. And they allege, that, as things have gone for some years past, gentlemen will grow discouraged from sending their sons to the university, and from suffering them to enter into holy orders, when they are likely to languish under a curacy, or small vicarage, to the end of their lives: But this is all a vain imagination; for the decrease in the value of money will equally affect both kingdoms: And besides, when bishoprics here grow too small to invite over men of credit and consequence, they will be left more fully to the disposal of a chief governor, who can never fail of some worthless illiterate chaplain, fond of a title and precedence. Thus will that whole bench, in an age or two, be composed of mean, ignorant, fawning gownmen, humble suppliants and dependants upon the court for a morsel of bread, and ready to serve every turn that shall be demanded from them, in hopes of getting some *commendam* tacked to their sees; which must then be the trade, as it is now

too much in England, to the great discouragement of the inferior clergy. Neither is that practice without example among us.

It is now about eighty-five years since the passing of that limiting act, and there is but one instance, in the memory of man, of a bishop's lease broken upon the plea of not being statutable; which, in everybody's opinion, could have been lost by no other person than he who was then tenant, and happened to be very ungracious in his county. In the present Bishop of Meath's case, that plea did not avail, although the lease were notoriously unstatutable; the rent reserved, being, as I have been told, not a seventh part of the real value; yet the jury, upon their oaths, very gravely found it to be according to the statute; and one of them was heard to say, That he would *eat his shoes* before he would give a verdict for the bishop. A very few more have made the same attempt with as little success. Every bishop, and other ecclesiastical body, reckon forty pounds in an hundred to be a reasonable half value; or if it be only a third part, it seldom, or never, breeds any difference between landlord and tenant. But when the rent is from five to nine or ten parts less than the worth; the bishop, if he consults the good of his see, will be apt to expostulate; and the tenant, if he be an honest man, will have some regard to the reasonableness and justice of the demand, so as to yield to a moderate advancement, rather than engage in a suit, where law and equity are directly against him. By these means, the bishops have been so true to their trusts, as to procure some small share in the advancement of rents; although it be notorious that they do not receive the third penny (fines included) of the real value of their lands throughout the kingdom.

3: Dr. Evans, a Welchman. [Faulkner, 1735.]]

I was never able to imagine what inconvenience could accrue to the public, by one or two thousand pounds a year, in the hands of a Protestant bishop, any more than of a lay person. The former, generally speaking, liveth as piously and hospitably as the other; pays his debts as honestly, and spends as much of his revenue among his tenants: Besides, if they be his immediate tenants, you may distinguish them, at first sight, by their habits and horses; or if you go to their houses, by their comfortable way of living. But the misfortune is, that such immediate tenants, generally speaking, have others under them, and so a third and fourth in subordination, till it comes to the welder (as they call him) who sits at a rack-rent, and lives as miserably as an Irish farmer upon a new lease from a lay landlord. But suppose a bishop happens to be avaricious, (as being composed of the same stuff with other men) the consequence to the public is no worse than if he were a squire; for he leaves his fortune to his son, or near relation, who, if he be rich enough, will never think of entering into the Church.

4: This part of the paragraph is to be applied to the period when the whole was written, which was in 1723, when several of Queen Anne's bishops were living. [Note in edition of 1761, as amended from the edition of 1735. T.S.]]

And, as there can be no disadvantage to the public, in a Protestant country, that a man should hold lands as a bishop, any more than if he were a temporal person; so it is of great advantage to the community, where a bishop lives as he ought to do. He is bound, in conscience, to reside in his diocese, and, by a solemn promise, to keep hospitality; his estate is spent in the kingdom, not remitted to England; he keeps the clergy to their duty, and is an example of virtue both to them and the people. Suppose him an ill man; yet his very character will withhold him from any great or open exorbitancies. But, in fact, it must be allowed, that some bishops of this kingdom, within twenty years past, have done very signal and lasting acts of public charity; great instances whereof, are the late and present Primate, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin that now is, who hath left memorials of his bounty in many parts of his province. I might add, the Bishop of Raphoe, and several others: Not forgetting the late Dean of Down, Dr. Pratt, who bestowed one thousand pounds upon the university: Which foundation, (that I may observe by the way) if the bill proposed should pass, would be in the same circumstances with the bishops, nor ever able again to advance the stipends of the fellows and students, as lately they found it necessary to do; the determinate sum appointed by the statute for commons, being not half sufficient, by the fall of money, to afford necessary sustenance. But the passing of such a bill must put an end to all ecclesiastical beneficence for the time to come; and whether this will be supplied by those who are to reap the benefit, better than it hath been done by the grantees of impropriate tithes, who received them upon the old church conditions of keeping hospitality; it will be easy to conjecture.

5: Dr. Marsh.]

6: Dr. Lindsay.]

7: Dr. King.]

8: Dr. Forster.]

To allege, that passing such a bill would be a good encouragement to improve bishops' lands, is a great error. Is it not the general method of landlords, to wait the expiration of a lease, and then cant their lands to the highest bidder? And what should hinder the same course to be taken in church leases, when the limitation is removed of paying half the real value to the bishop? In riding through the country, how few improvements do we see upon the estates of laymen, farther than about their own domains? To say the truth, it is a great misfortune as well to the public as to the bishops themselves, that their lands are generally let to lords and great squires, who, in reason, were never designed to be tenants; and therefore may naturally murmur at the payment of rent, as a subserviency they were not born to. If the tenants to the

Church were honest farmers, they would pay their fines and rents with cheerfulness, improve their lands, and thank God they were to give but a moderate half value for what they held. I have heard a man of a thousand pounds a year, talk with great contempt of bishops' leases, as being on a worse foot than the rest of his estate; and he had certainly reason: My answer was, that such leases were originally intended only for the benefit of industrious husbandmen, who would think it a great blessing to be so provided for, instead of having his farm screwed up to the height, not eating one comfortable meal in a year, nor able to find shoes for his children.

9: To cant means to call for bidders at an auction sale.
Probably derived from the O. French *cant* = *quantum* = how much. [T.S.]]

I know not any advantage that can accrue by such a bill, except the preventing of perjury in jurymen, and false dealing in tenants; which is a remedy like that of giving my money to an highwayman, before he attempts to take it by force; and so I shall be sure to prevent the sin of robbery.

I had wrote thus far, and thought to have put an end; when a bookseller sent me a small pamphlet, entitled, "The Case of the Laity, with some Queries;" full of the strongest malice against the clergy, that I have anywhere met with since the reign of Toland, and others of that tribe. These kinds of advocates do infinite mischief to OUR GOOD CAUSE, by giving grounds to the unjust reproaches of TORIES and JACOBITES, who charge us with being enemies to the Church. If I bear an hearty unfeigned loyalty to his Majesty King George, and the House of Hanover, not shaken in the least by the hardships we lie under, which never can be imputable to so gracious a prince: If I sincerely abjure the Pretender, and all Popish successors; if I bear a due veneration to the glorious memory of the late King William, who preserved these kingdoms from Popery and slavery, with the expense of his blood, and hazard of his life: And lastly, if I am for a proper indulgence to all dissenters; I think nothing more can be reasonably demanded of me as a WHIG, and that my political catechism is full and complete. But whoever, under the shelter of that party denomination, and of many great professions of loyalty, would destroy, or undermine, or injure the Church established; I utterly disown him, and think he ought to choose another name of distinction for himself, and his adherents. I came into the cause upon other principles, which, by the grace of God, I mean to preserve as long as I live. Shall we justify the accusations of our adversaries? *Hoc Ithacus velit* — The Tories and Jacobites will behold us with a malicious pleasure, determined upon the ruin of our friends: For is not the present set of bishops almost entirely of that number, as well as a great majority of the principal clergy? And a short time will reduce the whole, by vacancies upon death.

An impartial reader, if he pleases to examine what I have already said, will easily answer the bold "Queries" in the pamphlet I mentioned: He will be convinced, that "the reason still strongly exists, for which" that limiting law

was enacted. A reasonable man will wonder, where can be the insufferable grievance, that an ecclesiastical landlord should expect a moderate, or third part value in rent for his lands, when his title is, *at least*, as ancient and as legal as that of a layman; who is yet but seldom guilty of giving such beneficial bargains. Has "the nation been thrown into confusion"? And have "many poor families been ruined" by rack-rents paid for the lands of the church? Does "the nation cry out" to have a law that must, in time, send their bishops a-begging? But, God be thanked, the clamour of enemies to the Church is not yet the cry, and, I hope, will never prove the voice of the nation. The clergy, I conceive, will hardly allow that "the people maintain them," any more than in the sense, that all landlords whatsoever are maintained by the people. Such assertions as these, and the insinuations they carry along with them, proceed from principles which cannot be avowed by those who are for preserving the happy constitution in Church and State. Whoever were the proposers of such "queries," it might have provoked a bold writer to retaliate, perhaps with more justice than prudence, by shewing at whose door the grievance lies, and that the bishops, *at least*, are not to answer for the poverty of tenants.

To gratify this great reformer, who enlarges the episcopal rent-roll almost one half; let me suppose that all the Church lands in the kingdom were thrown up to the laity; would the tenants, in such a case, sit easier in their rents than they do now? Or, would the money be equally spent in the kingdom? No: The farmer would be screwed up to the utmost penny, by the agents and stewards of absentees, and the revenues employed in making a figure at London; to which city a full third part of the whole income of Ireland is annually returned, to answer that single article of maintenance for Irish landlords.

Another of his quarrels is against pluralities and non-residence: As to the former, it is a word of ill name, but not well understood. The clergy having been stripped of the greatest part of their revenues, the glebes being generally lost, the tithes in the hands of laymen, the churches demolished, and the country depopulated; in order to preserve a face of Christianity, it was necessary to unite small vicarages, sufficient to make a tolerable maintenance for a minister. The profit of ten or a dozen of these unions, do seldom amount to above eighty or an hundred pounds a year: If there be a very few dignitaries, whose preferments are, perhaps, more liable to this accusation, it is to be supposed, they may be favourites of the time, or persons of superior merit, for whom there hath ever been some indulgence in all governments.

As to non-residence, I believe there is no Christian country upon earth, where the clergy have less to answer for upon that article. I am confident there are not ten clergymen in the kingdom, who, properly speaking, can be termed non-residents: For surely, we are not to reckon in that number, those who, for want of glebes, are forced to retire to the nearest neighbouring village for a cabin to put their heads in; the leading man of the parish, when he makes the greatest clamour, being least disposed to accommodate the minister with an

acre of ground. And, indeed, considering the difficulties the clergy lie under upon this head, it hath been frequent matter of wonder to me, how they are able to perform that part of their duty as well as they do.

There is a noble author, who hath lately addressed to the House of Commons, an excellent discourse for the "Encouragement of Agriculture"; full of most useful hints, which, I hope, that honourable assembly will consider as they deserve. I am not a stranger to his lordship; and, excepting in what relates to the Church, there are few persons with whose opinions I am better pleased to agree; and am, therefore, grieved when I find him charging the inconveniencies in the payment of tithes upon the clergy and their proctors. His lordship is above considering a very known and vulgar truth, that the meanest farmer hath all manner of advantages against the most powerful clergyman, by whom it is impossible he can be wronged, although the minister were ever so evil disposed; the whole system of teasing, perplexing, and defrauding the proctor, or his master, being as well known to every ploughman, as the reaping or sowing of his corn, and much more artfully practised. Besides, the leading man in the parish must have his tithes at his own rate, which is hardly ever above one quarter of the value. And I have heard it computed by many skilful observers, whose interest was not concerned, that the clergy did not receive, throughout the kingdom, one half of what the laws have made their due.

10: The late Lord Molesworth.]

As to his lordship's discontent against the Bishops' Courts, I shall not interpose further than in venturing my private opinion, that the clergy would be very glad to recover their just dues by a more short, decisive, and compulsive method, than such a cramped and limited jurisdiction will allow.

His lordship is not the only person disposed to give the clergy the honour of being the *sole* encouragers of all new improvements. If hops, hemp, flax, and twenty things more are to be planted, the clergy, *alone*, must reward the industrious farmer, by abatement of the tithe. What if the owner of nine parts in ten would please to abate proportionably in his rent, for every acre thus improved? Would not a man just dropped from the clouds, upon a full hearing, judge the demand to be, at least, as reasonable?

I believe no man will dispute his lordship's title to his estate; nor will I the *jus divinum* of tithes, which he mentions with some emotion. I suppose the affirmative would be of little advantage to the clergy, for the same reason that a maxim in law hath more weight in the world than an article of faith. And yet, I think there may be such a thing as sacrilege; because it is frequently mentioned by Greek and Roman authors, as well as described in Holy Writ. This I am sure of; that his lordship would, at any time, excuse a parliament for not concerning itself in his properties, without his own consent.

The observations I have made upon his lordship's discourse, have not, I confess, been altogether proper to my subject: However, since he hath been

pleased therein to offer some proposals to the House of Commons, with relation to the clergy, I hope he will excuse me for differing from him; which proceeds from his own principle, the desire of defending liberty and property, that he hath so strenuously and constantly maintained.

But the other writer openly declares for a law, empowering the bishops to set fee-farms; and says, "Whoever intimates that they will deny their consent to such a reasonable law, which the whole nation cries for, are enemies to them and the Church." Whether this be his real opinion, or only a strain of mirth and irony, the matter is not much. However, my sentiments are so directly contrary to his; that I think, whoever impartially reads and considers what I have written upon this argument, hath either no regard for the Church established under the hierarchy of bishops, or will never consent to any law that shall repeal, or elude the limiting clause, relating to the real half value, contained in the act of parliament *decimo Caroli*, "For the preservation of the inheritance, rights and profits of lands belonging to the Church, and persons ecclesiastical"; which was grounded upon reasons that do still, and must for ever subsist.

October 21, 1723.

REASONS HUMBLY OFFERED TO HIS GRACE WILLIAM, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, &c

THE HUMBLE REPRESENTATION OF THE CLERGY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

NOTE.

Scott's text has been collated with that given in volume eight of the quarto edition of Swift's Works (1765). In that edition the title is given as: "The Representation of the Clergy of Dublin," &c. [T.S.]

[REASONS HUMBLY OFFERED] TO HIS GRACE WILLIAM, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, &c. THE HUMBLE REPRESENTATION OF THE CLERGY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

1: William King, D.D. (1650-1729), Archbishop of Dublin, was born in Antrim, and educated at a school at Dungannon and Trinity College, Dublin. He was installed Dean of St. Patrick's in 1688-9 (February 1st). For his open espousal of the Prince of Orange, he was confined to the Castle, and suffered many indignities. In 1690-1 (January 9th) he was promoted to the see of Derry. His conduct through life was that of an ardent Irish Protestant patriot. He fought against Sectarianism, Roman Catholicism, and the interference of the English Parliament in Irish affairs. He opposed the Toleration Bill, and protested against the act confirming the Articles of Limerick. His relationship with Swift became close when he sent the vicar of Laracor to London, to obtain for the Irish clergy the restoration of the first-fruits and twentieth parts; but it was a relationship never cemented by feelings warmer than those of esteem. King acknowledged the ability of Swift, but found him ambitious and overbearingly proud. Throughout life he remained a consistent High Churchman, and a strenuous supporter of the rights of the Church in Ireland, but his attempt, in 1727, to interfere with the affairs of the Deanery of St. Patrick's, brought down upon him Swift's wrath, and an open quarrel ensued which was partly softened by the Archbishop retiring from the matter and tacitly acknowledging Swift's right.

King's chief published work is his treatise "De Origine Mali," published in 1702, and received with respectful consideration by the eminent thinkers of the day. He wrote other minor works, but none of any distinguished merit. He succeeded Narcissus Marsh as Archbishop of Dublin in 1702-3 (March 11th). Swift's letters to King during the former's embassy on the matter of first-fruits, make a most interesting chapter in the six volumes which Scott devotes to Swift's correspondence. T. S.]

Jan. 1724.

MY LORD,

Your Grace having been pleased to communicate to us a certain brief, by letters patents, for the relief of one Charles M'Carthy, whose house in College-Green, Dublin, was burnt by an accidental fire; and having desired us to consider of the said brief, and give our opinions thereof to your Grace;

We the Clergy of the city of Dublin, in compliance with your Grace's desire, and with great acknowledgments for your paternal tenderness towards us, having maturely considered the said brief by letters patents, compared the several parts of it with what is enjoined us by the rubric, (which is confirmed by act of parliament) and consulted persons skilled in the laws of the Church; do, in the names of ourselves and of the rest of our brethren, the Clergy of the diocese of Dublin, most humbly represent to your Grace:

First, That, by this brief, your Grace is required and commanded, to recommend and command all the parsons, vicars, &c., to advance so great an act of charity.

We shall not presume to determine how far your Grace may be commanded by the said brief; but we humbly conceive that the Clergy of your

diocese cannot, by any law now in being, be commanded by your Grace to advance the said act of charity, any other ways than by reading the said brief in our several churches, as prescribed by the rubric.

Secondly, Whereas it is said in the said brief, "That the parsons, vicars, &c. upon the first Lord's day, or opportunity after the receipt of the copy of the said brief, shall, deliberately and affectionately, publish and declare the tenor thereof to His Majesty's subjects, and earnestly persuade, exhort, and stir them up to contribute freely and cheerfully towards the relief of the said sufferer;"

We do not comprehend what is meant by the word *opportunity*. We never do preach upon any day except the Lord's day, or some solemn days legally appointed; neither is it possible for the strongest constitution among us to obey this command (which includes no less than a whole sermon) upon any other opportunity than when our people are met together in the church; and to perform this work in every house where the parishes are very populous, consisting sometimes here in town of 900 or 1,000 houses, would take up the space of a year, although we should preach in two families every day; and almost as much time in the country, where the parishes are of large extent, the roads bad, and the people too poor to receive us, and give charity at once.

But, if it be meant that these exhortations are commanded to be made in the church, upon the Lord's day, we are humbly of opinion, that it is left to the discretion of the clergy, to choose what subjects they think most proper to preach on, and at what times; and, if they preach either false doctrine or seditious principles, they are liable to be punished.

It may possibly happen that the sufferer recommended may be a person not deserving the favour intended by the brief; in which case no minister, who knows the sufferer to be an undeserving person, can with a safe conscience, deliberately and affectionately publish the brief, much less earnestly persuade, exhort, and stir up the people to contribute freely and cheerfully towards the relief of such a sufferer.

2: This M'Carthy's house was burnt in the month of August 1723, and the universal opinion of mankind was, that M'Carthy himself was the person who had set fire to the house. [Note in edition of Swift's Works, vol. viii., 1765, 4to.]]

Thirdly, Whereas in the said brief the ministers and curates are required, "on the week-days next after the Lord's day when the brief was read, to go from house to house, with their church-wardens, to ask and receive from all persons the said charity:" We cannot but observe here, that the said ministers are directly made collectors of the said charity in conjunction with the church-wardens; which however, we presume, was not intended, as being against all law and precedent: And therefore, we apprehend, there may be some inconsistency, which leaves us at a loss how to proceed. For, in the next paragraph, the ministers and curates are only required, where they conveniently can, to accompany the church-wardens, or procure some other of the chief inhabitants, to do the same. And, in a following paragraph, the whole

work seems left entirely to the church-wardens, who are required to use their utmost diligence to gather and collect the said charity, and to pay the same, in ten days after, to the parson, vicar, &c.

In answer to this, we do represent to your Grace our humble opinion, that neither we nor our church-wardens can be legally commanded or required to go from house to house to receive the said charity; because your Grace hath informed us in your order, at your visitation An. Dom. 1712, that neither we nor our church-wardens are bound to make any collections for the poor, save in the church; which also appears plainly by the rubric, that appoints both time and place, as your Grace hath observed in your said order.

We do likewise assure your Grace, that it is not in our power to procure some of the chief inhabitants of our parishes to accompany the church-wardens from house to house in these collections: And we have reason to believe, that such a proposal, made to our chief inhabitants (particularly in this city, where our chief inhabitants are often peers of the land) would be received in a manner very little to our own satisfaction, or to the advantage of the said collections.

Fourthly, The brief doth will, require, and command the bishops, and all other dignitaries of the Church, that they make their contributions distinctly, to be returned in the several provinces to the several archbishops of the same.

Upon which we take leave to observe that the terms of expression here are of the strongest kind, and in a point that may subject the said dignitaries (for we shall say nothing of the bishops) to great inconveniencies.

The said dignitaries are here willed, required, and commanded to make their contributions distinctly; by which it should seem that they are absolutely commanded to make contributions (for the word *distinctly* is but a circumstance), and may be understood not very agreeable to a voluntary, cheerful contribution. And therefore, if any bishop or dignitary should refuse to make his contribution, (perhaps for very good reasons) he may be thought to incur the crime of disobedience to His Majesty, which all good subjects abhor, when such a command is according to law.

Most dignities of this kingdom consist only of parochial tithes, and the dignitaries are ministers of parishes. A doubt may therefore arise, whether the said dignitaries are willed, required, and commanded, to make their contributions in both capacities, distinctly as dignitaries, and jointly as parsons or vicars.

Many dignities in this kingdom are the poorest kind of benefices; and it should seem hard to put poor dignitaries under the necessity either of making greater contributions than they can afford, or of exposing themselves to the censure of wanting charity, by making their contributions public.

Our Saviour commands us, in works of charity, to “let not our left hand know what our right hand doeth;” which cannot well consist with our being willed, required, and commanded by any earthly power, where no law is prescribed, to publish our charity to the world, if we have a mind to conceal it.

Fifthly, Whereas it is said in the said brief, "That the parson, vicar, &c. of every parish, shall, in six days after the receipt of the said charity, return it to his respective chancellor, &c." This may be a great grievance, hazard, and expense to the said parson, in remote and desolate parts of the country, where often an honest messenger (if such a one can be got) must be hired to travel forty or fifty miles going and coming; which will probably cost more than the value of the contribution he carries with him. And this charge, if briefs should happen to be frequent, would be enough to undo many a poor clergyman in the kingdom.

Sixthly, We observe in the said brief, that the provost and fellows of the University, judges, officers of the courts, and professors of laws common and civil, are neither willed, required, nor commanded to make their contributions; but that so good a work is only recommended to them. Whereas we conceive, that all His Majesty's subjects are equally obliged, with or without His Majesty's commands, to promote works of charity according to their power; and that the clergy, in their ecclesiastical capacity, are only liable to such commands as the rubric, or any other law shall enjoin, being born to the same privileges of freedom with the rest of His Majesty's subjects.

We cannot but observe to your Grace, that, in the English act of the fourth year of Queen Anne, for the better collecting charity money on briefs by letters-patent, &c. the ministers are obliged only to read the briefs in their churches, without any particular exhortations; neither are they commanded to go from house to house with the church-wardens, nor to send the money collected to their respective chancellors, but pay it to the undertaker or agent of the sufferer. So that, we humbly hope, the clergy of this kingdom shall not, without any law in being, be put to greater hardships in this case than their brethren in England, where the legislature, intending to prevent the abuses in collecting charity money on briefs, did not think fit to put the clergy under any of those difficulties we now complain of, in the present brief by letters patent, for the relief of Charles M'Carthy aforesaid.

The collections upon the Lord's day are the principal support of our own numerous poor in our several parishes; and therefore every single brief, with the benefit of a full collection over the whole kingdom, must deprive several thousands of poor of their weekly maintenance, for the sake only of one person, who often becomes a sufferer by his own folly or negligence, and is sure to overvalue his losses double or treble: So that, if this precedent be followed, as it certainly will if the present brief should succeed, we may probably have a new brief every week; and thus, for the advantage of fifty-two persons, whereof not one in ten is deserving, and for the interest of a dozen dexterous clerks and secretaries, the whole poor in the kingdom will be likely to starve.

We are credibly informed, that neither the officers of the Lord Primate, in preparing the report of his Grace's opinion, nor those of the great-seal, in passing the patent for briefs, will remit any of their fees, both which do

amount to a considerable sum: And thus the good intentions of well-disposed people are in a great measure disappointed, a large part of their charity being anticipated, and alienated by fees and gratuities.

Lastly, We cannot but represent to your Grace our great concern and grief, to see the pains and labour of our church-wardens so much increased, by the injunctions and commands put upon them in this brief, to the great disadvantage of the clergy and the people, as well as to their own trouble, damage, and loss of time, to which great additions have been already made, by laws appointing them to collect the taxes for the watch and the poor-house, which they bear with great unwillingness; and, if they shall find themselves further laden with such briefs as this of M'Carthy, it will prove so great a discouragement, that we shall never be able to provide honest and sufficient persons for that weighty office of church-warden, so necessary to the laity as well as the clergy, in all things that relate to the order and regulation of parishes.

Upon all these considerations, we humbly hope that your Grace, of whose fatherly care, vigilance, and tenderness, we have had so many and great instances, will represent our case to his Most Excellent Majesty, or to the chief governor in this kingdom, in such a manner, that we may be neither under the necessity of declining His Majesty's commands in his letters patent, or of taking new and grievous burthens upon ourselves and our church-wardens, to which neither the rubric nor any other law in force oblige us to submit.

ON THE BILL FOR THE CLERGY'S RESIDING ON THEIR LIVINGS

NOTE.

In the note to the tract, "Some Arguments against enlarging the Power of Bishops in letting Leases" (p. 219), it was pointed out that the Bill against which this tract was written was an attempt on the part of the bishops to get back a power which they once had abused. Failing in this attempt, in 1723, they renewed the attack in 1731 by promoting two bills, one called a Bill of Residence, the other a Bill of Division.

The ostensible object of the Bill of Residence was to compel the clergy to reside on their livings. By this bill, any person taking a benefice, with cure of souls, of the annual value of £100, was forced, if the land attached to that benefice had no house fit for residence, to build one thereon, in any situation the bishop might think suitable, this house to cost one year and a half's income, and to be completed within a time fixed by the bishop. It will at once be seen that the power over the inferior clergy which this bill placed in the bishops' hands was by no means insignificant; and Swift felt that to make such a bill law would not only tend to impoverish, the inferior clergy, but would place them in a position of subjection at once degrading and dispiriting. He opposed the bill, with the consequence that the House of Commons rejected it.

By the Bill of Division "it was intended to be enacted that whenever a church should become vacant, although the incumbent should refuse his consent, it might be lawful for the chief governor, with the assent of the major part of the Privy Council, six at least consenting, by and with the consent of the ordinary and the patron, to subdivide any parish into as many portions as they might think fit, provided that, after such division, the church of the old parish should continue worth, at the least, £300 per annum." This bill, which passed the House of Lords two days after the Bill of Residence, Swift opposed in a spirited and somewhat bitter manner. His opposition largely influenced the Lower House in rejecting it. The two tracts which state the grounds of his opposition to both bills are the present one, and the following tract, "Considerations upon two Bills, sent down from the House of Lords to the House of Commons in Ireland, relating to the Clergy."

Scott notes that the "tone of *aigreur*," which is more distinctly felt in the second of these tracts, intimates a "deep dissatisfaction with late ecclesiastical preferments, which may perhaps be traced as much to personal disappointment as to any better cause;" a statement which it was hardly worth

making; since, however deep may have been Swift's personal feelings, he never allowed them to be the impelling motive to his work. It should suffice us to know that the cause which Swift espoused was a disinterested one. As Vicar of Laracor he knew what it was to make a shift of living on an insufficient income; and it may have been, this experience as much as "personal disappointment" which gave pungency to his criticism. It is easy enough to find questionable motives for a satirist, especially when that satirist is Swift; let us not, however, forget that in his case the personal element was never permitted to overweight the impersonal purpose. Other men when they reach prosperity often forget or ignore the hard conditions of their previous state; to Swift these conditions were always existing factors in his considerations for the amelioration of his fellow-men. This it is which gives to his writings so much of the "tone of *aigreur*."

In his letter to John Stearne, Bishop of Clogher, dated July, 1733, which is one of Swift's most characteristic epistles — characteristic, because the embodiment of truthful candour — he gives no equivocal expression of opinion on these two bills. He calls them, "abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy, (which took their birth from hell)." "I call God to witness," he adds, "that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every Bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion), than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition, and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt."

About the same time, 1732, appeared another pamphlet entitled, "The Reconciler … shewing how all the good ends proposed by either of those bills, may, by a more gentle and easy method, be attained, without injury to the rights of my lords the bishops; or rigour and violence to the inferior clergy." In the main, the writer agrees with Swift; but the tract is valuable as showing that the controversy was no small one, and it furnishes also what is, apparently, an impartial history of the whole affair. Three Irish prelates voted against the bills on a division — Theophilus Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel, Charles Carr, Bishop of Killaloe, and Robert Howard, Bishop of Elphin.

The text of this tract is based on that which appeared in a volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse" in the year 1789. It has been collated with those given by Scott, Hawkesworth, and other editors. [T.S.]

ON THE BILL FOR THE CLERGY'S RESIDING ON THEIR LIVINGS

Those gentlemen who have been promoted to bishoprics in this kingdom for several years past, are of two sorts: first, certain private clergymen from England, who, by the force of friends, industry, solicitation, or other means and merits to me unknown, have been raised to that character by the *mero motu* of the crown.

Of the other sort, are some clergymen born in this kingdom, who have most distinguished themselves by their warmth against Popery, their great indulgence to Dissenters, and all true loyal Protestants; by their zeal for the House of Hanover, abhorrence of the Pretender, and an implicit readiness to fall into any measures that will make the government easy to those who represent His Majesty's person.

Some of the former kind are such as are said to have enjoyed tolerable preferments in England; and it is therefore much to their commendation that they have condescended to leave their native country, and come over hither to be bishops, merely to promote Christianity among us; and therefore in my opinion, both their lordships, and the many defenders they bring over, may justly claim the merit of missionaries sent to convert a nation from heresy and heathenism.

Before I proceed farther, it may be proper to relate some particulars wherein the circumstances of the English clergy differ from those of Ireland.

The districts of parishes throughout England continue much the same as they were before the Reformation; and most of the churches are of the gothic architecture, built some hundred years ago; but the tithes of great numbers of churches having been applied by the Pope's pretended authority to several abbeys, and even before the Reformation bestowed by that sacrilegious tyrant Henry VIII., on his ravenous favourites, the maintenance of an incumbent in most parts of the kingdom is contemptibly small; and yet a vicar there of forty pounds a year, can live with more comfort, than one of three times the nominal value with us. For his forty pounds are duly paid him, because there is not one farmer in a hundred, who is not worth five times the rent he pays to his landlord, and fifty times the sum demanded for the tithes; which, by the small compass of his parish, he can easily collect or compound for; and if his behaviour and understanding be supportable, he will probably receive presents now and then from his parishioners, and perhaps from the squire; who, although he may sometimes be apt to treat his parson a little superciliously, will probably be softened by a little humble demeanour. The vicar is likewise generally sure to find upon his admittance to his living, a convenient house and barn in repair, with a garden, and a field or two to graze a few cows, and

one horse for himself and his wife. He hath probably a market very near him, perhaps in his own village. No entertainment is expected from his visitor beyond a pot of ale, and a piece of cheese. He hath every Sunday the comfort of a full congregation, of plain, cleanly people of both sexes, well to pass, and who speak his own language. The scene about him is fully cultivated (I mean for the general) and well inhabited. He dreads no thieves for anything but his apples, for the trade of universal stealing is not so epidemic there as with us. His wife is little better than Goody, in her birth, education, or dress; and as to himself, we must let his parentage alone. If he be the son of a farmer it is very sufficient, and his sister may very decently be chambermaid to the squire's wife. He goes about on working days in a grazier's coat, and will not scruple to assist his workmen in harvest time. He is usually wary and thrifty, and often more able to provide for a numerous family than some of ours can do with a rectory called 300*l*. a year. His daughters shall go to service, or be sent 'prentice to the sempstress of the next town; and his sons are put to honest trades. This is the usual course of an English country vicar from twenty to sixty pounds a year.

As to the clergy of our own kingdom, their livings are generally larger. Not originally, or by the bounty of princes, parliaments, or charitable endowments, for the same degradations (and as to glebes, a much greater) have been made here, but, by the destruction and desolation in the long wars between the invaders and the natives; during which time a great part of the bishops' lands, and almost all the glebes, were lost in the confusion. The first invaders had almost the whole kingdom divided amongst them. New invaders succeeded, and drove out their predecessors as native Irish. These were expelled by others who came after, and upon the same pretensions. Thus it went on for several hundred years, and in some degree even to our own memories. And thus it will probably go on, although not in a martial way, to the end of the world. For not only the purchasers of debentures forfeited in 1641, were all of English birth, but those after the Restoration, and many who came hither even since the Revolution, are looked upon as perfect Irish; directly contrary to the practice of all wise nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans, in establishing their colonies, by which name Ireland is very absurdly called.

Under these distractions the conquerors always seized what lands they could with little ceremony, whether they belonged to the Church or not: Thus the glebes were almost universally exposed to the first seizers, and could never be recovered, although the grants, with the particular denominations, are manifest, and still in being. The whole lands of the see of Waterford were wholly taken by one family; the like is reported of other bishoprics.

King James the First, who deserves more of the Church of Ireland than all other princes put together, having the forfeitures of vast tracts of land in the northern parts (I think commonly called the escheated counties), having granted some hundred thousand acres of these lands to certain Scotch and

English favourites, was prevailed on by some great prelates to grant to some sees in the north, and to many parishes there, certain parcels of land for the augmentation of poor bishoprics, did likewise endow many parishes with glebes for the incumbents, whereof a good number escaped the depredations of 1641 and 1688. These lands, when they were granted by King James, consisted mostly of woody ground, wherewith those parts of this island were then overrun. This is well known, universally allowed, and by some in part remembered; the rest being, in some places, not stubbed out to this day. And the value of the lands was consequently very inconsiderable, till Scotch colonies came over in swarms upon great encouragement to make them habitable; at least for such a race of strong-bodied people, who came hither from their own bleak barren highlands, as it were into a paradise; who soon were able to get straw for their bedding, instead of a bundle of heath spread on the ground, and sprinkled with water. Here, by degrees, they acquired some degree of politeness and civility, from such neighbouring Irish as were still left after Tyrone's last rebellion, and are since grown almost entirely possessors of the north. Thus, at length, the woods being rooted up, the land was brought in, and tilled, and the glebes which could not before yield two-pence an acre, are equal to the best, sometimes affording the minister a good demesne, and some land to let.

These wars and desolations in their natural consequences, were likewise the cause of another effect, I mean that of uniting several parishes under one incumbent. For, as the lands were of little value by the want of inhabitants to cultivate them, and many of the churches levelled to the ground, particularly by the fanatic zeal of those rebellious saints who murdered their king, destroyed the Church, and overthrew monarchy (for all which there is a humiliation day appointed by law, and soon approaching); so, in order to give a tolerable maintenance to a minister, and the country being too poor, as well as devotion too low, to think of building new churches, it was found necessary to repair some one church which had least suffered, and join sometimes three or more, enough for a bare support to some clergyman, who knew not where to provide himself better. This was a case of absolute necessity to prevent heathenism, as well as popery, from overrunning the nation. The consequence of these unions was very different, in different parts; for, in the north, by the Scotch settlement, their numbers daily increasing by new additions from their own country, and their prolific quality peculiar to northern people; and lastly by their universally feeding upon oats (which grain, under its several preparations and denominations, is the only natural luxury of that hardy people) the value of tithes increased so prodigiously, that at this day, I confess, several united parishes ought to be divided, taking in so great a compass, that it is almost impossible for the people to travel timely to their own parish church, or their little churches to contain half their number, though the revenue would be sufficient to maintain two, or perhaps three worthy clergymen with decency; provided the times mend, or that they were honestly

dealt with, which I confess is seldom the case. I shall name only one, and it is the deanery of Derry; the revenue whereof, if the dean could get his dues, exceeding that of some bishoprics, both by the compass and fertility of the soil, the number as well as industry of the inhabitants, the conveniency of exporting their corn to Dublin and foreign parts; and, lastly, by the accidental discovery of marl in many places of the several parishes. Yet all this revenue is wholly founded upon corn, for I am told there is hardly an acre of glebe for the dean to plant and build on.

I am therefore of opinion, that a real undefalcated revenue of six hundred pounds a year, is a sufficient income for a country dean in this kingdom; and since the rents consist wholly of tithes, two parishes, to the amount of that value, should be united, and the dean reside as minister in that of Down, and the remaining parishes be divided among worthy clergymen, to about 300*l*. a year to each. The deanery of Derry, which is a large city, might be left worth 800*l*. a year, and Rapho according as it shall be thought proper. These three are the only opulent deaneries in the whole kingdom, and, as I am informed, consist all of tithes, which was an unhappy expedient in the Church, occasioned by the sacrilegious robberies during the several times of confusion and war; insomuch that at this day there is hardly any remainder left of dean and chapter lands in Ireland, that delicious morsel swallowed so greedily in England, under the fanatic usurpations.

As to the present scheme of a bill for obliging the clergy to residence, now or lately in the privy council, I know no more of the particulars than what hath been told me by several clergymen of distinction; who say, that a petition in the name of them all hath been presented to the lord lieutenant and council, that they might be heard by their counsel against the bill, and that the petition was rejected, with some reasons why it was rejected; for the bishops know best what is proper for the clergy. It seems the bill consists of two parts: First, a power in the bishops, with consent of the archbishop, and the patron, to take off from any parish whatever, it is worth above £300 a year; and this to be done without the incumbent's consent, which before was necessary in all divisions. The other part of the bill obligeth all clergymen, from forty pounds a year and upwards, to reside, and build a house in his parish. But those of £40 are remitted till they shall receive £100 out of the revenue of first-fruits granted by Her late Majesty.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON TWO BILLS

NOTE.

"In the year 1731 a Bill was brought into the House of Lords by a great majority of the Right Reverend the Bishops, for enabling them to divide the livings of the inferior Clergy; which Bill was approved of in the Privy-Council of Ireland, and passed by the Lords in Parliament. It was afterwards sent to the House of Commons for their approbation; but was rejected by them with a great majority. The supposed author of the following Considerations, who hath always been the best friend to the inferior Clergy of the Church of England, as may be seen by many parts of his writings, opposed this pernicious project with great success; which, if it had passed into law, would have been of the worst consequence to this nation." [Advertisement to the reprint of this pamphlet in Swift's Works, vol. vi. Dublin: Faulkner, 1738.]

Fuller details of the circumstances which gave Swift the opportunity for writing this tract are given in the note prefixed to the previous pamphlet (see p. 250).

The text here given is that of the first edition. [T.S.]

CONSIDERATIONS
UPON TWO
BILLS
Sent down from the R —— H —— the
H —— of L ——
To the H —— ble
H —— of C ——
Relating to the
CLERGY
OF

I —— D.

LONDON.

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. *Paul's*, and Sold by the Booksellers of *Westminster* and *Southwark*, 1732.

I have often, for above a month past, desired some few clergymen, who are pleased to visit me, that they would procure an extract of two bills, brought into the council by some of the bishops, and both of them since passed in the House of Lords: but I could never obtain what I desired, whether by the forgetfulness, or negligence of those whom I employed, or the difficulty of the thing itself. Therefore, if I shall happen to mistake in any fact of consequence, I desire my remarks upon it, may pass for nothing; for my information is no better than what I received in words from several divines, who seemed to agree with each other. I have not the honour to be acquainted with any one single prelate of the kingdom, and am a stranger to their characters, further than as common fame reports them, which is not to be depended on. Therefore, I cannot be supposed to act upon a principle of resentment. I esteem their functions (if I may be allowed to say so without offence) as truly apostolical, and absolutely necessary to the perfection of a Christian Church.

There are no qualities more incident to the frailty and corruption of human kind, than an indifference, or insensibility for other men's sufferings, and a sudden forgetfulness of their own former humble state, when they rise in the world. These two dispositions have not, I think, anywhere so strongly exerted themselves, as in the order of bishops with regard to the inferior clergy; for which I can find no reasons, but such as naturally should seem to operate a quite contrary way. The maintenance of the Clergy, throughout the kingdom, is precarious and uncertain, collected from a most miserable race of beggarly farmers; at whose mercy every minister lies to be defrauded: His office, as rector or vicar, if it be duly executed, is very laborious. As soon as he is promoted to a bishopric, the scene is entirely and happily changed; his revenues are large, and as surely paid as those of the king; his whole business

is once a-year, to receive the attendance, the submission, and the proxy-money of all his clergy, in whatever part of the diocese he shall please to think most convenient for himself. Neither is his personal presence necessary, for the business may be done by a Vicar-General. The fatigue of ordination, is just what the bishops please to make it, and as matters have been for some time, and may probably remain, the fewer ordinations the better. The rest of their visible office, consists in the honour of attending parliaments and councils, and bestowing preferments in their own gift; in which last employment, and in their spiritual and temporal courts, the labour falls to their Vicars-General, Secretaries, Proctors, Apparitors, Seneschals, and the like. Now, I say, in so quick a change, where their brethren in a few days, are become their subjects, it would be reasonable, at least, to hope, that the labour, confinement, and subjection from which they have so lately escaped, like a bird out of the snare of the fowler, might a little incline them to remember the condition of those, who were but last week their equals, probably their companions or their friends, and possibly, as reasonable expectants. There is a known story of Colonel Tidcomb, who, while he continued a subaltern officer, was every day complaining against the pride, oppression, and hard treatment of colonels toward their officers; yet in a very few minutes after he had received his commission for a regiment, walking with a friend on the Mall, he confessed that the spirit of colonelship, was coming fast upon him, which spirit is said to have daily increased to the hour of his death.

It is true, the Clergy of this kingdom, who are promoted to bishoprics, have always some great advantages; either that of rich deaneries, opulent and multiplied rectories and dignities, strong alliances by birth or marriage, fortified by a superlative degree of zeal and loyalty; but, however, they were all at first no more than young beginners; and before their great promotion, were known by their plain Christian names, among their old companions, the middling rate of clergymen; nor could, therefore, be strangers to their condition, or with any good grace, forget it so soon as it hath sometimes happened.

I confess, I do not remember to have observed any body of men, acting with so little concert as our clergy have done, in a point where their opinions appeared to be unanimous: a point where their whole temporal support was concerned, as well as their power of serving God and his Church, in their spiritual functions. This hath been imputed to their fear of disobliging, or hopes of further favours upon compliance; because it was observed, that some who appeared at first with the greatest zeal, thought fit suddenly to absent themselves from the usual meetings; yet, we know what expert solicitors the Quakers, the Dissenters, and even the Papists have sometimes found, to drive a point of advantage, or present an impending evil.

I have not seen any extract from the two bills introduced into the Privy Council by the bishops; where the Clergy, upon some failure in favour, or

through the timorousness of many among their brethren, were refused to be heard by the Council. It seems these bills were both returned, agreed to by the King and Council in England; and the House of Lords hath, with great expedition, passed them both, and it is said they are immediately to be sent down to the Commons for their consent.

The particulars, as they have been imperfectly reported to me, are as follow:

By one of the bills, the bishops have power to oblige the country clergy, to build a mansion-house upon whatever part of their glebes their lordships shall command; and if the living be above £50 a-year, the minister is bound to build, after three years, a house that shall cost one year and a half's rent of his income. For instance, if a clergyman with a wife and seven children gets a living of £55 per annum, he must after three years, build a house that shall cost £77 10s., and must support his family during the time the bishop shall appoint for the building of it with the remainder. But, if the living be under £50 a-year, the minister shall be allowed an £100 out of the first-fruits.

But, there is said to be one circumstance a little extraordinary; that if there be a single spot in the glebe more barren, more marshy, more expos'd to winds, more distant from the church, or skeleton of a church, or from any conveniency of building: the rector, or vicar may be obliged by the caprice, or pique of the bishop, to build, under pain of sequestration, (an office, which ever falls into the most knavish hands,) upon whatever point his lordship shall command; although the farmers have not paid one quarter of his due.

I believe, under the present distresses of the kingdom (which inevitably, without a miracle, must increase for ever) there are not ten country clergymen in Ireland reputed to possess a parish of £100 per annum who, for some years past, have actually received £60, and that with the utmost difficulty and vexation. I am, therefore, at a loss what kind of valuators the bishops will make use of, and whether the starving vicar, shall be forced to build his house with the money he never received.

The other bill, which passed in two days after the former, is said to concern the division of parishes into as many parcels as the bishop shall think fit, only leaving £300 a-year to the Mother Church; which £300 by another act passed some years ago, they can divide likewise, and crumble as low as their will and pleasure will dispose them. So that instead of 600 clergymen, which, I think, is the usual computation, we may have, in a small compass of years, almost as many thousands to live with decency and comfort, provide for their children, &c., be charitable to the poor, and maintain hospitality.

But it is very reasonable to hope, and heartily to be wished by all those who have the least regard to our holy religion, as hitherto established, or to a learned, pious, diligent, conversible clergyman, or even to common humanity; that the honourable House of Commons will in their great wisdom, justice, and tenderness to innocent men, consider these bills in another light. It is said, they well know this kingdom not to be so over stocked with neighbouring

gentry; but a discreet, learned clergyman, with a competency fit for one of his education, may be an entertaining, a useful, and sometimes a necessary companion. That although such a clergyman may not be able constantly to find BEEF and WINE for his own family, yet he may be allowed sometimes to afford both to a neighbour, without distressing himself; and the rather, because he may expect at least as good a return. It will probably be considered, that in many desolate parts, there may not be always a sufficient number of persons considerable enough to be trusted with commissions of the peace, which several of the Clergy now supply much better, than a little, hedge, contemptible, illiterate vicar from twenty to fifty pounds a-year, the son of a weaver, pedlar, tailor, or miller, can be presumed to do.

The landlords and farmers by this scheme can find no profit, but will certainly be losers; for instance, if the large northern livings be split into a dozen parishes, or more, it will be very necessary for the little threadbare gownman, with his wife, his proctor and every child who can crawl, to watch the fields at harvest time, for fear of losing a single sheaf, which he could not afford under peril of a day's starving; for according to the Scotch proverb, a hungry louse bites sore. This would of necessity, breed an infinite number of brangles and litigious suits in the spiritual courts, and put the wretched pastor at perpetual variance with his whole parish. But, as they have hitherto stood, a clergyman established in a competent living is not under the necessity of being so sharp, vigilant, and exacting. On the contrary, it is well known and allowed, that the Clergy round the kingdom think themselves well treated, if they lose only one single third of their legal demands.

The honourable House may perhaps be inclined to conceive, that my lords the bishops enjoy as ample a power, both spiritual and temporal, as will fully suffice to answer every branch of their office; that they want no laws to regulate the conduct of those clergymen, over whom they preside; that if non-residence be a grievance, it is the patron's fault, who makes not a better choice, or caused the plurality. That if the general impartial character of persons chosen into the Church had been more regarded, and the motive of party, alliance, kindred, flatterers, ill judgment, or personal favour regarded less, there would be fewer complaints of non-residence, neglect of care, blameable behaviour, or any other part of misconduct, not to mention ignorance and stupidity.

I could name certain gentlemen of the gown, whose awkward, spruce, prim, sneering, and smirking countenances, the very tone of their voices, and an ungainly strut in their walk, without one single talent for any one office, have contrived to get good preferment by the mere force of flattery and cringing: for which two virtues (the only two virtues they pretend to) they were, however, utterly unqualified. And whom, if I were in power, although they were my nephews or had married my nieces, I could never in point of good conscience or honour, have recommended to a curacy in Connaught.

The honourable House of Commons may likewise perhaps consider, that

the gentry of this kingdom differ from all others upon earth, being less capable of employments in their own country, than any others who come from abroad, and that most of them have little expectation of providing for their younger children, otherwise than by the Church, in which there might be some hopes of getting a tolerable maintenance. For after the patrons should have settled their sons, their nephews, their nieces, their dependants, and their followers, invited over from t'other side, there would still remain an overplus of smaller church preferments, to be given to such clergy of the nation, who shall have their quantum of whatever merit may be then in fashion. But by these bills, they will be all as absolutely excluded, as if they had passed under the denomination of Tories, unless they can be contented at the utmost with £50 a-year, which by the difficulties of collecting tithes in Ireland, and the daily increasing miseries of the people, will hardly rise to half the sum.

It is observed, that the divines sent over hither to govern this Church, have not seemed to consider the difference between both kingdoms, with respect to the inferior clergy. As to themselves, indeed, they find a large revenue in lands let at one quarter value, which consequently must be paid while there is a penny left among us; and, the public distress so little affects their interests, that their fines are now higher than ever, they content themselves to suppose that whatever a parish is said to be worth, comes all into the parson's pocket.

The poverty of great numbers among the Clergy of England, hath been the continual complaint of all men who wish well to the Church, and many schemes have been thought on to redress it; yet an English vicar of £40 a-year, lives much more comfortably than one of double the value in Ireland. His farmers generally speaking, are able and willing to pay him his full dues. He hath a decent church of ancient standing, filled every Lord's day with a large congregation of plain people, well clad, and behaving themselves as if they believed in God and Christ. He hath a house and barn in repair, a field or two to graze his cows, with a garden and orchard. No guest expects more from him than a pot of ale; he lives like an honest, plain farmer, as his wife is dressed but little better than Goody. He is sometimes graciously invited by the squire, where he sits at humble distance; if he gets the love of his people, they often make him little useful presents; he is happy by being born to no higher expectation, for he is usually the son of some ordinary tradesman or middling farmer. His learning is much of a size with his birth and education, no more of either than what a poor hungry servitor can be expected to bring with him from his college. It would be tedious to shew the reverse of all this in our distant poorer parishes, through most parts of Ireland, wherein every reader may make the comparison.

Lastly, the honourable House of Commons may consider, whether the scheme of multiplying beggarly clergymen through the whole kingdom who must all have votes for choosing parliament men (provided they can prove their freeholds to be worth 40s. per annum, *ultra reprisas*) may not, by their

numbers, have great influence upon elections, being entirely under the dependance of their bishops. For by a moderate computation, after all the divisions and subdivisions of parishes, that, my lords, the bishops, have power to make by their new laws, there will, as soon as the present set of clergy go off, be raised an army of ecclesiastical militants, able enough for any kind of service, except that of the altar.

I am, indeed, in some concern about a fund for building a thousand or two churches, wherein these probationers may read their wall lectures, and begin to doubt they must be contented with barns; which barns will be one great advancing step towards an accommodation with our true Protestant brethren, the Dissenters.

The scheme of encouraging clergymen to build houses by dividing a living of £500 a-year into ten parts, is a contrivance, the meaning whereof hath got on the wrong side of my comprehension; unless it may be argued, that bishops build no houses, because they are so rich; and therefore, the inferior clergy will certainly build, if you reduce them to beggary. But I knew a very rich man of quality in England, who could never be persuaded to keep a servant out of livery; because such servants would be expensive, and apt, in time, to look like gentlemen; whereas the others were ready to submit to the basest offices, and at a cheaper pennyworth might increase his retinue.

I hear, it is the opinion of many wise men, that before these bills pass both Houses, they should be sent back to England with the following clauses inserted:

First, that whereas there may be about a dozen double bishoprics in Ireland, those bishoprics should be split and given to different persons; and those of a single denomination be also divided into two, three, or four parts, as occasion shall require; otherwise there may be a question started, whether twenty-two prelates can effectually extend their paternal care and unlimited power, for the protection and correction of so great a number of spiritual subjects. But this proposal will meet with such furious objections, that I shall not insist upon it, for I well remember to have read, what a terrible fright the frogs were in, upon a report that the sun was going to marry.

Another clause should be, that none of these twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty pounders may be suffered to marry, under the penalty of immediate deprivation, their marriages declared null, and their children bastards; for some desponding people, take the kingdom to be not in a condition of encouraging so numerous a breed of beggars.

A third clause will be necessary, that these humble gentry should be absolutely disqualified from giving votes in elections for parliament men.

Others add a fourth, which is a clause of indulgence, that these reduced divines may be permitted to follow any lawful ways of living, that will not call them too often or too far from their spiritual offices (for unless I misapprehend, they are supposed to have episcopal ordination). For example, they may be lappers of linen, bailiffs of the manor, they may let blood, or

apply plasters, for three miles round; they may get a dispensation to hold the clerkship and sextonship of their own parish *in commendam*. Their wives and daughters may make shirts for the neighbourhood, or if a barrack be near, for the soldiers. In linen countries, they may card and spin, and keep a few looms in the house: they may let lodgings, and sell a pot of ale without doors, but not at home, unless to sober company, and at regular hours. It is by some thought a little hard, that in an affair of the last consequence, to the very being of the Clergy, in the points of liberty and property, as well as in their abilities to perform their duty; this whole reverend body, who are the established instructors of the nation in Christianity and moral virtues, and are the only persons concerned, should be the sole persons not consulted. Let any scholar shew the like precedent in Christendom for twelve hundred years past. An act of parliament for settling or selling an estate in a private family, is never passed till all parties give consent. But in the present case the whole body of the Clergy is, as themselves apprehend, determined to utter ruin, without once expecting or asking their opinion, and this by a scheme contrived only by one part of the convocation, while the other part which hath been chosen in the usual forms, wants only the regal permission to assemble, and consult about the affairs of the Church, as their predecessors have always done in former ages; where it is presumed, the Lower House hath a power of proposing canons, and a negative voice, as well as the Upper. And God forbid (say these objectors) that there should be a real separate interest between the bishops and Clergy, any more than there is between a man and his wife, a king and his people, or Christ and his Church.

It seems there is a provision in the bill, that no parish shall be cut into scraps, without the consent of several persons, who can be no sufferers in the matter; but I cannot find that the Clergy lay much weight on this caution, because they argue, that the very persons from whom these Bills took their rise, will have the greatest share in the decision.

I do not, by any means, conceive the crying sin of the Clergy in this kingdom, to be that of non-residence. I am sure, it is many degrees less so here than in England, unless the possession of pluralities may pass under that name; and if this be a fault, it is well known to whom it must be imputed: I believe, upon a fair inquiry (and I hear an inquiry is to be made) they will appear to be most pardonably few, especially considering how many parishes have not an inch of glebe, and how difficult it is upon any reasonable terms, to find a place of habitation. And, therefore, God knows, whether my lords the bishops will be soon able to convince the Clergy, or those who have any regard for that venerable body, that the chief motive in their lordships' minds, by procuring these bills, was to prevent the sin of non-residence, while the universal opinion of almost every clergyman in the kingdom, without distinction of party, taking in even those who are not likely to be sufferers, stands directly against them.

If some livings in the north may be justly thought too large a compass of

land, which makes it inconvenient for the remotest inhabitant to attend the service of the Church, which in some instances may be true; no reasonable clergyman would oppose a proper remedy by particular acts of parliament.

Thus for instance, the deanery of Down, a country deanery, I think, without a cathedral, depending wholly upon an union of parishes joined together, in a time when the land lay waste and thinly inhabited; since those circumstances are so prodigiously changed for the better, may properly be lessened, leaving a decent competency to the dean, and placing rectories in the remaining churches, which are now served only by stipendiary curates.

The case may be probably the same in other parts: and such a proceeding discreetly managed would be truly for the good of the Church.

For it is to be observed, that the dean and chapter lands, which, in England were all seized under the fanatic usurpation, are things unknown in Ireland, having been long ravished from the Church, by a succession of confusions, and tithes applied in their stead, to support that ecclesiastical dignity.

The late Archbishop of Dublin had a very different way of encouraging the clergy of his diocese to residence: When a lease had run out seven years or more, he stipulated with the tenant to resign up twenty or thirty acres to the minister of the parish where it lay convenient, without lessening his former rent; and with no great abatement of the fine; and this he did in the parts near Dublin, where land is at the highest rates, leaving a small chiefry for the minister to pay, hardly a sixth part of the value. I doubt not that almost every bishop in the kingdom may do the same generous act with less damage to their sees than his late Grace of Dublin; much of whose lands were out in fee-farms, or leases for lives, and I am sorry that the good example of that prelate hath not been followed.

1: The Right Rev. Dr. William King (see p. 241). [T. S.]]

But a great majority of the Clergy's friends cannot hitherto reconcile themselves to this project, which they call a levelling principle, that must inevitably root out the seeds of all honest emulation, the legal parent of the greatest virtues, and most generous actions among men; but which, in the general opinion (for I do not pretend to offer my own,) will never more have room to exert itself in the breast of any clergyman whom this kingdom shall produce.

But, whether the consequences of these Bills may, by the virtues and frailties of future bishops, sent over hither to rule the Church, terminate in good or evil, I shall not presume to determine, since God can work the former out of the latter. But one thing I can venture to assert, that from the earliest ages of Christianity to the minute I am now writing, there never was a precedent of SUCH a proceeding, much less to be feared, hoped, or apprehended from such hands in any Christian country, and so it may pass for more than a phoenix, because it hath risen without any assistance from the

ashes of its sire.

The appearance of so many dissenters at the hearing of this cause, is what, I am told, hath not been charged to the account of their prudence or moderation; because that action hath been censured as a mark of triumph and insult before the victory is complete; since neither of these bills hath yet passed the House of Commons, and some are pleased to think it not impossible that they may be rejected. Neither do I hear, that there is an enacting clause in either of the Bills to apply any part of the divided or subdivided tithes, towards increasing the stipends of the sectaries. So that these gentlemen seem to be gratified like him, who, after having been kicked downstairs, took comfort when he saw his friend kicked down after him.

I have heard many more objections against several particulars of both these Bills, but they are of a high nature, and carry such dreadful innuendos, that I dare not mention them, resolving to give no offence because I well know how obnoxious I have long been (although I conceive without any fault of my own) to the zeal and principles of those, who place all difference in opinion concerning public matters, to the score of disaffection, whereof I am at least as innocent as the loudest of my detractors.

DUBLIN, *Feb*. 24, 1731-2.

SOME REASONS AGAINST THE BILL FOR SETTLING THE TITHE

OF HEMP, FLAX, &c

BY A MODUS.

NOTE.

About the end of 1733 the Irish House of Commons had under consideration a bill for the encouragement of the growth of flax and the manufacture of linen. This bill contained a clause by which the tithe upon flax should be commuted by a *modus* or money composition. The clergy, to whom this tithe was an important source of revenue, and, naturally, not wishing to lose its advantage, took steps to petition Parliament to be heard by counsel against the bill. Swift signed the petition, which set forth the injury which would be done to their order if the clause in the bill, then before the House, were allowed to become law. In addition to this he committed and arranged his arguments to writing, and issued them in the following pamphlet. The activity against the bill proved so efficacious that the House of Commons dropped it. It may be remarked that Swift's interference was purely disinterested, since no part of the revenue of St. Patrick's, as Monck Mason points out, comes from the "district appropriated to the culture of flax;" nor did Swift, "or any of his predecessors or successors, ever receive one shilling upon account of that tithe."

This attempt on the part of the House of Commons to regulate the affairs of the clergy of Ireland seems to have been one of a series which divided laity and clergy into two strongly opposing parties. On the one side were the House of Commons and its supporters, on the other the general body of the Irish clergy, with, for a time, at any rate, Swift at the head. The tithe of pasturage, or, as it was called, the tithe of agistment, was being strongly resisted at the time, and many of the clergy were forced to sue in court before they could obtain it. The matter of this tithe had been already before an Irish court in 1707, and had been settled in favour of the suing clergyman, one Archdeacon Neal; and although the cause was removed to King's Bench in England, the previous judgment was confirmed. In spite of this decision, however, the tithe continued to be a subject of litigation, and the landed proprietors even formed themselves into associations for the purpose of resisting the clergy's claim. In 1734 the House of Commons aggravated matters by passing resolutions against the claims, many of which were then the subject of legal actions, and prevented decisions being come to while it had the matter under its consideration. From the pamphlets written at the time it may easily be seen

that this interference on the part of the lower House was both unseemly and unjust. Its conduct so roused Swift that his indignation found expression in one of his bitterest and most terrible poetical satires—"The Legion Club" — a satire so bitter and so scathing that reading it now, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, one shudders at its invective—"a blasting flood of filth and vitriol, out of some hellish fountain," Mr. Churton Collins calls it. We are told that its composition brought on a violent attack of vertigo, and it remained unfinished.

The text here given is that of the first edition collated with those given by Faulkner, Hawkesworth, and Scott. [T.S.]

SOME REASONS AGAINST THE

Bill for settling the Tyth of *Hemp, Flax,* &c. by a *Modus*.

MDCCXXIV.

The Clergy did little expect to have any cause of complaint against the present House of Commons; who in the last sessions, were pleased to throw out a Bill sent them from the Lords, which that reverend body apprehended would be very injurious to them, if it passed into a law; and who, in the present sessions, defeated the arts and endeavours of schismatics to repeal the Sacramental Test.

1: For the bishops to divide livings. See the two preceding Tracts. [T. S.]]

For, although it hath been allowed on all hands, that the former of those Bills might, by its necessary consequences, be very displeasing to the lay gentlemen of the kingdom, for many reasons purely secular; and, that this last attempt for repealing the Test, did much more affect, at present, the temporal interest than the spiritual; yet the whole body of the lower Clergy have, upon both these occasions, expressed equal gratitude to that honourable House, for their justice and steadiness, as if the clergy alone were to receive the benefit.

It must needs be, therefore, a great addition to the Clergy's grief, that such an assembly as the present House of Commons; should now, with an expedition more than usual, agree to a bill for encouraging the linen manufacture; with a clause, whereby the Church is to lose two parts in three, of the legal tithe in flax and hemp.

Some reasons, why the Clergy think such a law will be a great hardship upon them, are, I conceive, those that follow. I shall venture to enumerate them with all deference due to that honourable assembly.

First; the Clergy suppose that they have not, by any fault or demerit, incurred the displeasure of the nation's representatives: neither can the declared loyalty of the present set, from the highest prelate to the lowest vicar, be in the least disputed: because, there are hardly ten clergymen, through the whole kingdom, for more than nineteen years past, who have not been either preferred entirely upon account of their declared affection to the Hanover line; or higher promoted as the due reward of the same merit.

There is not a landlord in the whole kingdom, residing some part of the year at his country-seat, who is not, in his own conscience, fully convinced, that the tithes of his minister have gradually sunk, for some years past, one-

third, or at least one-fourth of their former value, exclusive of all non-solvencies.

The payment of tithes in this kingdom, is subject to so many frauds, brangles, and other difficulties, not only from Papists and Dissenters, but even from those who profess themselves Protestants; that by the expense, the trouble, and vexation of collecting, or bargaining for them, they are, of all other rents, the most precarious, uncertain, and ill paid.

The landlords in most parishes expect, as a compliment, that they shall pay little more than half the value of their tithes for the lands they hold in their own hands; which often consist of large domains: And it is the minister's interest to make them easy upon that article, when he considers what influence those gentlemen have upon their tenants.

The Clergy cannot but think it extremely severe, that in a bill for encouraging the linen manufacture, they alone must be the sufferers, who can least afford it: If, as I am told, there be a tax of three thousand pounds a year, paid by the public, for a further encouragement to the said manufacture; are not the Clergy equal sharers in the charge with the rest of their fellow subjects? What satisfactory reason can be therefore given, why they alone should bear the whole additional weight, unless it will be alleged that their property is not upon an equal foot with the properties of other men? They acquire their own small pittance, by at least as honest means, as their neighbours, the landlords, possess their estates; and have been always supposed, except in rebellious or fanatical times, to have as good a title: For, no families now in being can shew a more ancient. Indeed, if it be true, that some persons (I hope they were not many) were seen to laugh when the rights of the Clergy were mentioned; in this case, an opinion may possibly be soon advanced, that they have no rights at all. And this is likely enough to gain ground, in proportion as the contempt of all religion shall increase; which is already in a very forward way.

It is said, there will be also added to this Bill a clause for diminishing the tithe of hops, in order to cultivate that useful plant among us: And here likewise the load is to lie entirely on the shoulders of the Clergy, while the landlords reap all the benefit. It will not be easy to foresee where such proceedings are like to stop: Or whether by the same authority, in civil times, a parliament may not as justly challenge the same power in reducing all things titheable, not below the tenth part of the product, (which is and ever will be the Clergy's equitable right) but from a tenth-part to a sixtieth or eightieth, and from thence to nothing.

I have heard it granted by skilful persons, that the practice of taxing the Clergy by parliament, without their own consent, is a new thing, not much above the date of seventy years: before which period, in times of peace, they always taxed themselves. But things are extremely altered at present: It is not now sufficient to tax them in common with their fellow subjects, without imposing an additional tax upon them, from which, or from anything

equivalent, all their fellow-subjects are exempt; and this in a country professing Christianity.

The greatest part of the Clergy throughout this kingdom, have been stripped of their glebes by the confusion of times, by violence, fraud, oppression, and other unlawful means: All which glebes are now in the hands of the laity. So that they now are generally forced to lie at the mercy of landlords, for a small piece of ground in their parishes, at a most exorbitant rent, and usually for a short term of years; whereon to build a house, and enable them to reside. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, I am a witness that they are generally more constant residents than their brethren in England; where the meanest vicar hath a convenient dwelling, with a barn, a garden, and a field or two for his cattle; besides the certainty of his little income from honest farmers, able and willing, not only to pay him his dues, but likewise to make him presents, according to their ability, for his better support. In all which circumstances, the Clergy of Ireland meet with a treatment directly contrary.

It is hoped, the honourable House will consider that it is impossible for the most ill-minded, avaricious, or cunning clergyman, to do the least injustice to the meanest cottager in his parish, in any bargain for tithes, or other ecclesiastical dues. He can, at the utmost, only demand to have his tithe fairly laid out; and does not once in a hundred times obtain his demand. But every tenant, from the poorest cottager to the most substantial farmer, can, and generally doth impose upon the minister, by fraud, by theft, by lies, by perjuries, by insolence, and sometimes by force; notwithstanding the utmost vigilance and skill of himself and his proctor. Insomuch, that it is allowed, that the Clergy in general receive little more than one-half of their legal dues; not including the charges they are at in collecting or bargaining for them.

The land rents of Ireland are computed to about two millions, whereof one-tenth amounts to two hundred thousand pounds. The benefited clergymen, excluding those of this city, are not reckoned to be above five hundred; by which computation, they should each of them possess two hundred pounds a year, if those tithes were equally divided, although in well cultivated corn countries it ought to be more; whereas they hardly receive one half of that sum; with great defalcations, and in very bad payments. There are indeed, a few glebes in the north pretty considerable, but if these and all the rest were in like manner equally divided, they would not add five pounds a year to every clergyman. Therefore, whether the condition of the Clergy in general among us be justly liable to envy, or able to bear a heavy burden, which neither the nobility, nor gentry, nor tradesmen, nor farmers, will touch with one of their fingers; this, I say, is submitted to the honourable House.

One terrible circumstance in this Bill, is, that of turning the tithe of flax and hemp into what the lawyers call a *Modus*, or a certain sum in lieu of a tenth part of the product. And by this practice of claiming a *Modus* in many parishes by ancient custom, the Clergy in both kingdoms have been almost

incredible sufferers. Thus, in the present case, the tithe of a tolerable acre of flax, which by a medium is worth twelve shillings, is by the present Bill reduced to four shillings. Neither is this the worst part in a *Modus*; every determinate sum must in process of time sink from a fourth to a four-and-twentieth part, or a great deal lower, by that necessary fall attending the value of money, which is now at least nine tenths lower all over Europe than it was four hundred years ago, by a gradual decline; and even a third part at least within our own memories, in purchasing almost everything required for the necessities or conveniencies of life; as any gentleman can attest, who hath kept house for twenty years past. And this will equally affect poor countries as well as rich. For, although, I look upon it as an impossibility that this kingdom should ever thrive under its present disadvantages, which without a miracle must still increase; yet, when the whole cash of the nation shall sink to fifty thousand pounds; we must in all our traffic abroad, either of import or export, go by the general rate at which money is valued in those countries that enjoy the common privileges of human kind. For this reason, no corporation, (if the Clergy may presume to call themselves one) should by any means grant away their properties in perpetuity upon any consideration whatsoever; Which is a rock that many corporations have split upon, to their great impoverishment, and sometimes to their utter undoing. Because they are supposed to subsist for ever; and because no determination of money is of any certain perpetual intrinsic value. This is known enough in England, where estates let for ever, some hundred years ago, by several ancient noble families, do not at this present pay their posterity a twentieth part of what they are now worth at an easy rate.

A tax affecting one part of a nation, which already bears its full share in all parliamentary impositions, cannot possibly be just, except it be inflicted as a punishment upon that body of men which is taxed, for some great demerit or danger to the public apprehended from those upon whom it is laid: Thus the Papists and Nonjurors have been doubly taxed for refusing to give proper securities to the government; which cannot be objected against the Clergy. And therefore, if this Bill should pass; I think it ought to be with a preface, shewing wherein they have offended, and for what disaffection or other crime they are punished.

If an additional excise upon ale, or a duty upon flesh and bread, were to be enacted, neither the victualler, butcher, or baker would bear any more of the charge than for what themselves consumed; but it would be an equal general tax through the whole kingdom: Whereas, by this Bill, the Clergy alone are avowedly condemned to be deprived of their ancient, inherent, undisputed rights, in order to encourage a manufacture by which all the rest of the kingdom are supposed to be gainers.

This Bill is directly against *Magna Charta*, whereof the first clause is for confirming the inviolable rights of Holy Church; as well as contrary to the oath taken by all our kings at their coronation, where they swear to defend and

protect the Church in all its rights.

A tax laid upon employments is a very different thing. The possessors of civil and military employments are no corporation; neither are they any part of our constitution: Their salaries, pay, and perquisites are all changeable at the pleasure of the prince who bestows them, although the army be paid from funds raised and appropriated by the legislature. But the Clergy as they have little reason to expect, so they desire no more than their ancient legal dues; only indeed with the removal of many grievous impediments in the collection of them; which it is to be feared they must wait for until more favourable times. It is well known, that they have already of their own accord shewn great indulgence to their people upon this very article of flax, seldom taking above a fourth part of their tithe for small parcels, and oftentimes nothing at all from new beginners; waiting with patience until the farmers were able, and until greater quantities of land were employed in that part of husbandry; never suspecting that their good intentions should be perverted in so singular a manner to their detriment, by that very assembly, which, during the time that convocations (which are an original part of our constitution ever since Christianity became national among us) are thought fit to be suspended, God knows for what reason, or from what provocations; I say, from that very assembly, who, during the intervals of convocations, should rather be supposed to be guardians of the rights and properties of the Clergy, than to make the least attempt upon either.

I have not heard upon inquiry, that any of those gentlemen, who, among us without doors, are called the Court Party, discover the least zeal in this affair. If they had thoughts to interpose, it might be conceived they would shew their displeasure against this Bill, which must very much lessen the value of the King's patronage upon promotion to vacant sees; in the disposal of deaneries, and other considerable preferments in the Church, which are in the donation of the Crown; whereby the viceroys will have fewer good preferments to bestow on their dependants, as well as upon the kindred of members, who may have a sufficient stock of that sort of merit, whatever it may be, which may in future times most prevail.

The Dissenters, by not succeeding in their endeavours to procure a repeal of the Test, have lost nothing, but continue in full enjoyment of their toleration; while the Clergy without giving the least offence, are by this Bill deprived of a considerable branch of their ancient legal rights, whereby the schismatical party will have the pleasure of gratifying their revenge. *Hoc Graii voluere.*

The farmer will find no relief by this *Modus*, because, when his present lease shall expire, his landlord will infallibly raise the rent in an equal proportion, upon every part of land where flax is sown, and have so much a better security for payment at the expense of the Clergy.

If we judge by things past, it little avails that this Bill is to be limited to a certain time of ten, twenty, or thirty years. For no landlord will ever consent

that a law shall expire, by which he finds himself a gainer; and of this there are many examples, as well in England, as in this kingdom.

The great end of this Bill is, by proper encouragement to extend the linen manufacture into those counties where it hath hitherto been little cultivated: But this encouragement *of lessening the tithe of flax and hemp* is one of such a kind as, it is to be feared, will have a directly contrary effect. Because, if I am rightly informed, no set of men hath for their number and fortunes been more industrious and successful than the Clergy, in introducing that manufacture into places which were unacquainted with it; by persuading their people to sow flax and hemp, by procuring seed for them and by having them instructed in the management thereof; and this they did not without reasonable hopes of increasing the value of their parishes after some time, as well as of promoting the benefit of the public. But if this *Modus* should take place, the Clergy will be so far from gaining that they will become losers by any extraordinary care, by having their best arable lands turned to flax and hemp, which are reckoned great impoverishers of land: They cannot therefore be blamed, if they should shew as much zeal to prevent its being introduced or improved in their parishes as they hitherto have shewed in the introducing and improving of it. This, I am told, some of them have already declared at least so far as to resolve not to give themselves any more trouble than other men about promoting a manufacture by the success of which, they only of all men are to be sufferers. Perhaps the giving them even a further encouragement than the law doth, as it now stands, to a set of men who might on many accounts be so useful to this purpose, would be no bad method of having the great end of the Bill more effectually answered: But this is what they are far from desiring; all they petition for is no more than to continue on the same footing with the rest of their fellow-subjects.

If this *Modus* of paying by the acre be to pass into a law, it were to be wished that the same law would appoint one or more sworn surveyors in each parish to measure the lands on which flax and hemp are sown, as also would settle the price of surveying, and determine whether the incumbent or farmer is to pay for each annual survey. Without something of this kind, there must constantly be disputes between them, and the neighbouring justices of peace must be teazed as often as those disputes happen.

I had written thus far, when a paper was sent to me with several reasons against the Bill, some whereof although they have been already touched, are put in a better light, and the rest did not occur to me. I shall deliver them in the author's own words.

N.B. Some Alterations have been made in the Bill about the *Modus*, since the above paper was writ; but they are of little moment.

SOME

FURTHER REASONS

AGAINST

THE BILL FOR SETTLING THE TITHE

OF

HEMP, FLAX, &c.

I. That tithes are the patrimony of the Church: And if not of Divine original, yet at least of great antiquity.

II. That all purchases and leases of titheable lands, for many centuries past, have been made and taken, subject to the demand of tithes, and those lands sold and taken just so much the cheaper on that account.

III. That if any lands are exempted from tithes; or the legal demands of such tithes lessened by act of parliament, so much value is taken from the proprietor of the tithes, and vested in the proprietor of the lands, or his head tenants.

IV. That no innocent unoffending person can be so deprived of his property without the greatest violation of common justice.

V. That to do this upon a prospect of encouraging the linen, or any other manufacture, is acting upon a very mistaken and unjust supposition, inasmuch as the price of the lands so occupied will be no way lessened to the farmer by such a law.

VI. That the Clergy are content cheerfully to bear (as they now do) any burden in common with their fellow-subjects, either for the support of his Majesty's government, or the encouragement of the trade of the nation but think it very hard, that they should be singled out to pay heavier taxes than others, at a time when by the decrease of the value of their parishes they are less able to bear them.

VII. That the legislature hath heretofore distinguished the Clergy by exemptions, and not by additional loads, and the present Clergy of the kingdom hope they have not deserved worse of the legislature than their predecessors.

VIII. That by the original constitution of these kingdoms, the Clergy had

the sole right of taxing themselves, and were in possession of that right as low as the Restoration: And if that right be now devolved upon the Commons by the cession of the Clergy, the Commons can be considered in this case in no other light than as the guardians of the Clergy.

IX. That besides those tithes always in the possession of the Clergy; there are some portion of tithes lately come into their possession by purchase; that if this clause should take place, they would not be allowed the benefit of these purchases, upon an equal footing of advantage with the rest of their fellow-subjects. And that some tithes in the hands of impropriators, are under settlements and mortgages.

X. That the gentlemen of this House should consider, that loading the Clergy is loading their own younger brothers and children; with this additional grievance, that it is taking from the younger and poorer, to give to the elder and richer. And,

Lastly, That, if it were at any time just and proper to do this, it would however be too severe to do it now, when all the tithes of the kingdom are known for some years past to have sunk above one-third part in their value.

Any income in the hands of the Clergy, is at least as useful to the public, as the same income in the hands of the laity.

It were more reasonable to grant the clergy in three parts of the nation an additional support, than to diminish their present subsistence.

Great employments are and will be in the hands of Englishmen; nothing left for the younger sons of Irishmen but vicarages, tide-waiters' places, &c.; therefore no reason to make them worse.

The *Modus* upon the flax in England, affects only lands reclaimed since the year 1690, and is at the rate of five shillings the English acre, which is equivalent to eight shillings and eightpence Irish, and that to be paid before the farmer removed it from the field. Flax is a manufacture of little consequence in England, but is the staple in Ireland, and if it increases (as it probably will) must in many places jostle out corn, because it is more gainful.

The Clergy of the Established Church, have no interest like those of the Church of Rome, distinct from the true interest of their country; and therefore ought to suffer under no distinct impositions or taxes of any kind.

The Bill for settling the *Modus* of flax in England, was brought in, in the first year of the reign of King George I., when the Clergy lay very unjustly under the imputation of some disaffection. And to encourage the bringing in of some fens in Lincolnshire, which were not to be continued under flax: But it left all lands where flax had been sown before that time, under the same condition of tithing, in which they were before the passing of that Bill: Whereas this bill takes away what the Clergy are actually possessed of.

That the woollen manufacture is the staple of England, as the linen is that of Ireland, yet no attempt was ever made in England to reduce the tithe of wool, for the encouragement of that manufacture.

This manufacture hath already been remarkably favoured by the Clergy,

who have hitherto been generally content with less than half — some with sixpence a garden — and some have taken nothing.

Employments they say have been taxed, the reasons for which taxation will not hold with regard to property, at least till employments become inheritances.

The Commons always have had so tender a regard to property; that they never would suffer any law to pass, whereby any particular persons might be aggrieved without their own consent.

AN ESSAY ON THE FATES OF CLERGYMEN

NOTE.

This essay was first printed in Nos. v. and vii. of “The Intelligencer” (Dublin, 1728). In that periodical it bore the title: “A Description of what the World calls Discretion;” and had the following lines from Ben Jonson as a text:

”Described it’s thus: Defined would you it have?
Then the World’s honest Man’s an errant knave.”

The text here printed is based on the original issue, and collated with the “Miscellanies,” vol. iii. of 1732, and the “Miscellanies,” vol. ii., 1747. [T.S.]

AN ESSAY ON THE FATES OF CLERGYMEN.

There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and is in common speech called discretion; a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence. Courts are seldom unprovided of persons under this character, on whom, if they happen to be of great quality, most employments, even the greatest, naturally fall, when competitors will not agree; and in such promotions, nobody rejoices or grieves. The truth of this I could prove by several instances within my own memory; for I say nothing of present times.

And, indeed, as regularity and forms are of great use in carrying on the business of the world, so it is very convenient, that persons endued with this kind of discretion, should have that share which is proper to their talents, in the conduct of affairs, but by no means meddle in matters which require genius, learning, strong comprehension, quickness of conception, magnanimity, generosity, sagacity, or any other superior gift of human minds. Because this sort of discretion is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few scruples about the way of obtaining it; with servile flattery and submission; with a want of all public spirit or principle; with a perpetual wrong judgment, when the owners come into power and high place, how to dispose of favour and preferment; having no measures for merit and virtue in others, but those very steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least intention of doing good or hurt to the public, farther than either one or t'other is likely to be subservient to their own security or interest. Thus, being void of all friendship and enmity, they never complain or find fault with the times, and indeed never have reason to do so.

Men of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do sometimes rise in the court, sometimes in the law, and sometimes even in the Church. Such were the Lord Bacon, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, in the reign of King Charles I., and others in our own times, whom I shall not name; but these, and many more, under different princes, and in different kingdoms, were disgraced or banished, or suffered death, merely in envy to their virtues and superior genius, which emboldened them in great exigencies and distresses of state, (wanting a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion,) to attempt the service of their prince and country, out of the common forms.

This evil fortune, which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, has been imputed to divers causes that need not be here set down, when so obvious a one occurs, if what a certain writer

observes be true, that when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him. And if this be his fate when he employs his talents wholly in his closet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what must he expect, when he ventures out to seek for preferment in a court, but universal opposition when he is mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off when he is at the top? And in this point, fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature; for in nature we find, that bodies full of life and spirits mount easily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater velocity, in proportion to their weight; but we find fortune every day acting just the reverse of this.

1: "And thus although he employs his talents." This is the reading of "The Intelligencer." [T.S.]]

This talent of discretion, as I have described it in its several adjuncts and circumstances, is nowhere so serviceable as to the clergy, to whose preferment nothing is so fatal as the character of wit, politeness in reading or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract by having too much conversation with persons of high station and eminency: these qualifications being reckoned, by the vulgar of all ranks, to be marks of levity, which is the last crime the world will pardon in a clergyman; to this I may add a free manner of speaking in mixed company, and too frequent an appearance in places of much resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual promotion.

I have known, indeed, a few exceptions to some parts of these observations. I have seen some of the dullest men alive aiming at wit, and others, with as little pretensions, affecting politeness in manners and discourse: But never being able to persuade the world of their guilt, they grew into considerable stations, upon the firm assurance which all people had of their discretion, because they were of a size too low to deceive the world to their own disadvantage. But this, I confess, is a trial too dangerous often to engage in.

2: This word is "regulations" in "The Intelligencer." [T.S.]]

There is a known story of a clergyman, who was recommended for a preferment by some great men at court, to an archbishop. His grace said, "he had heard that the clergyman used to play at whist and swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober game at whist for pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked swobbers;" and it was with some pains that my Lord Somers could undeceive him. I ask, by what talents we may suppose that great prelate ascended so high, or what sort of qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his patronage, or would probably recommend to court for the government of distant churches?

3: Archbishop Tenison, who, by all contemporary accounts, was a very dull man. There was a bitter sarcasm upon him usually ascribed to Swift, "That he was as hot and heavy as a tailor's goose." [S.]

In “The Intelligencer” the word “archbishop” is replaced by the letters A.B.C.T. [T.S.]]

4: “Swobbers” were four privileged cards used, at one time, for betting purposes, in the game of whist. [T.S.]]

Two clergymen, in my memory, stood candidates for a small free school in Yorkshire, where a gentleman of quality and interest in the country, who happened to have a better understanding than his neighbours, procured the place for him who was the better scholar, and more gentlemanly person, of the two, very much to the regret of all the parish: The other, being disappointed, came up to London, where he became the greatest pattern of this lower discretion that I have known, and possessed it with as heavy intellectuals; which, together with the coldness of his temper, and gravity of his deportment, carried him safe through many difficulties, and he lived and died in a great station; while his competitor is too obscure for fame to tell us what became of him.

This species of discretion, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a man safe through all the malice and variety of parties, so far, that whatever faction happens to be uppermost, his claim is usually allowed for a share of what is going. And the thing seems to me highly reasonable: For in all great changes, the prevailing side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the ballast of those whom the world calls moderate men, and I call men of discretion; whom people in power may, with little ceremony, load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest roads without danger of foundering, or breaking their backs, and will be sure to find them neither rusty nor vicious.

I will here give the reader a short history of two clergymen in England, the characters of each, and the progress of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly discretion, and the bad consequences from the want of that virtue, will strongly appear.

5: In “The Intelligencer,” No. v., this paragraph reads as follows: “In some following Paper I will give the reader a short history of two Clergymen in England, the characters of each, and the progress of their fortunes in the world. By which the force of worldly discretion, and the bad consequences from the want of that virtue, will strongly appear.” In No. vii. the subject is continued as in the next paragraph. [T.S.]]

Corusodes, an Oxford student, and a farmer’s son, was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college, after Tom had tolled. He spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading his courses, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his stockings; which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the expense of others, with college ale, and at those seasons was always most devout. He wore the same gown five years without draggling or tearing. He never once looked into a playbook or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the same cadence, but with a very different taste. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit.

For one saying he stands in renown to this day. Being with some other students over a pot of ale, one of the company said so many pleasant things, that the rest were much diverted, only Corusodes was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry companion aside, and said, "Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and your friends laughing, that you spoke many jests; and you could not but observe my silence: But sir, this is my humour, I never make a jest myself, nor ever laugh at another man's."

Corusodes, thus endowed, got into holy orders; having, by the most extreme parsimony, saved thirty-four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowship, he went up to London, where his sister was waitingwoman to a lady, and so good a solicitor, that by her means he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a-day, at fourteen shillings a month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward bow, and a talent of gross flattery both in and out of season; he would shake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechism, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the steward's table. In short, he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my lady for chaplain to some other noble houses, by which his revenue (besides vales) amounted to about thirty pounds a-year: His sister procured him a scarf from my lord, who had a small design of gallantry upon her; and by his lordship's solicitation he got a lectureship in town of sixty pounds a-year; where he preached constantly in person, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a style ecclesiastic, and the matter (such as it was) well suited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after, a country living fell in my lord's disposal; and his lordship, who had now some encouragement given him of success in his amour, bestowed the living on Corusodes, who still kept his lectureship and residence in town; where he was a constant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better fashion in the parish happened to be absent from church, they were sure of a visit from him in a day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

6: Scott has "ten shillings." [T.S.]]

He had a select number of poor constantly attending at the street door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common solicitor to his former patroness, dropping in his own halfcrown among the collection, and taking it out when he disposed of the money. At a person of quality's house, he would never sit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the most distant chair. His whole demeanour was formal and starch, which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest promotion.

His lord was now in high employment at court, and attended by him with the most abject assiduity; and his sister being gone off with child to a private lodging, my lord continued his graces to Corusodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a parish in town, and a dignity in the Church.

He paid his curates punctually, at the lowest salary, and partly out of the

communion money; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out small sums at ten per cent., and brought him acquainted with jobbers in Change-alley. By her dexterity he sold the clerkship of his parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable house, but the blame was laid wholly upon madam; for the good doctor was always at his books, or visiting the sick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his parish.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a most sanctified pride; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his brethren of the gown, on their first appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large allowance to the laity of high rank, or great riches, using neither eyes nor ears for their faults: He was never sensible of the least corruption in courts, parliaments, or ministries, but made the most favourable constructions of all public proceedings; and power, in whatever hands, or whatever party, was always secure of his most charitable opinion. He had many wholesome maxims ready to excuse all miscarriages of state: Men are but men; *Erunt vitia donec homines*; and, *Quod supra nos, nil ad nos*; with several others of equal weight.

It would lengthen my paper beyond measure to trace out the whole system of his conduct; his dreadful apprehensions of Popery; his great moderation toward dissenters of all denominations; with hearty wishes, that, by yielding somewhat on both sides, there might be a general union among Protestants; his short, inoffensive sermons in his turns at court, and the matter exactly suited to the present juncture of prevailing opinions; the arts he used to obtain a mitre, by writing against Episcopacy; and the proofs he gave of his loyalty, by palliating or defending the murder of a martyred prince.

Endowed with all these accomplishments, we leave him in the full career of success, mounting fast toward the top of the Ladder Ecclesiastical, which he hath a fair probability to reach; without the merit of one single virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable parts of erudition, utterly devoid of all taste, judgment, or genius; and, in his grandeur, naturally choosing to haul up others after him, whose accomplishments most resemble his own, except his beloved sons, nephews, or other kindred, be in competition; or, lastly, except his inclinations be diverted by those who have power to mortify, or further advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same university, and about the same time with Corusodes; he had the reputation of an arch lad at school, and was unfortunately possessed with a talent for poetry; on which account he received many chiding letters from his father, and grave advice from his tutor. He did not neglect his college learning, but his chief study was the authors of antiquity, with a perfect knowledge in the Greek and Roman tongues. He could never procure himself to be chosen fellow: For it was objected against him, that he had written verses, and particularly some wherein he glanced at a certain reverend doctor famous for dulness: That he been seen bowing to

ladies, as he met them in the streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private family, with half a dozen of both sexes.

He was the younger son to a gentleman of good birth, but small estate; and his father dying, he was driven to London to seek his fortune: He got into orders, and became reader in a parish church at twenty pounds a-year; was carried by an Oxford friend to Will's coffee-house, frequented in those days by men of wit, where in some time he had the bad luck to be distinguished. His scanty salary compelled him to run deep in debt for a new gown and cassock, and now and then forced him to write some paper of wit or humour, or preach a sermon for ten shillings, to supply his necessities. He was a thousand times recommended by his poetical friends to great persons, as a young man of excellent parts who deserved encouragement, and received a thousand promises; but his modesty, and a generous spirit, which disdained the slavery of continual application and attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant dunces, who were sure to be never out of sight.

He had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own way of thinking and reasoning.

When, upon the vacancy of a preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising lord, he received the usual answer, "That he came too late, for it had been given to another the very day before." And he had only this comfort left, that everybody said, "It was a thousand pities something could not be done for poor Mr. Eugenio."

The remainder of his story will be dispatched in a few words: Wearied with weak hopes, and weaker pursuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyshire, of thirty pounds a-year, and when he was five-and-forty, had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his father's to a vicarage worth annually sixty pounds, in the most desert parts of Lincolnshire; where, his spirit quite sunk with those reflections that solitude and disappointments bring, he married a farmer's widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten; only some of the neighbours have accidentally heard, that he had been a notable man in his youth.

CONCERNING THAT UNIVERSAL HATRED, WHICH PREVAILS AGAINST THE CLERGY

May 24, 1736.

I have been long considering and conjecturing, what could be the causes of that great disgust, of late, against the clergy of both kingdoms, beyond what was ever known till that monster and tyrant, Henry VIII. who took away from them, against law, reason, and justice, at least two-thirds of their legal possessions; and whose successors (except Queen Mary) went on with their rapine, till the accession of King James I. That detestable tyrant Henry VIII. although he abolished the Pope's power in England, as universal bishop, yet what he did in that article, however just it were in itself, was the mere effect of his irregular appetite, to divorce himself from a wife he was weary of, for a younger and more beautiful woman, whom he afterwards beheaded. But, at the same time, he was an entire defender of all the Popish doctrines, even those which were the most absurd. And, while he put people to death for denying him to be head of the Church, he burned every offender against the doctrines of the Roman faith; and cut off the head of Sir Thomas More, a person of the greatest virtue this kingdom ever produced, for not directly owning him to be head of the Church. Among all the princes who ever reigned in the world there was never so infernal a beast as Henry VIII. in every vice of the most odious kind, without any one appearance of virtue: But cruelty, lust, rapine, and atheism, were his peculiar talents. He rejected the power of the Pope for no other reason, than to give his full swing to commit sacrilege, in which no tyrant, since Christianity became national, did ever equal him by many degrees. The abbeys, endowed with lands by the mistaken notions of well-disposed men, were indeed too numerous, and hurtful to the kingdom; and, therefore, the legislature might, after the Reformation, have justly applied them to some pious or public uses.

In a very few centuries after Christianity became national in most parts of Europe, although the church of Rome had already introduced many corruptions in religion; yet the piety of early Christians, as well as new converts, was so great, and particularly of princes, as well as noblemen and other wealthy persons, that they built many religious houses, for those who were inclined to live in a recluse or solitary manner, endowing those monasteries with land. It is true, we read of monks some ages before, who dwelt in caves and cells, in desert places. But, when public edifices were erected and endowed, they began gradually to degenerate into idleness, ignorance, avarice, ambition, and luxury, after the usual fate of all human institutions. The Popes, who had already aggrandized themselves, laid hold of the opportunity to subject all religious houses with their priors and abbots, to

their peculiar authority; whereby these religious orders became of an interest directly different from the rest of mankind, and wholly at the Pope's devotion. I need say no more on this article, so generally known and so frequently treated, or of the frequent endeavours of some other princes, as well as our own, to check the growth, and wealth, and power of the regulars.

In later times, this mistaken piety, of erecting and endowing abbeys, began to decrease. And therefore, when some new-invented sect of monks and friars began to start up, not being able to procure grants of land, they got leave from the Pope to appropriate the tithes and glebes of certain parishes, as contiguous or near as they could find, obliging themselves to send out some of their body to take care of the people's souls: And, if some of those parishes were at too great a distance from the abbey, the monks appointed to attend them were paid, for the cure, either a small stipend of a determined sum, or sometimes a third part, or what are now called the vicarial tithes.

As to the church-lands, it hath been the opinion of many writers, that, in England, they amounted to a third part of the whole kingdom. And therefore, if that wicked prince above-mentioned, when he had cast off the Pope's power, had introduced some reformation in religion, he could not have been blamed for taking away the abbey-lands by authority of parliament. But, when he continued the most cruel persecutor of all those who differed in the least article of the Popish religion, which was then the national and established faith, his seizing on those lands, and applying them to profane uses, was absolute sacrilege, in the strongest sense of the word; having been bequeathed by princes and pious men to sacred uses.

In the reign of this prince, the church and court of Rome had arrived to such a height of corruption, in doctrine and discipline, as gave great offence to many wise, learned, and pious men, through most parts of Europe; and several countries agreed to make some reformation in religion. But, although a proper and just reformation were allowed to be necessary, even to preserve Christianity itself, yet the passions and vices of men had mingled themselves so far, as to pervert and confound all the good endeavours of those who intended well: And thus the reformation, in every country where it was attempted, was carried on in the most impious and scandalous manner that can possibly be conceived. To which unhappy proceedings we owe all the just reproachings that Roman Catholics have cast upon us ever since. For, when the northern kingdoms and states grew weary of the Pope's tyranny, and when their preachers, beginning with the scandalous abuses of indulgencies, and proceeding farther to examine several points of faith, had credit enough with their princes, who were in some fear lest such a change might affect the peace of their countries, because their bishops had great influence on the people by their wealth and power; these politic teachers had a ready answer to this purpose. "Sir, your Majesty need not be in any pain or apprehension: Take away the lands, and sink the authority of the bishops: Bestow those lands on your courtiers, on your nobles, and your great officers in your army; and then

you will be secure of the people." This advice was exactly followed. And, in the Protestant monarchies abroad, little more than the shadow of Episcopacy is left; but, in the republics, is wholly extinct.

In England, the Reformation was brought in after a somewhat different manner, but upon the same principle of robbing the Church. However, Henry VIII. with great dexterity, discovered an invention to gratify his insatiable thirst for blood, on both religions.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION

NOTE.

In the “Gent. Mag.,” vol. xxxv., p. 372 (August, 1765), is a reprint of these “Thoughts,” and “Further Thoughts” from Deane Swift’s edition of his relative’s works, just then published. The note introducing the reprint is signed “T.B.”; but neither the note nor T.B.’s remarks are of much importance. The present text is that of Scott, and collated with the quarto edition of Swift’s Works, vol. viii. 1765. [T.S.]

I am in all opinions to believe according to my own impartial reason; which I am bound to inform and improve, as far as my capacity and opportunities will permit.

It may be prudent in me to act sometimes by other men's reason, but I can think only by my own.

If another man's reason fully convinceth me, it becomes my own reason.

To say a man is bound to believe, is neither truth nor sense.

You may force men, by interest or punishment, to say or swear they believe, and to act as if they believed: You can go no further.

Every man, as a member of the commonwealth, ought to be content with the possession of his own opinion in private, without perplexing his neighbour or disturbing the public.

Violent zeal for truth hath an hundred to one odds to be either petulancy, ambition, or pride.

There is a degree of corruption wherein some nations, as bad as the world is, will proceed to an amendment; till which time particular men should be quiet.

To remove opinions fundamental in religion is impossible, and the attempt wicked, whether those opinions be true or false; unless your avowed design be to abolish that religion altogether. So, for instance, in the famous doctrine of Christ's divinity, which hath been universally received by all bodies of Christians, since the condemnation of Arianism under Constantine and his successors: Wherefore the proceedings of the Socinians are both vain and unwarrantable; because they will be never able to advance their own opinion, or meet any other success than breeding doubts and disturbances in the world. *Qui ratione suae disturbant moenia mundi.*

The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed when it cannot be overcome.

The Christian religion, in the most early times, was proposed to the Jews and heathens without the article of Christ's divinity; which, I remember, Erasmus accounts for, by its being too strong a meat for babes. Perhaps, if it were now softened by the Chinese missionaries, the conversion of those infidels would be less difficult: And we find by the Alcoran, it is the great stumbling-block of the Mahometans. But, in a country already Christian, to bring so fundamental a point of faith into debate, can have no consequences that are not pernicious to morals and public peace.

I have been often offended to find St. Paul's allegories, and other figures of Grecian eloquence, converted by divines into articles of faith.

God's mercy is over all His works, but divines of all sorts lessen that mercy too much.

I look upon myself, in the capacity of a clergyman, to be one appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned me, and for gaining over as many enemies as I can. Although I think my cause is just, yet one great motive is my submitting to the pleasure of Providence, and to the laws of my country.

I am not answerable to God for the doubts that arise in my own breast, since they are the consequence of that reason which He hath planted in me; if I take care to conceal those doubts from others, if I use my best endeavours to subdue them, and if they have no influence on the conduct of my life.

I believe that thousands of men would be orthodox enough in certain points, if divines had not been too curious, or too narrow, in reducing orthodoxy within the compass of subtleties, niceties, and distinctions, with little warrant from Scripture and less from reason or good policy.

I never saw, heard, nor read, that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country. Nothing can render them popular but some degree of persecution.

Those fine gentlemen who affect the humour of railing at the clergy, are, I think, bound in honour to turn parsons themselves, and shew us better examples.

Miserable mortals! Can we contribute to the honour and glory of God? I wish that expression were struck out of our Prayer-books.

Liberty of conscience, properly speaking, is no more than the liberty of possessing our own thoughts and opinions, which every man enjoys without fear of the magistrate: But how far he shall publicly act in pursuance of those opinions, is to be regulated by the laws of the country. Perhaps, in my own thoughts, I prefer a well-instituted commonwealth before a monarchy; and I know several others of the same opinion. Now, if, upon this pretence, I should insist upon liberty of conscience, form conventicles of republicans, and print books preferring that government and condemning what is established, the magistrate would, with great justice, hang me and my disciples. It is the same case in religion, although not so avowed, where liberty of conscience, under the present acceptation, equally produces revolutions, or at least convulsions and disturbances in a state; which politicians would see well enough, if their eyes were not blinded by faction, and of which these kingdoms, as well as France, Sweden, and other countries, are flaming instances. Cromwell's notion upon this article was natural and right; when, upon the surrender of a town in Ireland, the Popish governor insisted upon an article for liberty of conscience, Cromwell said, he meddled with no man's conscience; but, if by liberty of conscience, the governor meant the liberty of the mass, he had express orders from the Parliament of England against admitting any such liberty at all.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

Although reason were intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that, in two points of the greatest moment to the being and

continuance of the world, God hath intended our passions to prevail over reason. The first is, the propagation of our species, since no wise man ever married from the dictates of reason. The other is, the love of life, which, from the dictates of reason, every man would despise, and wish it at an end, or that it never had a beginning.

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON RELIGION

The Scripture system of man's creation is what Christians are bound to believe, and seems most agreeable of all others to probability and reason. Adam was formed from a piece of clay, and Eve from one of his ribs. The text mentioneth nothing of his Maker's intending him for, except to rule over the beasts of the field and birds of the air. As to Eve, it doth not appear that her husband was her monarch, only she was to be his help meet, and placed in some degree of subjection. However, before his fall, the beasts were his most obedient subjects, whom he governed by absolute power. After his eating the forbidden fruit, the course of nature was changed, the animals began to reject his government; some were able to escape by flight, and others were too fierce to be attacked. The Scripture mentioneth no particular acts of royalty in Adam over his posterity, who were cotemporary with him, or of any monarch until after the flood; whereof the first was Nimrod, the mighty hunter, who, as Milton expresseth it, made men, and not beasts, his prey. For men were easier caught by promises, and subdued by the folly or treachery of their own species. Whereas the brutes prevailed only by their courage or strength, which, among them, are peculiar to certain kinds. Lions, bears, elephants, and some other animals are strong or valiant, and their species never degenerates in their native soil, except they happen to be enslaved or destroyed by human fraud: But men degenerate every day, merely by the folly, the perverseness, the avarice, the tyranny, the pride, the treachery, or inhumanity of their own kind.

THREE PRAYERS USED BY THE DEAN FOR MRS JOHNSON IN HER LAST SICKNESS, 1727

1: "Dr. Swift, after his return to Ireland in the beginning of October , having visited her [Stella] frequently during her sickness, not only as a friend, but a clergyman; he used the following prayers on that occasion; which are here printed from his own handwriting." [Note in volume viii. of Swift's Works, Dublin, 1746.]]

I.

A PRAYER FOR STELLA.

Almighty and most gracious Lord God, extend, we beseech Thee, Thy pity and compassion towards this Thy languishing servant: Teach her to place her hope and confidence entirely in Thee; give her a true sense of the emptiness and vanity of all earthly things; make her truly sensible of all the infirmities of her life past, and grant to her such a true sincere repentance as is not to be repented of. Preserve her, O Lord, in a sound mind and understanding, during this Thy visitation: Keep her from both the sad extremes of presumption and despair. If Thou shalt please to restore her to her former health, give her grace to be ever mindful of that mercy, and to keep those good resolutions she now makes in her sickness, so that no length of time, nor prosperity, may entice her to forget them. Let no thought of her misfortunes distract her mind, and prevent the means towards her recovery, or disturb her in her preparations for a better life. We beseech Thee also, O Lord, of Thy infinite goodness to remember the good actions of this Thy servant; that the naked she hath clothed, the hungry she hath fed, the sick and the fatherless whom she hath relieved, may be reckoned according to Thy gracious promise, as if they had been done unto Thee. Hearken, O Lord, to the prayers offered up by the friends of this Thy servant in her behalf, and especially those now made by us unto Thee. Give Thy blessing to those endeavours used for her recovery; but take from her all violent desire, either of life or death, further than with resignation to Thy holy will. And now, O Lord, we implore Thy gracious favour towards us here met together; grant that the sense of this Thy servant's weakness may add strength to our faith, that we, considering the infirmities of our nature, and the uncertainty of life, may, by this example, be drawn to repentance before it shall please Thee to visit us in the like manner. Accept these prayers, we beseech Thee, for the sake of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, our Lord; who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth ever one God world without end. Amen.

II.

A PRAYER USED BY THE DEAN FOR MRS JOHNSON IN HER LAST SICKNESS, WRITTEN OCT. 17, 1727.

Most merciful Father, accept our humblest prayers in behalf of this Thy languishing servant: Forgive the sins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life past. Accept the good deeds she hath done, in such a manner, that at whatever time Thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting habitations. Give her grace to continue sincerely thankful to Thee for the many favours Thou hast bestowed upon her; The ability and inclination and practice to do good, and those virtues, which have procured the esteem and love of her friends, and a most unspotted name in the world. O God, Thou dispensest Thy blessings and Thy punishments, as it becometh infinite justice and mercy; and since it was Thy pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly state of health, make her truly sensible, that it was for very wise ends, and was largely made up to her in other blessings, more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmness and constancy of mind, where with Thou hast most graciously endowed her, together with that contempt of worldly things and vanities, that she hath shewn in the whole conduct of her life. O all-powerful Being, the least motion of Whose will can create or destroy a world; pity us the mournful friends of Thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends: Restore her to us, O Lord, if it be Thy gracious will, or inspire us with constancy and resignation, to support ourselves under so heavy an affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the sake of those poor, who by losing her will be desolate, and those sick, who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending: Or else, in Thy mercy, raise up some other in her place with equal disposition and better abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech Thee, her bodily pains, or give her a double strength of mind to support them. And if Thou wilt soon take her to Thyself, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity, which we hope she shall enjoy, than upon that unspeakable loss we shall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us; and the example of her many virtues, as far as human infirmity will admit, our constant imitation. Accept, O Lord, these prayers poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in Thy mercy, and for the merits of our blessed Saviour. Amen.

III.

WRITTEN Nov. 6, 1727.

O Merciful Father, Who never afflictest Thy children, but for their own good, and with justice, over which Thy mercy always prevaileth, either to turn

them to repentance, or to punish them in the present life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech Thee, upon this Thy poor afflicted servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the weight of Thy hand. Give her strength, O Lord, to support her weakness; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at Thy correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate expression which her anguish may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in an entire submission to Thy will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager desires of life, and lessen her fears of death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured, hope of Thy mercy. Give her a sincere repentance for all her transgressions and omissions, and a firm resolution to pass the remainder of her life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all Thy precepts. We beseech Thee likewise to compose her thoughts; and preserve to her the use of her memory and reason during the course of her sickness. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificancy of all human things; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere love of Thee in the midst of her sufferings. Accept and impute all her good deeds, and forgive her all those offences against Thee, which she hath sincerely repented of, or through the frailty of memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to Thee in behalf of ourselves, and the rest of her sorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her present distempers. Forgive the sorrow and weakness of those among us, who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what Thou art pleased to call Thy service, and is only her bounden duty; that she may be still a comfort to us, and to all others who will want the benefit of her conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And since Thou hast promised, that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt be in the midst of them, to grant their request; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in Thy name, that those requests, which in the utmost sincerity and earnestness of our hearts we have now made in behalf of this Thy distressed servant, and of ourselves, may effectually be answered; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AN EVENING PRAYER, FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT FOUND AMONGST DR LYON'S PAPERS

OH! Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, and from whom no secrets are hid, who hast declared that all such as shall draw nigh to thee with their lips, when their hearts are far from thee, are an abomination unto thee; cleanse, we beseech thee, the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that no wandering, vain, nor idle thoughts may put out of our minds that reverence and godly fear, that becomes all those who come in thy presence.

We know, O Lord, that while we are in these bodies, we are absent from the Lord, for no man can see thy face and live. The only way that we can draw near unto thee in this life, is by prayer; but, O Lord, we know not how to pray, nor what to ask for as we ought. We cannot pretend by our supplications or prayers to turn or change thee, for thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but the coming into thy presence, the drawing near unto thee, is the only means to be changed ourselves, to become like thee in holiness and purity, to be followers of thee as thy dear children. O, therefore, turn not away thy face from us, but let us see so much of the excellencies of thy divine nature, of thy goodness, and justice, and mercy, and forbearance, and holiness, and purity, as may make us hate everything in ourselves that is unlike to thee, that so we may abhor and repent of and forsake those sins that we so often fall into when we forget thee. Lord! We acknowledge and confess we have lived in a course of sin, and folly, and vanity, from our youth up, forgetting our latter end, and our great account that we must one day make, and turning a deaf ear to thy many calls to us, either by thy holy word, by our teachers, or by our own consciences; and even thy more severe messages by afflictions, sicknesses, crosses, and disappointments, have not been of force enough to turn us from the vanity and folly of our own ways. What then can we expect in justice, when thou shalt enter into judgment with us, but to have our portion with the hypocrites and unbelievers? to depart for ever from the presence of the Lord; to be turned into hell with those that forget God! But, O God, most holy! O God, most mighty! O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death, but have mercy upon us, most merciful Father, and forgive us our sins for thy name's sake; for thou hast declared thyself to be a God slow to anger, full of goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. O Lord, therefore, shew thy mercy upon us. O let it be in pardoning our sins past, and in changing our natures, in giving us a new heart, and a new spirit, that we may lead a new life, and walk before thee in newness of life, that so sin may not have dominion over us for the time to come. O let thy good Spirit, without which we can do nothing, O

let that work in us both to will and do such things as may be well pleasing to thee. O let it change our thoughts and minds, and take them off the vain pleasures of this world, and place them there where only the true joys are to be found. O fill our minds every day more and more with the happiness of that blessed state of living for ever with thee, that we may make it our great work and business to work out our salvation, — to improve in the knowledge of thee, whom to know is life eternal. But, Lord, since we cannot know thee but by often drawing near unto thee, and coming into thy presence, which in this life, we can do only by prayer, O make us, therefore, ever sensible of these great benefits of prayer, that we may rejoice at all opportunities of coming into thy presence, and may ever find ourselves the better and more heavenly minded by it, and may never wilfully neglect any opportunity of thy worship and service. Awaken thoroughly in us a serious sense of these things, that so to-day, while it is called to-day, we may see and know the things that belong to our peace, before they be hid from our eyes, before that long night cometh when no man can work. O that every night may so effectually put us in mind of our last, that we may every day take care so to live, as we shall then wish we had lived when we come to die; that so when that night shall come, we may as willingly put off these bodies, as we now put off our clothes, and may rejoice to rest from our labours, and that our war with the world, the devil, and our own corrupt nature, is at an end. In the meanwhile, we beseech thee to take us, and ours, and all that belongs to us, into thy fatherly care this night. Let thy holy angels be our guard, while we are not in a condition to defend ourselves, that we may not be under the power of devils or wicked men; and preserve us also, O Lord, from every evil accident, that, after a comfortable and refreshing sleep, we may find ourselves, and all that belongs to us, in peace and safety. And now, O Lord, being ourselves still in the body, and compassed about with infirmities, we can neither be ignorant nor unmindful of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. O Lord, we must acknowledge, that they are all but the effects of sin; and, therefore, we beseech thee so to sanctify their several chastisements to them, that at length they may bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and then be thou graciously pleased to remove thy heavy and afflicting hand from them. And O that the rest of mankind, who are not under such trials, may, by thy goodness, be led to repentance, that the consciences of hard-hearted sinners may be awakened, and the understandings of poor ignorant creatures enlightened, and that all that love and fear thee may ever find the joy and comfort of a good conscience, beyond all the satisfactions that this world can afford. And now, blessed Lord, from whom every good gift comes, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should offer up unto thee our thanks and praise for all thy goodness towards us, for preserving peace in our land, the light of thy Gospel, and the true religion in our churches; for giving us the fruits of the earth in due season, and preserving us from the plague and sickness that rages in other lands. We bless thee for that support and maintenance, which thou art pleased

to afford us, and that thou givest us a heart to be sensible of this thy goodness, and to return our thanks at this time for the same; and as to our persons, for that measure of health that any of us do enjoy, which is more than any of us do deserve. We bless thee, more particularly, for thy protection over us the day past; that thy good spirit has kept us from falling into even the greatest sins, which, by our wicked and corrupt nature, we should greedily have been hurried into; and that, by the guard of thy holy angels, we have been kept safe from any of those evils that might have befallen us, and which many are now groaning under, who rose up in the morning in safety and peace as well as we. But above all, for that great mercy of contriving and effecting our redemption, by the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom, of thy great love to mankind, thou didst send into this world, to take upon him our flesh, to teach us thy will, and to bear the guilt of our transgressions, to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; and for enabling us to lay hold of that salvation, by the gracious assistances of thy Holy Spirit. Lord, grant that the sense of this wonderful love of thine to us, may effectually encourage us to walk in thy fear, and live to thy glory, that so when we shall put off this mortal state, we may be made partakers of that glory that shall then be revealed, which we beg of thee, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, who died to procure it for us, and in whose name and words we do offer up the desires of our souls unto thee, saying,

"Our Father," &c.

OBSERVATIONS ON HEYLIN'S HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIANS

1: Written by the Dean in the beginning of the book, on one of the blank leaves. [Note in vol. ix. 1775 edition of Swift's Works.]]

This book, by some errors and neglects in the style, seems not to have received the author's last correction. It is written with some vehemence, very pardonable in one who had been an observer and a sufferer, in England, under that diabolical fanatic sect which then destroyed Church and State. But, by comparing in my memory what I have read in other histories, he neither aggravates nor falsifies any facts. His partiality appears chiefly in setting the actions of the Calvinists in the strongest light, without equally dwelling on those of the other side; which, however, to say the truth, was not his proper business. And yet he might have spent some more words on the inhuman massacre of Paris and other parts of France, which no provocation (and yet the King had the greatest possible) could excuse, or much extenuate. The author, according to the current opinion of the age he lived in, had too high notions of regal power; led by the common mistake of the term Supreme Magistrate, and not rightly distinguishing between the legislature and administration: into which mistake the clergy fell, or continued, in the reign of Charles II., as I have shewn and explained in a treatise, &c. J. SWIFT. March 6, 1727-8.

2: Peter Heylin, D.D. (1600-1662) was born at Burford, Oxfordshire. Educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and became in succession, chaplain to Charles I., rector of Hemmingford, rector of Islip, and a prebendary of Westminster. He wrote the weekly paper, "Mercurius Auhcus," and lost his estates during the Civil War. He was reinstated at the Restoration into all his preferments. His works are voluminous, consisting of a "Cosmography," "A Help to English History," a "Life of Charles I.," a "History of the Reformation," a "History of Presbyterians," a "Life of Archbishop Laud," and a few theological works. The work on the Presbyterians, here referred to by Swift, was published in 1670. [T.S.]]

A LETTER FROM A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN IRELAND TO A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN ENGLAND CONCERNING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

NOTE.

In the "foreword" to the reprint of this tract in the "Miscellanies" of 1711, Swift remarks: "I have been assured that the suspicion which the supposed author lay under for writing this letter absolutely ruined him with the late ministry." The "late ministry" was the Whig ministry of which Godolphin was the Premier. To this ministry the repeal of the Test Act was a matter of much concern. To test the effect of such a repeal it was determined to try it in Ireland first. There the Presbyterians had distinguished themselves by their loyalty to William and the Protestant succession. These, therefore, offered a good excuse for the introduction of such a measure, particularly when, in 1708, an invasion was rumoured, they were the first to send in loyal addresses to the Queen. Swift likened this method to "that of a discreet physician, who first gives a new medicine to a dog, before he prescribes it to a human creature." Further, the Speaker of the Irish House had come over to England to agitate for the repeal. On this matter Swift wrote to Archbishop King, under date April 15th (the letter was first published by Mr. John Forster in his "Life of Swift," p. 246), as follows: "Some days ago my Lord Somers entered with me into discourse about the Test clause, and desired my opinion upon it, which I gave him truly, though with all the gentleness I could; because, as I am inclined and obliged to value the friendship he professes for me, so he is a person whose favour I would engage in the affairs of the First Fruits…. If it became me to give ill names to ill things and persons, I should be at a loss to find bad enough for the villainy and baseness of a certain lawyer of Ireland [Speaker Brodrick, afterwards Lord Midleton], who is in a station the least of all others excusable for such proceedings, and yet has been going about most industriously to all his acquaintance of both houses towards the end of the session to show the necessity of taking off the Test clause in Ireland by an act here, wherein you may be sure he had his brother's assistance. If such a project should be resumed next session, and I in England, unless your grace send me your absolute commands to the contrary, which I should be sorry to receive, I could hardly forbear publishing some paper in opposition to it, or

leaving one behind me, if there should be occasion." In August of the same year the agitation for the repeal was renewed, and in December Swift published his "Letter on the Sacramental Test," writing as if from Dublin and as a member of the Irish House of Commons. When he writes to King in the following month he makes a mild attempt to convince the Archbishop that the pamphlet was not of his authorship. "The author has gone out of his way to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repealing the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face, have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction." But King was not deceived. In his reply to Swift he simply remarks: "You need not be concerned: I will engage you will lose nothing by that paper." Swift, however, lost more than the Archbishop thought; for "that paper" led to his severance from the Whigs, and, in after life, to much contumely cast on his character for being a political renegade. Because "he was not Whig enough;" because he would not forsake his Church for his party, critics and biographers have thought fit to make little of him, and to compare him to his discredit with contemporaries whose intellects he held in the palm of his hand, and to whom he might have stood as a moral exemplar.

Swift refers to this tract in his "Memoirs relating to the change in the Queen's Ministry," as follows:—"It was everybody's opinion, that the Earl of Wharton would endeavour, when he went to Ireland, to take off the test, as a step to have it taken off here: upon which I drew up and printed a pamphlet, by way of a letter from a member of parliament here, shewing the danger to the Church by such an intent. Although I took all care to be private, yet the Lieutenant's chaplain, and some others guessed me to be the author, and told his Excellency their suspicions; whereupon I saw him no more until I went to Ireland."

The tract is one of the most favourable specimens of Swift's controversial method and trenchant satire. The style is excellent — forcible and pithy; while the arguments are like most of Swift's arguments, aptly to the point with yet a potentiality of application which fits them for the most general statement of the principles under discussion. Scott considers the pamphlet "as having materially contributed to the loss of the bill for repeal of the Test Act during the Earl of Pembroke's vice-royalty." In the same year Swift wrote "A Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland on choosing a new Speaker there." This short tract bears also on the question of the Test; but it is not included in this volume, since it was intended as an electioneering pamphlet.

I have been unable to obtain access to a copy of the first edition of the "Letter on the Sacramental Test." The text here given is that of the "Miscellanies" of 1711, collated with that given in the "Miscellanies," 1728, and with those printed by Faulkner, Hawkesworth, and Scott. [T.S.]

A LETTER CONCERNING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

1: This "Advertisement" is taken from "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," printed for John Morphew, 1711. On page 314 of that volume it forms a "foreword" to "A Letter concerning the Sacramental Test." It is omitted from the reprint in the "Miscellanies" of 1728. The page which Swift says he has taken leave to omit cannot be identified. Probably this was another of Swift's manoeuvres for concealing the identity of the author. The "Advertisement" of George Faulkner to his edition of Swift's Works (vol. iv., 1735) is as follows:

"In the second volume of Doctor Swift's and Mr. Pope's 'Miscellanies,' I found the following treatise, which had been printed in London, with some other of the Dean's works, many years before, but at first came out by itself in the year 1708, as the date shews: And it was at a juncture when the Dissenters were endeavouring to repeal the Sacramental Test, as by common fame, and some pamphlets published to the same purpose, they seem to be now again attempting, with great hope of success. I have, therefore, taken the liberty to make an extract out of that discourse, omitting only some passages which relate to certain persons, and are of no consequence to the argument. But the author's weight of reasoning seems at present to have more weight than it had in those times, when the discourse first appeared.

"The author, in this letter, personates a Member of Parliament here [Dublin], to a Member of Parliament in England.

"The Speaker mentioned in this letter was Allen Broderick, afterwards Chancellor and Lord Middleton; and the prelate was Dr. Lyndsay, afterwards Lord Primate," [T.S.]]

The following letter is supposed by some judicious persons to be of the same author, and, if their conjectures be right, it will be of no disadvantage to him to have it revived, considering the time when it was writ, the persons then at the helm, and the designs in agitation, against which this paper so boldly appeared. I have been assured that the suspicion which the supposed author lay under for writing this letter, absolutely ruined him with the late ministry. I have taken leave to omit about a page which was purely personal, and of no use to the subject.

Dublin, Dec. 4, 1708.

Sir,

I received your letter, wherein you tell me of the strange representations made of us on your side of the water. The instance you are pleased to mention is that of the Presbyterian missionary, who, according to your phrase, hath been lately persecuted at Drogheda for his religion: But it is easy to observe,

how mighty industrious some people have been for three or four years past, to hand about stories of the hardships, the merits, the number, and the power of the Presbyterians in Ireland, to raise formidable ideas of the dangers of Popery there, and to transmit all for England, improved by great additions, and with special care to have them inserted with comments in those infamous weekly papers that infest your coffee-houses. So, when the clause enacting a Sacramental Test was put in execution, it was given out in England, that half the justices of peace through this kingdom had laid down their commissions; whereas upon examination, the whole number was found to amount only to a dozen or thirteen, and those generally of the lowest rate in fortune and understanding, and some of them superannuated. So, when the Earl of Pembroke was in Ireland and the Parliament sitting, a formal story was very gravely carried to his Excellency by some zealous members, of a priest newly arrived from abroad to the north-west parts of Ireland, who had publicly preached to his people, to fall a-murdering the Protestants; which, though invented to serve an end they were then upon, and are still driving at, it was presently handed over, and printed with shrewd remarks by your worthy scribblers. In like manner, the account of that person who was lately expelled our university for reflecting on the memory of King William, what a dust it raised, and how foully it was related, is fresh enough in memory. Neither would people be convinced till the university was at the pains of publishing a Latin paper to justify themselves. And, to mention no more, this story of the persecution at Drogheda, how it hath been spread and aggravated, what consequences have been drawn from it, and what reproaches fixed on those who have least deserved them, we are already informed. Now if the end of all this proceeding were a secret and mystery, I should not undertake to give it an interpretation, but sufficient care hath been taken to give it sufficient explanation. First, by addresses artificially (if not illegally) procured, to shew the miserable state of the dissenters in Ireland by reason of the Sacramental Test, and to desire the Queen's intercession that it might be repealed. Then it is manifest that our Speaker, when he was last year in England, solicited, in person, several members of both Houses, to have it repealed by an act there, though it be a matter purely national, that cannot possibly interfere with the trade and interest of England, and though he himself appeared formerly the most zealous of all men against the injustice of binding a nation by laws to which they do not consent. And lastly, those weekly libellers, whenever they get a tale by the end relating to Ireland, without ever troubling their thoughts about the truth, always end it with an application against the Sacramental Test, and the absolute necessity there is of repealing it in both kingdoms. I know it may be reckoned a weakness to say anything of such trifles as are below a serious man's notice; much less would I disparage the understanding of any party to think they would choose the vilest and most ignorant among mankind, to employ them for assertors of a cause. I shall only say, that the scandalous liberty those wretches take would hardly be allowed, if it were not

mingled with opinions that *some men* would be glad to advance. Besides, how insipid soever those papers are, they seem to be levelled to the understandings of a great number; they are grown a necessary part in coffee-house furniture, and some time or other may happen to be read by customers of all ranks, for curiosity and amusement; because they lie always in the way. One of these authors (the fellow that was pilloried I have forgot his name) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him; the *Observator* is much the brisker of the two, and I think farther gone of late in lies and impudence, than his Presbyterian brother. The reason why I mention him, is to have an occasion of letting you know, that you have not dealt so gallantly with us, as we did with you in a parallel case: Last year, a paper was brought here from England, called, "A Dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Higgins," which we ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, as it well deserved; though we have no more to do with his Grace of Canterbury than you have with the Archbishop of Dublin; nor can you love and reverence your prelate more than we do ours, whom you tamely suffer to be abused openly, and by name, by that paltry rascal of an *Observator*; and lately upon an affair wherein he had no concern; I mean the business of the missionary at Drogheda, wherein our excellent primate was engaged, and did nothing but according to law and discretion. But because the Lord Archbishop of Dublin hath been upon several occasions of late years, misrepresented in England, I would willingly set you right in his character. For his great sufferings and eminent services he was by the late King promoted to the see of Derry. About the same time, he wrote a book to justify the Revolution, wherein was an account of King James's proceedings in Ireland, and the late Archbishop Tillotson recommended it to the King as the most serviceable treatise that could have been published at such a juncture. And as his Grace set out upon those principles, he has proceeded so ever since, as a loyal subject to the Queen, entirely for the succession in the Protestant line, and for ever excluding the Pretender; and though a firm friend to the Church, yet with indulgence toward dissenters, as appears from his conduct at Derry, where he was settled for many years among the most virulent of the sect; yet upon his removal to Dublin, they parted from him with tears in their eyes, and universal acknowledgments of his wisdom and goodness. For the rest, it must be owned, he does not busy himself by entering deep into any party, but rather spends his time in acts of hospitality and charity, in building of churches, repairing his palace, in introducing and preferring the worthiest persons he can find, without other regards; in short, in the practice of all virtues that can become a public or private life. This and more, if possible, is due to so excellent a person, who may be justly reckoned among the greatest and most learned prelates of his age, however his character may be defiled by such mean and dirty hands as those of the *Observator* or such as employ him.

2: The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, had lately expelled Edward Forbes for the cause mentioned in the text. [S.]]

3: Faulkner prints: “But sufficient care hath been taken to explain it.” [T.S.]]

4: Daniel Defoe (1663?-1731), the son of a Cripplegate butcher. Entered business as a hosier, but failed. In 1695 he was appointed one of the commissioners for duties on glass. Wrote “The True Born Englishman” (1701); “The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,” for which he was pilloried, fined, and imprisoned; and numerous other works, including “Robinson Crusoe;” “Life of Captain Singleton;” “History of Duncan Campbell;” “Life of Moll Flanders;” “Roxana;” “Life of Colonel Jack;” “Journal of the Plague;” “History of the Devil;” and “Religious Courtship.” He edited a paper called “The Review,” to which Swift here refers, and against which Charles Leslie wrote his “Rehearsals.” [T.S.]]

5: John Tutchin, a virulent writer of the reign of James II. For a political work in defence of Monmouth he was sentenced by Judge Jefferies to be whipped through several market towns. He wrote the “Observator” (begun April, 1702), and suffered at the hands of the Tories for his writings. He died in great poverty in 1708, at the age of forty-seven. He was also the author of a play entitled, “The Unfortunate Shepherd.” Pope refers to these punishments meted out to Defoe and Tutchin, in the second book of the “Dunciad”:

”Earless on high, stood unabashed De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.” [T.S.]]

6: Dr. Thomas Tenison (1636-1715), born at Cottenham, Cambridgeshire. For his attacks on the Roman Catholics he was in 1691 created Bishop of Lincoln. He was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1694. He wrote a “Discourse of Idolatry,” an answer to Hobbes, and published several sermons. [T.S.]]

7: Dr. William King. See vol. iii., p. 241, note. [T.S.]]

8: Dr. King was twice imprisoned in the castle of Dublin after the landing of King James in Ireland in 1699, and narrowly escaped assassination. The title of the work alluded to is: “The State of the Protestants in Ireland under the late King James’s Government, in which their carriage towards him is justified, and the absolute necessity of their endeavouring to be freed from his Government, and of submitting to their present Majesties, is demonstrated.” [S.]]

9: The portion of this paragraph beginning with “The reason why I mention him,” to the end, “such as employ him,” is omitted by Faulkner. [T.S.]]

I now come to answer the other part of your letter, and shall give you my opinion freely about repealing the Sacramental Test; only whereas you desire my thoughts as a friend, and not as I am a member of parliament, I must assure you they are exactly the same in both capacities.

I must begin by telling you, we are generally surprised at your wonderful kindness to us on this occasion, it being so very industrious to teach us to see our interest in a point where we are so unable to see it ourselves. This hath given us some suspicion; and though in my own particular, I am hugely bent to believe, that whenever you concern yourselves in our affairs, it is certainly for our good, yet I have the misfortune to be something singular in this belief, and therefore I never attempt to justify it, but content myself to possess my own opinion in private, for fear of encountering men of more wit or words

than I have to spare.

We at this distance, who see nothing of the spring of actions, are forced by mere conjecture to assign two reasons for your desiring us to repeal the Sacramental Test: One is, because you are said to imagine it will be one step towards the like good work in England: The other more immediate, that it will open a way for rewarding several persons who have well deserved upon a great occasion, but who are now unqualified through that impediment.

I do not frequently quote poets, especially English, but I remember there is in some of Mr. Cowley's love verses, a strain that I thought extraordinary at fifteen, and have often since imagined it to be spoken by Ireland:

"Forbid it Heaven my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:"

In short, whatever advantage you propose to yourselves by repealing the Sacramental Test, speak it out plainly, 'tis the best argument you can use, for we value your interest much more than our own: If your little finger be sore, and you think a poultice made of our vitals will give it any ease, speak the word and it shall be done; the interest of our whole kingdom is at any time ready to strike to that of your poorest fishing towns; it is hard you will not accept our services, unless we believe at the same time that you are only consulting our profit, and giving us marks of your love. If there be a fire at some distance, and I immediately blow up my house before there be occasion, because you are a man of quality, and apprehend some danger to a corner of your stable; yet why should you require me to attend next morning at your levee with my humble thanks for the favour you have done me?

If we might be allowed to judge for ourselves, we had abundance of benefit by the Sacramental Test, and foresee a number of mischiefs would be the consequence of repealing it, and we conceive the objections made against it by the dissenters are of no manner of force: They tell us of their merits in the late war in Ireland, and how cheerfully they engaged for the safety of the nation; that had they thought they had been fighting only other people's quarrels, perhaps it might have cooled their zeal; and that for the future, they shall sit down quietly and let us do our work ourselves; nay, that it is necessary they should do so, since they cannot take up arms under the penalty of high treason.

Now supposing them to have done their duty, as I believe they did, and not to trouble them about the *fly on the wheel*; I thought Liberty, Property and Religion had been the three subjects of the quarrel, and have not all those been amply secured to them? Had they not at that time a mental reservation for power and employments? And must these two articles be added henceforward in our national quarrels? It is grown a mighty conceit among some men to melt down the phrase of a *Church Established by law* into that of the *Religion of the Magistrate*; of which appellation it is easier to find the

reason than the sense: If by the magistrate they mean the prince, the expression includes a falsehood; for when King James was prince, the Established Church was the same it is now. If by the same word they mean the Legislature, we desire no more. Be that as it will, we of this kingdom believe the Church of Ireland to be the National Church, and the only one established by law, and are willing by the same law to give a toleration to dissenters: But if once we repeal our Sacramental Test, and grant a toleration, or suspend the execution of the penal laws, I do not see how we can be said to have any Established Church remaining; or rather why there will not be as many established churches, as there are sects of dissenters. No, say they, yours will still be the National Church, because your bishops and clergy are maintained by the public; but, that, I suppose, will be of no long duration, and it would be very unjust it should, because, to speak in Tindal's phrase, it is not reasonable that revenues should be annexed to one opinion more than another, when all are equally lawful, and 'tis the same author's maxim, that no freeborn subject ought to pay for maintaining speculations he does not believe. *But why should any man, upon account of opinions he cannot help, be deprived of the opportunity of serving his Queen and country?* Their zeal is commendable, and when employments go a begging for want of hands, they shall be sure to have the refusal, only upon condition they will not pretend to them upon maxims which equally include atheists, Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, or which is still more dangerous, even Papists themselves; the former you allow, the other you deny, because these last own a foreign power, and therefore must be shut out. But there is no great weight in this; for their religion can suit with free states, with limited or absolute monarchies, as well as a better, and the Pope's power in France is but a shadow; so that upon this foot there need be no great danger to the constitution by admitting Papists to employments. I will help you to enough of them who shall be ready to allow the Pope as little power here as you please; and the bare opinion of his being vicar of Christ is but a speculative point, for which no man it seems ought to be deprived of the capacity of serving his country.

10: The words from "the expression" to "was prince" are omitted by Faulkner in his edition. [T.S.]]

11: See vol. iii, p. 9, note. [T.S.]]

But, if you please, I will tell you the great objection we have against repealing this same Sacramental Test. It is, that we are verily persuaded the consequence will be an entire alteration of religion among us in a no great compass of years. And, pray observe, how we reason here in Ireland upon this matter.

We observe the Scots in our northern parts, to be a brave, industrious people, extremely devoted to their religion, and full of an undisturbed affection towards each other. Numbers of that noble nation, invited by the fertilities of the soil, are glad to exchange their barren hills of Loquabar, by a

voyage of three hours, for our fruitful vales of Down and Antrim, so productive of that grain, which, at little trouble and less expense finds diet and lodging for themselves and their cattle. These people by their extreme parsimony, wonderful dexterity in dealing, and firm adherence to one another, soon grow into wealth from the smallest beginnings, never are rooted out where they once fix, and increase daily by new supplies; besides when they are the superior number in any tract of ground, they are not over patient of mixture; but such, whom they cannot assimilate, soon find it their interest to remove. I have done all in my power on some land of my own to preserve two or three English fellows in their neighbourhood, but found it impossible, though one of them thought he had sufficiently made his court by turning Presbyterian. Add to all this, that they bring along with them from Scotland a most formidable notion of our Church, which they look upon at least three degrees worse than Popery; and it is natural it should be so, since they come over full fraught with that spirit which taught them to abolish Episcopacy at home.

12: From this passage, perhaps, Johnson derived the famous definition of oats, in his Dictionary, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland. [S.]]

Then we proceed farther, and observe, that the gentlemen of employments here, make a very considerable number in the House of Commons, and have no other merit but that of doing their duty in their several stations; therefore when the Test is repealed, it will be highly reasonable they should give place to those who have much greater services to plead. The commissions of the revenue are soon disposed of, and the collectors and other officers throughout this kingdom, are generally appointed by the commissioners, which give them a mighty influence in every country. As much may be said of the great officers in the law; and when this door is open to let dissenters into the commissions of the peace, to make them High Sheriffs, Mayors of Corporations, and officers of the army and militia; I do not see how it can be otherwise, considering their industry and our supineness, but that they may in a very few years grow to a majority in the House of Commons, and consequently make themselves the national religion, and have a fair pretence to demand the revenues of the Church for their teachers. I know it will be objected, that if all this should happen as I describe, yet the Presbyterian religion could never be made the national by act of Parliament, because our bishops are so great a number in the House of Lords, and without a majority there, the Church could not be abolished. But I have two very good expedients for that, which I shall leave you to guess, and I dare swear our Speaker here has often thought on, especially having endeavoured at one of them so lately. That this design is not so foreign from some people's thoughts, I must let you know that an honest bellwether of our house (you have him now in England, I wish you could keep him there) had the impudence some years ago, in Parliament time, to shake my Lord Bishop of Kilaloe by his lawn sleeve, and tell him in a threatening

manner, “that he hoped to live to see the day when there should not be one of his order in the kingdom.”

13: Supposed to be Mr. Broderick. [F.]]

14: Dr. Lindsay, afterwards Lord Primate. [S.]]

These last lines perhaps you think a digression; therefore to return: I have told you the consequences we fully reckon upon from repealing the Sacramental Test, which although the greatest number of such as are for doing it, are actually in no manner of pain about it, and many of them care not threepence whether there be any Church, or no; yet because they pretend to argue from conscience as well as policy and interest, I thought it proper to understand and answer them accordingly.

Now, sir, in answer to your question, whether if an attempt should be made here for repealing the Sacramental Test, it would be likely to succeed? The number of professed dissenters in this Parliament was, as I remember, something under a dozen, and I cannot call to mind above thirty others who were expected to fall in with them. This is certain, that the Presbyterian party having with great industry mustered up their forces, did endeavour one day upon occasion of a hint in my Lord Pembroke’s speech, to introduce a debate about repealing the Test clause, when there appeared at least four to one odds against them; and the ablest of those who were reckoned the most staunch and thorough-paced Whigs upon all other occasions, fell off with an abhorrence at the first mention of this.

I must desire you to take notice, that the terms of Whig and Tory, do not properly express the different interests in our parliament. I remember when I was last in England, I told the King, that the highest Tories we had with us would make tolerable Whigs there; this was certainly right, and still in the general continues so, unless you have since admitted new characteristics, which did not come within our definition. Whoever bears a true veneration for the glorious memory of King William, as our great deliverer from Popery and slavery; whoever is firmly loyal to our present Queen, with an utter abhorrence and detestation of the Pretender; whoever approves the succession to the Crown in the House of Hanover, and is for preserving the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, with an indulgence for scrupulous consciences; such a man we think acts upon right principles, and may be justly allowed a Whig: And I believe there are not six members in our House of Commons, who may not fairly come under this description. So that the parties among us are made up, on one side, of moderate Whigs, and on the other, of Presbyterians and their abettors; by which last I mean, such who can equally go to a Church or Conventicle, or such who are indifferent to all religion in general, or lastly such who affect to bear a personal rancour toward the clergy: These last are a set of men not of our own growth, their principles at least have been imported of late years; yet this whole party put together will

not, I am confident, amount to above fifty men in Parliament, which can hardly be worked up into a majority of three hundred.

15: The passage beginning with "I remember when I was last in England," and ending with "within our definition," is omitted by Faulkner. [T.S.]]

As to the House of Lords, the difficulty there is conceived at least as great as in ours. So many of our temporal peers live in England, that the bishops are generally pretty near a par of the House, and we reckon they will be all to a man against repealing the Test; and yet their lordships are generally thought as good Whigs upon our principles as any in the kingdom. There are indeed a few lay lords who appear to have no great devotion for Episcopacy; and perhaps one or two more with whom certain powerful motives might be used for removing any difficulty whatsoever; but these are in no sort of a number to carry any point against the conjunction of the rest and the whole bench of bishops.

Besides, the whole body of our clergy is utterly against repealing the Test, though they are entirely devoted to her Majesty, and hardly one in a hundred who are not very good Whigs in our acceptation of the word. And I must let you know, that we of Ireland are not yet come up to other folk's refinements; for we generally love and esteem our clergy, and think they deserve it; nay, we are apt to lay some weight upon their opinion, and would not willingly disoblige them, at least unless it were upon some greater point of interest than this. And their judgment in the present affair is the more to be regarded, because they are the last persons who will be affected by it: This makes us think them impartial, and that their concern is only for religion and the interest of the kingdom. Because the act which repeals the Test, will only qualify a layman for an employment, but not a Presbyterian or Anabaptist preacher for a church-living. Now I must take leave to inform you, that several members of our House, and myself among the rest, knowing some time ago what was upon the anvil, went to all the clergy we knew of any distinction, and desired their judgment of the matter, wherein we found a most wonderful agreement; there being but one divine that we could hear of in the whole kingdom, who appeared of a contrary sentiment, wherein he afterwards stood alone in the convocation, very little to his credit, though, as he hoped, very much to his interest.

I will now consider a little the arguments offered to shew the advantages, or rather the necessity, of repealing the Test in Ireland. We are told, the Popish interest is here so formidable, that all hands should be joined to keep it under; that the only names of distinction among us ought to be those of Protestant and Papist, and that this expedient is the only means to unite all Protestants upon one common bottom. All which is nothing but misrepresentation and mistake.

If we were under any real fear of the Papists in this kingdom, it would be hard to think us so stupid, not to be equally apprehensive with others, since

we are likely to be the greatest, and more immediate sufferers; but on the contrary, we look upon them to be altogether as inconsiderable as the women and children. Their lands are almost entirely taken from them, and they are rendered incapable of purchasing any more; and for the little that remains, provision is made by the late act against Popery, that it will daily crumble away: To prevent which, some of the most considerable among them are already turned Protestants, and so in all probability will many more. Then, the Popish priests are all registered, and without permission (which I hope will not be granted) they can have no successors; so that the Protestant Clergy will find it perhaps no difficult matter to bring great numbers over to the Church; and in the meantime, the common people without leaders, without discipline, or natural courage, being little better than "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," are out of all capacity of doing any mischief, if they were ever so well inclined. Neither are they at all likely to join in any considerable numbers with an invader, having found so ill success when they were much more numerous and powerful; when they had a prince of their own religion to head them, had been trained for some years under a Popish deputy, and received such mighty aids from the French king.

As to that argument used for repealing the Test, that it will unite all Protestants against the common enemy, I wonder by what figure those gentlemen speak who are pleased to advance it: Suppose in order to increase the friendship between you and me, a law should pass that I must have half your estate; do you think that would much advance the union between us? Or, suppose I share my fortune equally between my own children, and a stranger whom I take into my protection; will that be a method to unite them? Tis an odd way of uniting parties, to deprive a majority of part of their ancient right, by conferring it on a faction who had never any right at all, and therefore cannot be said to suffer any loss or injury if it be refused them. Neither is it very clear, how far some people may stretch the term of common enemy. How many are there of those that call themselves Protestants, who look upon our worship to be idolatrous as well as that of the Papists, and with great charity put Prelacy and Popery together, as terms convertible?

And, therefore, there is one small doubt, I would be willingly satisfied in before I agree to the repealing of the Test; that is, whether, these same Protestants, when they have by their dexterity made themselves the national religion, and disposed the Church revenues among their pastors or themselves, will be so kind to allow us dissenters, I do not say a share in employments, but a bare toleration by law? The reason of my doubt is, because I have been so very idle as to read above fifty pamphlets, written by as many Presbyterian divines, loudly disclaiming this idol Toleration, some of them calling it (I know not how properly) a rag of Popery, and all agreeing it was to establish iniquity by law. Now, I would be glad to know when and where their successors have renounced this doctrine, and before what witnesses. Because, methinks I should be loth to see my poor titular bishop *in partibus*, seized on

by mistake in the dark for a Jesuit, or be forced myself to keep my chaplain disguised like my butler, and steal to prayers in a back room, as my grandfather[16] used in those times when the Church of England was malignant.

16: This is Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, "much distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to King Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England." See the "Fragment of Autobiography," printed by Scott and Forster in their Lives of Swift. [T.S.]]

But this is ripping up old quarrels long forgot; Popery is now the common enemy, against which we must all unite; I have been tired in history with the perpetual folly of those states who call in foreigners to assist them against a common enemy: But the mischief was, those allies would never be brought to allow that the common enemy was quite subdued. And they had reason; for it proved at last, that one part of the common enemy was those who called them in, and so the allies became at length the masters.

'Tis agreed among naturalists that a lion is a larger, a stronger, and more dangerous enemy than a cat; yet if a man were to have his choice, either a lion at his foot, bound fast with three or four chains, his teeth drawn out, and his claws pared to the quick, or an angry cat in full liberty at his throat; he would take no long time to determine.

I have been sometimes admiring the wonderful significancy of that word persecution, and what various interpretations it hath acquired even within my memory. When I was a boy, I often heard the Presbyterians complain that they were not permitted to serve God in their own way; they said they did not repine at our employments, but thought that all men who live peaceably ought to have liberty of conscience, and leave to assemble. That impediment being removed at the Revolution, they soon learned to swallow the Sacramental Test and began to take very large steps, wherein all that offered to oppose them, were called men of a persecuting spirit. During the time the Bill against Occasional Conformity was on foot, persecution was every day rung in our ears, and now at last the Sacramental Test itself has the same name. Where then is this matter likely to end, when the obtaining of one request is only used as a step to demand another? A lover is ever complaining of cruelty while anything is denied him, and when the lady ceases to be cruel, she is from the next moment at his mercy: So persecution it seems, is everything that will not leave it in men's power to persecute others.

There is one argument offered against a Sacramental Test, by a sort of men who are content to be styled of the Church of England, who perhaps attend its service in the morning, and go with their wives to a conventicle in the afternoon, confessing they hear very good doctrine in both. These men are much offended that so holy an institution as that of the Lord's Supper should be made subservient to such mercenary purposes as the getting of an employment. Now, it seems, the law, concluding all men to be members of that Church where they receive the Sacrament; and supposing all men to live like Christians (especially those who are to have employments) did imagine

they received the Sacrament in course about four times a year, and therefore only desired it might appear by certificate to the public, that such who took an office were members of the Church established, by doing their ordinary duty. However, lest we should offend them, we have often desired they would deal candidly with us; for if the matter stuck only there, we would propose it in parliament, that every man who takes an employment should, instead of receiving the sacrament, be obliged to swear, that he is a member of the Church of Ireland by law established, with Episcopacy, and so forth; and as they do now in Scotland, *to be true to the Kirk*. But when we drive them thus far, they always retire to the main body of the argument, urge the hardship that men should be deprived the liberty of serving their Queen and country, on account of their conscience: And, in short, have recourse to the common style of their half brethren. Now whether this be a sincere way of arguing, I will appeal to any other judgment but theirs.

There is another topic of clamour somewhat parallel to the foregoing: It seems, by the Test clause, the military officers are obliged to receive the Sacrament as well as the civil. And it is a matter of some patience to hear the dissenters declaiming upon this occasion: They cry they are disarmed, they are used like Papists; when an enemy appears at home, or from abroad, they must sit still, and see their throats cut, or be hanged for high treason if they offer to defend themselves. Miserable condition! Woful dilemma! It is happy for us all, that the Pretender was not apprized of this passive Presbyterian principle, else he would have infallibly landed in our northern parts, and found them all sat down in their formalities, as the Gauls did the Roman senators, ready to die with honour in their callings. Sometimes to appease their indignation, we venture to give them hopes that in such a case the government will perhaps connive, and hardly be so severe to hang them for defending it against the letter of the law; to which they readily answer, that they will not lie at our mercy, but let us fight our battles ourselves. Sometimes we offer to get an act, by which upon all Popish insurrections at home, or Popish invasion from abroad, the government shall be empowered to grant commissions to all Protestants whatsoever, without that persecuting circumstance of obliging them to say their prayers when they receive the Sacrament; but they abhor all thoughts of occasional commissions, they will not do our drudgery, and we reap the benefit: It is not worth their while to fight *pro aris et focis*, and they had rather lose their estates, liberties, religion and lives, than the pleasure of governing.

But to bring this discourse toward a conclusion: If the dissenters will be satisfied with such a toleration by law as hath been granted them in England, I believe the majority of both Houses will fall readily in with it; farther it will be hard to persuade this House of Commons, and perhaps much harder the next. For, to say the truth, we make a mighty difference here between suffering thistles to grow among us, and wearing them for posies. We are fully convinced in our consciences, that *we* shall always tolerate them, but not quite

so fully that *they* will always tolerate us, when it comes to their turn; and *we* are the majority, and *we* are in possession.

He who argues in defence of a law in force, not antiquated or obsolete, but lately enacted, is certainly on the safer side, and may be allowed to point out the dangers he conceives to foresee in the abrogation of it.

For if the consequences of repealing this clause, should at some time or other enable the Presbyterians to work themselves up into the National Church; instead of uniting Protestants, it would sow eternal divisions among them. First, their own sects, which now lie dormant, would be soon at cuffs again with each other about power and preferment; and the dissenting Episcopals, perhaps discontented to such a degree, as upon some fair unhappy occasion, would be able to shake the firmest loyalty, which none can deny theirs to be.

Neither is it very difficult to conjecture from some late proceedings, at what a rate this faction is likely to drive wherever it gets the whip and the seat. They have already set up courts of spiritual judicature in open contempt of the laws: They send missionaries everywhere, without being invited, in order to convert the Church of England folks to Christianity. They are as vigilant as *I know who*, to attend persons on their death-beds, and for purposes much alike. And what practices such principles as these (with many other that might be invidious to mention) may spawn when they are laid out to the sun, you may determine at leisure.

Lastly, Whether we are so entirely sure of their loyalty upon the present foot of government as you may imagine, their detractors make a question, which however, does, I think, by no means affect the body of dissenters; but the instance produced is, of some among their leading teachers in the north, who having refused the Abjuration Oath, yet continue their preaching, and have abundance of followers. The particulars are out of my head, but the fact is notorious enough, and I believe has been published; I think it a pity, it has not been remedied.

Thus, I have fairly given you, Sir, my own opinion, as well as that of a great majority in both Houses here, relating to this weighty affair, upon which I am confident you may securely reckon. I will leave you to make what use of it you please.

I am, with great respect, Sir,

Yours, &c.

THE PRESBYTERIANS' PLEA OF MERIT

NOTE.

THE reference casually made by Swift, in his "Letter on the Sacramental Test," to his grandfather and the "malignant Church," probably points to one of the causes for his persistent dislike towards the Protestant dissenters. His attitude displays a profound disgust both for their teaching and their conduct; and he found, very early, occasion to ridicule them, as may be seen in his description of Jack, Martin, and Peter in "A Tale of a Tub" (see vol. i. of this edition). In spite, however, of this attitude, Swift seems to have remained silent on the question of the repeal of the Test Act for a period of more than twenty years. He had published his "Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland" in 1708; but it was not until 1731 that he again took up his pen against Dissent.

In that year, and in the two subsequent ones, the Presbyterians fought very strenuously for a mitigation of the laws against them; and the literature which has been handed down to us of that fight is by no means insignificant. The tracts which we know to be of Swift's authorship are: "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit" (1731); "A Narrative of the several Attempts which the Dissenters of Ireland have made for a repeal of the Sacramental Test" (1731); "The Advantages proposed by Repealing the Sacramental Test impartially considered" (1732); "Queries Relating to the Sacramental Test" (1732); "Reasons humbly offered to the Parliament of Ireland for Repealing the Test in favour of Roman Catholics" (1733); "Some Few Thoughts Concerning the Test;" and, according to Sir Walter Scott, "Ten Reasons for Repealing the Test Act."

Monck Mason, in his elaborate note on this particular literature of the period (see "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," pp. 387, 388, notes), gives a list of sixteen pamphlets, many of which he considers to be so well written that they would have done no discredit to Swift himself. The list is here transcribed for the benefit of the student:

(i.) "Nature and Consequences of the Sacramental Test considered; with Remarks humbly offered for the Repeal of it." 1732.

(ii.) "Remarks on a Pamphlet, entitled, 'The Nature and Consequences of the Sacramental Test Considered.'" Dublin, 1732, 12mo.

(iii.) "The History of the Test Act: in which the Mistakes in some

Writings against it are Rectified, and the Importance of it to the Church explained." Printed at London and Dublin: and reprinted by George Faulkner. 1733, 12mo.

(iv.) "Plain Reasons against the Repeal of the Test Act; humbly offered to publick Consideration." Dublin: printed by George Faulkner. 1733, 12mo.

(v.) "The Test Act Examined by the Test of Reason." Dublin, 1733, 12mo.

(vi.) "The Case of the Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland, and that of the Dissenters in Ireland Compared; with Relation to Toleration, and a Capacity for Civil Offices. In a Letter to a Member of Parliament." Dublin, 1733, 8vo.

¶ This tract refers to another entitled: "The Tables Turned against the Presbyterians; or, Reasons against the Sacramental Test, by a General Assembly of Scotland."

(vii.) "The Case of the Test Considered, with respect to Ireland." Dublin, Faulkner, 1733.

(viii) "The natural Impossibilities of better Uniting Protestants &c. by Repealing the Test." Dublin: Printed by George Faulkner, 1733.

(ix.) "Ten Reasons for Repealing the Test Act."

¶ Scott reprints this as Swift's from the broadside original.

(x-xi.) "A Vindication of the Protestant Dissenters from the Aspersions Cast upon them in a late Pamphlet, entitled, 'The Presbyterians 'Plea of Merit &c.,' with some Remarks on a Paper called 'The Correspondent,' giving a pretended Narrative, &c."

¶ Swift refers to this pamphlet in his "Roman Catholic Reasons for Repealing the Test." It is also noted by the printer of the undated second edition of the London reprint of "The Plea."

(xii.) "The Dispute Adjusted, about the *proper time* of applying for a Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts: by shewing that *no time is proper*. By the Reverend Father in God, Edmund Lord Bishop of London."

¶ Faulkner, in the second edition of "The Presbyterians' Plea," advertises this tract to appear in 1733. The author of "The Case of the Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland" mentions that it has been "lately re-printed" in Ireland, but that it is "falsely ascribed to the Bishop of London."

(xiii.) "The Test Act considered in a Political Light." 1733. Broadside.

(xiv.) "Queries upon the Demand of the Presbyterians to have the Sacramental Test Repealed at this Session of Parliament." 1733. Broadside.

¶ These Queries differ somewhat from those put by Swift in 1732.

(xv.) "A Letter from a Freeman of a certain Burrough, in the North of

Ireland, to his Friend and Representative in Parliament; shewing Reasons why the Test Act should not be Repealed." 1733. Broadside.

(xvi.)
"The Grunter's Request
To take Off the Test."
[A Poem.] 1733. 12mo.

Scott suggests ("Life of Jonathan Swift," 1824, p.401) that "probably more occasional tracts" were written by the Dean on the subject of the Test "than have yet been recovered." The curious student may satisfy himself on this matter by reading the above pamphlets. Neither Monck Mason, Dr. Barrett, nor Scott himself, cared to take upon themselves to decide whether any of them were by Swift; nor have any of the Dean's modern biographers thrown any light on the subject. A point to note in this consideration is the fact that Faulkner, in his collected edition of Swift's works, did not include any of these; and, as he himself published many of them, he would certainly have known something of their authorship.

Swift's agitation against the repeal of the Test was so successful that the Irish House of Commons found itself in a majority for the Test. In addition to the prose tracts Swift wrote a stinging poem "On the Words Brother Protestants and Fellow Christians," an expression familiarly used by the advocates for the Repeal of the Test Act. This poem brought him into personal conflict with one Serjeant Bettesworth, who "openly swore, before many hundreds of people, that upon the first opportunity, by the help of ruffians, he would murder or maim the Dean of St. Patrick's." The lines to which the Serjeant took exception were:

"Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth;
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant."

The affair ended in the further ridicule of Bettesworth, who complained in the Irish House of Commons that the lampoon had cost him £1,200 a year. A full account of Swift's interview with Bettesworth is given by Swift in a letter to the Duke of Dorset, dated January, 1733-1734; and the "Grub Street Journal" for August 9th, 1734, tells how the inhabitants of the City of Dublin came to Swift's aid. Perhaps Bettesworth finally found consolation in the thought, satirically suggested by Dr. William Dunkin, that, after all, it might be worth the loss of money to be "transmitted to posterity in Dr. Swift's works."

"For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till

E'en Doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of — but now I'm notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:
If the end be obtained 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head —
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Aeneas;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby."

1: Namby was the nickname for Ambrose Philips.]

Scott, and all Swift's editors and biographers, state that "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit" was first published in 1731. What authority they have for this statement, I have not been able to discover. My own research has, so far, failed to find a copy of it with the date, 1731, on the title-page. The edition upon which the present text is based, is that printed by Faulkner in 1733, of the title-page of which, a facsimile is here given. This, I believe to be the first edition. Scott, following Nichols, states that in the first edition of "The Plea," the "Ode to Humphry French, Esq.," appeared, and that in the second edition, this ode was omitted to make room for the "Narrative of the Several Attempts made for the Repeal of the Test Act." Now in the British Museum, there are two *undated* editions of "The Plea," which bear out this statement; but these, as the title-pages inform us, are London reprints of Dublin editions. Since, however, no one has recorded dated Dublin editions corresponding exactly to these London reprints, the evidence of the reprints counts for very little. Monck Mason, a very accurate authority, usually, says distinctly, "The Plea" was printed in 1731, and a second edition issued in 1733; but one gathers from his note that the only edition in his possession was that of 1733, and this has neither the "Ode" nor the "Narrative"; the last page consisting of an advertisement of the collected editions of Swift's works, which Faulkner was then preparing. The first of the London reprints bears no indication of any particular edition; the second has the words "second edition" on the title-page. In his note to this reprint of the "Narrative," and in his "Life of Swift," Scott refers to a Dublin periodical called "The Correspondent" (in which the "Narrative" was first published) as being printed in 1731. The only edition of this periodical, of which I have either seen or heard, is the copy in the British

Museum, and that copy distinctly states: "Printed by James Hoey in Skinner-Row, 1733." If, therefore, this be the first edition of "The Correspondent," the "Narrative" must be ascribed to the year 1733, and the second edition of "The Plea" to the end of the same, or the beginning of the following year. I conclude, therefore, first, that the first edition of "The Plea" is that dated "Dublin, 1733;" second, that the undated London reprint with the "Ode" is of the same year; and, lastly, that the undated second London reprint with the "Narrative," is probably of the year, 1734. Examining Scott's text of this tract, one is forced to the conclusion that he could not have seen the Dublin edition of 1733; whereas, its almost exact similarity to the London reprint suggests that he used that. For purposes of the present text all three editions have been collated with one another, and with those given by Faulkner, Hawkesworth and Scott. [T.S.]

THE *Presbyterians* PLEA OF MERIT; In Order to take off the TEST,

Impartially Examined.

DUBLIN:

Printed and fold by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-Street*, opposite to the *Bridge*, 1733.

We have been told in the common newspapers, that all attempts are to be made this session by the Presbyterians, and their abettors, for taking off the Test, as a kind of preparatory step, to make it go down smoother in England. For, if once their light would so shine, the Papists, delighted with the blaze, would all come in, and dance about it. This I take to be a prudent method; like that of a discreet physician, who first gives a new medicine to a dog, before he prescribes it to a human creature.

1: See note prefixed to the "Letter on the Sacramental Test." [T.S.]]

The Presbyterians have, ever since the Revolution directed their learned casuists to employ their pens on this subject; by shewing the merits and pretensions upon which they claim this justice; as founded upon the services they did toward the restoration of King Charles the Second; and at the Revolution under the Prince of Orange. Which pleas I take to be the most singular, in their kind, that ever were offered in the face of the sun, against the most glaring light of truth, and against a continuation of public facts, known to all Europe for twenty years together. I shall, therefore, impartially examine the merits and conduct of the Presbyterians, upon those two great events; and the pretensions to favour, which they challenge upon them.

Soon after the Reformation of the Church in England, under Edward the Sixth, upon Queen Mary's succeeding to the crown, who restored Popery, many Protestants fled out of England, to escape the persecution raised against the Church, as her brother had left it established. Some of these exiles went to Geneva; which city had received the doctrine of Calvin, and rejected the government of bishops; with many other refinements. These English exiles readily embraced the Geneva system; and having added farther improvements of their own, upon Queen Mary's death returned to England; where they preached up their own opinions; inveighing bitterly against Episcopacy, and

all rites and ceremonies, however innocent and ancient in the Church: building upon this foundation; to run as far as possible from Popery, even in the most minute and indifferent circumstances: this faction, under the name of Puritan, became very turbulent, during the whole reign of Queen Elizabeth; and were always discouraged by that wise queen, as well as by her two successors. However, their numbers, as well as their insolence and perverseness, so far increased, that soon after the death of King James the First, many instances of their petulancy and scurrility, are to be seen in their pamphlets, written for some years after; which was a trade they began in the days of Queen Elizabeth: particularly with great rancour against the bishops, the habits, and the ceremonies: Such were that scurrilous libel under the title of Martin Mar-prelate, and several others. And, although the Earl of Clarendon tells us, that, until the year 1640, (as I remember) the kingdom was in a state of perfect peace and happiness, without the least appearance of thought or design toward making any alterations in religion or government; yet I have found, by often rummaging for old books in Little Britain and Duck-Lane, a great number of pamphlets printed from the year 1530 to 1640, full of as bold and impious railing expressions, against the lawful power of the Crown, and the order of bishops, as ever were uttered during the Rebellion, or the whole subsequent tyranny of that fanatic anarchy. However, I find it manifest, that Puritanism did not erect itself into a new, separate species of religion, till some time after the Rebellion began. For, in the latter times of King James the First, and the former part of his son, there were several Puritan bishops, and many Puritan private clergymen; while people went, as their inclinations led them, to hear preachers of each party in the parish churches. For the Puritan clergy had received Episcopal orders as well as the rest. But, soon after the Rebellion broke out, the term Puritan gradually dropped, and that of Presbyterian succeeded; which sect was, in two or three years, established in all its forms, by what they called an Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, without consulting the King; who was then at war against his rebels. And, from this period the Church continued under persecution, till monarchy was restored in the year 1660.

2: According to Mr. Edward Arber the writers of these famous tracts were the Rev. John Penny and Job Throckmorton, Esq. He calls these two writers “the most eminent prose satirists of the Elizabethan age.” For a full account of these tracts and the controversy, see Mr. Arber’s “Introductory Sketch to the Martin Mar-prelate Controversy, 1588-1590” (1879, English Scholar’s Library). The aim of the Mar-prelate writers is thus stated by the able author of that sketch: “To ridicule and affront a proud hierarchy [the bishops] endowed with large legal means of doing mischief, and not wanting in will to exercise these powers to the full. The spell of the unnatural civil power which had been enjoyed by the Papal prelates in this country remained with their Protestant successors until this Controversy broke it: so that from this time onwards the bishops set about to forge a new spell, ‘the Divine Right of their temporal position and power’, which hallucination was dissolved by the Long Parliament: from which time a bishop has usually been considered no more than a man” (Preface, pp. 11-12). [T.S.]]

3: Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), the author of the “History of the Great Rebellion.” [T.S.]]

4: The original edition has 1630. [T.S.]]

In a year or two after; we began to hear of a new party risen, and growing

in the Parliament, as well as the army; under the name of Independent: It spread, indeed somewhat more in the latter; but not equal with the Presbyterians, either in weight or number, till the very time that the King was murdered.

5: Faulkner prints: “until some time before the King was murdered.”[T.S.]]

When the King, who was then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, had made his last concessions for a peace to the Commissioners of the Parliament, who attended him there; upon their return to London, they reported his Majesty’s answer to the House. Whereupon, a number of moderate members, who, as Ludlow says, had secured their own terms with his Majesty, managed with so much art, as to obtain a majority, in a thin house, for passing a vote, that *the King’s concessions were a ground for future settlement*. But the great officers of the army, joining with the discontented members, came to a resolution, of excluding all those who had consented to that vote; which they executed in a military way. Ireton told Fairfax the General, a rigid Presbyterian, of this resolution; who thereupon issued his orders for drawing out the army the next morning, and placing guards in Westminster-hall, the Court of Requests, and the lobby; who, in obedience to the General, in conjunction with those members who opposed the vote, would let no member enter the House, except those of their own party. Upon which, the question for bringing the King to justice, was immediately put and carried without opposition, that I can find. Then, an order was made for his trial; the time and place appointed; the judges named; of whom Fairfax himself was one; although by the advice or threats of his wife, he declined sitting among them. However, by fresh orders under his own hand, which I have seen in print, he appointed guards to attend the judges at the trial, and to keep the city in quiet; as he did likewise to prevent any opposition from the people, upon the day of execution.

6: Edmund Ludlow (1620?-1693) lieutenant-general of the Parliamentary army. He was one of the judges of King Charles’s trial, and who signed the death-warrant. He died at Vevay, in Switzerland, where he had fled on finding that Charles’s judges were not included in the Act of Indemnity. His memoirs were printed at Vevay in 1698-1699.3 vols. 8vo. It is to these Swift refers. [T.S.]]

7: Ireton and Fairfax were two famous generals of the Parliamentary army serving with Cromwell. [T.S.]]

From what I have already deduced, it appears manifest, that the differences between those two sects, Presbyterian and Independent, did not then amount to half so much as what there is between a Whig and Tory at present among us. The design of utterly extirpating monarchy and episcopacy, was equally the same in both; evidently the consequence of the very same principles, upon which the Presbyterians alone began, continued, and would have ended in the same events; if towards the conclusion, they had not been bearded by that new party, with whom they could not agree about dividing the spoil. However, they held a good share of civil and military employments

during the whole time of the usurpation; whose names, and actions, and preferments, are frequent in the accounts of those times. For I make no doubt, that all the prudent Presbyterians complied in proper seasons, falling in with the stream; and thereby got that share in employments, which many of them held to the Restoration; and perhaps too many of them after. In the same manner, we find our wisest Tories, in both kingdoms, upon the change of hands and measures at the Queen's death, have endeavoured for several years, by due compliances, to recover the time they had lost by a temporary obstinacy; wherein they have well succeeded, according to their degrees of merit. Of whose names I could here make honourable mention, if I did not fear it might offend their modesty.

As to what is alleged, that some of the Presbyterians declared openly against the King's murder, I allow it to be true. But, from what motives? No other can possibly be assigned, than perfect spite, rage, and envy, to find themselves wormed out of all power by a new infant spawn of Independents, sprung from their own bowels. It is true; the differences in religious tenets between them are very few and trifling; the chief quarrel, as far as I remember, relating to congregational and national assemblies. But, wherever interest or power thinks fit to interfere, it little imports what principles the opposite parties think fit to charge upon each other: for, we see, at this day, that the Tories are more hated by the whole set of zealous Whigs, than the very Papists themselves; and, in effect, as much unqualified for the smallest office: although, both these parties assert themselves to be of the same religion, in all its branches of doctrine and discipline; and profess the same loyalty to the same Protestant King and his heirs.

If the reader would know what became of this Independent party, upon whom all the mischief is charged by their Presbyterian brethren; he may please to observe, that during the whole usurpation, they contended by degrees with their parent sect, and, as I have already said, shared in employments; and gradually, after the Restoration, mingled with the mass of Presbyterians; lying ever since undistinguished in the herd of dissenters.

The Presbyterian merit is of as little weight, when they allege themselves instrumental towards the King's restoration. The kingdom grew tired with those ridiculous models of government: First, by a House of Lords and Commons, without a king; then without bishops; afterwards by a Rump and lords temporal: then by a Rump alone; next by a single person for life, in conjunction with a council: by agitators: by major-generals: by a new kind of representatives from the three kingdoms: by the keepers of the liberties of England; with other schemes that have slipped out of my memory. Cromwell was dead; his son Richard, a weak, ignorant wretch, who gave up his monarchy much in the same manner with the two usurping kings of Brentford. The people harassed with taxes and other oppressions; the King's party, then called the Cavaliers began to recover their spirits. The few nobility scattered through the kingdom, who lived in a most retired manner, observing the

confusion of things, could no longer endure to be ridden by bakers, cobblers, brewers, and the like, at the head of armies; and plundering everywhere like French dragoons: The Rump assembly grew despicable to those who had raised them: The city of London, exhausted by almost twenty years contributing to their own ruin, declared against them. The Rump, after many deaths and resurrections, was, in the most contemptuous manner, kicked out, and burned in effigy. The excluded members were let in: a free Parliament called in as legal a manner as the times would allow; and the King restored.

8: This name was given to that part of the House of Commons which remained after the moderate men had been expelled by military-force. [S.]]

9: In the "Rehearsal."]

The second claim of Presbyterian merit is founded upon their services against the dangerous designs of King James the Second; while that prince was using all his endeavours to introduce Popery, which he openly professed upon his coming to the crown: To this they add, their eminent services at the Revolution, under the Prince of Orange.

Now, the quantum of Presbyterian merit, during the four years' reign of that weak, bigoted, and ill-advised prince, as well as at the time of the Revolution, will easily be computed, by a recourse to a great number of histories, pamphlets, and public papers, printed in those times, and some afterwards; beside the verbal testimonies of many persons yet alive, who are old enough to have known and observed the Dissenters' conduct in that critical period.

It is agreed, that upon King Charles the Second's death, soon after his successor had publicly owned himself a Roman Catholic; he began with his first caresses to the Church party; from whom having received very cold discouraging answers; he applied to the Presbyterian leaders and teachers, being advised by the priests and Popish courtiers, that the safest method toward introducing his own religion, would be by taking off the Sacramental Test, and giving a full liberty of conscience to all religions, (I suppose, that professed Christianity.) It seems, that the Presbyterians, in the latter years of King Charles the Second, upon account of certain plots, (allowed by Bishop Burnet to be genuine) had been, for a short time, forbid to hold their conventicles: Whereupon, these charitable Christians, out of perfect resentment against the Church, received the gracious offers of King James with the strongest professions of loyalty, and highest acknowledgments for his favour. I have seen several of their addresses, full of thanks and praises, with bitter insinuations of what they had suffered; putting themselves and the Papists upon the same foot; as fellow-sufferers for conscience; and with the style of, *Our brethren the Roman Catholics*. About this time began the project of closeting, (which has since been practised many times, with more art and success,) where the principal gentlemen of the kingdom were privately

catechised by his Majesty, to know whether, if a new parliament were called, they would agree to pass an act for repealing the Sacramental Test, and establishing a general liberty of conscience. But he received so little encouragement, that, despairing of success, he had recourse to his dispensing power, which the judges had determined to be part of his prerogative. By colour of this determination, he preferred several Presbyterians, and many Papists, to civil and military employments. While the king was thus busied, it is well known, that Monsieur Fagel, the Dutch envoy in London, delivered the opinion of the Prince and Princess of Orange, concerning the repeal of the Test; whereof the king had sent an account to their Highnesses, to know how far they approved of it. The substance of their answer, as reported by Fagel, was this, "That their highnesses thought very well of a liberty of conscience; but by no means of giving employments to any other persons, than those who were of the National Church." This opinion was confirmed by several reasons: I cannot be more particular, not having the paper by me, although it hath been printed in many accounts of those times. And thus much every moderate churchman would perhaps submit to: But, to trust any part of the civil power in the hands of those whose interest, inclination, conscience, and former practices have been wholly turned to introduce a different system of religion and government, hath very few examples in any Christian state; nor any at all in Holland, the great patroness of universal toleration.

Upon the first intelligence King James received of an intended invasion by the Prince of Orange; among great numbers of Papists, to increase his troops, he gave commissions to several Presbyterians; some of whom had been officers under the Rump; and particularly he placed one Richards, a noted Presbyterian, at the head of a regiment; who had been governor of Wexford in Cromwell's time, and is often mentioned by Ludlow in his Memoirs. This regiment was raised in England against the Prince of Orange: the colonel made his son a captain, whom I knew, and who was as zealous a Presbyterian as his father. However at the time of the prince's landing, the father easily foreseeing how things would go, went over, like many others to the prince, who continued him in his regiment; but coming over a year or two after to assist in raising the siege of Derry, he behaved himself so like either a coward or a traitor, that his regiment was taken from him.

I will now consider the conduct of the Church party, during the whole reign of that unfortunate king. They were so unanimous against promising to pass an act for repealing the Test, and establishing a general liberty of conscience; that the king durst not trust a parliament; but encouraged by the professions of loyalty given him by his Presbyterian friends, went on with his dispensing power.

The Church clergy, at that time are allowed to have written the best collection of tracts against Popery that ever appeared in England; which are to this day in the highest esteem. But, upon the strictest enquiry, I could never hear of above one or two papers published by the Presbyterians at that time

upon the same subject. Seven great prelates (he of Canterbury among the rest) were sent to the Tower, for presenting a petition, wherein they desired to be excused in not obeying an illegal command from the King. The Bishop of London, Dr. Compton, was summoned to answer before the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Affairs, for not suspending Dr. Sharp (afterwards Archbishop of York) by the King's command. If the Presbyterians expressed the same zeal upon any occasion, the instances of it are not as I can find, left upon record, or transmitted by tradition. The proceedings against Magdalen College in Oxford, for refusing to comply with the King's mandate for admitting a professed Papist upon their foundation, are a standing proof of the courage and firmness in religion shewn by that learned society, to the ruin of their fortunes. The Presbyterians know very well, that I could produce many more instances of the same kind. But these are enough in so short a paper as I intend at present.

10: Henry Compton (1632-1713), educated at Oxford, was created Bishop of London in 1675. During the Revolution of 1688 he conveyed the Princess Anne from London to Nottingham. After, he crowned her Queen of England. He was the author of a few works of little importance, such as the "Treatise on the Holy Communion." [T.S.]]

11: John Sharp (1644-1714) was educated at Cambridge, and created Archbishop of York in 1691. He gave great offence to James II. by his preaching against Roman Catholicism. This is the same Archbishop Sharp who prevented Swift's appointment to a bishopric, by urging that the author of "A Tale of a Tub" was not a proper person to hold such an office. See note prefixed to "A Tale of a Tub," vol. i., p. xcvi, of this edition of Swift's Works. [T.S.]]

It is indeed very true, that after King William was settled on the English throne, the Presbyterians began to appear, and offer their credentials, and demand favour; and the new King having been originally bred a Calvinist, was desirous enough to make them easy (if that would do it) by a legal toleration; although in his heart he never bore much affection to that sect; nor designed to favour them farther than it stood with the present scheme of politics: as I have long since been assured by the greatest men of Whig principles at that time in England.

It is likewise true, nor will it be denied; that when the King was possessed of the English crown; and the remainder of the quarrel was left to be decided in this kingdom; the Presbyterians wisely chose to join with the Protestant army, rather than with that of King James their old friend, whose affairs were then in a manner desperate. They were wise enough to know, that this kingdom, divided against itself, could never prevail against the united power of England. They fought *pro aris et focis*; for their estates and religion; which latter will never suffer so much by the Church of England as by that of Rome, where they are counted heretics as well as we: and consequently they have no other game to play. But, what merit they can build upon having joined with a Protestant army, under a King they acknowledged, to defend their own liberties and properties against a Popish enemy under an abdicated King; is, I confess to me absolutely inconceivable; and I believe will equally be so for

ever, to any reasonable man.

When these sectaries were several years ago making the same attempt for abolishing the Test, many groundless reports were industriously and seasonably spread, of an invasion threatened by the Pretender on the north of Ireland. At which time the Presbyterians in their pamphlets, argued in a menacing manner, that if the Pretender should invade those parts of the kingdom, where the numbers and estates of dissenters chiefly lay; they would sit still, and let us fight our own battles; since they were to reap no advantage, whichever side should be victors. If this were the course they intended to take in such a case; I should desire to know, how they could contrive safely to stand neuters, otherwise than by a compact with the Pretender and his army, to support their neutrality, and protect them against the forces of the Crown? This is a necessary supposition; because they must otherwise have inevitably been a prey to both. However, by this frank declaration, they sufficiently shewed their good-will; and confirmed the common charge laid at their door; that a Scottish or northern Presbyterian hates our Episcopal Established Church more than Popery itself. And, the reason for this hatred, is natural enough; because it is the Church alone, that stands in the way between them and power, which Popery doth not.

12: See the poem, reprinted by Monck Mason ("History of St. Patrick's," p. 388 note), entitled:

"The Grunters' request
To take off the Test,"

in which the poet advises his "lauds" to "faight y'er ain battel." [T.S.]]

Upon this occasion I am in some doubt, whether the political spreaders of those chimerical invasions, made a judicious choice in fixing the northern parts of Ireland for that romantic enterprize. Nor, can I well understand the wisdom of the Presbyterians in countenancing and confirming those reports. Because it seems to cast a most infamous reflection upon the loyalty and religious principles of their whole body: For if there had been any truth in the matter, the consequence must have been allowed, that the Pretender counted upon more assistance from his father's friends the Presbyterians, by choosing to land in those very parts, where their number, wealth, and power most prevailed; rather than among those of his own religion. And therefore, in charity to this sect, I rather incline to believe, that those reports of an invasion were formed and spread by the race of small politicians, in order to do a seasonable job.

As to Popery in general, which for a thousand years past hath been introducing and multiplying corruptions both in doctrine and discipline; I look upon it to be the most absurd system of Christianity professed by any nation. But I cannot apprehend this kingdom to be in much danger from it. The

estates of Papists are very few; crumbling into small parcels, and daily diminishing. Their common people are sunk in poverty, ignorance, and cowardice, and of as little consequence as women and children. Their nobility and gentry are at least one-half ruined, banished, or converted: They all soundly feel the smart of what they suffered in the last Irish war. Some of them are already retired into foreign countries; others as I am told, intend to follow them; and the rest, I believe, to a man, who still possess any lands, are absolutely determined never to hazard them again for the sake of establishing their superstition. If it hath been thought fit, as some observe, to abate of the law's rigour against Popery in this kingdom, I am confident it was done for very wise reasons, considering the situation of affairs abroad at different times, and the interest of the Protestant religion in general. And as I do not find the least fault in this proceeding; so I do not conceive why a sunk discarded party, who neither expect nor desire anything more than a quiet life; should under the names of highflyers, Jacobites, and many other vile appellations, be charged so often in print, and at common tables, with endeavouring to introduce Popery and the Pretender; while the Papists abhor them above all other men, on account of severities against their priests in her late Majesty's reign; when the now disbanded reprobate party was in power. This I was convinced of some years ago by a long journey into the southern parts; where I had the curiosity to send for many priests of the parishes I passed through; and, to my great satisfaction found them everywhere abounding in professions of loyalty to the late King George; for which they gave me the reasons above-mentioned; at the same time complaining bitterly of the hardships they suffered under the Queen's last ministry.

I return from this digression to the modest demands of the Presbyterians for a repeal of the Sacramental Test, as a reward for their merits at the Restoration and the Revolution; which merits I have fairly represented as well as my memory will allow me. If I have committed any mistakes they must be of little moment. The facts and principal circumstances are what I have obtained and digested, from reading the histories of those times, written by each party; and many thousands have done the same as well as I, who I am sure have in their minds drawn the same conclusions.

This is the faction, and these the men, who are now resuming their applications, and giving in their bills of merit to both kingdoms upon two points, which of all others, they have the least pretensions to offer. I have collected the facts with all possible impartiality, from the current histories of those times; and have shewn, although very briefly, the gradual proceedings of those sectaries under the denomination of Puritans, Presbyterians, and Independents, for about the space of an hundred and eighty years, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth to this present time. But, notwithstanding all that can be said, these very schismatics (for such they are in temporals as well as spirituals) are now again expecting, soliciting, and demanding, (not without insinuating threats, according to their custom) that the Parliament should fix

them upon an equal foot with the Church established. I would fain know to what branch of the legislature they can have the forehead to apply. Not to my lords the bishops; who must have often read, how the predecessors of this very faction, acting upon the same principles, drove the whole bench out of the house; who were then, and hitherto continue one of the three estates. Not to the temporal peers, the second of the three estates; who must have heard, that, immediately after those rebellious fanatics had murdered their king, they voted a House of Lords to be useless and dangerous, and would let them sit no longer, otherwise than when elected as commoners: Not to the House of Commons; who must have heard, that in those fanatic times the Presbyterian and Independent commanders in the army, by military power, expelled all the moderate men out of the house, and left a Rump to govern the nation. Lastly, not to the Crown, which those very saints destined to rule the earth, trampled under their feet, and then in cold blood murdered the blessed wearer.

But, the session now approaching, and a clan of dissenting teachers being come up to town from their northern headquarters, accompanied by many of their elders and agents, and supported by a general contribution, to solicit their establishment, with a capacity of holding all military as well as civil employments; I think it high time, that this paper should see the light. However, I cannot conclude without freely confessing, that if the Presbyterians should obtain their ends, I could not be sorry to find them mistaken in the point which they have most at heart by the repeal of the Test; I mean the benefit of employments. For, after all, what assurance can a Scottish northern dissenter, born on Irish ground, have, that he shall be treated with as much favour as a true Scot born beyond the Tweed?

I am ready enough to believe that all I have said will avail but little. I have the common excuse of other men, when I think myself bound by all religious and civil ties, to discharge my conscience, and to warn my countrymen upon this important occasion. It is true, the advocates for this scheme promise a new world, after this blessed work shall be completed: that all animosities and faction must immediately drop; that the only distinction in this kingdom will then be of Papist and Protestant. For, as to Whig and Tory, High Church and Low Church, Jacobite and Hanoverian, Court and Country party, English and Irish interests, Dissenters and Conformists, New Light and Old Light, Anabaptist and Independent, Quaker and Muggletonian, they will all meet and jumble together into a perfect harmony, at the sessions and assizes, on the bench and in the revenues; and upon the whole, in all civil and military trust, not excepting the great councils of the nation. For it is wisely argued thus, that a kingdom being no more than a larger knot of friends met together, it is against the rules of good manners to shut any person out of the company, except the Papists; who profess themselves of another club.

I am at a loss to know what arts the Presbyterian sect intends to use, in convincing the world of their loyalty to kingly government; which long before the prevalence, or even the birth of their independent rivals, as soon as the

King's forces were overcome, declared their principles to be against monarchy, as well as Episcopacy and the House of Lords, even till the King was restored: At which event, although they were forced to submit to the present power, yet I have not heard that they did ever, to this day, renounce any one principle by which their predecessors then acted; yet this they have been challenged to do, or at least to shew that others have done it for them, by a certain doctor, who, as I am told, has much employed his pen in the like disputes. I own, they will be ready enough to insinuate themselves into any government: But, if they mean to be honest and upright, they will and must endeavour by all means, which they shall think lawful, to introduce and establish their own scheme of religion, as nearest approaching to the word of God, by casting out all superstitious ceremonies, ecclesiastical titles, habits, distinctions, and superiorities, as rags of Popery; in order to a thorough reformation; and, as in charity bound, to promote the salvation of their countrymen: wishing with St. Paul, that the whole kingdom were as they are. But what assurance will they please to give, that when their sect shall become the national established worship, they will treat Us Dissenters as we have treated them? Was this their course of proceeding during the dominion of the saints? Were not all the remainders of the Episcopal Church in those days, especially the clergy, under a persecution for above a dozen years, equal to that of the primitive Christians under heathen emperors? That this proceeding was suitable to their principles, is known enough; for many of their preachers then writ books expressly against allowing any liberty of conscience, in a religion different from their own; producing many arguments to prove that opinion; and among the rest one frequently insisted on; that allowing such a liberty would be to establish iniquity by a law: Many of these writings are yet to be seen; and I hear, have been quoted by the doctor above mentioned.

13: Dr. Tisdal, in a tract entitled, "The Case of the Sacramental Test stated and argued." Tisdal died 4th June, 1736. [T.S.]]

14: See many hundred quotations to prove this, in the treatise called "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence." [Note in Faulkner's edition, 1738.]]

As to their great objection of prostituting that holy institution, the blessed Sacrament, by way of a test before admittance into any employment; I ask, whether they would not be content to receive it after their own manner, for the office of a judge, for that of a commissioner in the revenue, for a regiment of horse, or to be a lord justice? I believe they would scruple it as little, as a long grace before and after dinner; which they can say without bending a knee; for, as I have been told, their manner of taking bread and wine in their conventicles, is performed with little more solemnity than at their common meals. And, therefore, since they look upon our practice in receiving the elements, to be idolatrous; they neither can, nor ought, in conscience, to allow us that liberty, otherwise than by connivance, and a bare toleration, like what

is permitted to the Papists. But, lest we should offend them, I am ready to change this test for another; although, I am afraid, that sanctified reason is, by no means, the point where the difficulty pinches; and only offered by pretended churchmen, as if they could be content with our believing, that the impiety and profanation of making the Sacrament a test, were the only objection. I therefore propose, that before the present law be repealed, another may be enacted; that no man shall receive any employment, before he swears himself to be a true member of the Church of Ireland, in doctrine and discipline, &c., and, that he will never frequent, or communicate with any other form of worship. It shall likewise be further enacted, that whoever offends, &c., shall be fined five hundred pounds, imprisoned for a year and a day, and rendered incapable of all public trust for ever. Otherwise, I do insist that those pious, indulgent, external professors of our national religion, shall either give up that fallacious hypocritical reason for taking off the Test; or freely confess, that they desire to have a gate wide open for every sect, without any test at all, except that of swearing loyalty to the King: Which, however, considering their principles, with regard to monarchy yet unrenounced, might, if they would please to look deep enough into their own hearts, prove a more bitter test than any other that the law hath yet invented.

For, from the first time that these sectaries appeared in the world, it hath been always found, by their whole proceeding, that they professed an utter hatred to kingly government. I can recollect, at present, three civil establishments, where Calvinists, and some other reformers who rejected Episcopacy, possess the supreme power; and, these are all republics; I mean Holland, Geneva, and the reformed Swiss cantons. I do not say this in diminution, or disgrace to commonwealths; wherein, I confess, I have much altered many opinions under which I was educated, having been led by some observation, long experience, and a thorough detestation for the corruptions of mankind: Insomuch, that I am now justly liable to the censure of Hobbes, who complains, that the youth of England imbibe ill opinions, from reading the histories of Ancient Greece and Rome, those renowned scenes of liberty and every virtue.

But, as to monarchs; who must be supposed well to study and understand their own interest; they will best consider, whether those people, who in all their actions, preachings, and writings, have openly declared themselves against regal power, are to be safely placed in an equal degree of favour and trust with those who have been always found the true and only friends to the English establishment. From which consideration, I could have added one more article to my new test, if I had thought it worth my time.

I have been assured by some persons who were present, that several of these dissenting teachers, upon their first arrival hither to solicit the repeal of the Test, were pleased to express their gratitude, by publicly drinking the healths of certain eminent patrons, whom they pretend to have found among us; if this be true, and that the Test must be delivered up by the very

commanders appointed to defend it, the affair is already, in effect, at an end. What secret reasons those patrons may have given for such a return of brotherly love, I shall not inquire: “For, O my soul come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united. For in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel; I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel.”

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS, WHICH THE DISSENTERS OF IRELAND HAVE MADE, FOR A REPEAL OF THE SACRAMENTAL TEST

NOTE.

This tract occupies Nos. iii. and iv. of a periodical paper called "The Correspondent," originally printed at Dublin "by James Hoey in Skinner-Row, 1733." The text here given is that of the original "Correspondent"; that given by Scott and Nichols is evidently taken from the London reprint. It will be seen that the matter as it was originally printed contains much more than was afterwards reprinted. I have indicated in footnotes where Scott's omissions occur. The title of the periodical runs: "The Correspondent, No. iii. [No. iv.] Humbly inscribed to the Conforming Nobility and Gentry of Ireland." Nos. i. and ii. dealt with "Old and New Light Presbyterians"; but these are not by Swift. In Nichols's edition this pamphlet appears in the second volume of the "Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works," 1779, p. 307. See note to the previous pamphlet, where the question of the date of the first publication of this tract is discussed. It may be, as Monck Mason suggests ("History of St. Patrick's," p. 389, note h), that a separate and second edition of this "Narrative" was likewise printed, of the same size as "The Presbyterians' Plea," and bound up, occasionally with that pamphlet; but such an edition I have never seen. The only reprint of the time examined, is that by A. Dodd, of Temple Bar, affixed to the second London edition of "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit," and the date of which may be put down to 1734. [T.S.]

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS, WHICH THE DISSENTERS OF IRELAND HAVE MADE, FOR A REPEAL OF THE SACRAMENTAL TEST.

My intention is in this and some following "Correspondents," to vindicate the Test Act, from the insolent aspersions which are thrown upon it, and to answer objections, which are raised against it, particularly by an anonymous author, in a paper entitled, "The Nature and Consequence of the Sacramental Test considered," &c., printed *anno* 1731, upon the opening of the last session of parliament, and now republished.

As a proper introduction to this, I must take leave to put the conformists in mind, of what (upon recollection) they may very well remember, and which in some measure they have been formerly apprised of, and that is in a narrative of the several attempts, which the Dissenters of Ireland have made, for a repeal of the Sacramental Test.

When the oath of supremacy was repealed which had been the Church's great security since the second of Queen Elizabeth, against both Papists and Presbyterians, who equally refused it, I presume it is no secret now to tell the reader, that the repeal of that oath opened a sluice and let in such a current of dissenters into some of our corporations, as bore down all before them.

1: From the beginning of this paragraph to the word "in" is omitted in the editions issued by Scott and Nichols. The words "A Narrative… Sacramental Test" are used by Scott as part of the sub-title of the tract; but he adds the date, 1731. This is a mistake, since "The Correspondent" appeared in 1733; and if it did appear in the second edition of "The Plea," that edition was published either in the same or in the following year. [T.S.]]

Although the Sacramental Test had been for a considerable time in force in England, yet that law did not reach Ireland, where the Church was more oppressed by dissenters; and where her most sanguine friends were glad to compound, to preserve what legal security she had left, rather than to attempt any new, or even to recover what she had lost: And in truth they had no reason to expect it, at a time when the dissenters had the interest to have a motion made and debated in parliament, that there might be a temporary repeal of all the penal laws against them, and when they were so flushed with the conquest they had made in some corporations, as to reject all overtures of a toleration; and to that end, had employed Mr. Boyse to write against it with the utmost contempt, calling it "a stone instead of bread; a serpent instead of a fish."

2: In his note Scott calls him "Samuel" Boyse, but he is distinctly mentioned further on in the tract as "Jo: Boyse." The Rev. Joseph Boyse was a native of Leeds, who had settled in Dublin in 1683 as joint-pastor with Dr. Daniel Williams. He died in poverty in 1728; and in the same year his works were published in two folio volumes. His son, Samuel Boyse, the poet, died in 1749. [T.S.]]

When the Church was in this situation, the clause of the Sacramental Test was happily sent over from England, tacked to the Popery Bill, which alarmed

the whole body of the dissenters to that degree, that their managers began to ply with the greatest artifice, and industry, to prevent its passing into a law. But (to the honour of that parliament be it spoken), the whole body of both Lords and Commons (some few excepted) passed the clause with great readiness, and defended it afterwards with as great resolution.

The immediate consequence of this law was the recovery of several corporations, which the conformists had given to the dissenters, and the preservation of others, to which the "enterprising people" had made very bold and quick approaches.

It was hoped that this signal defeat would have discouraged the dissenters from any further attempts against a law, which had so unanimously passed both houses: But the contrary soon appeared. For, upon meeting of the Parliament, held by the Earl of Pembroke, they quickly reassumed their wonted courage and confidence, and made no doubt, but they should either procure an absolute repeal thereof, or get it so far relaxed, as that they might be admitted to offices of military trust: To this, they apprehended themselves encouraged by a paragraph in his Excellency's speech to both Houses (which they applied to themselves) which was, "That the Queen would be glad of any expedient, for strengthening the interests of her Protestant subjects of Ireland."

3: It will be remembered that the earl's viceroyalty commenced April 7th, 1707. It was in his train that Swift came to England in that year.[T.S.]]

The advocates for the dissenters immediately took hold of this handle, and in order to prepare the way for this expedient, insisted boldly upon their merit and loyalty, charged the Church with persecution, and extolled their signal behaviour in the late Revolution, to that degree, as if by their signal prowess, they had saved the nation.

But all this, was only to prepare the way for the grand engine, which was forming to beat down this law; and that was their expedient addresses.

The first of this kind was, from a provincial synod of the northern dissenters, beginning with high encomiums upon themselves, and as high demands from the public, "for their untainted loyalty in all turns of government," which they said, was "the natural consequence of their known principles"; expressions, which, had they been applied to them by their adversaries, must have been understood as spoken ironically, and indeed to have been the greatest sarcasm imaginable upon them; especially, when we consider the insolent treatment given to her Majesty in the very same address; for immediately after they pass this compliment upon themselves, they tell her Majesty, they deeply regret the Sacramental Test; and frankly declared, that neither the gentlemen, nor people of their persuasion, could (they must mean *would*) serve her, whatever exigencies might arise, unless that law was repealed.

The managers for the kirk, following this precedent, endeavoured to

obtain addresses to the same purpose from the corporations, and though they proved unsuccessful in most, they procured them from several of our most considerable conforming corporations; and that too at a critical juncture, when numbers of Scotch Presbyterians, who had deserved well in the affair of the Union, and could not be rewarded in England (where the Test Act was in force) stood ready to overrun our preferments as soon as the Test should be repealed in Ireland.

But after all when it came to a decisive trial in the House of Commons, the dissenters were defeated.

When the managers found the House of Commons could not be brought into that scheme of an expedient, to be offered by them; their refinement upon this, was, to move for an address, "That the House would accept of an expedient from her Majesty," but this also was rejected; for by this project, the managers would have led the Queen into this dilemma, either to disoblige the whole body of the dissenters, by refusing to name the expedient, or else to give up the conformists to the insults and encroachments of the dissenters, by the repeal of that law, which was declared by the House of Lords, to be the great security of the Established Church, and of the English interest of Ireland.

The next attempt they made against the Test was during the government of Lord Wharton.

4: Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant on November 25th, 1708. This Wharton is the Thomas, Lord Wharton, against whom Swift wrote one of his bitterest and most personal attacks. He was the eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, and was created a marquis by George I. He died April 12th, 1715. The ballad of "Lillibullero" is attributed to him. [T.S.]]

The dissenters seemed more resolute now than ever, to have the Test repealed, especially when his Excellency had declared from the throne, "that they were neither to be persecuted nor molested." For they who had all along called the Test Act a persecution, might reasonably conclude that grievance would be removed; when they were told by the chief governor, that they were not to be even "molested." But to their great confusion, they were soon undeceived, when they found upon trial, that the House of Commons, would not bear the least motion towards it.

Their movements to repeal the Test Act being stopped this way; the managers were obliged to take several other ways to come at it: And at the time, that some pretended to soothe, others seemed to threaten even the legislature, with a view, (as must be presumed) that those, whom they could not cajole, might be frightened into it.

5: Scott omits the words from "with a view" to the end of the paragraph. [T.S.]]

There happened about the time, when the project of the expedient was on foot, an excellent occasion, to express their resentments against this law, and that was, when great numbers of them refused the oath of allegiance, and to

oppose the Pretender; insisting upon a repeal of the Test Act, as the condition of their arming in defence of their Queen and country.

The government was not reduced to such straits, as to submit to that condition; and the Test stood firm, in spite of both the dissenters and the Pretender, until the latter was driven from our coasts: And then, one would have thought the hopes of the former, would have vanished with him.

But it proved quite contrary: For those sons of the earth, rebounding with fresh vigour from their falls, recovered new strength and spirit from every defeat, and the next attempt was bolder (considering the circumstances they were in) than any they had made before.

The case was this: The House of Lords of Ireland had accused them to the Queen of several illegal practices, which highly concerned the safety of our constitution, both in church and state: The particulars of which charge, were summed up in a representation from the Lords to this effect:

"That they (the dissenters) had opposed and persecuted the conformists, in those parts where their power prevailed, had invaded their congregations, propagated their schism in places where it had not the least footing formerly; that they were protected from a legal prosecution by a *noli prosequi* in the case of Drogheda."

"That they refused to take conforming apprentices, and confined trade among themselves, exclusive of the conformists."

"That in their illegal assemblies they had prosecuted and censured their people for being married according to law."

"That they have thrown public and scandalous reflections upon the Episcopal order, and upon our laws, particularly the Sacramental Test, and had misapplied the royal bounty of £1,200 *per annum*, in propagating their schism, and undermining the Church: And had exercised an illegal jurisdiction in their Presbyteries and Synods," &c.

To this representation of the Lords, the dissenters remonstrate in an address to the Queen, or rather an appeal to their own people, in which, although it is evident, they were conscious of those crimes whereof they stood accused, as appears by the evasions they make to this high charge. Yet even under these circumstances (such was their modesty) they pressed for a repeal of the Test Act, by the modest appellation of a grievance and odious mark of infamy, &c. Of which more hereafter. There is one particular in another address which I cannot omit. The House of Lords in their representation, had accused one dissenting teacher in particular (well known to Mr. Boyse). The charge was in these words:

"Nor has the legislature itself escaped the censure of a bold author of theirs, who has published in print, that the Sacramental Test is only an engine to advance a state faction, and to debase religion, to serve base and unworthy purposes."

To this, Mr. Boyse answers, in an address to the Queen, in the year 1712, subscribed only by himself, and five more dissenting teachers, in these words.

"As to this part of their Lordships' complaint, we beg leave to lay before your Majesty the words of that author, which are these.

"'Nor can we altogether excuse those, who turn the holy Eucharist into an engine, to advance a state faction, and endeavour to confine the communion table of our Lord, by their arbitrary enclosures to a party; religion is thereby debased to serve mean and unworthy purposes.' We humbly conceive that the author in that passage, makes no mention of the legislature at all, &c., and we cannot omit on this occasion, to regret it, as the great unhappiness of this kingdom, that dissenters should now be disabled from concurring in the defence of it, in any future exigency and danger, and should have the same infamy put upon them with the Irish Papists.

"We therefore humbly hope, that your Majesty shall consider, how little real grounds there are for those complaints made by their Lordships."

What a mixture of impudence and prevarication is this! That one dissenting teacher accused to his prince of having censured the legislature, should presume, backed only by five more of the same quality and profession, to transcribe the guilty paragraph, and (to secure his meaning from all possibility of being mistaken,) annex another to it; wherein, they rail at that very law, for which he in so audacious a manner censured the Queen and Parliament, and at the same time should expect to be acquitted by her Majesty, because he had not mentioned the word "legislature": 'Tis true the word legislature is not expressed in that paragraph; but let Mr. Boyse say, what other power but the legislature, could in this sense, "turn the holy Eucharist into an engine to advance a state faction, or confine offices of trust, or the communion table of our Lord, by their arbitrary enclosures, to a party." It is plain he can from his principles intend no others, but the legislators of the Sacramental Test; though at the same time I freely own, that this is a vile description of them: For neither have they by this law, made the Sacramental Test an engine to advance, but rather to depress a state faction, nor have they made any arbitrary enclosures, of the communion table of our Lord, since as many as please, may receive the Sacrament with us in our churches; and those who will not, may freely, as before, receive it in their separate congregations: Nor in the last place, is religion hereby debased, to serve mean and unworthy purposes; nor is it any more than all lawgivers do, by enjoining an oath of allegiance, and making that a religious test. For an oath is an act of religious worship as well as the Eucharist.

6: Scott remarks that "Mr. Boyse is here and in other places, spoken of as alive, which was the case, I presume, when the tract first appeared in 'The Correspondent.'" The tract, however, was printed in the periodical in 1733, and Boyse died in 1728. It may be that when Swift first wrote "The Narrative," Mr. Boyse was alive; in that case its date must be put down to an earlier year than either 1733 or even 1731. Or it may be that the style of so referring to Boyse was used for an argumentative effect, to appeal to any reader who was in sympathy with Boyse's opinions. [T.S.]]

Upon the whole, is not this an instance of prodigious boldness in Mr. Boyse, backed with only five dissenting teachers, thus to recriminate upon the Irish House of Lords (as they were pleased to call them in the title of their

printed address,) and almost to insist with her Majesty, upon the repeal of a law, which she had stamped with her royal authority, but a few years before?

The next instance, of the resolution of the dissenters, against this law, was the attempt made during the government of the Duke of Shrewsbury.

7: From this paragraph to the end is taken from "The Correspondent," No. iv. The text as given by Scott is considerably altered from that which appeared in the periodical. [T.S.]]

8: From September, 1713, until the Queen's death in 1714.
[T.S.]]

This attack was by the whole compacted body, of their teachers and elders, with a formidable engine, called a "representation of grievances," in which, after they had reviled the Test Act, with the same odious appellations, and insisted upon the same insolent arguments, for the repeal thereof, which they had formerly urged to the Queen: They expressed themselves to his Grace in these words:

"We beg leave to say, that those persons must be inexcusable, and chargeable, with all the bad consequences that may follow, who in such a kingdom as this, disable, disgrace, and divide Protestants; a thing that ought not to be done at any time, or in any place, much less than in this," &c.

Is it possible to conceive any thing more provoking than this humble supplication of these remonstrators? Does not this sound like a demand of the repeal of the Test, at the peril of those, who dare refuse it? Is it not an application with a hat in one hand, and a sword in the other, and that too, in the style of a King of Ulster, to a King of Connaught,—"Repeal the Test, or if you don't……"

But to proceed in this narrative: Notwithstanding the defeat of the dissenters in England, in their late attempt against the Test, their brethren in Ireland, are so far from being discouraged, that they seem now to conceive greater hopes of having it repealed here, than ever. What grounds they have for these hopes, was a secret to us, and I presume, to themselves; however private whispers begin now to grow into general rumours, and their managers proceed with great art and assiduity, from feeling of pulses, to telling of noses.

9: From this word to the end of this paragraph is omitted by
Scott.[T.S.]]

In order to prepare necessaries, and furnish topics for this attempt, there was a paper printed upon the opening of last session, and now republished; entitled, "The Nature and Consequences of the Sacramental Test considered, with reasons humbly offered for the Repeal thereof."

10: This pamphlet was reprinted in London in 1732. See note prefixed to "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit" [T.S.]]

It is not my intention, to follow this author, through all the mazes and windings of his reasoning upon this subject, which (in truth) seem such

incoherent shreds, that it is impossible to tie them together; and therefore, what I purpose is, to answer such objections to the Test, as are advanced either by this author, or any other which have any appearance of reason, or plausibility.

I know it is not prudent to despise an adversary, nor fair to prepossess readers, before I show this bold and insolent writer, in his proper figure and dress; and therefore, however I may take him to be a feeble advocate for the repeal of the Test, in point of reasoning, yet I freely allow him to be a most resolute champion in point of courage, who has, with such intrepidity, attacked, not only the first enactors of this law, but all such, who shall continue it, by giving their negatives to a repeal. I will in this "Correspondent" only transcribe a few quotations from this author, to shew the gallantry of this aggressor.

Page the 19th he says: "the truth is the imposition of the Test, and continuing it in such a state of the kingdom, appears (at first sight,) so great an absurdity in politics, as can never be accounted for."

11: Page 23 in edition London, 1732. [T.S.]]

Who are these absurd politicians? Who first passed, and secondly continue the Sacramental Test, in all the preceding attempts of the Dissenters to repeal it? Are they not the majority of both Houses of Parliament?

12: Omitted by Scott in his edition, 1824. [T.S.]]

But to strengthen his reflections, page 26, he gives the whole legislature to understand, that continuing the Test, does not become the wisdom, and justice of the legislature, under the pretence of its being for the advantage of the state, when it is really prejudicial to it; and further tells us, it infringes on the indisputable rights of the dissenters.

13: Pp. 32-33 in London reprint. Scott places passages here in quotation marks, the original in "The Correspondent" has no such marks, nor are the passages quoted verbatim from the pamphlet referred to.[T.S.]]

Page, the 57th, he says, "The gentlemen of the House of Commons, who framed the bill, to prevent the farther growth of Popery, instead of approving the Test clause which was inserted, publicly declared their dislike to it, and their resolution to take the first opportunity of repealing it, though at that time they unwillingly passed it, rather than lose a bill they were so fond of. This resolution has not been as yet fulfilled, for what reasons, our worthy patriots themselves know best."

14: P. 71 in London reprint [T.S.]]

I should be glad this author would inform us, who, and how many of those members joined in this resolution, to repeal the Test; or where that resolution is to be found, which he mentions twice in the same paragraph; surely not in the books of the House of Commons!

If not, suppose some few gentlemen in the House of Commons, and to be sure very few they were, who publicly declared their dislike to it, or entered into any resolution; this, I think, he should have explained, and not insinuated so gross a reflection on a great majority of the House of Commons, who first passed this law, and have ever since opposed all attempts to repeal it; these are the gentleman whom, in sarcasm and irony, he is pleased to call the "worthy," that is, the unworthy patriots themselves.

But to mention no more, he concludes his notable piece, with these remarkable words, pages 62-63.

15: P. 79 of London reprint. [T.S.]]

"Thus it appears, with regard to the Protestant succession, which has now happily taken place, how reasonable it is to repeal the Sacramental Test, and that granting that favour to the Dissenters," which, by the way, cannot be granted but by parliament; "can be disagreeable to none, who have a just sense of the many blessings we enjoy, by the Protestant succession, in his Majesty's royal family."

I will not trouble the reader with any more quotations, to the same purpose, out of this libel, for so I must now call it, but take leave to make some general observations on those paragraphs I have mentioned.

[Footnote: This paragraph is omitted by Scott. [T.S.]]

I conceive, it will be readily allowed, that in all applications, either from any body of men, or from any particular subject to the legislature, or any branch thereof, we are to take the highest encomiums as purely complimental; if there be the least insinuation of disrespect or reflection therein, in such cases I say, you are to take the compliments in the lowest sense, but all the reflections in the highest sense the expressions can bear; inasmuch as, the first may be presumed matter of form, the latter must be matter of resentment.

[Footnote: This paragraph is much curtailed by Scott, who combines it with the next paragraph of the present text. [T.S.]]

Now, if we apply this observation, to what this bold adventurer has said, with respect to the legislators, of the Sacramental Test; Does he not directly and plainly charge them with injustice, imprudence, gross absurdity and Jacobitism? Let the most prejudiced reader that is not pre-determined against conviction, say, whether this libeller of the parliament, has not drawn up a high charge against the makers and continuers of this law.

It is readily allowed, that this has been the old style of these champions, who have attacked the Test, as in the instances before mentioned, with this difference, that he descends lower in his charge, and has been more particular than any of his brethren.

[Footnote: This paragraph is omitted by Scott. [T.S.]]

Notwithstanding my resentment, which to be sure, he does not value, I would be sorry he should bring upon himself the resentment of those he has been so free with, and I cannot help advising him, to take all possible care, and use all effectual means, to conjure the printer, corrector, and publisher of this libel to secrecy; that however the author may be suspected, he may not be discovered. Upon the whole, is not this author, justly to be reputed a defamer, till he produces instances wherein the conforming nobility and gentry of Ireland, have shown their disaffection to the succession of the illustrious House of Hanover?

Did they ever refuse the oath of abjuration, or support any conforming nonjuring teachers in their congregations? Did ever any conforming gentlemen, or common people, refuse to be arrayed, when the militia was raised, upon the invasion of the Pretender? Did any of them ever shew the least reluctance, or make any exception against their officers, whether they were Dissenters or Churchmen?

It may be said, that from these insinuations, I would have it understood, that the dissenters encouraged some of their teachers, who refused the oath of abjuration; and that even in the article of danger, when the Pretender made his attempt in Scotland, our northern Presbyterians shewed great reluctance in taking arms, upon the array of militia.

I freely own it is my intention; and I must affirm both facts to be true, however they have the assurance to deny it.

What can be more notorious, than the protection, countenance, and support, which was continued to Riddall, McBride, and McCrackan, who absolutely refused the oath of abjuration; and yet were continued to teach in their congregations, after they returned from Scotland, when a prosecution was directed, and a council in criminal causes, was sent down to the county of Antrim to prosecute them.

16: Riddall, McBride, and McCrackan were three Presbyterian clergymen who refused to take the oath of abjuring the Pretender. Of Riddall and McCrackan little is known; but John McBride (1651?-1718) (according to the writer in the "Dictionary of National Biography") was born in Ulster, and graduated at Glasgow. He was a strong advocate of the Hanoverian succession, but avoided the oath of abjuration, in 1703, by retiring to Glasgow. He returned to Belfast in 1713, and died there. His humorous excuse for non-abjuration is recorded by the writer of the article in the Dictionary, and is worth repeating: "Once upon a time there was a bearn, that cou'd not be persuaded to bann the de'el because he did not know but he might soon come into his clutches." [T.S.]]

With respect to the parliament; did ever any House of Commons shew greater alacrity in raising money, and equipping ships, in defence of the King, than the last House did upon the expected invasion of the Pretender? And did ever any parliament give money with greater unanimity, for the support of the Crown, than the present has done, whatever the wants of their private families might be? And must a very great majority of those persons, be branded with the infamous aspersion of disaffection to the illustrious House of Hanover, should they refuse to give their voices for the repeal of the Test?

I am fully persuaded that this author, and his fellow-labourers, do not

believe one word of this heavy charge; but their present circumstances are such, that they must run all hazards.

In many places their congregations are sub-divided, and have chosen an *Old* and *New Light* teacher, and consequently those stipends must support two, which were enjoyed by one before.

17: This paragraph is omitted by Scott. [T.S.]]

A great number of the nonconforming gentlemen daily leave them, though they have not made any convert to their persuasion, among the conforming gentlemen of fortune; many who were nonconformists themselves, and many men whose parents were elders, or rigid nonconformists, are now constant communicants, and justices of peace in their several counties; insomuch, that it is highly probable, should the Test continue twenty years longer, there would not be a gentleman left to solicit a repeal.

I shall hereafter take occasion to shew, how inconsiderable they are, for their numbers and fortunes, who can be served or obliged by this repeal, which number is daily lessening.

The dissenting teachers are sufficiently aware, that the general conformity of the gentlemen, will be followed, by the conformity of numbers of the people; and should it not be so, that they will be but poorly supported by them; that by the continuance of the Test, "their craft will be in danger to be set at nought," and in all probability, will end in a general conformity of the Presbyterians to the Established Church.

So that, they have the strongest reasons in the world, to press for the repeal of the Test; but those reasons, must have equal force for the continuance of it, with all that wish the peace of the Church and State, and would not have us torn in pieces, with endless and causeless divisions.

There is one short passage more, I had like to have omitted, which our author leaves as a sting in the tail of his libel; his words are these, page 59th.

18: P. 74 in London reprint. [T.S.]]

"The truth is, no one party of a religious denomination, in Britain or Ireland, were so united, as they, (the dissenters) indeed, no one, but they, in an inviolable attachment to the Protestant succession." To detect the folly of this assertion, I subjoin the following letter from a person of known integrity, and inviolably attached to the Protestant succession, as any dissenter in the kingdom, I mean Mr. Warreng of Warrengstown, then a member of parliament, and commissioner of array, in the county of Down, upon the expected invasion of the Pretender.

This letter was writ in a short time after the array, of the militia, for the truth of which I refer to Mr. Warreng himself.

"Sir,

"That I may fulfil your desire, by giving you an account, how the

dissenters in my neighbourhood behaved themselves, when we were threatened with an invasion of the Pretender. Be pleased to know, that upon an alarm given of his being landed near Derry, none were more zealous and ready in setting watch and keeping guard, than they, to prevent such disorders, as might happen at that time, by ill-designing persons, passing through, and disturbing the peace of the country.

"But when the government thought fit, to have the kingdom arrayed, and sent commissioners into these parts, some time after it appeared, that the dissenters had, by that time, been otherwise instructed, for several who were so forward before, behaved themselves after a very different manner, some refusing, and others with reluctancy, appearing upon the array, to be enlisted, and serve in the militia.

"This behaviour surprised me so much, that I took occasion to discourse several of them, over whom, I thought I had as much influence, as any other person, and found them upon the common argument, of having their hands tied up by a late act of parliament, &c. *Whereupon I took some pains to shew the act to them, and wherein they were mistaken.* I further pressed their concurrence with us, in procuring the common peace and security of our country, and though they seemed convinced by what I said, yet I was given to understand, their behaviour was according to the sentiments of some persons, whom they thought themselves obliged to observe, or be directed by, &c."

QUAERIES WROTE BY DR. J. SWIFT, IN THE YEAR 1732

[RELATING TO THE SACRAMENTAL TEST.]

Very proper to be read (at this Time) by every Member of the Established Church.

NOTE.

The text of this tract is based on that of the original broadside, collated with those given by Faulkner and Scott. In 1733 was also published a broadside with the title: "Queries upon the Demand of the Presbyterians to have the Sacramental Test repealed at this Session of Parliament." These queries seem to be based on those by Swift, though they are not quite the same. [T.S.]

QUAERIES WROTE BY DR. J. SWIFT, IN THE YEAR 1732.

QUERY.

Whether hatred and violence between parties in a state be not more inflamed by different views of interest, than by the greater or lesser differences between them, either in religion or government?

Whether it be any part of the question, at this time, which of the two religions is worse, Popery, or Fanaticism; or not rather, which of the two, (having both the same good will) is in the hopefullest condition to ruin the Church?

Whether the sectaries, whenever they come to prevail, will not ruin the Church as infallibly and effectually as the Papists?

Whether the prevailing sectaries could allow liberty of conscience to Dissenters, without belying all their former practice, and almost all their former writings?

Whether many hundred thousand Scotch Presbyterians, are not full as virulent against the Episcopal Church, as they are against the Papists; or, as they would have us think, the Papists are against them?

Whether the Dutch, who are most distinguished for allowing liberty of conscience, do ever admit any persons, who profess a different scheme of worship from their own, into civil employments; although they *may* be forced by the nature of their government, to receive mercenary troops of all religions?

Whether the Dissenters ever pretended, until of late years, to desire more than a bare toleration?

Whether, if it be true, what a sorry pamphleteer asserts, who lately writ for repealing the Test, that the Dissenters in this kingdom are equally numerous with the Churchmen: It would not be a necessary point of prudence, by all proper and lawful means to prevent their further increase?

The great argument given by those whom they call *Low* Church men, to justify the large tolerations allowed to Dissenters, hath been; that by such indulgencies, the rancour of those sectaries would gradually wear off, many of them would come over to us, and their parties, in a little time, crumble to nothing.

QUERY.

If what the above pamphleteer asserts, that the sectaries, are in equal numbers with conformists, it doth not clearly follow, that those repeated tolerations, have operated directly contrary to what those *Low* Church politicians pretended to foresee and expect.

Whether any clergyman, however dignified or distinguished, if he think his own profession most agreeable to Holy Scriptures, and the primitive Church, can really wish in his heart, that all sectaries should be upon an equal foot with the Churchmen, in the point of civil power and employments?

Whether Episcopacy, which is held by the Church to be a divine and apostolic institution, be not a fundamental point of religion, particularly in that essential one of conferring holy orders?

Whether, by necessary consequences, the several expedients among the sectaries to constitute their teachers, are not absolutely null and void?

Whether the sectaries will ever agree to accept ordination only from bishops?

Whether the bishops and clergy will be content to give up Episcopacy, as a point indifferent, without which the Church can well subsist?

Whether that great tenderness towards sectaries, which now so much prevails, be chiefly owing to the fears of Popery, or to that spirit of atheism, deism, scepticism, and universal immorality, which all good men so much lament?

Granting Popery to have many more errors in religion than any one branch of the sectaries; let us examine the actions of both, as they have each affected the peace of these kingdoms, with allowance for the short time which the sectaries had to act in, who are in a manner *but of yesterday*. The Papists in the time of King James II. used all endeavours to establish their superstition; wherein they failed, by the united power of English Church protestants, with the Prince of Orange's assistance. But it cannot be asserted, that these bigotted Papists had the least design to depose or murder their King, much less to abolish kingly government; nor was it their interest or inclination to attempt either.

On the other side the Puritans, who had almost from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, been a perpetual thorn in the Church's side, joining with the Scotch enthusiasts, in the time of King Charles the First, were the principal cause of the Irish rebellion and massacre, by distressing that Prince, and making it impossible for him to send over timely succours. And, after that pious Prince had satisfied his Parliament in every single point to be complained of; the same sectaries by poisoning the minds and affections of the people, with the most false and wicked representations of their King, were able, in the compass of a few years, to embroil the three nations in a bloody rebellion, at the expense of many thousand lives; to turn the kingly power into anarchy; or murder their Prince in the face of the world, and (in their own style) to destroy the Church *root and branch*.

The account therefore stands thus. The Papists aimed at one pernicious

act, which was to destroy the Protestant religion; wherein, by God's mercy, and the assistance of our glorious King William, they absolutely failed. The sectaries attempted the three most infernal actions, that could possibly enter into the hearts of men, forsaken by God; which were, the murder of a most pious King, the destruction of our monarchy, and the extirpation of the Church; and succeeded in them all.

Upon which, I put the following queries. Whether any of those sectaries have ever yet in a solemn public manner, renounced any one of those principles upon which their predecessors then acted?

Whether, considering the cruel persecutions of the Episcopal Church, during the course of that horrid rebellion and the consequences of it, until the happy Restoration; is it not manifest, that the persecuting spirit lieth so equally divided between the Papists and the sectaries, that a feather would turn the balance on either side?

And, therefore, lastly, Whether any person of common understanding, who professeth himself a member of the Church established, although, perhaps, with little inward regard to any religion (which is too often the case) if he loveth the peace and welfare of his country; can, after cool thinking, rejoice to see a power placed again in the hands of so restless, so ambitious, and so merciless a faction, to act over all the same parts a second time?

Whether the candour of that expression, so frequent of late in sermons and pamphlets, of the "strength and number of the Papists in Ireland," can be justified? For as to their number, however great, it is always magnified in proportion to the zeal, or politics, of the speaker and writer; but it is a gross imposition upon common reason, to terrify us with their strength. For Popery, under the circumstances it lieth in this kingdom; although it be offensive, and inconvenient enough, from the consequences it hath to increase the rapine, sloth and ignorance, as well as poverty of the natives; is not properly dangerous in that sense, as some would have us take it; because it is universally hated by every party of a different religious profession. It is the contempt of the wise: The best topic for clamours of designing men: But the real terror only of fools. The landed Popish interest in England, far exceedeth that among us, even in proportion to the wealth and extent of each kingdom. The little that remaineth here, is daily dropping into Protestant hands, by purchase or descent; and that affected complaint of counterfeit converts, will fall with the cause of it in half a generation; unless it be raised or kept alive, as a continual fund of merit and eloquence. The Papists are wholly disarmed. They have neither courage, leaders, money, or inclinations to rebel. They want every advantage which they formerly possessed, to follow that trade; and wherein, even with those advantages, they always miscarried. They appear very easy, and satisfied under that connivance which they enjoyed during the whole last reign; nor ever scrupled to reproach another party, under which they pretend to have suffered so much severity.

Upon these considerations I must confess to have suspended much of my

pity towards the great dreaders of Popery; many of whom appear to be hale, strong, active young men; who, as I am told, eat, drink, and sleep heartily; and are very cheerful (as they have exceeding good reason) upon all other subjects. However, I cannot too much commend the generous concern, which, our neighbours and others, who come from the same neighbourhood, are so kind to express for us upon this account; although the former be further removed from the dangers of Popery, by twenty leagues of salt water: But this, I fear, is a digression.

When an artificial report was raised here many years ago, of an intended invasion by the Pretender, (which blew over after it had done its office) the Dissenters argued in their talk, and in their pamphlets, after this manner, applying themselves to those of the Church. "Gentlemen, if the Pretender had landed, as the law now standeth, we durst not assist you; and therefore, unless you take off the Test, whenever you shall happen to be invaded in earnest, if we are desired to take up arms in your defence, our answer shall be, Pray, gentlemen, fight your own battles, we will lie by quietly; conquer your enemies by yourselves, if you can; we will not do your drudgery." This way of reasoning I have heard from several of their chiefs and abettors, in an hundred conversations; and have read it in twenty pamphlets: And, I am confident, it will be offered again, if the project should fail to take off the Test.

1: See note, p. 40, referring to the poem:

"The Grunters' request
To take off the Test." [T.S.]]

Upon which piece of oratory and reasoning I form the following query. Whether, in case of an invasion from the Pretender (which is not quite so probable as from the Grand Signior) the Dissenters can, with prudence and safety, offer the same plea; except they shall have made a previous stipulation with the invaders? And, Whether the full freedom of their religion and trade, their lives, properties, wives and children, are not, and have not always been reckoned sufficient motives for repelling invasions, especially in our sectaries, who call themselves the truest Protestants, by virtue of their pretended or real fierceness against Popery?

Whether omitting or neglecting to celebrate the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles the First, enjoined by Act of Parliament, can be justly reckoned a particular and distinguishing mark of good affection to the present government?

Whether in those churches, where the said day is observed, it will fully answer the intent of the said Act; if the preacher shall commend, excuse, palliate, or extenuate the murder of that royal Martyr; and lay the guilt of that horrid rebellion, with all its consequences, the following usurpations, the entire destruction of the Church, the cruel and continual persecutions of those

who could be discovered to profess its doctrines, with the ensuing Babel of fanaticism, to the account of that blessed King; who, by granting the Petition of Right, and passing every bill that could be asked for the security of the subject, had, by the confession even of those wicked men, before the war began, left them nothing more to demand?

Whether such a preacher as I have named, (whereof there have been more than *one* not many years past, even in the presence of viceroys) who takes that course as a means for promotion; may not be thought to step a little out of the common road, in a monarchy where the descendants of that most blessed Martyr have reigned to this day?

I ground the reason of making these queries, on the title of the act; to which I refer the reader.

THE ADVANTAGES PROPOSED BY REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST, IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED

BY THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,

Dublin, Printed; London, Re-printed for J. Roberts at the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane. 1732. (Price Six-pence.)

NOTE.

The text here given is that of the London reprint of the original edition, which has been collated with that given by Faulkner (vol. iv., 1735). In 1790 the tract was reprinted by J. Walters, and it is evidently from this reprint that Scott obtained his text; for the two agree in almost every particular. [T.S.]

THE ADVANTAGES PROPOSED BY REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST, IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED

Whoever writes impartially upon this subject, must do it not only as a mere secular man, but as one who is altogether indifferent to any particular system of Christianity. And, I think, in whatever country that religion predominates, there is one certain form of worship and ceremony, which is looked upon as the established, and consequently only the priests of that particular form, are maintained at the public charge, and all civil employments are bestowed among those who comply (at least outwardly) with the same establishment.

This method is strictly observed, even by our neighbours the Dutch, who are confessed to allow the fullest liberty to conscience of any Christian state; and yet are never known to admit any persons into religious or civil offices, who do not conform to the legal worship. As to their military men, they are indeed not so scrupulous, being, by the nature of their government, under a necessity of hiring foreign troops of whatever religious denomination, upon every great emergency, and maintaining no small number in time of peace.

This caution therefore of making one established faith, seems to be universal, and founded upon the strongest reasons; the mistaken, or affected zeal of obstinacy, and enthusiasm, having produced such a number of horrible, destructive events, throughout all Christendom. For, whoever begins to think the national worship is wrong, in any important article of practice or belief, will, if he be serious, naturally have a zeal to make as many proselytes as he can, and a nation may possibly have an hundred different sects with their leaders; every one of which hath an equal right to plead; they must "obey God rather than man," must "cry aloud and spare not," must "lift up their voice like a trumpet"

This was the very case of England, during the fanatic times. And against all this, there seems to be no defence, but that of supporting one established form of doctrine and discipline; leaving the rest to a bare liberty of conscience, but without any maintenance or encouragement from the public.

Wherever this national religion grows so corrupt, or is thought to do so by a very great majority of learned people, joined to the governing party, whether prince or senate, or both, it ought to be changed, provided the work might be done without blood or tumults. Yet, whenever such a change shall be made, some other establishment must succeed (although for the worse), allowing all deviations that would break the union to be only tolerated. In this sense, those who affirm, that every law, which is contrary to the law of God, is void in itself, seem to be mistaken. For, many laws in Popish kingdoms and states, many more among the Turks, and perhaps not a few in other countries, are directly against the divine laws; and yet, God knows, are very far from being void in the executive parts.

1: Scott has “landed.” [T.S.]]

2: Scott has “confusion.” [T.S.]]

Thus, for instance, if the three estates of Parliament in England (whereof the lords spiritual are one) should agree, and obtain the royal assent to abolish Episcopacy, together with the liturgy, and the whole frame of the English church, as “burthensome, dangerous, and contrary to Holy Scripture”; and that Presbytery, Anabaptism, Quakerism, Independency, or any other subdivided sect among us, should be established in its place; without question, all peaceable subjects ought passively to submit, and the predominant sect must become the religion established, the public maintaining no other teachers, nor admitting any persons of a different religious profession, into civil offices; at least, if their intention be to preserve the nation in peace.

3: Scott inserts here the words: “who represent the Church.” [T.S.]]

4: Scott inserts here “Muggletonianism, Brownism, Familism.” [T.S.]]

Supposing then, that the present system of religion were abolished; and Presbytery, which stands much the fairest, with its synods and classes, and all its forms and ceremonies, essential or circumstantial, were erected into the national worship: Their teachers, and no others, could have any legal claim to be supported at the public charge, whether by stipends or tithes; and only the rest of the same faith to be capable of civil employments.

If there be any true reasoning in what I have laid down, it should seem, that the project now in agitation for repealing the Test Act, and yet leaving the name of an establishment to the present national church, is altogether inconsistent, and may admit of consequences, which those, who are the most indifferent to any religion at all, are possibly not aware of.

I presume, whenever the Test shall be repealed, which obliges all men, who enter into office under the Crown, to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of Ireland, the way to employments will immediately be left open to all dissenters, (except Papists) whose consciences can suffer them to take the common oaths in such cases prescribed, after which they are qualified to fill any lay station in this kingdom, from that of chief governor, to an exciseman.

Thus of the three judges on each bench, the first may be a Presbyterian, the second a Free-will Baptist, and the third a Churchman; the Lord Chancellor may be an Independent; the revenues may be managed by seven commissioners of as many different sects; and the like of all other employments. Not to mention the strong probability, that the lawfulness of taking oaths may be *revealed* to the Quakers, who then will stand upon as good a foot for preferment, as any other loyal subject. It is easy to imagine,

under such a motley administration of affairs, what a clashing there will be of interests and inclinations, what puttings and haulings backwards and forwards, what a zeal and bias in each religionist, to advance his own tribe, and depress the others. For, I suppose nothing will be readier granted, than that how indifferent soever most men are in faith and morals, yet whether out of artifice, natural complexion, or love of contradiction, none are more obstinate in maintaining their own opinions, and worrying all who differ from them, than those who publicly shew the least sense, either of religion or common honesty.

5: Scott has "obvious." [T.S.]]

As to the latter, Bishop Burnet tells us, that the Presbyterians, in the fanatic times, professed themselves to be above morality; which, as we find in some of their writings, was numbered among the "beggarly elements"; and accordingly at this day, no scruples of conscience with regard to conformity, are in any trade or calling, inconsistent with the greatest fraud, oppression, perjury, or any other vice.

This brings to my memory a passage in Montaigne, of a common prostitute, who, in the storming of a town, when a soldier came up to her chamber, and offered violence to her chastity, rather chose to venture her neck, by leaping out of the window, than suffer a rape; yet still continued her trade of lewdness, whilst she had any customers left.

6: The passage referred to by Swift is to be found in the first chapter of the second book of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays"—"Of the Inconstancie of our Actions." [T.S.]]

I confess, that in my private judgment, an unlimited permission of all sects whatsoever (except Papists) to enjoy employments, would be less pernicious to the public, than a fair struggle between two contenders; because in the former case, such a jumble of principles, might possibly have the effect of contrary poisons mingled together, which a strong constitution might perhaps be able for some time to survive.

But however, I shall take the other, and more probable supposition, that this battle for employments, is to be fought only between the Presbyterians, and those of the church *yet* established. I shall not enter into the merits of either side, by examining which of the two is the better spiritual economy, or which is most suited to the civil constitution: But the question turns upon this point: When the Presbyterians shall have got their share of employments (which, must be one full half, or else they cannot look upon themselves as fairly dealt with) I ask, whether they ought not by their own principles, and by the strictest rules of conscience, to use the utmost of their skill, power, and influence, in order to reduce the whole kingdom to an uniformity in religion, both as to doctrine and discipline, most agreeable to the word of God. Wherein, if they can succeed without blood (as, under the present disposition of things, it is very possible they may) it is to be hoped they will at last be

satisfied: Only I would warn them of a few difficulties. The first is for compromising that important controversy about the *Old Light* and the *New*; which otherwise may, after this establishment, split them as wide as Papist and Protestant, Whig and Tory, or Churchmen and Dissenters; and consequently the work will be to begin again. For in religious quarrels, it is of little moment how few or small the differences are, especially when the dispute is only about power. Thus the jealous Presbyterians of the north, are more alienated from the established clergy, than from the Romish priests; taxing the former with idolatrous worship, as disguised Papists, ceremony-mongers, and many other terms of arts, and this for a very powerful reason, because the clergy stand in their way, which the Popish priests do not. Thus I am assured, that the quarrel between *Old* and *New Light men*, is managed with more rage and rancour, than any other dispute of the highest importance; and this because it serves to lessen or increase their several congregations, from whom they receive their contributions.

7: See "The Correspondent," Nos. 1 and 2, 1733, and note prefixed to present reprint of "Narrative of Several Attempts for the Repeal of the Sacramental Test" [T.S.]]

Another difficulty which may embarrass the Presbyterians after their establishment, will be how to adjust their claim of the kirk's independency on the civil power, with the constitution of this monarchy; a point so delicate, that it hath often filled the heads of great patriots with dangerous notions of the church-clergy, without the least ground of suspicion.

As to the Presbyterians allowing liberty of conscience to those of Episcopal principles, when their own kirk is predominant, their writers are so universally agreed in the negative, as well as their practice during Oliver's reign, that I believe no reasonable Churchman, (who must then be a dissenter) will expect it.

I shall here take notice, that in the division of employments among the Presbyterians, after this approaching repeal of the Test Act, supposing them, in proper time, to have an equal share, I compute the odds will be three or four to one on their side, in any further scheme they may have towards making their religion national. For I reckon, all those gentlemen sent over from England, whatever religion they profess, or have been educated in, to be of that party: Since it is no mark of prudence, for any persons to oppose the current of a nation, where they are in some sort only sojourners, unless they have it in direction.

If there be any maxim in politics, not to be controlled, it must be the following: That those whose private interest is united with the interest of their country, supposing them to be of equal understanding with the rest of their neighbours, will heartily wish, that the nation should thrive. Out of these are indubitably excepted all persons who are sent from another kingdom, to be employed in places of profit or power; because they can possibly bear no affection to the place where they sojourn, even for life; their sole business

being to advance themselves, by following the advice of their principals. I except, likewise, those persons who are taken into offices, although natives of the land, because they are greater gainers while they keep their offices, than they could possibly be by mending the miserable condition of their country.

I except, Thirdly, all hopers, who, by balancing accounts with themselves, turn the scale on the same side; because the strong expectation of a good certain salary, will outweigh the loss by bad rents, received out of lands in moneyless times.

If my lords, the bishops, who, I hear, are now employed in a scheme for regulating the conduct and maintenance of the inferior clergy, shall in their wisdom and piety, and love of the church, consent to this repeal of the Test, I have not the least doubt, that the whole reverend body will cheerfully submit to their spiritual fathers, of whose paternal tenderness for their welfare, they have already found so many amazing instances.

I am not, therefore, under the least concern about the clergy on this account. They will (*for some time*) be no great sufferers by this repeal; because I cannot recollect among all our sects, any one that gives latitude enough to take the oaths required at an institution to a church-living; and, until that bar shall be removed, the present Episcopal clergy are safe for two years. Although it may be thought somewhat unequal, that in the northern parts, where there may be three Dissenters to one Churchman, the whole revenue should be engrossed by one who hath so small a part of the cure.

It is true, indeed, that this disadvantage, which the Dissenters at present lie under, of a disability to receive church-preferments, will be easily remedied by the repeal of the Test. For the dissenting teachers are under no incapacity of accepting civil and military employments, wherein they agree perfectly with the Popish clergy, among whom great cardinals and prelates have been commanders of armies, chief ministers, knights of many orders, ambassadors, secretaries of state, and in most high offices under the Crown, although they assert the indelible character, which no sectaries among us did ever assume. But, that many, both Presbyterians and Independents, commanders, as well as private soldiers, were professed preachers in the time of their dominion, is allowed by all. Cromwell himself was a preacher, and hath left us one of his sermons in print: So was Col. Howard, Sir George Downing, and several others whose names are on record. I can, therefore, see no reason why a painful Presbyterian teacher, as soon as the Test shall be repealed, may not be privileged, to hold along with his spiritual office and stipend, a commission in the army, or the civil list *in commendam*: For, as I take it, the Church of England is the only body of Christians, which, in effect, disqualifies those who are employed to preach its doctrine, from sharing in the civil power, further than as senators; which, however, was an institution begun in times of Popery, many hundred years before the Reformation, and woven with the very institution of this limited monarchy.

8: Scott inserts here the words: “exactly in the same style and manner with those of our modern Presbyterian teachers.”

[T.S.]]

9: Sir George Downing (1623?-1684) born in England, completed his education at Harvard, Mass., U.S.A. In 1650, we hear of him as scout-master general of Cromwell's army in Scotland. He wrote many of the letters in "Mercurius Politicus." Distinguished himself principally as Cromwell's ambassador in France and Holland. Through Thomas Howard, however, he obtained an opportunity while legate in Holland for the Rump Parliament, for ingratiating himself in Charles II.'s favour. This Howard was brother to the Earl of Suffolk. As a consequence of this favour, Downing was made a baronet at the Restoration; and although a man of undoubted ability, his character has come down to us by no means free from taint. Many of his despatches are quoted by Clarendon in that writer's great history. Downing also wrote: "A Reply to the Remarks of the Deputies of the States-General upon Sir G. Downing's Memorial," 1665,; and "Discourses vindicating his Royal Master from a Libel," 1672. [T.S.]]

10: Scott has, instead of "which, however, was an institution," the words, "yet this was a privilege." [T.S.]]

There is indeed another method, by which the stipends of dissenting teachers may be raised, and the farmer much relieved; If it should be thought proper to reward a people so deserving, and so loyal by their principles. Every bishop, upon the vacancy of a church-living, can sequester the profits for the use of the next incumbent. Upon a lapse of half a year, the donation falls to the archbishop, and after a full year to the Crown, during pleasure; therefore it would be no hardship for any clergyman alive, if, in those parts of Ireland, where the number of sectaries much exceed that of the conformists, the profits, when sequestered, might be applied to the support of the dissenting teacher, who hath so many souls to take care of, whereby the poor tenants would be much relieved in these hard times, and in a better condition to pay their rents.

But there is another difficulty in this matter, against which a remedy doth not so readily occur. For, supposing the Test Act repealed, and the Dissenters in consequence fully qualified for all secular employments, the question may still be put, whether those of Ireland will be often the persons on whom they shall be bestowed; because it is imagined, there may be another *seminary* in view, *more numerous* and *more needy*, as well as *more meriting*, and more easily contented with such low offices, as some nearer neighbours hardly think it worth stirring from their chimney-sides to obtain. And, I am told, it is the common practice of those who are skilled in the management of bees, that when they see a foreign swarm at some distance, approaching with an intention to plunder their hives, these artists have a trick to divert them into some neighbouring apiary, there to make what havoc they please. This I should not have hinted, if I had not known it already, to have gotten ground in many suspecting heads: For it is the peculiar talent of this nation, to see dangers afar off: To all which I can only say, that our native Presbyterians, must, by pains and industry, raise such a fund of *merit*, as will answer to a birth six degrees more to the north. If they cannot arrive at this perfection, as several of the established church have compassed by indefatigable pains, I do not well see how their affairs will much mend by repealing the Test; for, to be qualified by law for an employment, and yet to be disqualified in fact, as it will much increase the mortification, so it will withdraw the pity of many

among their well-wishers, and utterly deprive them of that merit, they have so long made of being a loyal, true Protestant people, persecuted only for religion.

11: Scotland.]

12: Scott has “to accept.” [T.S.]]

If this happen to be their case, they must wait maturity of time, till they can by prudent, gentle steps make their faith become the religion established in the nation, after which, I do not in the least doubt, their taking the most effectual methods to secure their power against those who must then be Dissenters in their turn, whereof, if we may form a future opinion from present times, and the disposition of Dissenters, who love to make a thorough reformation, the number and qualities will be very inconsiderable.

Thus I have with the utmost sincerity, after long thinking, given my judgment upon this arduous affair; but with the utmost deference and submission to public wisdom and power.

REASONS HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND FOR REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST

NOTE.

In the 4to edition of Swift's works (1755) is given the following note:

"The author having before examined 'The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit' with respect to their own principles and practices, has in this tract put them in the balance against Papists."

In a reprint of this tract in the second volume of "Political Tracts," 2 vols. 8vo, 1738, London, is the following "Advertisement" — neither Scott, Faulkner, nor Hawkesworth give this. Probably it appeared in the first edition; but as I have not been able to come across this, I am not certain.

"In the years 1732, and 1733, an attempt was made for repealing the Test Act in Ireland, introductory of a like attempt in England. The various arguments for it were answered in every shape; but no way more effectually than by examining what pretence the Presbyterians had to share in all the privileges of government, either from their own principles and behaviour, or compared with those of other sectaries. Under the former head they were fully silenced by our author in 'The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit Impartially Examined'. They are now put in the balance with Papists, whom though they have sometimes styled their brethren in adversity, yet when placed in competition, they will hate as brethren likewise. But let them here dispute the preference, and then put in their claim to be part of the establishment." "The arguments pretended to be urged by the Roman Catholics, in this tract," says Monck Mason, "consist partly of true statements and partly of ironical allusions, which are combined together into such a trellis work, as to render it almost unassailable."

The text here given is that from the 4to edition (1755) of Swift's Works, collated with that in the second volume of "Political Tracts" above referred to. [T.S.]

REASONS

Humbly offered to the PARLIAMENT of IRELAND
For Repealing the
SACRAMENTAL TEST, &c.
IN FAVOUR OF
THE CATHOLICS,
OTHERWISE CALLED ROMAN CATHOLICS,

AND BY THEIR ILL-WISHERS PAPISTS.

Drawn partly from Arguments as they are Catholics, and partly from Arguments common to them with their Brethren the

Dissenters.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

It is well known, that the first conquerors of this kingdom were English Catholics, subjects to English Catholic kings, from whom, by their valour and success, they obtained large portions of land given them as a reward for their many victories over the Irish: To which merit our brethren the Dissenters of any denomination whatsoever, have not the least pretensions.

It is confessed, that the posterity of those first victorious Catholics were often forced to rise in their own defence, against new colonies from England, who treated them like mere native Irish, with innumerable oppressions; depriving them of their lands, and driving them by force of arms into the most desolate parts of the kingdom. Till in the next generation, the children of these tyrants were used in the same manner by new English adventurers, which practice continued for many centuries. But it is agreed on all hands, that no insurrections were ever made, except after great oppressions by fresh invaders. Whereas all the rebellions of Puritans, Presbyterians, Independents, and other sectaries, constantly began before any provocations were given, except that they were not suffered to change the government in Church and State, and seize both into their own hands; which, however, at last they did, with the murder of their King and of many thousands of his best subjects.

The Catholics were always defenders of monarchy, as constituted in these kingdoms. Whereas our brethren the Dissenters were always republicans, both in principle and practice. It is well known that all the Catholics of these kingdoms, both priests and laity, are true Whigs in the best and most proper sense of the word; bearing as well in their hearts, as in their outward profession, an entire loyalty to the royal house of Hanover in the person and

posterity of George II. against the Pretender and all his adherents. To which they think themselves bound in gratitude as well as conscience, by the lenity wherewith they have been treated since the death of Queen Anne, so different from what they suffered in the four last years of that Princess, during the administration of that *wicked* minister, the Earl of Oxford.

The Catholics of this kingdom humbly hope, that they have at least as fair a title as any of their brother Dissenters, to the appelation of Protestants. They have always protested against the selling, dethroning, or murdering their Kings: Against the usurpations and avarice of the court of Rome: Against Deism, Atheism, Socinianism, Quakerism, Muggletonianism, Fanaticism, Brownism, as well as against all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics. Whereas the title of Protestants assumed by the whole herd of Dissenters (except ourselves) dependeth entirely upon their protesting against archbishops, bishops, deans, and chapters, with their revenues; and the whole hierarchy. Which are the very expressions used in The Solemn League and Covenant, where the word Popery is only mentioned *ad invidiam*; because the Catholics agree with the Episcopal church in those fundamentals.

1: A solemn league and covenant entered into between the Scots and English fanatics, in the rebellion against King Charles I., 1643, by which they solemnly engaged, among other things, "To endeavour the extirpation of prelacy, that is, church government by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and all other episcopal officers, depending on that hierarchy." [H.]]

Although the Catholics cannot deny, that in the great rebellion against King Charles I. more soldiers of their religion were in the Parliament army than in His Majesty's troops; and that many Jesuits and friars went about in the disguise of Presbyterian and Independent ministers, to preach up rebellion; as the best historians of those times inform us; yet the bulk of Catholics in both kingdoms preserved their loyalty entire.

The Catholics have some reason to think it a little hard, when their enemies will not please to distinguish between the rebellious riot committed by that brutal ruffian, Sir Phelim O'Neal with his tumultuous crew of rabble; and the forces raised afterwards by the Catholic lords and gentlemen of the English pale, in defence of the King after the English rebellion began. It is well known, that His Majesty's affairs were in great distraction some time before, by an invasion of the covenanting, Scottish, kirk rebels, and by the base terms the King was forced to accept, that they might be kept in quiet, at a juncture when he was every hour threatened at home by that fanatic party, which soon after set all in a flame. And, if the Catholic army in Ireland fought for their King against the forces sent over by the Parliament, then in actual rebellion against him, what person of loyal principles can be so partial to deny, that they did their duty, by joining with the Marquis of Ormonde, and other commanders, who bore their commissions from the King? For which, great numbers of them lost their lives, and forfeited their estates; a great part of the latter being now possessed by many descendants from those very men who had drawn their swords in the service of that rebellious Parliament which cut off his head, and destroyed monarchy. And what is more amazing,

although the same persons, when the Irish were entirely subdued, continued in power under the Rump; were chief confidants, and faithful subjects to Cromwell, yet being wise enough to foresee a restoration, they seized the forts and castles here, out of the hands of their old brethren in rebellion, for the service of the King; just saving the tide, and putting in a stock of merit, sufficient not only to preserve the lands which the Catholics lost by their loyalty; but likewise to preserve their civil and military employments, or be higher advanced.

2: Sir Phelim O'Neill (1604?-1683) one of the most picturesque characters of Irish history. For his share in the rebellion of 1641 he was expelled from the Irish House of Commons. The rebellion was an attempt to assist Charles as against the Parliament, and O'Neill forged a commission, purporting to come from the King, authorizing the Irish to rise in his favour. The Scottish settlers in Ulster, on whom O'Neill relied for aid disappointed him, and he thereupon set to work to reduce all their towns. The famous siege of Drogheda was one of the many incidents of his campaign. He joined forces with his kinsman, Owen Roe O'Neill, but a jealous difference on his part urged Sir Phelim to support Ormonde, in 1640, in that general's endeavours for a peace. Sir Phelim, however, was not included in the benefit of the Articles of Kilkenny, and a price was placed on his head. He was betrayed by Philip Roe McHugh O'Neill, brought to Dublin, and executed as a traitor. [T.S.]]

Those insurrections wherewith the Catholics are charged from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the great English rebellion, were occasioned by many oppressions they lay under. They had no intention to introduce a new religion, but to enjoy the liberty of preserving the old; the very same which their ancestors professed from the time that Christianity was first introduced into this island, which was by Catholics; but whether mingled with corruptions, as some pretend, doth not belong to the question. They had no design to change the government; they never attempted to fight against, to imprison, to betray, to sell, to bring to a trial, or to murder their King. The schismatics acted by a spirit directly contrary; they united in a Solemn League and Covenant, to alter the whole system of spiritual government, established in all Christian nations, and of apostolic institution; concluding the tragedy with the murder of the King in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation; at the same time changing the monarchy into a commonwealth.

The Catholics of Ireland, in the great rebellion, lost their estates for fighting in defence of their King. The schismatics, who cut off the father's head, forced the son to fly for his life, and overturned the whole ancient frame of government, religious and civil; obtained grants of those very estates which the Catholics lost in defence of the ancient constitution, many of which estates are at this day possessed by the posterity of those schismatics: And thus, they gained by their rebellion what the Catholics lost by their loyalty.

3: This paragraph is omitted in edition of 1743, but it is printed in that of 1755. [T.S.]]

We allow the Catholics to be brethren of the Dissenters; some people, indeed, (which we cannot allow) would have them to be our children, because *we* both dissent from the Church established, and both agree in abolishing this persecuting Sacramental Test; by which negative discouragement we are both rendered incapable of civil and military employments. However, we cannot but wonder at the bold familiarity of these schismatics, in calling the members

of the National Church their brethren and fellow Protestants. It is true, that all these sects (except the Catholics) are brethren to each other in faction, ignorance, iniquity, perverseness, pride, and (if we except the Quakers) in rebellion. But, how the churchmen can be styled their fellow Protestants, we cannot comprehend. Because, when the whole Babel of sectaries joined against the Church, the King, and the nobility for twenty years, in a match at football; where the proverb expressly tells us, that *all are fellows*; while the three kingdoms were tossed to and fro, the churches, and cities, and royal palaces shattered to pieces by their balls, their buffets, and their kicks; the victors would allow no more *fellows at football*: But murdered, sequestered, plundered, deprived, banished to the plantations, or enslaved all their opposers who had lost the game.

It is said the world is governed by opinion; and politicians assure us, that all power is founded thereupon. Wherefore, as all human creatures are fond to distraction of their own opinions; and so much the more, as those opinions are absurd, ridiculous, or of little moment; it must follow, that they are equally fond of power. But no opinions are maintained with so much obstinacy as those in religion, especially by such zealots who never bore the least regard to religion, conscience, honour, justice, truth, mercy, or common morality, farther than in outward appearance; under the mask of hypocrisy, to promote their diabolical designs. And therefore Bishop Burnet, one of their oracles, tells us honestly, that the *saints* of those fanatic times, pronounced themselves above morality; which they reckoned among "beggarly elements"; but the meaning of those two last words thus applied, we confess to be above our understanding.

Among those kingdoms and states which first embraced the Reformation, England appears to have received it in the most regular way; where it was introduced in a peaceable manner, by the supreme power of a King, and the three estates in Parliament; to which, as the highest legislative authority, all subjects are bound passively to submit. Neither was there much blood shed on so great a change of religion. But a considerable number of lords, and other persons of quality through the kingdom still continued in their old faith, and were, notwithstanding their difference in religion, employed in offices civil as well as military, more or less in every reign, until the Test Act in the time of King Charles II. However, from the time of the Reformation, the number of Catholics gradually and considerably lessened. So that in the reign of King Charles I. England became, in a great degree, a Protestant Kingdom, without taking the sectaries into the number; the legality whereof, with respect to human laws, the Catholics never disputed: But the Puritans, and other schismatics, without the least pretence to any such authority, by an open rebellion, destroyed that legal Reformation, as we observed before, murdered their King, and changed the monarchy into a republic. It is therefore not to be wondered at, if the Catholics, in such a Babel of religions, chose to adhere to their own faith left to them by their ancestors, rather than seek for a better

among a rabble of hypocritical, rebellious, deluding knaves, or deluded enthusiasts.

4: Henry VIII [H.]]

We repeat once more, that if a national religion be changed by the supreme legislative power, we cannot dispute the human legality of such a change. But we humbly conceive, that if any considerable party of men which differs from an establishment, either old or new, can deserve liberty of conscience, it ought to consist of those who for want of conviction, or of a right understanding the merits of each cause, conceive themselves bound in conscience to adhere to the religion of their ancestors; because they are of all others least likely to be authors of innovations, either in Church or State.

On t'other side; If the reformation of religion be founded upon rebellion against the King, without whose consent, by the nature of our constitution, no law can pass. If this reformation be introduced by only one of the three estates, I mean the Commons, and not by one half even of those Commons; and this by the assistance of a rebellious army: Again, if this reformation were carried on by the exclusion of nobles both lay and spiritual (who constitute the two other parts of the three estates) by the murder of their King, and by abolishing the whole system of government; the Catholics cannot see why the successors of those schismatics, who are universally accused by all parties except themselves, and a few infamous abettors, for still retaining the same principles in religion and government, under which their predecessors acted; should pretend to a better share of civil or military trust, profit and power than the Catholics, who during all that period of twenty years, were continually persecuted with utmost severity, merely on account of their loyalty and constant adherence to kingly power.

We now come to those arguments for repealing the Sacramental Test, which equally affect the Catholics, and their brethren the Dissenters.

First, We agree with our fellow Dissenters; that "persecution merely for conscience' sake, is against the genius of the Gospel." And so likewise is "any law for depriving men of their natural and civil rights which they claim as men." We are also ready enough to allow that "the smallest negative discouragements for uniformity's sake are so many persecutions." Because, it cannot be denied, that the scratch of a pin is in some degree a real wound, as much as a stab through the heart. In like manner, an incapacity by law for any man to be made a judge, a colonel, or justice of the peace, "merely on a point of conscience, is a negative discouragement," and consequently a real persecution: For, in this case, the author of the pamphlet quoted in the margin puts a very pertinent and powerful question: That, "If God be the sole lord of the conscience, why should the rights of conscience be subject to human jurisdiction?" Now to apply this to the Catholics: The belief of transubstantiation "is a matter purely of religion and conscience, which doth not affect the political interest of society as such. Therefore, Why should the

rights of conscience, whereof God is the sole lord, be subject to human jurisdiction?" And why should God be deprived of this right over a Catholic's conscience any more than over that of any other Dissenter?

5: *Vid*. Reasons for the Repeal of the Sacramental Test.
[Note in edit. 1738.]]

6: *Idem*.]

And whereas another author among our brethren the Dissenters, hath very justly complained, that by this persecuting Test Act, great numbers of true Protestants have been forced to leave the kingdom, and fly to the plantations, rather than stay here branded with an incapacity for civil and military employments; we do affirm, that the Catholics can bring many more instances of the same kind; some thousands of their religion have been forced by the Sacramental Test, to retire into other countries, rather than live here under the incapacity of wearing swords, sitting in Parliament, and getting that share of power and profit which belongs to them as fellow Christians, whereof they are deprived "merely upon account of conscience, which would not allow them to take the sacrament after the manner prescribed in the liturgy." Hence it clearly follows in the words of the same author, "That if we Catholics are uncapable of employments, we are punished for our dissent, that is, for our conscience, which wholly turns upon political considerations."

7: See "Reasons against the Test." [Note in edit. 1738.]]

The Catholics are willing to acknowledge the King's supremacy, whenever their brethren the Dissenters shall please to shew them the example.

Further, The Catholics, whenever their religion shall come to be the national established faith, are willing to undergo the same test offered by the author already quoted. His words are these: "To end this debate, by putting it upon a foot which I hope will appear to every impartial person a fair and equitable one; We Catholics propose, with submission to the proper judges, that effectual security be taken against persecution, by obliging all who are admitted into places of power and trust, whatever their religious profession be, in the most solemn manner to disclaim persecuting principles." It is hoped the public will take notice of these words; "Whatever their religious profession be;" which plainly include the Catholics; and for which we return thanks to our dissenting brethren.

And, whereas it is objected by those of the established Church, that if the schismatics and fanatics were once put into a capacity of possessing civil and military employments; they would never be at ease till they had raised their own way of worship into the national religion through all His Majesty's dominions, equal with the true orthodox Scottish kirk; which when they had once brought to pass, they would no more allow liberty of conscience to Episcopal Dissenters, than they did in the time of the great English rebellion,

and in the succeeding fanatic anarchy till the King was restored. There is another very learned schismatical pamphleteer, who in answer to a malignant libel, called, *The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit, &c.*, clearly wipes off this aspersion; by assuring all Episcopal Protestants of the present Church, upon his own word, and to his own knowledge, that our brethren the Dissenters will never offer at such an attempt. In like manner, the Catholics when legally required, will openly declare upon their words and honours, that, as soon as their negative discouragements and their persecution shall be removed by repealing the Sacramental Test, they will leave it entirely to the merits of the cause, whether the kingdom shall think fit to make their faith the established religion or not.

8: "Vindication of the Protestant Dissenters." This pamphlet has been mentioned in the note prefixed to "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit." It was written as a reply to that tract, and to the "Narrative."[T.S.]]

And again, Whereas our Presbyterian brethren in many of their pamphlets, take much offence, that the great rebellion in England, the murder of the King, with the entire change of religion and government, are perpetually objected against them both in and out of season, by our common enemy, the present conformists: We do declare in the defence of our said brethren, that the reproach aforesaid is *an old worn-out threadbare cant*, which they always disdained to answer: And I very well remember, that, having once told a certain conformist, how much I wondered to hear him and his tribe, dwelling perpetually on so beaten a subject; he was pleased to divert the discourse with a foolish story, which I cannot forbear telling to his disgrace. He said, there was a clergyman in Yorkshire, who for fifteen years together preached every Sunday against drunkenness: Whereat the parishioners being much offended, complained to the archbishop; who having sent for the clergyman, and severely reprimanded him, the minister had no better an answer, than by confessing the fact; adding, that all the parish were drunkards; that he desired to reclaim them from one vice before he would begin upon another; and, since they still continued to be as great drunkards as before, he resolved to go on, except his Grace would please to forbid him.

We are very sensible how heavy an accusation lieth upon the Catholics of Ireland; that some years before King Charles II. was restored, when theirs and the King's forces were entirely reduced, and the kingdom declared by the Rump to be settled; after all His Majesty's generals were forced to fly to France, or other countries, the heads of the said Catholics who remained here in an enslaved condition, joined to send an invitation to the Duke of Lorrain; engaging, upon his appearing here with his forces, to deliver up the whole island to his power, and declare him their sovereign; which, after the Restoration, was proved against them by Dean Boyle, since primate, who produced the very original instrument at the board. The Catholics freely acknowledge the fact to be true; and, at the same time appeal to all the world,

whether a wiser, a better, a more honourable, or a more justifiable project could have been thought of. They were then reduced to slavery and beggary by the English rebels, many thousands of them murdered, the rest deprived of their estates, and driven to live on a small pittance in the wilds of Connaught; at a time when either the Rump or Cromwell absolutely governed the three kingdoms. And the question will turn upon this, Whether the Catholics, deprived of all their possessions, governed with a rod of iron, and in utter despair of ever seeing the monarchy restored, for the preservation of which they had suffered so much, were to be blamed for calling in a foreign prince of their own religion, who had a considerable army to support them; rather than submit to so infamous an usurper as Cromwell, or such a bloody and ignominious conventicle as the Rump. And I have often heard, not only our friends the Dissenters, but even our common enemy the Conformists, who are conversant in the history of those times, freely confess, that considering the miserable situation the Irish were then in, they could not have thought of a braver or more virtuous attempt; by which they might have been instruments of restoring the lawful monarch, at least to the recovery of England and Scotland, from those betrayers, and sellers, and murderers of his royal father.

To conclude, Whereas the last quoted author complains very heavily and frequently of a *brand* that lies upon them, it is a great mistake: For the first original brand hath been long taken off. Only we confess, the scar will probably remain and be visible for ever to those who know the principles by which they acted, and until those principles shall be openly renounced; else it must continue to all generations, like the mark set upon Cain, which some authors say descended to all his posterity: Or like the Roman nose and Austrian lip, or like the long bag of flesh hanging down from the gills of the people in Piedmont. But as for any brands fixed on schismatics for several years past, they have been all made with cold iron; like thieves, who by the benefit of the clergy are condemned to be only burned in the hand; but escape the pain and the mark, by being in fee with the jailor. Which advantage the schismatical teachers will never want, who, as we are assured, and of which there is a very fresh instance, have the souls, and bodies, and purses of the people a hundred times more at their mercy, than the Catholic priests could ever pretend to.

Therefore, upon the whole, the Catholics do humbly petition (without the least insinuation of threatening) that upon this favourable juncture their incapacity for civil and military employments may be wholly taken off, for the very same reasons (besides others more cogent) that are now offered by their brethren the Dissenters.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

Dublin, Nov. 1733.

9: In this controversy the author was again victorious, for the Test was not repealed. [H.]]

SOME FEW THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE REPEAL OF THE TEST

1: The text is that of the quarto edition (1765) of Swift's Works. [T.S.]]

Those of either side who have written upon this subject of the Test, in making or answering objections, seem to fail by not pressing sufficiently the chief point upon which the controversy turns. The arguments used by those who write for the Church are very good in their kind, but will have little force under the present corruptions of mankind, because the authors treat this subject *tanquam in republicâ, Platonis, et non in fæce Romuli.*

It must be confessed, that, considering how few employments of any consequence fall to the share of those English who are born in this kingdom, and those few very dearly purchased, at the expense of conscience, liberty, and all regard for the public good, they are not worth contending for: And, if nothing but profit were in the case, it would hardly cost me one sigh when I should see those few scraps thrown among every species of fanatics, to scuffle for among themselves.

And this will infallibly be the case, after repealing the Test.

For, every subdivision of sect will, with equal justice, pretend to have a share; and, as it is usual with sharers, will never think they have enough, while any pretender is left unprovided. I shall not except the Quakers; because, when the passage is once let open for all sects to partake in public emoluments, it is very probable the lawfulness of taking oaths, and wearing carnal weapons, may be revealed to the brotherhood; which thought, I confess, was first put into my head by one of the shrewdest Quakers in this kingdom.

2: The Quakers were more likely to admit this relaxation of their peculiar tenets, as, upon their first appearance as a sect, they did not by any means profess the principle of non-resistance, which they afterwards adopted. [S.]]

3: The Quaker hinted at by Dr. Swift was Mr. George Rooke, a linen-draper. In a letter to Mr. Pope, Aug. 30, 1716, Dr. Swift says, "There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint, that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay would fancy it; and I think it a fruitful subject: pray hear what he says." — Accordingly Gay wrote "The Espousal, a sober Eclogue, between two of the People called Quakers." [S.]]

TEN REASONS FOR REPEALING THE TEST ACT

1: "This Tract is from a rare broadside copy. It appears to be written by the Dean, and the arguments correspond with those he uses elsewhere" So says Scott; but Monck Mason considers this tract no more the work of Swift than several others he mentions. See note prefixed to "The Presbyterians' Plea of Merit." [T.S.]]

I.

Because the Presbyterians are people of such great interest in this kingdom, that there are not above ten of their persuasion in the House of Commons, and but one in the House of Lords; though they are not obliged to take the sacrament in the Established Church to qualify them to be members of either House.

2. Because those of the Established Church of this kingdom are so disaffected to the King, that not one of them worth mentioning, except the late Duke of Ormond, has been concerned in the rebellion; and that our Parliament, though there be so few Presbyterians, has, upon all occasions, proved its loyalty to King George, and has readily agreed to and enacted what might support his government.

2: James Butler, Duke of Ormond (1610-1688), was lieutenant-general of the army of Ireland during the rebellion of 1641. After his defeat of General Preston, in 1643, he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; but retired to France on the fall of the Stuart dynasty. The execution of Charles caused Ormond to land again in Ireland for the purpose of rousing that country in favour of the royal cause; but he forsook it on the landing of Cromwell. At the Restoration he came over with Charles, and was raised, for his services, to the dukedom. He was, however, deprived of his lord-lieutenancy for his friendship for the exiled Clarendon. He had a narrow escape for his life from the plots of Colonel Blood, whom he forgave at the request of the King. In 1682 he was rewarded by being promoted to an English dukedom. [T.S.]]

3. Because very few of the Presbyterians have lost an employment worth £20 per annum, for not qualifying themselves according to the Test Act; nor will they accept of a militia commission, though they do of one in the army.

4. Because, if they are not in the militia and other places of trust, the Pretender and his adherents will destroy us; when he has no one to support him but the King of Spain; when King George is at a good understanding with Sweden, Prussia, and Denmark; and when he has made the best alliances in Christendom. When the Emperor, King of Great Britain, the French King, the King of Sardinia, are all in the quadruple alliance against the Spaniard, his upstart cardinal, and the Pretender; when bloody plots against Great Britain and France are blown up; when the Spanish fleet is quite dispersed; when the French army is overrunning Spain; and when the rebels in Scotland are cut off.

3: Cardinal Julius Alberoni (1664-1752), born at Parma, obtained the favour, when a humble parish priest, of the Duke of Vendôme, by informing that general of the whereabouts of some corn, which the country folk had hidden. He followed the Duke to Spain, and was successful in bringing about the marriage between the Princess of Parma and Philip V. For this service he was made Prime Minister of Spain, a cardinal, and Archbishop of Valencia. He entered heartily into Philip's designs for recovering Spain's lost territory, and showed even more boldness than his royal master in their execution. His

reduction of Sardinia precipitated the alliance between England, France, Holland, and afterwards, Austria. Spain, with Alberoni as its guiding spirit, supported the Jacobite cause to harass England, and conquered Sicily. But at Messina the Spanish fleet was destroyed by the English, and in the north of Spain the forces of Philip were repulsed by the French. In the end, Spain gave way, and Alberoni was dismissed to retire to Rome, and to be safely lodged in the Jesuits' College there. On his release he returned to his native town, but died at Rome. [T.S.]]

5. The test clause should be repealed, because it is a defence against the reformation the Presbyterians long since promised the churches of England and Ireland, viz. "We, noblemen, barons, knights, gentlemen, citizens, burgesses, ministers of the Gospel, commons of all sorts in the kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, &c. each one of us for himself, with our hands lifted up to the most high God, do swear, first, That we shall sincerely, really, and constantly, through the grace of God, endeavour, in our several places and callings, the preservation of the reformed religion in the Church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government. Secondly, That we shall in like manner, without respect of persons, endeavour the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy; that is, church-government by archbishops, their chancellors, and commissaries, deans, deacons, and chapters, archdeacons, and all other ecclesiastical officers depending on that hierarchy."

4: *Vide* "Confession of Faith," pp. 304, 305.]

6. Because the Presbyterian Church-Government may be independent of the state. The Lord Jesus is King and Head of his Church; hath therein appointed a government in the hands of church-officers, distinct from the civil magistrate. As magistrates may lawfully call a synod of ministers to consult and advise with about matters of religion; so, if magistrates be open enemies to the Church, the ministers of Christ of themselves, by virtue of their office, or they with other fit persons, upon delegation from their churches, may meet together in such assemblies.

5: "Confession of Faith," p. 87.]

6: *Ibid*., pp. 88, 89.]

7. Because they have not the free use of their religion, when they disdain a toleration.

8. Because they have so much charity for Episcopacy, as to account it iniquitous. The address of the General Assembly to the Duke of Queensbury in the late reign says, that to tolerate the Episcopal clergy in Scotland would be to establish iniquity by a law.

9. Because repealing the test clause will probably disoblige ten of his Majesty's good subjects, for one it can oblige.

10. Because, if the test clause be repealed, the Presbyterians may with the better grace get into employments, and the easier worm out those of the Established Church.

Moor Park, Farnham, England. Swift was studying for his Master's degree when political troubles in Ireland surrounding the Glorious Revolution forced him to leave for England in 1688, where his mother helped him to a position as secretary and personal assistant of Sir William Temple at Moor Park.

Sir William Temple was an English diplomat who, having arranged the Triple Alliance of 1668, retired from public service to his country estate to tend his gardens and write his memoirs, with the aid of his new secretary, Jonathan Swift. Gaining the confidence of his employer, Swift was trusted with matters of great importance. Within three years of their acquaintance, Temple had introduced his secretary to William III, and sent him to London to urge the King to consent to a bill for triennial Parliaments.

DRAPIER'S LETTERS

The collection *Drapier's Letters,* a series of seven pamphlets written between 1724 and 1725, was written to arouse Irish public opinion against the imposition of a privately minted copper coinage, which Swift believed to be of inferior quality. William Wood had been granted letters patent to mint the coin, and Swift saw the licensing of the patent as corrupt. In the pamphlets, Swift represents Ireland as constitutionally and financially independent of Britain — a subject that was politically sensitive, and so the author had to write under the pseudonym M. B. Drapier.

Although the letters were condemned by the Irish government, with prompting from the British government, they were still able to inspire popular sentiment against Wood and his patent. The popular sentiment turned into a nationwide boycott, which forced the patent to be withdrawn and Swift was later honoured for this service to the people of Ireland. Many Irish people recognised Swift as a hero for his defiance of British control, sowing the seeds of a universal Irish community.

Charles Jervas' famous portrait of Jonathan Swift, 1718

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION
LETTER I.
LETTER II.
LETTER III.
LETTER IV.
SEASONABLE ADVICE TO THE GRAND JURY.
LETTER V.
LETTER VI
LETTER VII.
APPENDICES

A

LETTER

TO THE

Shop-Keepers, Tradeſmen, Farmers, and *Common-People* of *IRELAND,*

Concerning the

Braſs Half-pence

Coined by

Mr. Woods,

WITH

A *Deſign* to have them *Paſs* in this KINGDOM.

Wherein is ſhewn the Power of the ſaid PATENT, the Value of the HALF-PENCE and how far every Perſon may be oblig'd to take the ſame in Payments, and how to behave in Caſe ſuch an Attempt ſhou'd be made by WOODS or any other Perſon.

[Very Proper to be kept in every FAMILY.]

By M. B. *Drapier.*

DUBLIN: Printed by J. Harding in *Moleſworth's-Court.*

The title page of the 1724 pamphlet

INTRODUCTION

In 1714 Swift left England for Ireland, disappointed, distressed, and worn out with anxiety in the service of the Harley Ministry. On his installation as Dean of St. Patrick's he had been received in Dublin with jeering and derision. He had even been mocked at in his walks abroad. In 1720, however, he entered for the second time the field of active political polemics, and began with renewed energy the series of writings which not only placed him at the head and front of the political writers of the day, but secured for him a place in the affections of the people of Ireland — a place which has been kept sacred to him even to the present time. A visitor to the city of Dublin desirous of finding his way to St. Patrick's Cathedral need but to ask for the Dean's Church, and he will be understood. There is only one Dean, and he wrote the "Drapier's Letters." The joy of the people of Dublin on the withdrawal of Wood's Patent found such permanent expression, that it has descended as oral tradition, and what was omitted from the records of Parliament and the proceedings of Clubs and Associations founded in the Drapier's honour, has been embalmed in the hearts of the people, whose love he won, and whose homage it was ever his pride to accept.

The spirit of Swift which Grattan invoked had, even in Grattan's time, power to stir hearts to patriotic enthusiasm. That spirit has not died out yet, and the Irish people still find it seasonable and refreshing to be awakened by it to a true sense of the dignity and majesty of Ireland's place in the British Empire.

A dispassionate student of the condition of Ireland between the years of Swift's birth and death — between, say, 1667 and 1745 — could rise from that study in no unprejudiced mood. It would be difficult for him to avoid the conclusion that the government of Ireland by England had not only degraded the people of the vassal nation, but had proved a disgrace and a stigma on the ruling nation. It was a government of the masses by the classes, for no other than selfish ends. It ended, as all such governments must inevitably end, in impoverishing the people, in wholesale emigration, in starvation and even death, in revolt, and in fostering among those who remained, and among those whom circumstances exiled, the dangerous spirit of resentment and rebellion which is the outcome of the sense of injustice. It has also served, even to this day, to give vitality to those associations that have from time to time arisen in Ireland for the object of realizing that country's self-government.

It may be argued that the people of Ireland of that time justified Swift's petition when he prayed to be removed from "this land of slaves, where all are fools and all are knaves"; but that is no justification for the injustice. The injustice from which Ireland suffered was a fact. Its existence was resented

with all the indignation with which an emotional and spiritual people will always resent material obstructions to the free play of what they feel to be their best powers.

There were no leaders at the time who could see this, and seeing it, enforce its truth on the dull English mind to move it to saner methods of dealing with this people. Nor were there any who could order the resentment into battalions of fighting men to give point to the demands for equal rights with their English fellow-subjects.

Had Swift been an Irishman by nature as he was by birth, it might have been otherwise; but Swift was an Irishman by accident, and only became an Irish patriot by reason of the humanity in him which found indignant and permanent expression against oppression. Swift's indignation against the selfish hypocrisy of his fellow-men was the cry from the pain which the sight of man's inhumanity to man inflicted on his sensitive and truth-loving nature. The folly and baseness of his fellow-creatures stung him, as he once wrote to Pope, "to perfect rage and resentment." Turn where he would, he found either the knave as the slave driver, or the slave as a fool, and the latter became even a willing sacrifice. His indignation at the one was hardly greater than his contempt for the other, and his different feelings found trenchant expression in such writings as the "Drapier's Letters," the "Modest Proposal," and "Gulliver's Travels."

It has been argued that the *saeva indignatio* which lacerated his heart was the passion of a mad man. To argue thus seems to us to misunderstand entirely the peculiar qualities of Swift's nature. It was not the mad man that made the passion; it was rather the passion that made the man mad. As we understand him, it seems to us that Swift's was an eminently majestic spirit, moved by the tenderest of human sympathies, and capable of ennobling love — a creature born to rule and to command, but with all the noble qualities which go to make a ruler loved. It happened that circumstances placed him early in his career into poverty and servitude. He extricated himself from both in time; but his liberation was due to an assertion of his best powers, and not to a dissimulation of them. Had he been less honest, he might have risen to a position of great power, but it would have been at the price of those very qualities which made him the great man he was. That assertion cost him his natural vocation, and Swift lived on to rage in the narrow confines of a Dublin Deanery House. He might have flourished as the greatest of English statesmen — he became instead a monster, a master-scourger of men, pitiless to them as they had been blind to him. But monster and master-scourger as he proved himself, he always took the side of the oppressed as against the oppressor. The impulse which sent him abroad collecting guineas for "poor Harrison" was the same impulse which moved him in his study at the Deanery to write as "M.B. Drapier." On this latter occasion, however, he also had an opportunity to lay bare the secret springs of oppression, an opportunity which he was not the man to let go by.

No doubt Swift was not quite disinterested in the motives which prompted him to enter the political arena for the second time. He hated the Walpole Ministry in power; he resented his exile in a country whose people he despised; and he scorned the men who, while they feared him, had yet had the power to prevent his advancement. But, allowing for these personal incentives, there was in Swift such a large sympathy for the degraded condition of the Irish people, such a tender solicitude for their best welfare, and such a deep-seated zeal for their betterment, that, in measuring to him his share in the title of patriot, we cannot but admit that what we may call his public spirit far outweighed his private spleen. Above all things Swift loved liberty, integrity, sincerity and justice; and if it be that it was his love for these, rather than his love for the country, which inspired him to patriotic efforts, who shall say that he does not still deserve well of us. If a patriot be a man who nobly teaches a people to become aware of its highest functions as a nation, then was Swift a great patriot, and he better deserves that title than many who have been accorded it.

The matter of Wood's Halfpence was a trivial one in itself; but it was just that kind of a matter which Swift must instantly have appreciated as the happiest for his purpose. It was a matter which appealed to the commonest news-boy on the street, and its meaning once made plain, the principle which gave vitality to the meaning was ready for enunciation and was assured of intelligent acceptance. In writing the "Drapier's Letters," he had, to use his own words, seasonably raised a spirit among the Irish people, and that spirit he continued to refresh, until when he told them in his Fourth Letter, "by the Laws of God, of Nature, of Nations, and of your Country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England," the country rose as one man to the appeal. Neither the suavities of Carteret nor the intrigues of Walpole had any chance against the set opposition which met them. The question to be settled was taken away from the consideration of ministers, and out of the seclusion of Cabinets into the hands of the People, and before the public eye. There was but one way in which it could be settled — the way of the people's will — and it went that way. It does not at all matter that Walpole finally had his way — that the King's mistress pocketed her *douceur*, and that Wood retired satisfied with the ample compensation allowed him. What does matter is that, for the first time in Irish History, a spirit of national life was breathed into an almost denationalized people. Beneath the lean and starved ribs of death Swift planted a soul; it is for this that Irishmen will ever revere his memory.

In the composition of the "Letters" Swift had set himself a task peculiarly fitting to his genius. Those qualities of mind which enabled him to enter into the habits of the lives of footmen, servants, and lackeys found an even more congenial freedom of play here. His knowledge of human nature was so profound that he instinctively touched the right keys, playing on the passions of the common people with a deftness far surpassing in effect the acquired

skill of the mere master of oratory. He ordered his arguments and framed their language, so that his readers responded with almost passionate enthusiasm to the call he made upon them. Allied to his gift of intellectual sympathy with his kind was a consummate ability in expression, into which he imparted the fullest value of the intended meaning. His thought lost nothing in its statement. Writing as he did from the point of view of a tradesman, to the shopkeepers, farmers, and common people of Ireland, his business was to speak with them as if he were one of them. He had already laid bare their grievances caused by the selfish legislation of the English Parliament, which had ruined Irish manufactures; he had written grimly of the iniquitous laws which had destroyed the woollen trade of the country; he had not forgotten the condition of the people as he saw it on his journeys from Dublin to Cork — a condition which he was later to reveal in the most terrible of his satirical tracts — and he realized with almost personal anguish the degradation of the people brought about by the rapacity and selfishness of a class which governed with no thought of ultimate consequences, and with no apparent understanding of what justice implied. It was left for him to precipitate his private opinion and public spirit in such form as would arouse the nation to a sense of self-respect, if not to a pitch of resentment. The "Drapier's Letters" was the reagent that accomplished both.

* * * * *

The editor takes this opportunity to express his thanks and obligations to Mr. G.R. Dennis, to Mr. W. Spencer Jackson, to the late Colonel F.R. Grant, to Mr. C. Litton Falkiner of Killiney, and to Mr. O'Donoghue of Dublin. His acknowledgment is here also made to Mr. Strickland, of the National Gallery of Ireland, to whose kindness and learning he is greatly indebted.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1903.

LETTER I.

TO THE SHOP-KEEPERS, TRADESMEN, FARMERS, AND COMMON-PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

NOTE

About the year 1720 it was generally acknowledged in Ireland that there was a want there of the small change, necessary in the transaction of petty dealings with shopkeepers and tradesmen. It has been indignantly denied by contemporary writers that this small change meant copper coins. They asserted that there was no lack of copper money, but that there was a great want of small silver. Be that as it may, the report that small change was wanting was sufficiently substantiated to the English government to warrant it to proceed to satisfy the want. In its dealings with Ireland, however, English governments appear to have consistently assumed that attitude which would most likely cause friction and arouse disturbance. In England coins for currency proceeded from a mint established under government supervision. In Scotland such a mint was specially provided for in the Act of Union. But in Ireland, the government acted otherwise.

The Irish people had again and again begged that they should be permitted to establish a mint in which coins could be issued of the same standard and intrinsic value as those used in England. English parliaments, however, invariably disregarded these petitions. Instead of the mint the King gave grants or patents by which a private individual obtained the right to mint coins for the use of the inhabitants. The right was most often given for a handsome consideration, and held for a term of years. In 1660 Charles II. granted such a patent to Sir Thomas Armstrong, permitting him to coin farthings for twenty years. It appears, however, that Armstrong never actually coined the farthings, although he had gone to the expense of establishing a costly plant for the purpose.

Small copper coins becoming scarce, several individuals, without permission, issued tokens; but the practice was stopped. In 1680 Sir William Armstrong, son of Sir Thomas, with Colonel George Legg (afterwards Lord Dartmouth), obtained a patent for twenty-one years, granting them the right to issue copper halfpence. Coins were actually struck and circulated, but the patent itself was sold to John Knox in the very year of its issue. Knox, however, had his patent specially renewed, but his coinage was interrupted when James II. issued his debased money during the Revolution (see Monck

Mason, p. 334, and the notes on this matter to the Drapier's Third Letter, in present edition).

Knox sold his patent to Colonel Roger Moore, who overstocked the country with his coins to such an extent that the currency became undervalued. When, in 1705, Moore endeavoured to obtain a renewal of his patent, his application was refused. By 1722, owing either to Moore's bad coinage, or to the importation of debased coins from other countries, the copper money had degraded considerably. In a pamphlet issued by George Ewing in Dublin (1724), it is stated that in that year, W. Trench presented a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, complaining of the condition of the copper coinage, and pointing out that the evil results had been brought about by the system of grants to private individuals. Notwithstanding this memorial, it was attempted to overcome the difficulty by a continuance of the old methods. A new patent was issued to an English iron merchant, William Wood by name, who, according to Coxe, submitted proposal with many others, for the amelioration of the grievance. Wood's proposals, say this same authority, were accepted "as beneficial to Ireland." The letters patent bear the date July 12th, 1722, and were prepared in accordance with the King's instructions to the Attorney and Solicitor General sent in a letter from Kensington on June 16th, 1722. The letter commanded "that a bill should be prepared for his royal signature, containing and importing an indenture, whereof one part was to pass the Great Seal of Great Britain." This indenture, notes Monck Mason, between His Majesty of the one part, "and William Wood, of Wolverhampton, in the County of Stafford, Esq.," of the other, signifies that His Majesty

"has received information that, in his kingdom of Ireland, there was a great want of small money for making small payments, and that retailers and others did suffer by reason of such want."

[Footnote 1: "A Defence of the Conduct of the People of Ireland in their unanimous refusal of Mr. Wood's Copper Money," pp. 22-23.]

[Footnote 2: "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," note v, pp. 326-327.]

By virtue, therefore, of his prerogative royal, and in consideration of the rents, covenants, and agreements therein expressed, His Majesty granted to William Wood, his executors, assigns, etc., "full, free, sole, and absolute power, privilege, licence, and authority," during fourteen years, from the annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, 1722, to coin halfpence and farthings of copper, to be uttered and disposed of in Ireland, and not elsewhere. It was provided that the whole quantity coined should not exceed 360 tons of copper, whereof 100 tons only were to be coined in the first year, and 20 tons in each of the last thirteen, said farthings and halfpence to be of good, pure, and merchantable copper, and of such size and bigness, that one avoirdupois pound weight of copper should not be converted into more farthings and halfpence than would make thirty pence by tale; all the said farthings and halfpence to be of equal weight in themselves, or as near thereunto as might

be, allowing a remedy not exceeding two farthings over or under in each pound. The same "to pass and to be received as current money, by such as shall or will, voluntarily and willingly, and not otherwise, receive the same, within the said kingdom of Ireland, and not elsewhere." Wood also covenanted to pay to the King's clerk or comptroller of the coinage, £200 yearly, and £100 per annum into his Majesty's treasury.

Most of the accounts of this transaction and its consequent agitation in Ireland, particularly those given by Sir W. Scott and Earl Stanhope, are taken from Coxe's "Life of Walpole." Monck Mason, however, in his various notes appended to his life of Swift, has once and for all placed Coxe's narrative in its true light, and exposed the specious special pleading on behalf of his hero, Walpole. But even Coxe cannot hide the fact that the granting of the patent and the circumstances under which it was granted, amounted to a disgraceful job, by which an opportunity was seized to benefit a "noble person" in England at the expense of Ireland. The patent was really granted to the King's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, who sold it to William Wood for the sum of £10,000, and (as it was reported with, probably, much truth) for a share in the profits of the coining. The job was alluded to by Swift when he wrote:

"When late a feminine magician,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd, to blind a nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious size."

Coxe endeavors to exonerate Walpole from the disgrace attached to this business, by expatiating on Carteret's opposition to Walpole, an opposition which went so far as to attempt to injure the financial minister's reputation by fomenting jealousies and using the Wood patent agitation to arouse against him the popular indignation; but this does not explain away the fact itself. He lays some blame for the agitation on Wood's indiscretion in flaunting his rights and publicly boasting of what the great minister would do for him. At the same time he takes care to censure the government for its misconduct in not consulting with the Lord Lieutenant and his Privy Council before granting the patent. His censure, however, is founded on the consideration that this want of attention was injudicious and was the cause of the spread of exaggerated rumours of the patent's evil tendency. He has nothing to say of the rights and liberties of a people which had thereby been infringed and ignored.

The English parliament had rarely shown much consideration for Irish feelings or Irish rights. Its attitude towards the Irish Houses of Legislation had been high-handed and even dictatorial; so that constitutional struggles were not at all infrequent towards the end of the seventeenth and during the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The efforts of Sir Constantine Phipps towards a non-parliamentary government, and the reversal by the English

House of Lords of the decision given by the Irish House of Lords in the famous Annesley case, had prepared the Irish people for a revolt against any further attempts to dictate to its properly elected representatives assembled in parliament. Moreover, the wretched material condition of the people, as it largely had been brought about by a selfish, persecuting legislation that practically isolated Ireland commercially in prohibiting the exportation of its industrial products, was a danger and a menace to the governing country. The two nations were facing each other threateningly. When, therefore, Wood began to import his coin, suspicion was immediately aroused.

[Footnote 3: See Lecky's "History of Ireland," vol. i., p. 446, etc.]

The masses took little notice of it at first; but the commissioners of revenue in Dublin took action in a letter they addressed to the Right Hon. Edward Hopkins, secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. This letter, dated August 7th, 1722, began by expressing surprise at the patent granted to Mr. Wood, and asked the secretary "to lay before the Lord Lieutenant a memorial, presented by their agent to the Lords of the Treasury, concerning this patent, and also a report of some former Commissioners of the revenue on the like occasion, and to acquaint his Grace, that they concurred in all the objections in those papers, and were of opinion, that such a patent would be highly prejudicial to the trade, and welfare of this kingdom, and more particularly to his Majesty's revenue, which they had formerly found to have suffered very much, by too great a quantity of such base coin." No reply was received to this letter.

[Footnote 4: "A Defence of the Conduct of the People of Ireland," etc., p. 6.]

Fears began to be generally felt, and the early murmurs of an agitation to be heard when, on September 19th, 1722, the Commissioners addressed a second letter, this time to the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury. The letter assured their Lordships "that they had been applied to by many persons of rank and fortune, and by the merchants and traders in Ireland, to represent the ill effects of Mr. Wood's patent, and that they could from former experience assure their Lordships, it would be particularly detrimental to his Majesty's revenue. They represented that this matter had made a great noise here, and that there did not appear the *least want of such small species of coin for change*, and hoped that the importance of the occasion would excuse their making this representation of a matter that had not been referred to them."

[Footnote 5: *Ibid*, pp. 6-7.]

To this letter also no reply was vouchsafed. In the meantime, Wood kept sending in his coins, landing them at most of the ports of the kingdom.

"Then everyone that was not interested in the success of this coinage," writes the author of the pamphlet already quoted, "by having contracted for a great quantity of his halfpence at a large discount, or biassed by the hopes of immoderate gain to be made out of the ruins of their country, expressed their

apprehensions of the pernicious consequences of this copper money; and resolved to make use of the *right they had by law to refuse the same*".

[Footnote 6: *Ibid*, p. 7.]

The Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Grafton, had arrived in August, 1723, and parliament sat early in September. Its first attention was paid to the Wood patent. After the early excitement had subsided, they resolved to appeal to the King. During the early stages of the discussion, however, the Commons addressed the Lord Lieutenant, asking that a copy of the patent and other papers relating to it, be laid before them. This was on September 13th. On the following day Mr. Hopkins informed the House that the Lord Lieutenant had no such copy, nor any papers. The House then unanimously resolved to inquire into the matter on its own account, and issued orders for several persons to appear before it to give evidence, fixing the day for examination for September 16th. On that day, however, Mr. Hopkins appeared before the members with a copy of the patent, and informed them that the Lord Lieutenant had received it since his last communication with them. This incident served but to arouse further ridicule. A broadside, published at the time with the title "A Creed of an Irish Commoner," amusingly reveals the lameness of the excuse for this non-production of the exemplification. Coxe says that the cause for the delay was due to the fact that the copy of the patent had been delivered to the Lord Lieutenant's servant, instead of to his private secretary; but this excuse is probably no more happily founded than the one offered.

On Friday, September 20th, the House resolved itself into a committee "to take into consideration the state of the nation, particularly in relation to the importing and uttering of copper halfpence and farthings in this kingdom." After three days' debate, and after examining competent witnesses under oath, it passed resolutions to the following effect

(1) That Wood's patent is highly prejudicial to his Majesty's revenue, and is destructive of trade and commerce, and most dangerous to the rights and properties of the subject.

(2) That for the purpose of obtaining the patent Wood had notoriously misrepresented the state of the nation.

(3) That great quantities of the coin had been imported of different impressions and of much less weight than the patent called for.

(4) That the loss to the nation by the uttering of this coin would amount to 150 per cent.

(5) That in coining the halfpence Wood was guilty of a notorious fraud.

(6) "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that it hath been always highly prejudicial to this kingdom to grant the power or privilege of coining money to private persons; and that it will, at all times, be of dangerous consequence to grant any such power to any body politic, or corporate, or any private person or persons whatsoever."

[Footnote 7: "Comm. Journals," vol. iii., pp. 317-325.]

Addresses to his Majesty in conformity with these resolutions were voted on September 27th.

The House of Lords passed similar resolutions on September 26th, and voted addresses embodying them on September 28th.

[Footnote 8: "Lords' Journals," vol. ii., pp. 745-751.]

These Addresses received a better attention than did the letters from the revenue commissioners. The Houses were courteously informed that their communications would receive His Majesty's careful consideration. Walpole kept his promise, but not before he had fought hard to maintain the English prerogative, as he might have called it. The "secret" history as narrated in Coxe's lively manner, throws some light on the situation. Coxe really finds his hero's conduct not marked with "his usual caution." The Lord Lieutenant was permitted to go to Ireland without proper instructions; the information on which Walpole acted was not reliable; and he did not sufficiently appreciate the influence of Chancellor Midleton and his family. "He bitterly accused Lord Midleton of treachery and low cunning, of having made, in his speeches, distinction between the King and his ministers, of caballing with Carteret, Cadogan, and Roxburgh, and of pursuing that line of conduct, because he was of opinion the opposite party would gain the ascendency in the cabinet. He did not believe the disturbances to be so serious as they were represented, nor was he satisfied with the Duke of Grafton's conduct, as being solely directed by Conolly, but declared that the part acted by Conolly, almost excused what the Brodricks had done." Carteret complained to the King and proved to him that Walpole's policy was a dangerous one. The King became irritated and Walpole "ashamed." He even became "uneasy," and it is to be supposed, took a more "cautious" course; for he managed to conciliate the Brodricks and the powers in Dublin. But the devil was not ill long. The cabinet crisis resulted in the triumph of Townshend and Walpole, and the devil got well again. Carteret must be removed and the patent promoted. But Midleton and the Brodricks must be kept friendly. So Carteret went to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, Midleton remained Chancellor, and constituted a lord justice, and St. John Brodrick was nominated a member of the Privy Council. Still farther on his "cautious" way, Ireland must be given some consideration; hence the Committee of the Privy Council, specially called to inquire into the grievances complained of by the Irish Houses of Parliament in their loyal addresses.

The Committee sat for several weeks, and the report it issued forms the subject of Swift's animadversions in the Drapier's third letter. But the time spent by the Committee in London was being utilized in quite a different fashion by Swift in Ireland. "Cautious" as was Walpole, he had not reckoned with the champion of his political opponents of Queen Anne's days. Swift had little humour for court intrigues and cabinet cabals. He came out into the open to fight the good fight of the people to whom courts and cabinets should be servants and not self-seeking masters. Whatever doubts the people of Ireland may have had about the legal validity of their resentment towards Wood and

his coins, were quickly dissipated when they read "A Letter to the Shop Keepers, Tradesmen, Farmers, and Common People of Ireland, concerning the Brass Half-pence coined by Mr. Wood," and signed, "M.B. Drapier." The letter, as Lord Orrery remarked, acted like the sound of a trumpet. At that sound "a spirit arose among the people, that in the eastern phrase, was *like unto a trumpet in the day of the whirlwind*. Every person of every rank, party, and denomination was convinced, that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the Commonwealth. The papist, the fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banners of M.B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the Common cause."

The present text of the first of the Drapier's letters is based on that given by Sir W. Scott, carefully collated with two copies of the first edition which differed from each other in many particulars. One belonged to the late Colonel F. Grant, and the other is in the British Museum. It has also been read with the collection of the Drapier's Letters issued by the Drapier Club in 1725, with the title, "Fraud Detected"; with the London edition of "The Hibernian Patriot" (1730), and with Faulkner's text issued in his collected edition of Swift's Works in 1735.

LETTER I.

TO THE TRADESMEN, SHOP-KEEPERS, FARMERS, AND COMMON-PEOPLE IN GENERAL OF IRELAND.

BRETHREN, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN AND FELLOW-SUBJECTS,

What I intend now to say to you, is, next to your duty to God, and the care of your salvation, of the greatest concern to yourselves, and your children, your bread and clothing, and every common necessary of life entirely depend upon it. Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you as men, as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others; which that you may do at the less expense, I have ordered the printer to sell it at the lowest rate.

It is a great fault among you, that when a person writes with no other intention than to do you good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices: One copy of this paper may serve a dozen of you, which will be less than a farthing a-piece. It is your folly that you have no common or general interest in your view, not even the wisest among you, neither do you know or enquire, or care who are your friends, or who are your enemies.

About three years ago, a little book was written, to advise all people to wear the manufactures of this our own dear country: It had no other design, said nothing against the King or Parliament, or any man, yet the POOR PRINTER was prosecuted two years, with the utmost violence, and even some WEAVERS themselves, for whose sake it was written, being upon the JURY, FOUND HIM GUILTY. This would be enough to discourage any man from endeavouring to do you good, when you will either neglect him or fly in his face for his pains, and when he must expect only danger to himself and loss of money, perhaps to his ruin.

[Footnote 9: In his reprint of the Drapier's Letters, issued in 1725 with the title, "Fraud Detected; or the Hibernian Patriot," Faulkner prints "four" instead of "three"; but this, of course, is a correction made to agree with the date of the publication of this reprint. The "Proposal" was published in 1720. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 10: The "little book" was "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures." See vol. vii. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 11: Instead of the words "loss of money," Faulkner in the

reprint of 1725 has “to be fined and imprisoned.” [T.S.]]

However I cannot but warn you once more of the manifest destruction before your eyes, if you do not behave yourselves as you ought.

I will therefore first tell you the plain story of the fact; and then I will lay before you how you ought to act in common prudence, and according to the laws of your country.

The fact is thus: It having been many years since COPPER HALFPENCE OR FARTHINGS were last coined in this kingdom, they have been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of *raps*, several applications were made to England, that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did; but they did not succeed. At last one Mr. Wood, a mean ordinary man, a hardware dealer, procured a patentunder his Majesty’s broad seal to coin fourscore and ten thousand pounds in copper for this kingdom, which patent however did not oblige any one here to take them, unless they pleased. Now you must know, that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth. And if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brazier you would not lose above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the brazier would not give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his; so that this sum of fourscore and ten thousand pounds in good gold and silver, must be given for trash that will not be worth above eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst, for Mr. Wood when he pleases may by stealth send over another and another fourscore and ten thousand pounds, and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve, under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for five shillings a-piece, which amounts to three pounds, and receives the payment in Mr. Wood’s coin, he really receives only the value of five shillings.

[Footnote 12: They had become scarce because they had been undervalued, and therefore sent out of the country in payment of goods bought. See Prior’s “Observations on Coin,” issued in 1729, where it is stated that this scarcity had occurred only within the last twenty years. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 13: William Wood (1671-1730) was an ironmaster of Wolverhampton. In addition to the patent for coining copper halfpence which he obtained for Ireland, and to which full reference is made in the introductory note to this first Drapier’s Letter, Wood also obtained a patent, in 1722, for coining halfpence, pence and twopence for the English colonies in America. This latter patent fared no better than the Irish one. The coins introduced in America bear the dates 1722 and 1723, and are now much sought after by collectors. They are known as the Rosa American coinage. A list of the poems and pamphlets on Wood, during the excitement in Dublin, attending on the Drapier’s Letters, will be found in the bibliography of Swift’s works to be given in vol. xi. of this edition. See also Monck Mason’s “History of St. Patrick’s Cathedral.” In the original edition of the Letter, Wood’s name is

mis-spelt Woods.]

[Footnote 14: See the introductory note for the manner in which this patent was obtained. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 15: This is how the amount is named in the first edition; but the amount in reality was £100,800 (the value of 360 tons of copper, as stated by the patent). Sir W. Scott prints this as £108,000. Coxe, in his "Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole" gives the amount as £100,000. Lecky states it as £108,000. [T.S.]]

Perhaps you will wonder how such an ordinary fellow as this Mr. Wood could have so much interest as to get His Majesty's broad seal for so great a sum of bad money, to be sent to this poor country, and that all the nobility and gentry here could not obtain the same favour, and let us make our own halfpence, as we used to do. Now I will make that matter very plain. We are at a great distance from the King's court, and have nobody there to solicit for us, although a great number of lords and squires, whose estates are here, and are our countrymen, spending all their lives and fortunes there. But this same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own interest; he is an Englishman and had great friends, and it seems knew very well where to give money, to those that would speak to others that could speak to the King and could tell a fair story. And His Majesty, and perhaps the great lord or lords who advised him, might think it was for our country's good; and so, as the lawyers express it, "the King was deceived in his grant," which often happens in all reigns. And I am sure if His Majesty knew that such a patent, if it should take effect according to the desire of Mr. Wood, would utterly ruin this kingdom, which hath given such great proofs of its loyalty, he would immediately recall it, and perhaps shew his displeasure to somebody or other. But "a word to the wise is enough." Most of you must have heard, with what anger our honourable House of Commons received an account of this Wood's patent. There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all A WICKED CHEAT from the bottom to the top, and several smart votes were printed, which that same Wood had the assurance to answer likewise in print, and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole Parliament put together.

[Footnote 16: The Irish House of Commons reported that the loss to the country, even if the patent were carried out as required, would amount to about 150 per cent.; and both Irish Houses of Parliament voted addresses against the coinage, and accused the patentee of fraud and deceit. They asserted that the terms of the patent had not been fulfilled and "that the circulation of the halfpence would be highly prejudicial to the revenue, destructive of the commerce, and of most dangerous consequences to the rights and properties of the subjects." See introductory note. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 17: Wood's indiscreet retort was published in the "Flying Post" October 8th, 1723. Later he boasted that he would, with Walpole's assistance, "pour the coin down the throats of the people." [T.S.]]

This Wood, as soon as his patent was passed, or soon after, sends over a great many barrels of these halfpence, to Cork and other sea-port towns, and to get them off offered an hundred pounds in his coin for seventy or eighty in silver. But the collectors of the King's customs very honestly refused to take them, and so did almost everybody else. And since the Parliament hath condemned them, and desired the King that they might be stopped, all the kingdom do abominate them.

[Footnote 18: At Dublin, Cork, Waterford and other ports, the merchants refused to accept the copper coins. Monck Mason notes that "in the 'Dublin Gazette,' No. 2562, we meet with resolutions by the merchants of Cork, dated the 25th of Aug., 1724, and like resolutions by those of Waterford, dated 22d Aug. wherein they declare, that, 'they will never receive or utter in any payment, the halfpence or farthings coined by William Wood; as they conceive the importing and uttering the same, to be highly prejudicial to His Majesty's revenue, and to the trade of the kingdom': these resolutions are declared to be conformable to those of the Trinity Guild, of merchants, of the city of Dublin, voted at their guild-hall, on the 18th day of the same month" (Hist. St. Patrick's, p. 346, note r). See also Appendix No. IX. [T.S.]]

But Wood is still working underhand to force his halfpence upon us, and if he can by help of his friends in England prevail so far as to get an order that the commissioners and collectors of the King's money shall receive them, and that the army is to be paid with them, then he thinks his work shall be done. And this is the difficulty you will be under in such a case. For the common soldier when he goes to the market or alehouse will offer this money, and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to beat the butcher or alewife, or take the goods by force, and throw them the bad halfpence. In this and the like cases, the shopkeeper or victualler, or any other tradesman has no more to do, than to demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's money; for example, twenty-pence of that money for a quart of ale, and so in all things else, and not part with his goods till he gets the money.

For suppose you go to an alehouse with that base money, and the landlord gives you a quart for four of these halfpence, what must the victualler do? His brewer will not be paid in that coin, or if the brewer should be such a fool, the farmers will not take it from them for their bere, because they are bound by their leases to pay their rents in good and lawful money of England, which this is not, nor of Ireland neither, and the 'squire their landlord will never be so bewitched to take such trash for his land, so that it must certainly stop somewhere or other, and wherever it stops it is the same thing, and we are all undone.

[Footnote 19: Bere = barley. Cf. A.S. *baerlic*, Icelandic, *barr*, meaning barley, the grain used for making malt for the preparation of beer. [T.S.]]

The common weight of these halfpence is between four and five to an ounce, suppose five, then three shillings and fourpence will weigh a pound,

and consequently twenty shillings will weigh six pound butter weight. Now there are many hundred farmers who pay two hundred pound a year rent. Therefore when one of these farmers comes with his half-year's rent, which is one hundred pound, it will be at least six hundred pound weight, which is three horse load.

If a 'squire has a mind to come to town to buy clothes and wine and spices for himself and family, or perhaps to pass the winter here; he must bring with him five or six horses loaden with sacks as the farmers bring their corn; and when his lady comes in her coach to our shops, it must be followed by a car loaden with Mr. Wood's money. And I hope we shall have the grace to take it for no more than it is worth.

They say 'Squire Conolly has sixteen thousand pounds a year, now if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have two hundred and forty horses to bring up his half-year's rent, and two or three great cellars in his house for stowage. But what the bankers will do I cannot tell. For I am assured, that some great bankers keep by them forty thousand pounds in ready cash to answer all payments, which sum, in Mr. Wood's money, would require twelve hundred horses to carry it.

[Footnote 20: William Conolly (d. 1729) was chosen Speaker of the Irish House of Commons on November 12th, 1715. He held this office until October 12th, 1729. Swift elsewhere says that Wharton sold Conolly the office of Chief Commissioner of the Irish Revenue for £3,000. Between the years 1706 and 1729 Conolly was ten times selected for the office of a Lord Justice of Ireland. The remark in the text as to Conolly's income is repeated by Boulter ("Letters," vol. i., p. 334), though the Primate writes of £17,000 a year. The reference to Conolly is of set purpose, because Conolly had advocated the patent as against Midleton's condemnation of it. [T.S.]]

For my own part, I am already resolved what to do; I have a pretty good shop of Irish stuffs and silks, and instead of taking Mr. Wood's bad copper, I intend to truck with my neighbours the butchers, and bakers, and brewers, and the rest, goods for goods, and the little gold and silver I have, I will keep by me like my heart's blood till better times, or till I am just ready to starve, and then I will buy Mr. Wood's money as my father did the brass money in K. James's time, who could buy ten pound of it with a guinea, and I hope to get as much for a pistole, and so purchase bread from those who will be such fools as to sell it me.

[Footnote 21: James II., during his unsuccessful campaign in Ireland, debased the coinage in order to make his funds meet the demands of his soldiery. Archbishop King, in his work on the "State of the Protestants in Ireland," describes the evil effects which this proceeding had: "King James's council used not to stick at the formalities of law or reason, and therefore vast quantities of brass money were coined, and made current by a proclamation, dated 18th June, 1689, under severe penalties. The metal of which this money was made was the worst kind of brass; old guns, and the refuse of metals were

melted down to make it; workmen rated it at threepence or a groat a pound, which being coined into sixpences, shillings, or half-crowns, one pound weight made about £5. And by another proclamation, dated 1690, the half-crowns were called in, and being stamped anew, were made to pass for crowns; so that then, three pence or four pence worth of metal made £10. There was coined in all, from the first setting up of the mint, to the rout at the Boyne, being about twelve months, £965,375. In this coin King James paid all his appointments, and all that received the king's pay being generally papists, they forced the protestants to part with the goods out of their shops for this money, and to receive their debts in it; so that the loss by the brass money did, in a manner, entirely fall on the protestants, being defrauded (for I can call it no better) of about, £60,000 per month by this stratagem, which must, in a few months, have utterly exhausted them. When the papists had gotten most of their saleable goods from their protestant neighbours, and yet great quantities of brass money remained in their hands, they began to consider how many of them, who had estates, had engaged them to protestants by judgments, statutes staple, and mortgages; and to take this likewise from them they procured a proclamation, dated 4 Feb. 1689, to make brass money current in all payments whatsoever." A proclamation of William III., dated July 10th, 1690, ordered that these crown pieces of James should pass as of equal value with one penny each. [T.S.]]

These halfpence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeit, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The Dutch likewise will probably do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods. And Mr. Wood will never be at rest but coin on: So that in some years we shall have at least five times fourscore and ten thousand pounds of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above four hundred thousand pounds in all, and while there is a silver sixpence left these blood-suckers will never be quiet.

[Footnote 22: The Dutch had previously counterfeited the debased coinage of Ireland and sent them over in payment for Irish manufactures.]

When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition, I will tell you what must be the end: The gentlemen of estates will all turn off their tenants for want of payment, because as I told you before, the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, as too many of them do already, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary, then they will be their own merchants and send their wool and butter and hides and linen beyond sea for ready money and wine and spices and silks. They will keep only a few miserable cottiers. The farmers must rob or beg, or leave their country. The shopkeepers in this and every other town, must break and starve: For it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman.

[Footnote 23: "Unlike the peasant proprietor," says Lecky, "and also

unlike the mediaeval serf, the cottier had no permanent interest in the soil, and no security for his future position. Unlike the English farmer, he was no capitalist, who selects land as one of the many forms of profitable investment that are open to him. He was a man destitute of all knowledge and of all capital, who found the land the only thing that remained between himself and starvation. Rents in the lower grades of tenancies were regulated by competition, but it was competition between a half-starving population, who had no other resources except the soil, and were therefore prepared to promise anything rather than be deprived of it. The landlord did nothing for them. They built their own mud hovels, planted their hedges, dug their ditches. They were half naked, half starved, utterly destitute of all providence and of all education, liable at any time to be turned adrift from their holdings, ground to the dust by three great burdens — rack-rents, paid not to the landlord but to the middleman; tithes, paid to the clergy — often the absentee clergy — of the church to which they did not belong; and dues, paid to their own priests" ("Hist, of Ireland," vol. i., pp. 214-215, ed. 1892). [T.S.]]

But when the 'squire turns farmer and merchant himself, all the good money he gets from abroad, he will hoard up or send for England, and keep some poor tailor or weaver and the like in his own house, who will be glad to get bread at any rate.

I should never have done if I were to tell you all the miseries that we shall undergo if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this CURSED COIN. It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one scale, and this sorry fellow Wood into the other, that Mr. Wood should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which England gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets, and that is more than the English do by all the world besides.

But your great comfort is, that as His Majesty's patent does not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the crown a power of forcing the subjects to take what money the King pleases: For then by the same reason we might be bound to take pebble-stones or cockle-shells or stamped leather for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince, who might likewise by the same power make a guinea pass for ten pounds, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on, by which he would in a short time get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather or what he pleased. Neither is anything reckoned more cruel or oppressive in the French government than their common practice of calling in all their money after they have sunk it very low, and then coining it anew at a much higher value, which however is not the thousandth part so wicked as this abominable project of Mr. Wood. For the French give their subjects silver for silver and gold for gold, but this fellow will not so much as give us good brass or copper for our gold and silver, nor even a twelfth part of their worth.

Having said thus much, I will now go on to tell you the judgments of

some great lawyers in this matter, whom I fee'd on purpose for your sakes, and got their opinions under their hands, that I might be sure I went upon good grounds.

A famous law-book, called "The Mirror of Justice," discoursing of the articles (or laws) ordained by our ancient kings declares the law to be as follows: "It was ordained that no king of this realm should change, impair or amend the money or make any other money than of gold or silver without the assent of all the counties," that is, as my Lord Coke says, without the assent of Parliament.

[Footnote 24: This was an important legal treatise often quoted by Coke. Its full title is: "The Booke called, The Mirrour of Justices: Made by Andrew Home. With the book, called, The Diversity of Courts, And Their Jurisdictions … London … 1646." The French edition was printed in 1642 with the title, "La somme appelle Mirroir des Justices: vel speculum Justiciariorum, Factum per Andream Home." Coke quotes it from a manuscript, as he died before it was printed. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 25: 2 Inst. 576. [ORIG. ED.]]

This book is very ancient, and of great authority for the time in which it was wrote, and with that character is often quoted by that great lawyer my Lord Coke. By the law of England, the several metals are divided into lawful or true metal and unlawful or false metal, the former comprehends silver or gold; the latter all baser metals: That the former is only to pass in payments appears by an act of Parliament made the twentieth year of Edward the First, called the "Statute concerning the Passing of Pence," which I give you here as I got it translated into English, for some of our laws at that time, were, as I am told writ in Latin: "Whoever in buying or selling presumeth to refuse an halfpenny or farthing of lawful money, bearing the stamp which it ought to have, let him be seized on as a contemner of the King's majesty, and cast into prison."

[Footnote 26: 2 Inst. 576-577. [ORIG. ED.]]

[Footnote 27: 2 Inst. 577. [ORIG. ED.]]

By this statute, no person is to be reckoned a contemner of the King's majesty, and for that crime to be committed to prison; but he who refuses to accept the King's coin made of lawful metal, by which, as I observed before, silver and gold only are intended.

That this is the true construction of the act, appears not only from the plain meaning of the words, but from my Lord Coke's observation upon it. "By this act" (says he) "it appears, that no subject can be forced to take in buying or selling or other payments, any money made but of lawful metal; that is, of silver or gold."

[Footnote 28: 2 Inst. 577. [ORIG. ED.]]

The law of England gives the King all mines of gold and silver, but not the mines of other metals, the reason of which prerogative or power, as it is given by my Lord Coke is, because money can be made of gold and silver, but

not of other metals.

[Footnote 29: 2 Inst. 577. [ORIG. ED.]]

Pursuant to this opinion halfpence and farthings were anciently made of silver, which is most evident from the act of Parliament of Henry the 4th. chap. 4. by which it is enacted as follows: “Item, for the great scarcity that is at present within the realm of England of halfpence and farthings of silver, it is ordained and established that the third part of all the money of silver plate which shall be brought to the bullion, shall be made in halfpence and farthings.” This shews that by the word “halfpenny” and “farthing” of lawful money in that statute concerning the passing of pence, are meant a small coin in halfpence and farthings of silver.

[Footnote 30: Swift makes an incorrect reference here. The act was 4 Henry IV., cap. 10. [T.S.]]

This is further manifest from the statute of the ninth year of Edward the 3d. chap. 3. which enacts, “That no sterling halfpenny or farthing be molten for to make vessel, nor any other thing by the goldsmiths, nor others, upon forfeiture of the money so molten” (or melted).

By another act in this King’s reign black money was not to be current in England, and by an act made in the eleventh year of his reign chap. 5. galley halfpence were not to pass, what kind of coin these were I do not know, but I presume they were made of base metal, and that these acts were no new laws, but farther declarations of the old laws relating to the coin.

[Footnote 31: The act against black money was passed in Henry IV.’s reign not Edward III.’s. The “galley halfpence” were dealt with by 9 Hen. IV., cap. 4. [T.S.]]

Thus the law stands in relation to coin, nor is there any example to the contrary, except one in Davis’s Reports, who tells us that in the time of Tyrone’s rebellion Queen Elizabeth ordered money of mixed metal to be coined in the Tower of London, and sent over hither for payment of the army, obliging all people to receive it and commanding that all silver money should be taken only as bullion, that is, for as much as it weighed. Davis tells us several particulars in this matter too long here to trouble you with, and that the privy-council of this kingdom obliged a merchant in England to receive this mixed money for goods transmitted hither.

[Footnote 32: This refers to Sir John Davies’s “Abridgement of Sir Edward Coke’s Reports,” first published in 1651. Davies was Attorney-General for Ireland and a poet. His works have been collected and edited by Dr. A.B. Grosart in the Fuller Worthies Library. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 33: Charles I., during the Civil War, paid his forces with debased coin struck by him. [T.S.]]

But this proceeding is rejected by all the best lawyers as contrary to law, the Privy-council here having no such power. And besides it is to be considered, that the Queen was then under great difficulties by a rebellion in this kingdom assisted from Spain, and whatever is done in great exigences and dangerous times should never be an example to proceed by in seasons of peace and quietness.

I will now, my dear friends to save you the trouble, set before you in short, what the law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to.

First, You are obliged to take all money in payments which is coined by the King and is of the English standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.

Secondly, You are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver, no not the halfpence, or farthings of England, or of any other country, and it is only for convenience, or ease, that you are content to take them, because the custom of coining silver halfpence and farthings hath long been left off, I will suppose on account of their being subject to be lost.

Thirdly, Much less are you obliged to take those vile halfpence of that same Wood, by which you must lose almost eleven-pence in every shilling.

Therefore my friends, stand to it one and all, refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His Majesty in his patent obliges nobody to take these halfpence, our gracious prince hath no so ill advisers about him; or if he had, yet you see the laws have not left it in the King's power, to force us to take any coin but what is lawful, of right standard gold and silver, therefore you have nothing to fear.

[Footnote 34: The words of the patent are "to pass and to be received as current money; by such as shall or will, voluntarily and wittingly, and not otherwise, receive the same" (the halfpence and farthings). [T.S.]]

And let me in the next place apply myself particularly to you who are the poor sort of tradesmen, perhaps you may think you will not be so great losers as the rich, if these halfpence should pass, because you seldom see any silver, and your customers come to your shops or stalls with nothing but brass, which you likewise find hard to be got, but you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be utterly undone; if you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco or brandy, or any other thing you want, the shopkeeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break, and leave the key under the door. Do you think I will sell you a yard of tenpenny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? No, not under two hundred at least, neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump; I will tell you one thing further, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it will ruin even our beggars; For when I give a beggar an halfpenny, it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly, but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve.

In short these halfpence are like "the accursed thing, which" as the

Scripture tells us, “the children of Israel were forbidden to touch,” they will run about like the plague and destroy every one who lays his hands upon them. I have heard scholars talk of a man who told a king that he had invented a way to torment people by putting them into a bull of brass with fire under it, but the prince put the projector first into his own brazen bull to make the experiment; this very much resembles the project of Mr. Wood, and the like of this may possibly be Mr. Wood’s fate, that the brass he contrived to torment this kingdom with, may prove his own torment, and his destruction at last.

[Footnote 35: It is curious to find Swift so referring to Phalaris, of whom he had heard so much in the days of the “Battle of the Books.” [SIR H. CRAIK.]]

N.B. The author of this paper is informed by persons who have made it their business to be exact in their observations on the true value of these halfpence, that any person may expect to get a quart of twopenny ale for thirty-six of them.

I desire all persons may keep this paper carefully by them to refresh their memories whenever they shall have farther notice of Mr. Wood’s halfpence, or any other the like imposture.

LETTER II.

TO MR. HARDING THE PRINTER.

NOTE.

Towards the beginning of the August of 1724, the Committee of Inquiry had finished their report on Wood's patent. Somehow, an advance notice of the contents of the report found its way, probably directed by Walpole himself, into the pages of a London journal, from whence it was reprinted in Dublin, in Harding's Newspaper on the 1st of August. The notice stated that the Committee had recommended a reduction in the amount of coin Wood was to issue to £40,000. It informed the public that the report notified that Wood was willing to take goods in exchange for his coins, if enough silver were not to be had, and he agreed to restrict the amount of each payment to 5-1/2*d*. But a pretty broad hint was given that a refusal to accept the compromise offered might possibly provoke the higher powers to an assertion of the prerogative.

Walpole also had already endeavoured to calm the situation by consenting to a minute examination of the coins themselves at the London Mint. The Lords Commissioners had instructed Sir Isaac Newton, the Master of the Mint, Edward Southwell, and Thomas Scroope, to make an assay of Wood's money. The report of the assayists was issued on April 27th, 1724; and certified that the coins submitted had been tested and found to be correct both as to weight and quality. In addition to this evidence of good faith, Walpole had nominated Carteret in place of the Duke of Grafton to the Lord-Lieutenancy. Carteret was a favourite with the best men in Ireland, and a man of culture as well as ability. It was hoped that his influence would smooth down the members of the opposition by an acceptance of the altered measure. He was in the way in London, and he might be of great service in Dublin; so to Dublin he went.

[Footnote 1: A full reprint of this report is given in Appendix II.]

But Walpole had not reckoned with the Drapier. In the paragraph in Harding's sheet, Swift saw a diplomatist's move to win the game by diplomatic methods. Compromise was the one result Swift was determined to render impossible; and the Drapier's second letter, "To Mr. Harding the Printer," renews the conflict with yet stronger passion and with even more satirical force. It is evident Swift was bent now on raising a deeper question than merely this of the acceptance or refusal of Wood's halfpence and farthings. There was a principle here that had to be insisted and a right to be

safeguarded. Mr. Churton Collins ably expresses Swift's attitude at this juncture when he says: "Nothing can be more certain than that it was Swift's design from the very beginning to make the controversy with Wood the basis of far more extensive operations. It had furnished him with the means of waking Ireland from long lethargy into fiery life. He looked to it to furnish him with the means of elevating her from servitude to independence, from ignominy to honour. His only fear was lest the spirit which he had kindled should burn itself out or be prematurely quenched. And of this he must have felt that there was some danger, when it was announced that England had given way much more than it was expected she would give way, and much more than she had ever given way before."

[Footnote 2: "Jonathan Swift," pp. 179-180.]

This letter to Harding was but the preliminary leading up to the famous fourth letter "to the whole people of Ireland." It was also an introduction to, and preparation of the public mind for, the drastic criticism of the Privy Council's Report, the arrival of which was expected shortly.

The present text of this second letter is that given by Sir W. Scott, collated with the copies of the original edition in the possession of the late Colonel F. Grant and in the British Museum. It has also been compared with Faulkner's issue of 1725, in "Fraud Detected."

[T.S.]

LETTER II.

TO MR. HARDING THE PRINTER.

Sir, In your Newsletter of the 1st. instant there is a paragraph dated from London, July 25th. relating to Wood's halfpence; whereby it is plain what I foretold in my "Letter to the Shopkeepers, &c." that this vile fellow would never be at rest, and that the danger of our ruin approaches nearer, and therefore the kingdom requires NEW and FRESH WARNING; however I take that paragraph to be, in a great measure, an imposition upon the public, at least I hope so, because I am informed that Wood is generally his own newswriter. I cannot but observe from that paragraph that this public enemy of ours, not satisfied to ruin us with his trash, takes every occasion to treat this kingdom with the utmost contempt. He represents "several of our merchants and traders upon examination before a committee of council, agreeing that there was the utmost necessity of copper money here, before his patent, so that several gentlemen have been forced to tally with their workmen and give them bits of cards sealed and subscribed with their names." What then? If a physician prescribes to a patient a dram of physic, shall a rascal apothecary cram him with a pound, and mix it up with poison? And is not a landlord's hand and seal to his own labourers a better security for five or ten shillings, than Wood's brass seven times below the real value, can be to the kingdom, for an hundred and four thousand pounds?

[Footnote 3: Thus in original edition. £108,000 is the amount generally given. See note on p. 15. [T.S.]]

But who are these merchants and traders of Ireland that make this report of "the utmost necessity we are under of copper money"? They are only a few betrayers of their country, confederates with Wood, from whom they are to purchase a great quantity of his coin, perhaps at half value, and vend it among us to the ruin of the public, and their own private advantage. Are not these excellent witnesses, upon whose integrity the fate of a kingdom must depend, who are evidences in their own cause, and sharers in this work of iniquity?

If we could have deserved the liberty of coining for ourselves, as we formerly did, and why we have not *is everybody's wonder as well as mine*, ten thousand pounds might have been coined here in Dublin of only one-fifth below the intrinsic value, and this sum, with the stock of halfpence we then had, would have been sufficient: But Wood by his emissaries, enemies to God and this kingdom, hath taken care to buy up as many of our old halfpence as he could, and from thence the present want of change arises; to remove which, by Mr. Wood's remedy, would be, to cure a scratch on the finger by cutting off the arm. But supposing there were not one farthing of change in the whole

nation, I will maintain, that five and twenty thousand pounds would be a sum fully sufficient to answer all our occasions. I am no inconsiderable shopkeeper in this town, I have discoursed with several of my own and other trades, with many gentlemen both of city and country, and also with great numbers of farmers, cottagers, and labourers, who all agree that two shillings in change for every family would be more than necessary in all dealings. Now by the largest computation (even before that grievous discouragement of agriculture, which hath so much lessened our numbers) the souls in this kingdom are computed to be one million and a half, which, allowing but six to a family, makes two hundred and fifty thousand families, and consequently two shillings to each family will amount only to five and twenty thousand pounds, whereas this honest liberal hardwareman Wood would impose upon us above four times that sum.

[Footnote 4: Time and again Ireland had petitioned the King of England for the establishment of a mint in Dublin. Both Houses of Parliament addressed King Charles I. in 1634, begging for a mint which should coin money in Ireland of the same standard and values as those of England, and allowing the profits to the government. Wentworth supported the address; but it was refused (Carte's "Ormond," vol. i., pp. 79-80). When Lord Cornwallis's petition for a renewal of his patent for minting coins was presented in 1700, it was referred to a committee of the Lords Justices. In their report the Lords Justices condemned the system in vogue, and urged the establishment of a mint, in which the coining of money should be in the hands of the government and in those of a subject. No notice was taken of this advice. See Lecky's "Ireland," vol. i., p. 448 (ed 1892) [T.S.]]

[Footnote 5: Boulter stated that £10,000 or £15,000 would have amply fulfilled the demand ("Letters," vol. i., pp. 4, 11). [T.S.]]

[Footnote 6: It was not alone the direct discouragement of agriculture which lessened the population. This result was also largely brought about by the anti-Catholic legislation of Queen Anne's reign, which "reduced the Roman Catholics to a state of depression," and caused thousands of them to go elsewhere for the means of living. See Crawford's "Ireland," vol. ii., pp. 264-267. [T.S.]]

Your paragraph relates further, that Sir Isaac Newton reported an assay taken at the Tower of Wood's metal, by which it appears, that Wood had in all respects performed his contract. His contract! With whom? Was it with the parliament or people of Ireland? Are not they to be the purchasers? But they detest, abhor, and reject it, as corrupt, fraudulent, mingled with dirt and trash. Upon which he grows angry, goes to law, and will impose his goods upon us by force.

[Footnote 7: For the full text of Newton's report see Appendix, No. II. [T.S.]]

But your Newsletter says that an assay was made of the coin. How impudent and insupportable is this? Wood takes care to coin a dozen or two halfpence of good metal, sends them to the Tower and they are approved, and these must answer all that he hath already coined or shall coin for the future. It is true indeed, that a gentleman often sends to my shop for a pattern of stuff, I cut it fairly off, and if he likes it, he comes or sends and compares the pattern with the whole piece, and probably we come to a bargain. But if I were to buy an hundred sheep, and the grazier should bring me one single wether fat and well fleeced by way of pattern, and expect the same price round for the whole hundred, without suffering me to see them before he was paid, or giving me good security to restore my money for those that were lean or shorn or scabby, I would be none of his customer. I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he shewed as a pattern to encourage purchasers: And this is directly the case in point with Mr. Wood's assay.

[Footnote 8: Monck Mason remarks on this assay that "the assay-masters do not report that Mr. Wood's coinage was superior to that of former kings, but only to those specimens of such coinages as were exhibited by Mr. Wood, which, it is admitted were much worn. Whether the money coined in the preceding reign was good or bad is in fact nothing to the purpose." "'What argument,'" quotes Monck Mason from the tract issued in 1724 entitled, "A Defence of the Conduct of the People of Ireland, in their unanimous refusal of Mr. Wood's Copper Money," "'can be drawn from the badness of our former coinages but this, that because we have formerly been cheated by our coiners, we ought to suffer Mr. Wood to cheat us over again? Whereas, one reason for our so vigorously opposing Mr. Wood's coinage, is, because we have always been imposed upon in our copper money, and we find he is treading exactly in the steps of his predecessors, and thinks he has a right to cheat us because he can shew a precedent for it.' In truth, there was a vast number of counterfeits of those coins, which had been imported, chiefly from Scotland, as appears from a proclamation prohibiting the Importation of them in 1697" ("History St. Patrick's Cathedral," p, 340, note d.) [T.S.]]

The next part of the paragraph contains Mr. Wood's voluntary proposals for "preventing any future objections or apprehensions."

His first proposal is, that "whereas he hath already coined seventeen thousand pounds, and has copper prepared to make it up forty thousand pounds, he will be content to coin no more, unless the EXIGENCES OF TRADE REQUIRE IT, though his patent empowers him to coin a far greater quantity."

To which if I were to answer it should be thus: "Let Mr. Wood and his crew of founders and tinkers coin on till there is not an old kettle left in the kingdom: let them coin old leather, tobacco-pipe clay or the dirt in the streets, and call their trumpery by what name they please from a guinea to a farthing, we are not under any concern to know how he and his tribe or accomplices

think fit to employ themselves." But I hope and trust, that we are all to a man fully determined to have nothing to do with him or his ware.

The King has given him a patent to coin halfpence, but hath not obliged us to take them, and I have already shewn in my "Letter to the Shopkeepers, &c." that the law hath not left it in the power of the prerogative to compel the subject to take any money, beside gold and silver of the right sterling and standard.

Wood further proposes, (if I understand him right, for his expressions are dubious) that "he will not coin above forty thousand pounds, unless the exigences of trade require it." First, I observe that this sum of forty thousand pounds is almost double to what I proved to be sufficient for the whole kingdom, although we had not one of our old halfpence left. Again I ask, who is to be judge when the exigences of trade require it? Without doubt he means himself, for as to us of this poor kingdom, who must be utterly ruined if his project should succeed, we were never once consulted till the matter was over, and he will judge of our exigences by his own; neither will these be ever at an end till he and his accomplices will think they have enough: And it now appears that he will not be content with all our gold and silver, but intends to buy up our goods and manufactures with the same coin.

I shall not enter into examination of the prices for which he now proposes to sell his halfpence, or what he calls his copper, by the pound; I have said enough of it in my former letter, and it hath likewise been considered by others. It is certain that by his own first computation, we were to pay three shillings for what was intrinsically worth but one, although it had been of the true weight and standard for which he pretended to have contracted; but there is so great a difference both in weight and badness in several of his coins that some of them have been nine in ten below the intrinsic value, and most of them six or seven.

[Footnote 9: The report of the Committee of the Privy Council which sat on Wood's coinage, stated that copper ready for minting cost eighteen pence per pound before it was brought into the Mint at the Tower of London. See the Report prefixed to Letter III. and Appendix II., in which it is also stated that Wood's copper was worth thirteen pence per pound. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 10: Newton's assay report says that Wood's pieces were of unequal weight. [T.S.]]

His last proposal being of a peculiar strain and nature, deserves to be very particularly considered, both on account of the matter and the style. It is as follows.

"Lastly, in consideration of the direful apprehensions which prevail in Ireland, that Mr. Wood will by such coinage drain them of their gold and silver, he proposes to take their manufactures in exchange, and that no person be obliged to receive more than fivepence halfpenny at one payment."

First, Observe this little impudent hardwareman turning into ridicule "the direful apprehensions of a whole kingdom," priding himself as the cause of

them, and daring to prescribe what no King of England ever attempted, how far a whole nation shall be obliged to take his brass coin. And he has reason to insult; for sure there was never an example in history, of a great kingdom kept in awe for above a year in daily dread of utter destruction, not by a powerful invader at the head of twenty thousand men, not by a plague or a famine, not by a tyrannical prince (for we never had one more gracious) or a corrupt administration, but by one single, diminutive, insignificant, mechanic.

But to go on. To remove our "direful apprehensions that he will drain us of our gold and silver by his coinage:" This little arbitrary mock-monarch most graciously offers to "take our manufactures in exchange." Are our Irish understandings indeed so low in his opinion? Is not this the very misery we complain of? That his cursed project will put us under the necessity of selling our goods for what is equal to nothing. How would such a proposal sound from France or Spain or any other country we deal with, if they should offer to deal with us only upon this condition, that we should take their money at ten times higher than the intrinsic value? Does Mr. Wood think, for instance, that we will sell him a stone of wool for a parcel of his counters not worth sixpence, when we can send it to England and receive as many shillings in gold and silver? Surely there was never heard such a compound of impudence, villainy and folly.

His proposals conclude with perfect high treason. He promises, that no person shall be *obliged* to receive more than fivepence halfpenny of his coin in one payment: By which it is plain, that he pretends to *oblige* every subject in this kingdom to take so much in every payment, if it be offered; whereas his patent obliges no man, nor can the prerogative by law claim such a power, as I have often observed; so that here Mr. Wood takes upon him the entire legislature, and an absolute dominion over the properties of the whole nation.

Good God! Who are this wretch's advisers? Who are his supporters, abettors, encouragers, or sharers? Mr. Wood will *oblige* me to take fivepence halfpenny of his brass in every payment! And I will shoot Mr. Wood and his deputies through the head, like highwaymen or housebreakers, if they dare to force one farthing of their coin upon me in the payment of an hundred pounds. It is no loss of honour to submit to the lion, but who, with the figure of a man, can think with patience of being devoured alive by a rat. He has laid a tax upon the people of Ireland of seventeen shillings at least in the pound; a tax I say, not only upon lands, but interest-money, goods, manufactures, the hire of handicraftsmen, labourers, and servants. Shopkeepers look to yourselves. Wood will *oblige* and force you to take fivepence halfpenny of his trash in every payment, and many of you receive twenty, thirty, forty payments in a day, or else you can hardly find bread: And pray consider how much that will amount to in a year: Twenty times fivepence halfpenny is nine shillings and twopence, which is above an hundred and sixty pounds a year, whereof you will be losers of at least one hundred and forty pounds by taking your payments in his money. If any of you be content to deal with Mr. Wood on

such conditions they may. But for my own particular, "let his money perish with him." If the famous Mr. Hampden rather chose to go to prison, than pay a few shillings to King Charles 1st. without authority of Parliament, I will rather choose to be hanged than have all my substance taxed at seventeen shillings in the pound, at the arbitrary will and pleasure of the venerable Mr. Wood.

The paragraph concludes thus. "N.B." (that is to say *nota bene*, or *mark well*), "No evidence appeared from Ireland, or elsewhere, to prove the mischiefs complained of, or any abuses whatsoever committed in the execution of the said grant."

The impudence of this remark exceeds all that went before. First; the House of Commons in Ireland, which represents the whole people of the kingdom; and secondly the Privy-council, addressed His Majesty against these halfpence. What could be done more to express the universal sense and opinion of the nation? If his copper were diamonds, and the kingdom were entirely against it, would not that be sufficient to reject it? Must a committee of the House of Commons, and our whole Privy-council go over to argue *pro* and *con* with Mr. Wood? To what end did the King give his patent for coining of halfpence in Ireland? Was it not, because it was represented to his sacred Majesty, that such a coinage would be of advantage to the good of this kingdom, and of all his subjects here? It is to the patentee's peril if his representation be false, and the execution of his patent be fraudulent and corrupt. Is he so wicked and foolish to think that his patent was given him to ruin a million and a half of people, that he might be a gainer of three or four score thousand pounds to himself? Before he was at the charge of passing a patent, much more of raking up so much filthy dross, and stamping it with His Majesty's "image and superscription," should he not first in common sense, in common equity, and common manners, have consulted the principal party concerned; that is to say, the people of the kingdom, the House of Lords or Commons, or the Privy-council? If any foreigner should ask us, "whose image and superscription" there is in Wood's coin, we should be ashamed to tell him, it was Caesar's. In that great want of copper halfpence, which he alleges we were, our city set up our Caesar's statue in excellent copper, at an expense that is equal in value to thirty thousand pounds of his coin: And we will not receive his *image* in worse metal.

[Footnote 11: An equestrian statue of George I. at Essex Bridge, Dublin, [F.]]

I observe many of our people putting a melancholy case on this subject. "It is true" say they, "we are all undone if Wood's halfpence must pass; but what shall we do, if His Majesty puts out a proclamation commanding us to take them?" This hath been often dinned in my ears. But I desire my countrymen to be assured that there is nothing in it. The King never issues out

a proclamation but to enjoin what the law permits him. He will not issue out a proclamation against law, or if such a thing should happen by a mistake, we are no more obliged to obey it than to run our heads into the fire. Besides, His Majesty will never command us by a proclamation, what he does not offer to command us in the patent itself. There he leaves it to our discretion, so that our destruction must be entirely owing to ourselves. Therefore let no man be afraid of a proclamation, which will never be granted; and if it should, yet upon this occasion, will be of no force. The King's revenues here are near four hundred thousand pounds a year, can you think his ministers will advise him to take them in Wood's brass, which will reduce the value to fifty thousand pounds. England gets a million sterl. by this nation, which, if this project goes on, will be almost reduced to nothing: And do you think those who live in England upon Irish estates will be content to take an eighth or a tenth part, by being paid in Wood's dross?

If Wood and his confederates were not convinced of our stupidity, they never would have attempted so audacious an enterprise. He now sees a spirit hath been raised against him, and he only watches till it begins to flag, he goes about "watching" when to "devour us." He hopes we shall be weary of contending with him, and at last out of ignorance, or fear, or of being perfectly tired with opposition, we shall be forced to yield. And therefore I confess it is my chief endeavour to keep up your spirits and resentments. If I tell you there is a precipice under you, and that if you go forwards you will certainly break your necks. If I point to it before your eyes, must I be at the trouble of repeating it every morning? Are our people's "hearts waxed gross"? Are "their ears dull of hearing," and have "they closed their eyes"? I fear there are some few vipers among us, who, for ten or twenty pounds gain, would sell their souls and their country, though at last it would end in their own ruin as well as ours. Be not like "the deaf adder, who refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

Though my letter be directed to you, Mr. Harding, yet I intend it for all my countrymen. I have no interest in this affair but what is common to the public. I can live better than many others, I have some gold and silver by me, and a shop well furnished, and shall be able to make a shift when many of my betters are starving. But I am grieved to see the coldness and indifference of many people, with whom I discourse. Some are afraid of a proclamation, others shrug up their shoulders, and cry, "What would you have us do?" Some give out, there is no danger at all. Others are comforted that it will be a common calamity and they shall fare no worse than their neighbours. Will a man, who hears midnight robbers at his door, get out of bed, and raise his family for a common defence, and shall a whole kingdom lie in a lethargy, while Mr. Wood comes at the head of his confederates to rob them of all they have, to ruin us and our posterity for ever? If an highwayman meets you on the road, you give him your money to save your life, but, God be thanked, Mr. Wood cannot touch a hair of your heads. You have all the laws of God and

man on your side. When he or his accomplices offer you his dross it is but saying no, and you are safe. If a madman should come to my shop with an handful of dirt raked out of the kennel, and offer it in payment for ten yards of stuff, I would pity or laugh at him, or, if his behaviour deserved it, kick him out of my doors. And if Mr. Wood comes to demand any gold and silver, or commodities for which I have paid my gold and silver, in exchange for his trash, can he deserve or expect better treatment?

When the evil day is come (if it must come) let us mark and observe those who presume to offer these halfpence in payment. Let their names, and trades, and places of abode be made public, that every one may be aware of them, as betrayers of their country, and confederates with Mr. Wood. Let them be watched at markets and fairs, and let the first honest discoverer give the word about, that Wood's halfpence have been offered, and caution the poor innocent people not to receive them.

Perhaps I have been too tedious; but there would never be an end, if I attempted to say all that this melancholy subject will bear. I will conclude with humbly offering one proposal, which, if it were put in practice, would blow up this destructive project at once. Let some skilful judicious pen draw up an advertisement to the following purpose.

That "Whereas one William Wood hardware-man, now or lately sojourning in the city of London, hath, by many misrepresentations, procured a patent for coining an hundred and forty thousand pounds in copper halfpence for this kingdom, which is a sum five times greater than our occasions require. And whereas it is notorious that the said Wood hath coined his halfpence of such base metal and false weight, that they are, at least, six parts in seven below the real value. And whereas we have reason to apprehend, that the said Wood may, at any time hereafter, clandestinely coin as many more halfpence as he pleases. And whereas the said patent neither doth nor can *oblige* His Majesty's subjects to receive the said halfpence in any payment, but leaves it to their voluntary choice, because, by law the subject cannot be *obliged* to take any money except gold or silver. And whereas, contrary to the letter and meaning of the said patent, the said Wood hath declared that every person shall be *obliged* to take fivepence halfpenny of his coin in every payment. And whereas the House of Commons and Privy-council have severally addressed his Most Sacred Majesty, representing the ill consequences which the said coinage may have upon this kingdom. And lastly whereas it is universally agreed, that the whole nation to a man (except Mr. Wood and his confederates) are in the utmost apprehensions of the ruinous consequences, that must follow from the said coinage. Therefore we whose names are underwritten, being persons of considerable estates in this kingdom, and residers therein, do unanimously resolve and declare that we will never receive, one farthing or halfpenny of the said Wood's coining, and that we will direct all our tenants to refuse the said coin from any person whatsoever; Of which that they may not be ignorant, we have sent them a

copy of this advertisement, to be read to them by our stewards, receivers, &c."

[Footnote 12: In the first paragraph of this letter the sum was given as £104,000. [T.S.]]

I could wish, that a paper of this nature might be drawn up, and signed by two or three hundred principal gentlemen of this kingdom, and printed copies thereof sent to their several tenants; I am deceived, if anything could sooner defeat this execrable design of Wood and his accomplices. This would immediately give the alarm, and set the kingdom on their guard. This would give courage to the meanest tenant and cottager. "How long, O Lord, righteous and true."

I must tell you in particular, Mr. Harding, that you are much to blame. Several hundred persons have enquired at your house for my "Letter to the Shopkeepers, &c." and you had none to sell them. Pray keep yourself provided with that letter, and with this; you have got very well by the former, but I did not then write for your sake, any more than I do now. Pray advertise both in every newspaper, and let it not be *your* fault or *mine*, if our countrymen will not take warning. I desire you likewise to sell them as cheap as you can.

I am your servant,

M.B.

Aug. 4, 1724.

The Report of the Committee of the Lords of His Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council, in relation to Mr. Wood's Halfpence and Farthings, etc.

AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AT WHITEHALL, THE 24TH DAY OF JULY, 1724.

In obedience to your Majesty's order of reference, upon the several resolutions and addresses of both Houses of Parliament of Ireland, during their late session, the late address of your Majesty's justices, and Privy-council of that kingdom, and the petitions of the county and city of Dublin, concerning a patent granted by your Majesty to William Wood Esq; for the coining and uttering copper halfpence and farthings in the kingdom of Ireland, to such persons as would voluntarily accept the same; and upon the petition of the said William Wood, concerning the same coinage, the Lords of the Committee have taken into their consideration the said patent, addresses, petitions, and all matters and papers relating thereto, and have heard and examined all such persons, as upon due and sufficient notice, were desirous and willing to be heard upon the subject matter under their consideration, and have agreed upon the following Report, containing a true state of the whole matter, as it appeared before them, with their humble opinion, to be laid

before your Majesty for your royal consideration and determination, upon a matter of such importance.

[Footnote 1: For the story of the origin of this report see the Note prefixed to Letter III. [T.S.]]

The several addresses to your Majesty from your subjects of Ireland, contain in general terms the strongest representations of the great apprehensions they were under, from the importing and uttering copper halfpence and farthings in Ireland, by virtue of the patent granted to Mr. Wood, which they conceived would prove highly prejudicial to your Majesty's revenue, destructive of the trade and commerce of the kingdom, and of dangerous consequence to the properties of the subject. They represent, That the patent had been obtained in a clandestine and unprecedented manner, and by notorious misrepresentations of the state of Ireland; That if the terms of the patent had been complied with, this coinage would have been of infinite loss to the kingdom, but that the patentee, under colour of the powers granted to him, had imported and endeavoured to utter great quantities of different impressions, and of less weight, than required by the patent, and had been guilty of notorious frauds and deceit in coining the said copper money: And they humbly beseech your Majesty, that you would give such directions, as in your great wisdom you should think proper, to prevent the fatal effects of uttering any half pence or farthings by virtue of the said patent: And the House of Commons of Ireland, in a second address upon this subject, pray, That your Majesty would be pleased to give directions to the several officers intrusted in the receipt of your Majesty's revenue, That they do not on any pretence whatever, receive or utter any of the said copper halfpence or farthings.

In answer to the addresses of the Houses of Parliament of Ireland, your Majesty was most graciously pleased to assure them, "That if any abuses had been committed by the patentee, you would give the necessary orders for enquiring into and punishing those abuses; and that your Majesty would do everything, that was in your power, for the satisfaction of your people."

In pursuance of this your Majesty's most gracious declaration, your Majesty was pleased to take this matter into you royal consideration; and that you might be the better enabled effectually to answer the expectations of your people of Ireland, your Majesty was pleased by a letter from Lord Carteret, one of your principal secretaries of state, dated March 10, 1723-4, to signify your pleasure to your Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "That he should give directions for sending over such papers and witnesses as should be thought proper to support the objections made against the patent, and against the patentee, in the execution of the powers given him by the patent."

Upon the receipt of these your Majesty's orders, the Lord Lieutenant, by his letter of the 20th of March, 1723-4, represented the great difficulty he found himself under, to comply with these your Majesty's orders; and by another letter of the 24th of March 1723-4, "after consulting the principal

members of both Houses, who were immediately in your Majesty's service, and of the Privy Council," acquainted your Majesty, "That none of them would take upon them to advise, how any material persons or papers might be sent over on this occasion; but they all seemed apprehensive of the ill temper any miscarriage, in a trial, upon *scire facias* brought against the patentee, might occasion in both Houses, if the evidence were not laid as full before a jury, as it was before them," and did therefore, a second time, decline sending over any persons, papers or materials whatsoever, to support this charge brought against your Majesty's patent and the patentee.

As this proceeding seemed very extraordinary, that in a matter that had raised so great and universal a clamour in Ireland, no one person could be prevailed upon to come over from Ireland, in support of the united sense of both Houses of Parliament of Ireland; That no papers, no materials, no evidence whatsoever of the mischiefs arising from this patent, or of the notorious frauds and deceit committed in the execution of it, could now be had, to give your Majesty satisfaction herein; "your Majesty however, desirous to give your people of Ireland all possible satisfaction, but sensible that you cannot in any case proceed against any of the meanest of your subjects, but according to the known rules and maxims of law and justice," repeated your orders to your Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that by persuasion, and making proper allowances for their expenses, new endeavours might be used to procure and send over such witnesses as should be thought material to make good the charge against the patent.

In answer to these orders, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland acquaints your Majesty, by his letter of the 23d of April to one of your principal secretaries of state, "That in order to obey your Majesty's commands as far as possibly he could, at a meeting with my Lord Chancellor, the Chief Judges, your Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor-General, he had earnestly desired their advice and assistance, to enable him to send over such witnesses as might be necessary to support the charge against Mr. Wood's patent, and the execution of it. The result of this meeting was such, that the Lord Lieutenant could not reap the least advantage or assistance from it, every one being so guarded with caution, against giving any advice or opinion in this matter of state, apprehending great danger to themselves from meddling in it."

The Lords of the Committee think it very strange, that there should be such great difficulty in prevailing with persons, who had already given their evidence before the Parliament of Ireland, to come over and give the same evidence here, and especially, that the chief difficulty should arise, from a general apprehension of a miscarriage, in an enquiry before your Majesty, or in a proceeding by due course of law, in a case, where both Houses of Parliament had declared themselves so fully convinced, and satisfied upon evidence, and examinations taken in the most solemn manner.

At the same time that your Majesty sent your orders to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to send over such evidences as were thought material to

support the charge against the patent, that your Majesty might, without any further loss of time than was absolutely necessary, be as fully informed as was possible, and that the abuses and frauds alleged to be committed by the patentee, in executing the powers granted to him, might be fully and strictly enquired into, and examined, your Majesty was pleased to order that an assay should be made of the fineness, value, and weight of this copper money, and the goodness thereof, compared with the former coinages of copper money for Ireland, and the copper money coined in your Majesty's Mint in England; and it was accordingly referred to Sir Isaac Newton, Edward Southwell, and Thomas Scroope, Esqs. to make the said assay and trial.

By the reports made of this assay, which are hereunto annexed, it appears, "That the pix of the copper moneys coined at Bristol by Mr. Wood for Ireland, containing the trial pieces, which was sealed and locked up at the time of coining, was opened at your Majesty's mint at the Tower; that the comptroller's account of the quantities of halfpence and farthings coined, agreed with Mr. Wood's account, amounting to 59 tons, 3 hundred, 1 quarter, 11 pounds, and 4 ounces; That by the specimens of this coinage, which had from time to time been taken from the several parcels coined, and sealed up in papers, and put into the pix, 60 halfpence weighed 14 ounces troy, and 18 penny-weight, which is about a quarter of an ounce above one pound weight avoirdupois; and 30 farthings weighed 3 ounces and 3 quarters of an ounce troy, and 46 grams, which is also above the weight required by the patent. It also appears, that both halfpence and farthings when heated red-hot spread thin under the hammer without cracking; that the copper of which Mr. Wood's coinage is made, is of the same goodness and value with the copper of which the copper money is coined in your Majesty's mint for England, and worth in the market about 13 pence per pound weight avoirdupois; That a pound of copper wrought into bars of fillets, and made fit for coinage, before brought into the mint at the Tower of London, is worth 18 pence per pound, and always cost as much, and is coined into 23 pence of copper money by tale, for England; It likewise appears, that the halfpence and farthings coined by Mr. Wood, when compared with the copper money coined for Ireland, in the reigns of King Charles II. King James II. and King William and Queen Mary, considerably exceeds them all in weight, very far exceeds them all in goodness, fineness, and value of the copper, none of them bearing the fire so well, not being malleable, wasting very much in the fire, and great part of them burning into a cinder of little or no value at all; Specimens of all which, as likewise of Mr. Wood's copper money, upon trials and assays made by Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Southwell, and Mr. Scroope, were laid before this Committee for their information."

[Footnote 2: See Appendix, No. II. [T.S.]]

The Lords of the Committee beg leave upon this article of the complaint, "That notorious frauds and deceits had been committed by the patentee, in executing the powers granted him," to observe to your Majesty, That this is a

fact expressly charged upon the patentee, and if it had in any manner been proved, it might have enabled your Majesty, by due course of law, to have given the satisfaction to your people of Ireland, that has been so much insisted upon; but as it is now above four months since your Majesty was pleased to send over to Ireland for such evidence, as might prove a fact alleged to be so notorious, and no evidence at all has been as yet transmitted, nor the least expectation given of any that may hereafter be obtained, and the trials and assays that have been taken of the halfpence, and farthings coined by Mr. Wood proving so unquestionably the weight, goodness and fineness of the copper money coined, rather exceeding the conditions of the patent, than being any way defective, the Lords of the Committee cannot advise your Majesty, by a writ of *scire facias*, or any other manner to endeavour vacating the said patent, when there is no probability of success in such an undertaking.

As these trials and assays fully shew that the patentee hath acted fairly according to the terms and conditions of his patent, so they evidently prove, that the care and caution made use of in this patent, by proper conditions, checks, and comptrols have effectually provided, that the copper money coined for Ireland by virtue of this patent, should far exceed the like coinages for Ireland, in the reigns of your Majesty's royal predecessors.

And that your Majesty's royal predecessors have exercised this undoubted prerogative of granting to private persons the power and privilege of coining copper halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, was proved to this Committee by several precedents of such patents granted to private persons by King Charles II. and King James II. none of which were equally beneficial to your kingdom of Ireland, nor so well guarded with proper covenants and conditions for the due execution of the powers thereby granted, although the power and validity of those patents, and a due compliance with them, was never in any one instance, till this time, disputed or controverted.

By these former patents, the sole power of coining copper money for Ireland, was granted to the patentees for the term of 21 years, to be coined in such place as they should think convenient, and "such quantities as they could conveniently issue within the term of 21 years," without any restriction of the quantity to be coined within the whole term, or any provision of a certain quantity, only to be coined annually to prevent the ill consequences of too great a quantity to be poured in at once, at the will and pleasure of the patentees; no provision was made for the goodness and fineness of the copper, no comptroller appointed to inspect the copper in bars and fillets, before coined, and take constant assays of the money when coined, and the power of issuing not limited "to such as would voluntarily accept the same"; but by the patent granted to John Knox, the money coined by virtue of the patent, "is made and declared to be the current coin of the kingdom of Ireland," and a pound weight of copper was allowed to be coined into 2 shillings and 8 pence, and whatever quantity should be coined, a rent of 16*l per annum* only was

reserved to the crown, and 700 tons of copper were computed to be coined within the 21 years, without any complaint.

The term granted to Mr. Wood for coining copper money is for 14 years only, the quantity for the whole term limited to 360 tons, 100 ton only to be issued within one year, and 20 tons each year for the 13 remaining years; a comptroller is appointed by the authority of the crown to inspect, comptrol, and assay the copper, as well not coined as coined; the copper to be fine British copper, cast into bars or fillets, which when heated red hot would spread thin under the hammer; a pound weight of copper to be coined into 2 shillings and sixpence, and without any compulsion on currency enforced, to be received by such only as would voluntarily and wilfully accept the same"; a rent of 800*l per annum* is reserved unto your Majesty, and 200*l per annum* to your Majesty's clerk comptroller, to be paid annually by the patentee, for the full term of the fourteen years, which for 13 years when 20 tons of copper only are coined, is not inconsiderable; these great and essential differences in the several patents, that have been granted for coining copper money for the kingdom of Ireland, seemed sufficiently to justify the care and caution that was used in granting the letters-patent to Mr. Wood.

[Footnote 3: See the extract from the patent itself, where the amount is given differently [T.S.]]

It has been further represented to your Majesty, That these letters-patent were obtained by Mr. Wood in a clandestine and unprecedent manner, and by gross misrepresentations of the state of the kingdom of Ireland. Upon enquiring into this fact it appears, That the petition of Mr. Wood for obtaining this coinage, was presented to your Majesty at the time that several other petitions and applications were made to your Majesty, for the same purpose, by sundry persons, well acquainted and conversant with the affairs of Ireland, setting forth the great want of small money and change in all the common and lower parts of traffic, and business throughout the kingdom, and the terms of Mr. Wood's petition seeming to your Majesty most reasonable, thereupon a draught of a warrant directing a grant of such coinage to be made to Mr. Wood, was referred to your Majesty's then Attorney and Solicitor-general of England, to consider and report their opinion to your Majesty; Sir Isaac Newton, as the Committee is informed was consulted in all the steps of settling and adjusting the terms and conditions of the patent; and after mature deliberation, your Majesty's warrant was signed, directing an indenture in such manner as is practised in your Majesty's mint in the Tower of London, for the coining of gold and silver moneys, to pass the Great Seal of Great Britain, which was carried through all the usual forms and offices without haste or precipitation, That the Committee cannot discover the least pretence to say, this patent was passed or obtained in a clandestine or unprecedented manner, unless it is to be understood, that your Majesty's granting a liberty of coining copper money for Ireland, under the Great Seal of Great Britain, without referring the consideration thereof to the principal officers of Ireland,

is the grievance and mischief complained of. Upon this head it must be admitted, that letters-patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain for coining copper money for Ireland, are legal and obligatory, a just and reasonable exercise of your Majesty's royal prerogative, and in no manner derogatory, or invasive, of any liberties or privileges of your subjects of Ireland. When any matter or thing is transacting that concerns or may affect your kingdom of Ireland, if your Majesty has any doubts concerning the same, or sees just cause for considering your officers of Ireland, your Majesty is frequently pleased to refer such considerations to your chief governors of Ireland, but the Lords of the Committee hope it will not be asserted, that any legal orders or resolutions of your Majesty can or ought to be called in question or invalidated, because the advice or consent of your chief governors of that kingdom was not previously had upon them: The precedents are many, wherein cases of great importance to Ireland, and that immediately affected, the interests of that kingdom, warrants, orders, and directions, by the authority of your Majesty and your royal predecessors, have been issued under the royal sign manual, without any previous reference, or advice of your officers of Ireland, which have always had their due force, and have been punctually complied with and obeyed. And as it cannot be disputed but this patent might legally and properly pass under the Great Seal of Great Britain, so their Lordships cannot find any precedents of references to the officers of Ireland, of what passed under the Great Seal of England; on the contrary, there are precedents of patents passed under the Great Seal of Ireland, where in all the previous steps the references were made to the officers of England.

By the misrepresentation of the state of Ireland, in order to obtain this patent, it is presumed, is meant, That the information given to your Majesty of the great want of small money, to make small payments, was groundless, and that there is no such want of small money: The Lords of the Committee enquired very particularly into this article, and Mr. Wood produced several witnesses, that directly asserted the great want of small money for change, and the great damage that retailers and manufactures suffered for want of such copper money. Evidence was given, That considerable manufacturers have been obliged to give tallies, or tokens in cards, to their workmen for want of small money, signed upon the back, to be afterwards exchanged for larger money: That a premium was often given to obtain small money for necessary occasions: Several letters from Ireland to correspondents in England were read, complaining of the want of copper money, and expressing the great demand there was for this money.

The great want of small money was further proved by the common use of *raps*, a counterfeit coin, of such base metal, that what passes for a halfpenny, is not worth half a farthing, which raps appear to have obtained a currency, out of necessity and for want of better small money to make change with, and by the best accounts, the Lords of the Committee have reason to believe, That there can be no doubt, that there is a real want of small money in Ireland,

which seems to be so far admitted on all hands, that there does not appear to have been any misrepresentation of the state of Ireland in this respect.

In the second address from the House of Commons to your Majesty, They most humbly beseech your Majesty, that you will be graciously pleased to give directions to the several officers intrusted with the receipt of your Majesty's revenue, that they do not, on any pretence whatsoever, receive or utter such halfpence or farthings, and Mr. Wood, in his petition to your Majesty, complains, that the officers of your Majesty's revenue had already given such orders to all the inferior officers not to receive any of this coin.

Your Majesty, by your patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, wills, requires and commands your "lieutenant, deputy, or other chief governor or governors of your kingdom of Ireland, and all other officers and ministers of your Majesty, your heirs and successors in England, Ireland or elsewhere, to be aiding and assisting to the said William Wood, his executors, &c. in the execution of all or any the powers, authorities, directions, matters or things to be executed by him or them, or for his or their benefit and advantage, by virtue, and in pursuance of the said indentures, in all things as becometh, &c." And if the officers of the revenue have, upon their own authority, given any orders, directions, significations, or intimations, to hinder or obstruct the receiving and uttering the copper money coined and imported, pursuant to your Majesty's letters-patent, this cannot but be looked upon as a very extraordinary proceeding.

In another paragraph of the patent your Majesty has covenanted and granted unto the said William Wood, his executors, &c. "That upon performance of covenants, on his and their parts, he and they shall peaceably, and quietly, have, hold, and enjoy all the powers, authorities, privileges, licences, profits, advantages, and all other matters and things thereby granted, without any let, suit, trouble, molestation or denial of your Majesty, your heirs or successors, or of or by any of your or their officers or ministers, or any person or persons, &c." This being so expressly granted and covenanted by your Majesty, and there appearing no failure, non-performance, or breach of covenants, on the part of the patentee, the Lords of the Committee cannot advise your Majesty to give directions to the officers of the revenue, not to receive or utter any of the said copper halfpence or farthings as has been desired.

Mr. Wood having been heard by his counsel, produced his several witnesses, all the papers and precedents, which he thought material, having been read and considered, and having as he conceived, fully vindicated both the patent, and the execution thereof. For his further justification, and to clear himself from the imputation of attempting to make to himself any unreasonable profit or advantage, and to enrich himself at the expense of the kingdom of Ireland, by endeavouring to impose upon them, and utter a greater quantity of copper money, than the necessary occasions of the people shall require, and can easily take off, delivered a proposal in writing, signed by

himself, which is hereunto annexed, and Mr. Wood having by the said letters-patent, "covenanted, granted, and promised to, and with your Majesty, your heirs and successors, that he shall and will from time to time in the making the said copper farthings and halfpence in England, and in transporting the same from time to time to Ireland, and in uttering, vending, disposing and dispersing the same there, and in all his doings and accounts concerning the same, submit himself to the inspection, examination, order and comptrol of your Majesty and your commissioners of the treasury or high-treasurer for the time being;" the Lords of the Committee are of opinion, that your Majesty upon this voluntary offer and proposal of Mr. Wood, may give proper orders and directions for the execution and due performance of such parts of the said proposal, as shall be judged most for the interest and accommodation of your subjects of Ireland: In the mean time, it not appearing to their Lordships that Mr. Wood has done or committed any act or deed, that may tend to invalidate, or make void his letters-patent, or to forfeit the privileges and advantages thereby granted to him by your Majesty; It is but just and reasonable, that your Majesty should immediately send orders to your commissioners of the revenue, and all other your officers in Ireland, to revoke all orders, directions, significations, or intimations whatsoever, that may have been given by them, or any of them, to hinder or obstruct the receiving and uttering this copper money, and that the halfpence and farthings already coined by Mr. Wood, amounting to about 17,000*l*. and such further quantity as shall make up the said 17,000*l*. to 40,000*l*. "be suffered and permitted without any let, suit, trouble, molestation, or denial of any of your Majesty's officers or ministers whatsoever, to pass, and be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive the same." At the same time, it may be advisable for your Majesty, to give the proper orders, that Mr. Wood shall not coin, import into Ireland, utter or dispose of any more copper halfpence or farthings, than to the amount of 40,000*l*. according to his own proposal, without your Majesty's special licence or authority, to be had for that purpose; and if your Majesty shall be pleased to order, that Mr. Wood's proposal, delivered to the Lords of the Committee, shall be transmitted to your Majesty's chief governor, deputies, or other your ministers, or officers in Ireland, it will give them a proper opportunity to consider, Whether, after the reduction of 360 tons of copper, being in value 100,800*l*. to 142 tons, 17 hundred, 16 pounds being in value 40,000*l*. only, anything can be done for the further satisfaction of the people of Ireland.

LETTER III.

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

NOTE.

The Drapier's second letter was dated August 4th, 1724. A few days later the English Privy Council's Report, dated 24th July, 1724, arrived in Dublin, and on August 25th, Swift had issued his reply to it in this third letter.

The Report itself, which is here prefixed to the third letter, was said to have been the work of Walpole. Undoubtedly, it contains the best arguments that could then be urged in favour of Wood and the patent, and undoubtedly, also, it would have had the desired effect had it been allowed to do its work uncriticised. But Swift's opposition was fatal to Walpole's intentions. He took the report as but another attempt to foist on the people of Ireland a decree in which they had not been consulted, and no amount of yielding, short of complete abandonment of it, would palliate the thing that was hateful in itself. He resented the insult. After specific rebuttals of the various arguments urged in the report in favour of the patent, Swift suddenly turns from the comparatively petty and insignificant consideration as to the weight and quality of the coins, and deals with the broad principle of justice which the granting of the patent had ignored. Had the English Houses of Parliament and the English Privy Council, he said, addressed the King against a similar breach of the English people's rights, his Majesty would not have waited to discuss the matter, nor would his ministers have dared to advise him as they had done in this instance. "Am I a free man in England," he exclaims, "and do I become a slave in six hours in crossing the channel?"

The report, however, is interesting inasmuch as it assists us to appreciate the pathetic condition of Irish affairs at the time. The very fact that the petition of the Irish parliament could be so handled, proves how strong had been the hold over Ireland by England, and with what daring insistence the English ministers continued to efface the last strongholds of Irish independence.

Monck Mason, in reviewing the report, has devoted a very elaborate note to its details, and has fortified his criticisms with a series of remarkable letters from the Archbishop of Dublin, which he publishes for the first time. I have embodied much of this note in the annotations which accompany the present reprint of this letter.

[Footnote 1: "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," pp. lxxxvi-xcv.]

The text of this third letter is based on Sir W. Scott's, collated with the

first edition and that given by Faulkner in “Fraud Detected.” It has also been read with Faulkner’s text given in the fourth volume of his edition of Swift’s Works, published in 1735.

LETTER III.

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

Having already written two letters to people of my own level, and condition; and having now very pressing occasion for writing a third; I thought I could not more properly address it than to your lordships and worships.

The occasion is this. A printed paper was sent to me on the 18th instant, entitled, "A Report of the Committee of the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council in England, relating to Mr. Wood's Halfpence and Farthings." There is no mention made where the paper was printed, but I suppose it to have been in Dublin; and I have been told that the copy did not come over in the Gazette, but in the London Journal, or some other print of no authority or consequence; and for anything that legally appears to the contrary, it may be a contrivance to fright us, or a project of some printer, who hath a mind to make a penny by publishing something upon a subject, which now employs all our thoughts in this kingdom. Mr. Wood in publishing this paper would insinuate to the world, as if the Committee had a greater concern for his credit and private emolument, than for the honour of the Privy-council and both Houses of Parliament here, and for the quiet and welfare of this whole kingdom; For it seems intended as a vindication of Mr. Wood, not without several severe remarks on the Houses of Lords and Commons of Ireland.

[Footnote 2: The full text of this report is prefixed to this third letter of the Drapier. The report was published in the "London Journal" about the middle of August of 1724. Neither the "Gazette" nor any other ministerial organ printed it, which evidently gave Swift his cue to attack it in the merciless manner he did. Monck Mason thought it "not improbable that the minister [Walpole] adopted this method of communication, because it served his own purpose; he dared not to stake his credit upon such a document, which, in its published form, contains some gross mis-statements" ("History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," note, on p. 336). [T.S.]]

The whole is indeed written with the turn and air of a pamphlet, as if it were a dispute between William Wood on the one part, and the Lords Justices, Privy-council and both Houses of Parliament on the other; the design of it being to clear and vindicate the injured reputation of William Wood, and to charge the other side with casting rash and groundless aspersions upon him.

But if it be really what the title imports, Mr. Wood hath treated the Committee with great rudeness, by publishing an act of theirs in so unbecoming a manner, without their leave, and before it was communicated to the government and Privy-council of Ireland, to whom the Committee advised

that it should be transmitted. But with all deference be it spoken, I do not conceive that a Report of a Committee of the Council in England is hitherto a law in either kingdom; and until any point is determined to be a law, it remains disputable by every subject.

This (may it please your lordships and worships) may seem a strange way of discoursing in an illiterate shopkeeper. I have endeavoured (although without the help of books) to improve that small portion of reason which God hath pleased to give me, and when reason plainly appears before me, I cannot turn away my head from it. Thus for instance, if any lawyer should tell me that such a point were law, from which many gross palpable absurdities must follow, I would not, I could not believe him. If Sir Edward Coke should positively assert (which he nowhere does, but the direct contrary) that a limited prince, could by his prerogative oblige his subjects to take half an ounce of lead, stamped with his image, for twenty shillings in gold, I should swear he was deceived or a deceiver, because a power like that, would leave the whole lives and fortunes of the people entirely at the mercy of the monarch: Yet this, in effect, is what Wood hath advanced in some of his papers, and what suspicious people may possibly apprehend from some passages in that which is called the "Report."

That paper mentions "such persons to have been examined, who were desirous and willing to be heard upon that subject." I am told, they were four in all, Coleby, Brown, Mr. Finley the banker, and one more whose name I know not. The first of these was tried for robbing the Treasury in Ireland, and although he was acquitted for want of legal proof, yet every person in the Court believed him to be guilty. The second was tried for a rape, and stands recorded in the votes of the House of Commons, for endeavouring by perjury and subornation, to take away the life of John Bingham, Esq.

[Footnote 3: Referring to these persons who were examined by the Committee, Monck Mason quotes from two letters from Archbishop King to Edward Southwell, Esq. King was one of the council, and Southwell secretary of state at the time. The first of these letters remarks: "Could a greater contempt be put upon a nation, than to see such a little fellow as Wood favoured and supported against them, and such profligates as Brown and Coleby believed before a whole parliament, government, and private council." From the second letter, written on August 15th, 1724, Monck Mason gives the following extracts:

" — When I returned to Dublin I met with resolutions concerning our halfpence, founded chiefly on the testimony of two infamous persons, John Brown and Coleby: as to the first of these, you will find his character in the votes of the house of commons, last parliament. Tuesday, the 5th of November.

"'Resolved, that it appears to this Committee, that a wicked conspiracy was maliciously contrived and carried on against John Bingham, to take away his life and fortune.

"'Resolved, that it is the opinion of this Committee, that the said John Brown, of Rabens, Esq. and his accomplices, were the chief promoters and advisers of the said conspiracy.

"'Resolved, that it is the opinion of this Committee, that the said John Brown is a person not fit to serve his majesty, in any office or employment, civil or military, whatsoever.

"'Resolved, that the said John Brown has, in the course of his examination, grossly prevaricated with this Committee.

"'To all which resolutions, the question being severally put, the house did agree, *nemine contradicente*.

"'Ordered, that the said John Brown be, for his said prevarication, taken into the custody of the serjeant at arms attending this house.

"'Ordered, that his majesty's attorney-general do present the said John Brown, for conniving and maliciously carrying on the said conspiracy to take away the life of the said John Bingham, and others.'

"As to Coleby, he was turned out of the treasury for robbing it of a considerable sum of money. I was present at his trial at the King's-bench, and the evidence was such as convinced every one, in his conscience, that he was guilty; but, the proofs being presumptive, and not direct, the jury acquitted him; on which the judge (Pine, if I remember right) observed the happiness of English subjects, that, though everybody was convinced of a man's guilt, yet, if the evidence did not come up to the strict requisites of the law, he would escape" ("History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," pp. xciv-xcv.) [T.S.]]

But since I have gone so far as to mention particular persons, it may be some satisfaction to know who is this Wood himself, that has the honour to have a whole kingdom at his mercy, for almost two years together. I find he is in the patent entitled *Esq*; although he were understood to be only a hardware-man, and so I have been bold to call him in my former letters; however a '*squire* he is, not only by virtue of his patent, but by having been a collector in Shropshire, where pretending to have been robbed, and suing the county, he was cast, and for the infamy of the fact, lost his employment.

I have heard another story of this 'Squire Wood from a very honourable lady, that one Hamilton told her. He (Hamilton) was sent for six years ago by Sir Isaac Newton to try the coinage of four men, who then solicited a patent for coining halfpence for Ireland; their names were Wood, Coster, Elliston, and Parker. Parker made the fairest offer, and Wood the worst, for his coin were three halfpence in a pound less value than the other. By which it is plain with what intentions he solicited this patent, but not so plain how he obtained it.

It is alleged in the said paper, called the "Report," that upon repeated orders from a secretary of state, for sending over such papers and witnesses, as should be thought proper to support the objections made against the patent (by both Houses of Parliament) the Lord Lieutenant represented "the great difficulty he found himself in to comply with these orders. That none of the

principal members of both Houses, who were in the King's service or council, would take upon them to advise how any material person or papers might be sent over on this occasion, &c." And this is often repeated and represented as "a proceeding that seems very extraordinary, and that in a matter which had raised so great a clamour in Ireland, no one person could be prevailed upon to come over from Ireland in support of the united sense of both Houses of Parliament in Ireland, especially that the chief difficulty should arise from a general apprehension of a miscarriage, in an enquiry before His Majesty, or in a proceeding by due course of law, in a case where both Houses of Parliament had declared themselves so fully convinced, and satisfied upon evidence, and examinations taken in the most solemn manner."

[Footnote 4: Commenting on this Monck Mason has the following note. This learned biographer's remarks are specially important inasmuch as he has fortified them with letters from Archbishop King, unpublished at the time he wrote: "But this [referring to the extract from the Report given by Swift] will not appear so strange or inexplicable after perusing the following letter from Archbishop King … to Edward Southwell, Esq. …; this important state paper may, therefore, be considered as an official communication of the sentiments of the Irish Privy Council upon this matter.

"Letter from William King, Archbishop of Dublin, to Edward Southwell, Esq., dated the 23d March, 1723.

"'I have not had any occasion of late to trouble you with my letters; but yesternight I came to the knowledge of an affair which gave me some uneasiness, and, I believe, will do so to the whole kingdom, when it becomes public. My lord lieutenant sent for several lords and commoners of the privy council, and communicated to them a letter from my Lord Carteret, writ by his majesty's command, in which was repeated the answer given to the addresses of the lords and commons, about one William Wood's farthings and halfpence; and his grace is required to send over witnesses and evidences against the patentee or patent: this has surprised most people, because we were borne in hand that that affair was dead, and that we should never hear any more of it.

"'His grace's design was, to be advised by what means and methods he might effectually comply with his majesty's commands; and, by what I could perceive, it was the sense of all, that it was not possible, in the present situation of affairs, to answer his majesty's expectations or those of the kingdom; and that, for these reasons:

"'1st, because this is a controversy between the parliament of Ireland and William Wood, and, the parliament being now prorogued, nobody either would, or durst, take on them to meddle in a business attacked by the parliament, or pretend to manage a cause which so deeply concerned the parliament, and the whole nation, without express orders. If this letter had

come whilst the parliament was sitting, and had been communicated to the houses, they could have appointed certain persons to have acted for them, and raised a fund to support them, as has been done formerly in this kingdom on several occasions; but, for any, without such authority, to make himself a party for the legislature and people of Ireland, would be a bold undertaking, and, perhaps, dangerous; for, if such undertaker or undertakers should fail in producing all evidences that may be had, or any of the papers necessary to make the case evident, they must expect to be severely handled the next parliament for their officiousness, and bear the blame of the miscarriage of the cause: for these reasons, as it seemed to me, the privy councillors were unwilling to engage at all in the business, or to meddle with it.

"'But, 2dly, the thing seemed impracticable; because it would signify nothing to send over the copies of the papers that were laid before the parliament, if the design is, as it seems to be, to bring the patent to a legal trial; for such copies we were told by lawyers, could not be produced in any court as evidence; and, as to the originals, they are in the possession of the houses, and (as was conceived) could not be taken from the proper officers with whom they were trusted, but by the like order.

"'And, as to the witnesses, it was a query whether my lord lieutenant by his own power could send them; and, if he have such power, yet it will not be possible to come at the witnesses, for several in each house vouched several facts on their own knowledge, to whom the houses gave credit; my lord lieutenant can neither be apprised of the persons nor of the particulars which the members testified; whereas, if the parliament was sitting, those members would appear, and make good their assertions.

"'There were several sorts of farthings and halfpence produced to the houses, differing in weight, and there was likewise a difference in the stamp. These were sent over by William Wood to his correspondents here, and by them produced. But can it be proved, on a legal trial, that these particular halfpence were coined by him? It is easy for him to say, that they are counterfeited, as (if I remember right) he has already affirmed in the public prints, in his answer to the address of the commons.

"'But, 3dly, it was not on the illegality of the patent, nor chiefly on the abuse of it the patentee (which was not so much as mentioned by the lords), that the parliament insisted, but on the unavoidable mischief and destruction it would bring on the kingdom, and on its being obtained by most false and notorious misinformation of his majesty; it being suggested, as appears by the preamble, that the kingdom wanted such halfpence and farthings: now, if the king be misinformed, the lawyers tell us, that the grant is void. And, that his majesty was deceived in this grant by a false representation, it was said, needed no further proof than the patent itself. — William Wood by it was empowered to coin 360 tons of copper into halfpence and farthings, which would have made £90,000, about the fifth part of all the current cash of Ireland; for that is not reckoned, by those who suppose it most, to be

£500,000. Now, the current cash of England is reckoned above twenty millions; in proportion, therefore, if Ireland wants £90,000 England will want four millions. It is easy to imagine what would be said to a man that would propose to his majesty such a coinage; and it is agreed, that the people of England would not be more alarmed by such a patent, than the people of Ireland are, by the prospect of turning the fifth part of their current coin into brass.

"'This, so far as I can remember, is a brief of what passed in the meeting before my lord lieutenant'" ("History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," pp. lxxxvii-lxxxviii). [T.S.]]

How shall I, a poor ignorant shopkeeper, utterly unskilled in law, be able to answer so weighty an objection. I will try what can be done by plain reason, unassisted by art, cunning or eloquence.

In my humble opinion, the committee of council, hath already prejudged the whole case, by calling the united sense of both Houses of Parliament in Ireland an "universal clamour." Here the addresses of the Lords and Commons of Ireland against a ruinous destructive project of an "obscure, single undertaker," is called a "clamour." I desire to know how such a style would be resented in England from a committee of council there to a Parliament, and how many impeachments would follow upon it. But supposing the appellation to be proper, I never heard of a wise minister who despised the universal clamour of a people, and if that clamour can be quieted by disappointing the fraudulent practice of a single person, the purchase is not exorbitant.

But in answer to this objection. First it is manifest, that if this coinage had been in Ireland, with such limitations as have been formerly specified in other patents, and granted to persons of this kingdom, or even of England, able to give sufficient security, few or no inconveniencies could have happened, which might not have been immediately remedied. As to Mr. Knox's patent mentioned in the Report, security was given into the exchequer, that the patentee should at any time receive his halfpence back, and pay gold or silver in exchange for them. And Mr. Moor (to whom I suppose that patent was made over) was in 1694 forced to leave off coining, before the end of that year, by the great crowds of people continually offering to return his coinage upon him. In 1698 he coined again, and was forced to give over for the same reason. This entirely alters the case; for there is no such condition in Wood's patent, which condition was worth a hundred times all other limitations whatsoever.

[Footnote 5: It will serve to elucidate this paragraph if an account be given of the various coinage patents issued for Ireland. Monck Mason gives an account in a long note to his biography of Swift; but as he has obtained it from the very ably written tract, "A Defence of the Conduct of the People of Ireland," etc., I have gone to that pamphlet for the present *résumé*. I quote from pp. 21-24 of the Dublin edition, issued in 1724 and printed by George

Ewing:

"K. Charles 2d. 1660 granted a patent for coining only farthings for the kingdom of Ireland to Coll. Armstrong: But I do not find he ever made any use of it.[A] For all our copper and brass money to the year 1680 was issued by private persons, who obtained particular licences, *on giving security to change their half-pence and farthings for gold and silver*; but some of their securities failing, others pretending the half-pence which were tendered to be changed were counterfeits, the public always suffered. Col. Armstrong's son, finding great profit was made by coining half-pence in Ireland, by virtue of particular licences recallable at pleasure, solicited and obtained a patent in the name of George Legg afterwards Lord Dartmouth, for coining half-pence for Ireland from 1680, for 21 years, *he giving security to exchange them for gold or silver on demand*.[B] In pursuance of this he coined considerable quantities of half-pence for four years; but in 1685 [John] Knox, with the consent of Armstrong, got the remaining part of this term granted by patent in his own name, he giving security as above, and got his half-pence declared the current coin of Ireland, notwithstanding two Acts of Parliament had enacted that they should not be received in the revenue. Knox was interrupted in his coinage in 1689, by King James's taking it into his own hands, to coin his famous brass money, of which he coined no less than £965,375, three penny worth of metal passing for £10 *ster*. In this money creditors were obliged to receive their debts, and by this cruel stratagem Ireland lost about £60,000 per month. This not only made our gold and silver, but even our half-pence to disappear; which obliged King William to coin pewter half-pence for the use of his army….

[Footnote A: Monck Mason, quoting Simon "On Irish Coins" (Append., No. LXV), says: "Sir Thomas [Armstrong] was never admitted to make use of this grant, nor could he obtain allowance of the chief governor of Ireland, to issue them as royal coin among the subjects of that kingdom."]

[Footnote B: "A proclamation was issued by the lord lieutenant, declaring these half-pence to be the current coin of the kingdom, but it provided that none should be enforced to take more than five shillings in the payment of one hundred pounds, and so proportionately in all greater and lesser sums…. This patent was granted, by and with, the advice of James, Duke of Ormond" (Monck Mason, "History of St. Patrick's," p. 334, note y).]

"After the Revolution, Col. Roger Moore being possessed of Knox's patent, commenced his coinage in Dublin, and at first kept several offices for changing his half-pence for gold or silver. He soon overstocked the kingdom so with copper money, that persons were obliged to receive large sums in it; for the officers of the crown were industrious dispensers of it, for which he allowed them a premium. It was common at that time for one to compound for 1/4 copper, and the collectors paid nothing else. The country being thus overcharged with a base coin, everyone tendered it to Col. Moore to be changed. This he refused, on pretence they were counterfeits…. On this he

quitted coining in 1698, but left us in a miserable condition, which is lively represented in a Memorial presented by Will. Trench, Esq. to the Lords of the Treasury, on Mr. Wood's obtaining his patent, and which our Commissioners referred to…. Col. Moore finding the sweet of such a patent, applied to King William for a renewal of it; but his petition being referred to the government of Ireland, the affair was fairly represented to the king, whereby his designs were frustrated.

"In the reign of the late Queen, application was made by Robert Baird and William Harnill, Trustees for the garrison which defended Londonderry, for a patent to coin base money for Ireland … their petition was rejected…. Since this time there have been many applications made for such patents." [T.S.]]

Put the case, that the two Houses of Lords and Commons of England, and the Privy-council there should address His Majesty to recall a patent, from whence they apprehend the most ruinous consequences to the whole kingdom: And to make it stronger if possible, that the whole nation, almost to a man, should thereupon discover the "most dismal apprehensions" (as Mr. Wood styles them) would His Majesty debate half an hour what he had to do? Would any minister dare advise him against recalling such a patent? Or would the matter be referred to the Privy-Council or to Westminster-hall, the two Houses of Parliament plaintiffs, and William Wood defendant? And is there even the smallest difference between the two cases?

Were not the people of Ireland born as free as those of England? How have they forfeited their freedom? Is not their Parliament as fair a representative of the people as that of England? And hath not their Privy-council as great or a greater share in the administration of public affairs? Are they not subjects of the same King? Does not the same sun shine on them? And have they not the same God for their protector? Am I a freeman in England, and do I become a slave in six hours by crossing the Channel? No wonder then, if the boldest persons were cautious to interpose in a matter already determined by the whole voice of the nation, or to presume to represent the representatives of the kingdom, and were justly apprehensive of meeting such a treatment as they would deserve at the next session. It would seem very extraordinary if an inferior court in England, should take a matter out of the hands of the high court of Parliament, during a prorogation, and decide it against the opinion of both Houses.

It happens however, that, although no persons were so bold, as to go over as evidences, to prove the truth of the objections made against this patent by the high court of Parliament here, yet these objections stand good, notwithstanding the answers made by Wood and his Council.

The Report says, that "upon an assay made of the fineness, weight and value of this copper, it exceeded in every article." This is possible enough in the pieces upon which the assay was made; but Wood must have failed very much in point of dexterity, if he had not taken care to provide a sufficient quantity of such halfpence as would bear the trial; which he was well able to

do, although "they were taken out of several parcels." Since it is now plain, that the bias of favour hath been wholly on his side.

[Footnote 6: The report of the assayers as abstracted by the Lords of the Committee in their report is not accurately stated. Monck Mason notes that the abstract omits the following passage: "But although the copper was very good, and the money, one piece with another, was full weight, yet the single pieces were not so equally coined in the weight as they should have been." Nor is it shown that the coins assayed were of the same kind as those sent into Ireland. The Committee's report fails to see the question that must arise when it is noted that while in England a pound of copper was made into twenty-three pence, yet for Ireland Wood was permitted to make it into thirty pence, in spite of the statement that the copper used in England was worth fivepence a pound more than that used by Wood. [T.S.]]

But what need is there of disputing, when we have positive demonstration of Wood's fraudulent practices in this point? I have seen a large quantity of these halfpence weighed by a very skilful person, which were of four different kinds, three of them considerably under weight. I have now before me an exact computation of the difference of weight between these four sorts, by which it appears that the fourth sort, or the lightest, differs from the first to a degree, that, in the coinage of three hundred and sixty tons of copper, the patentee will be a gainer, only by that difference, of twenty-four thousand four hundred and ninety-four pounds, and in the whole, the public will be a loser of eighty-two thousand one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, sixteen shillings, even supposing the metal in point of goodness to answer Wood's contract and the assay that hath been made; which it infallibly doth not. For this point hath likewise been enquired into by very experienced men, who, upon several trials in many of these halfpence, have found them to be at least one fourth part below the real value (not including the raps or counterfeits that he or his accomplices have already made of his own coin, and scattered about). Now the coinage of three hundred and sixty ton of copper coined by the weight of the fourth or lightest sort of his halfpence will amount to one hundred twenty-two thousand four hundred eighty-eight pounds, sixteen shillings, and if we subtract a fourth part of the real value by the base mixture in the metal, we must add to the public loss one fourth part to be subtracted from the intrinsic value of the copper, which in three hundred and sixty tons amounts to ten thousand and eighty pounds, and this added to the former sum of eighty-two thousand one hundred sixty-eight pounds, sixteen shillings, will make in all, ninety-two thousand two hundred forty-eight pounds loss to the public; besides the raps or counterfeits that he may at any time hereafter think fit to coin. Nor do I know whether he reckons the dross exclusive or inclusive with his three hundred and sixty ton of copper; which however will make a considerable difference in the account.

You will here please to observe, that the profit allowed to Wood by the patent is twelvepence out of every pound of copper valued at *1s. 6d.* whereas

5d. only is allowed for coinage of a pound weight for the English halfpence, and this difference is almost 25 *per cent*. which is double to the highest exchange of money, even under all the additional pressures, and obstructions to trade, that this unhappy kingdom lies at present. This one circumstance in the coinage of three hundred and sixty ton of copper makes a difference of twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds between English and Irish halfpence, even allowing those of Wood to be all of the heaviest sort.

It is likewise to be considered, that for every halfpenny in a pound weight exceeding the number directed by the patent, Wood will be a gainer in the coinage of three hundred and sixty ton of copper, sixteen hundred and eighty pounds profit more than the patent allows him; Out of which he may afford to make his comptrollers easy upon that article.

As to what is alleged, that "these halfpence far exceed the like coinage for Ireland in the reigns of His Majesty's predecessors;" there cannot well be a more exceptionable way of arguing: Although the fact were true, which however is altogether mistaken; not by any fault in the Committee, but by the fraud and imposition of Wood, who certainly produced the worst patterns he could find, such as were coined in small numbers by permissions to private men, as butchers' halfpence, black dogs and the like, or perhaps the small St. Patrick's coin which passes for a farthing, or at best some of the smallest raps of the latest kind. For I have now by me some halfpence coined in the year 1680 by virtue of the patent granted to my Lord Dartmouth, which was renewed to Knox, and they are heavier by a ninth part than those of Wood, and in much better metal. And the great St. Patrick's halfpenny is yet larger than either.

But what is all this to the present debate? If under the various exigencies of former times, by wars, rebellions, and insurrections, the Kings of England were sometimes forced to pay their armies here with mixed or base money, God forbid that the necessities of turbulent times should be a precedent for times of peace, and order, and settlement.

In the patent above mentioned granted to Lord Dartmouth, in the reign of King Charles 2d. and renewed to Knox, the securities given into the exchequer, obliging the patentee to receive his money back upon every demand, were an effectual remedy against all inconveniencies. And the copper was coined in our own kingdom, so that we were in no danger to purchase it with the loss of all our silver and gold carried over to another, nor to be at the trouble of going to England for the redressing of any abuse.

That the Kings of England have exercised their prerogative of coining copper for Ireland and for England is not the present question: But (to speak in the style of the Report) it would "seem a little extraordinary," supposing a King should think fit to exercise his prerogative by coining copper in Ireland, to be current in England, without referring it to his officers in that kingdom to be informed whether the grant was reasonable, and whether the people desired

it or no, and without regard to the addresses of his Parliament against it. God forbid that so mean a man as I should meddle with the King's prerogative: But I have heard very wise men say, that the King's prerogative is bounded and limited by the good and welfare of his people. I desire to know, whether it is not understood and avowed that the good of Ireland was intended by this patent. But Ireland is not consulted at all in the matter, and as soon as Ireland is informed of it, they declare against it; the two Houses of Parliament and the Privy-council addresses His Majesty upon the mischiefs apprehended by such a patent. The Privy-council in England takes the matter out of the Parliament's cognizance; the good of the kingdom is dropped, and it is now determined that Mr. Wood shall have the power of ruining a whole nation for his private advantage.

I never can suppose that such patents as these were originally granted with the view of being a job for the interest of a particular person, to the damage of the public: Whatever profit must arise to the patentee was surely meant at best but as a secondary motive, and since somebody must be a gainer, the choice of the person was made either by favour, or *something else* or by the pretence of merit and honesty. This argument returns so often and strongly into my head, that I cannot forbear frequently repeating it. Surely His Majesty, when he consented to the passing of this patent, conceived he was doing an act of grace to his most loyal subjects of Ireland, without any regard to Mr. Wood, farther than as an instrument. But the people of Ireland think this patent (intended *no doubt* for their good) to be a most intolerable grievance, and therefore Mr. Wood can never succeed, without an open avowal that his profit is preferred not only before the interests, but the very safety and being of a great kingdom; and a kingdom distinguished for its loyalty, perhaps above all others upon earth. Not turned from its duty by the "jurisdiction of the House of Lords, abolished at a stroke, by the hardships of the Act of Navigation newly enforced; By all possible obstructions in trade," and by a hundred other instances, "enough to fill this paper." Nor was there ever among us the least attempt towards an insurrection in favour of the Pretender. Therefore whatever justice a free people can claim we have at least an equal title to it with our brethren in England, and whatever grace a good prince can bestow on the most loyal subjects, we have reason to expect it: Neither hath this kingdom any way deserved to be sacrificed to one "single, rapacious, obscure, ignominious projector."

[Footnote 7: A hint at the Duchess of Kendal's influence in the procuring of the patent. [T.S.]]

Among other clauses mentioned in this patent, to shew how advantageous it is to Ireland, there is one which seems to be of a singular nature, that the patentee shall be obliged, during his term, "to pay eight hundred pounds a year to the crown, and two hundred pounds a year to the comptroller." I have heard indeed that the King's council do always consider, in the passing of a patent, whether it will be of advantage to the crown, but I have likewise heard

that it is at the same time considered whether the passing of it may be injurious to any other persons or bodies politic. However, although the attorney and solicitor be servants to the King, and therefore bound to consult His Majesty's interest, yet I am under some doubt whether eight hundred pounds a year to the crown would be equivalent to the ruin of a kingdom. It would be far better for us to have paid eight thousand pounds a year into His Majesty's coffers, in the midst of all our taxes (which, in proportion, are greater in this kingdom than ever they were in England, even during the war) than purchase such an addition to the revenue at the price of our *utter undoing*.

[Footnote 8: By the terms of the patent, Wood covenanted to pay to the King's clerk, or comptroller of the coinage, £200 yearly, and £100 per annum into his Majesty's exchequer, and not as Walpole's report has it, £800 and £200. [T.S.]]

But here it is plain that fourteen thousand pounds are to be paid by Wood, only as a small circumstantial charge for the purchase of his patent, what were his other visible costs I know not, and what were his latent, is variously conjectured. But he must be surely a man of some wonderful merit. Hath he saved any other kingdom at his own expense, to give him a title of reimbursing himself by the destruction of ours? Hath he discovered the longitude or the universal medicine? No. But he hath found out the philosopher's stone after a new manner, by debasing of copper, and resolving to force it upon us for gold.

When the two Houses represented to His Majesty, that this patent to Wood was obtained in a clandestine manner, surely the Committee could not think the Parliament would insinuate that it had not passed in the common forms, and run through every office where fees and perquisites were due. They knew very well that persons in places were no enemies to grants, and that the officers of the crown could not be kept in the dark. But the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland affirmed it was a secret to him (and who will doubt of his veracity, especially when he swore to a person of quality; from whom I had it, that Ireland should never be troubled with these halfpence). It was a secret to the people of Ireland, who were to be the only sufferers, and those who best knew the state of the kingdom and were most able to advise in such an affair, were wholly strangers to it.

[Footnote 9: The Duke of Grafton. Walpole called him "a fair-weather pilot, that knew not what he had to do, when the first storm arose." Charles, second Duke of Grafton (1683-1757), was the grandfather of the third duke, so virulently attacked by Junius in his famous letters.]

It is allowed by the Report that this patent was passed without the knowledge of the chief governor or officers of Ireland; and it is there elaborately shewn, that "former patents have passed in the same manner, and are good in law." I shall not dispute the legality of patents, but am ready to suppose it in His Majesty's power to grant a patent for stamping round bits of

copper to every subject he hath. Therefore to lay aside the point of law, I would only put the question, whether in reason and justice it would not have been proper, in an affair upon which the welfare of a kingdom depends, that the said kingdom should have received timely notice, and the matter not be carried on between the patentee and the officers of the Crown, who were to be the only gainers by it.

The Parliament, who in matters of this nature are the most able and faithful counsellors, did represent this grant to be "destructive of trade, and dangerous to the properties of the people," to which the only answer is, that "the King hath a prerogative to make such a grant."

It is asserted that in the patent to Knox, his "halfpence, are made and declared the current coin of the kingdom," whereas in this to Wood, there is only a "power given to issue them to such as will receive them." The authors of the Report, I think, do not affirm that the King can by law declare *anything* to be current money by his letters-patents. I dare say they will not affirm it, and if Knox's patent contained in it powers contrary to law, why is it mentioned as a precedent in His Majesty's just and merciful reign: But although that clause be not in Wood's patent, yet possibly there are others, the legality whereof may be equally doubted, and particularly that, whereby "a power is given to William Wood to break into houses in search of any coin made in imitation of his." This may perhaps be affirmed to be illegal and dangerous to the liberty of the subject. Yet this is a precedent taken from Knox's patent, where the same power is granted, and is a strong instance what uses may be sometimes made of precedents.

[Footnote 10: Knox's patent, as Monck Mason points out, did not contain the right to have his coins pass as the current coin of the realm; that was permitted by a proclamation of the lord lieutenant, and could in the same manner be withdrawn. Knox's patent differed materially from that granted to Wood, since he was obliged to take back his coins and give gold or silver for them, and no one was compelled to take more than five shillings in the payment of each £100. See note, p. 66. [T.S.]]

But although before the passing of this patent, it was not thought necessary to consult any persons of this kingdom, or make the least enquiry whether copper money were wanted among us; yet now at length, when the matter is over, when the patent hath long passed, when Wood hath already coined seventeen thousand pounds, and hath his tools and implements prepared to coin six times as much more; the Committee hath been pleased to make this affair the subject of enquiry. Wood is permitted to produce his evidences, which consist as I have already observed, of four in number, whereof Coleby, Brown and Mr. Finley the banker are three. And these were to prove that copper money was extremely wanted in Ireland. The first had been out of the kingdom almost twenty years, from the time that he was tried for robbing the treasury, and therefore his knowledge and credibility are equal. The second may be allowed a more knowing witness, because I think it

is not above a year since the House of Commons ordered the Attorney-general to prosecute him, for endeavouring "to take away the life of John Bingham Esq; member of parliaments by perjury and subornation." He asserted that he was forced to tally with his labourers for want of small money (which hath often been practised in England by Sir Ambrose Crawley and others) but those who knew him better give a different reason, (if there be any truth at all in the fact) that he was forced to tally with his labourers not for want of halfpence, but of more substantial money, which is highly possible, because the race of suborners, forgers, perjurers and ravishers, are usually people of no fortune, or of those who have run it out by their vices and profuseness. Mr. Finley the third witness honestly confessed, that he was ignorant whether Ireland wanted copper money or no; but all his intention was to buy a certain quantity from Wood at a large discount, and sell them as well as he could, by which he hoped to get two or three thousand pounds for himself.

[Footnote 11: Ambrose Crowley (not Crawley) was alderman and sheriff of London. He was knighted January 1st, 1706-1707, and sat in the House of Commons as member for Andover in 1713-1714. [T.S.]]

But suppose there were not one single halfpenny of copper coin in this whole kingdom (which Mr. Wood seems to intend, unless we will come to his terms, as appears by employing his emissaries to buy up our old ones at a penny in the shilling more than they pass for), it could not be any real evil to us, although it might be some inconvenience. We have many sorts of small silver coins, to which they are strangers in England, such as the French threepences, fourpence halfpennies and eightpence half-pennies, the Scotch fivepences and tenpences, besides their twenty-pences, and three-and-four-pences, by all which we are able to make change to a halfpenny of almost any piece of gold or silver, and if we are driven to Brown's expedient of a sealed card, with the little gold or silver still remaining, it will I suppose, be somewhat better than to have nothing left but Wood's adulterated copper, which he is neither obliged by his patent, nor hitherto able by his estate to make good.

The Report farther tells us, it "must be admitted that letters-patents under the Great Seal of Great Britain for coining copper money for Ireland are legal and obligatory, a just and reasonable exercise of His Majesty's royal prerogative, and in no manner derogatory or invasive of any liberty or privilege of his subjects of Ireland." First we desire to know, why His Majesty's prerogative might not have been as well asserted, by passing this patent in Ireland, and subjecting the several conditions of the contract to the inspection of those who are only concerned, as was formerly done in the only precedents for patents granted for coining for this kingdom, since the mixed money in Queen Elizabeth's time, during the difficulties of a rebellion: Whereas now upon the greatest imposition that can possibly be practised, we

must go to England with our complaints, where it hath been for some time the fashion to think and to affirm that "we cannot be too hardly used." Again the Report says, that "such patents are obligatory." After long thinking, I am not able to find out what can possibly be meant here by this word *obligatory*. This patent of Wood neither obligeth him to utter his coin, nor us to take it, or if it did the latter, it would be so far void, because no patent can oblige the subject against law, unless an illegal patent passed in one kingdom can bind another and not itself.

[Footnote 12: "Civill warre having set all Ireland in a combustion, the Queene [Elizabeth] more easily to subdue the rebels, did take silver coyne from the Irish, some few years before her death, and paid her army with a mixed base coyne, which, by proclamation, was commanded to be spent and received, for sterling silver money. This base mixed money had three parts of copper, and the fourth part of silver, which proportion of silver was in some part consumed by the mixture, so as the English goldsmiths valued a shilling thereof at no more than two silver pence, though they acknowledged the same to be worth two pence halfpenny." (Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary," pt. i., p. 283). [T.S.]]

Lastly, it is added that "such patents are in no manner derogatory or invasive of any liberty or privilege of the King's subjects of Ireland." If this proposition be true, as it is here laid down, without any limitation either expressed or implied, it must follow that a King of England may at any time coin copper money for Ireland, and oblige his subjects here to take a piece of copper under the value of half a farthing for half-a-crown, as was practised by the late King James, and even without that arbitrary prince's excuse, from the necessity and exigences of his affairs. If this be in no manner "derogatory nor evasive of any liberties or privileges of the subjects of Ireland," it ought to have been expressed what our liberties and privileges are, and whether we have any at all, for in specifying the word *Ireland*, instead of saying "His Majesty's subjects," it would seem to insinuate that we are not upon the same foot with our fellow-subjects in *England*; which, however the practice may have been, I hope will never be directly asserted, for I do not understand that Poining's act deprived us of our liberty, but only changed the manner of passing laws here (which however was a power most indirectly obtained) by leaving the negative to the two Houses of Parliament. But, waiving all controversies relating to the legislature, no person, I believe, was ever yet so bold as to affirm that the people of Ireland have not the same title to the benefits of the common law, with the rest of His Majesty's subjects, and therefore whatever liberties or privileges the people of England enjoy by common law, we of Ireland have the same; so that in my humble opinion, the word *Ireland* standing in that proposition, was, in the mildest interpretation, *a lapse of the pen*.

[Footnote 13: It was not intended that Poyning's act should interfere with the liberty of the people, but it is undoubted that advantage was taken of this

law, and an interpretation put on it far different from the intention that brought it on the statute books. It was passed by a parliament convened by Sir Edward Poyning, at Drogheda, in the tenth year of Henry VII.'s reign. Its immediate cause was the invasion of Perkin Warbeck. That pretender assumed royal authority in Ireland and had several statutes passed during his short-lived term of power. To prevent any viceroy from arrogating to himself the powers of law-making it was enacted by Poyning's parliament:

"That no parliament be holden hereafter in Ireland, but at such season as the King's lieutenant and counsaile there first do certifie the King, under the Great Seal of that land, the causes and considerations, and all such acts as them seemeth should pass in the same parliament, and such causes, considerations, and acts affirmed by the King and his counsaile to be good and expedient for that land, and his licence thereupon, as well in affirmation of the said causes and acts, as to summon the said parliament, under his Great Seal of England had and obtained; that done, a parliament to be had and holden as afore rehearsed" ("Irish Statutes," vol. i., p. 44).

Two statutes, one, the Act of 3 and 4 Phil., and Mary, cap. 4, and the other of II Eliz. Ses. 3, cap. 8, explain this act further, and the latter points out the reason for the original enactment, namely, that "before this statute, when liberty was given to the governors to call parliaments at their pleasure, acts passed as well to the dishonour of the prince, as to the hindrance of their subjects" ("Irish Statutes," vol. i., p. 346).

"By Poyning's Law," says Lecky, "a great part of the independence of the Irish Parliament had indeed been surrendered; but even the servile Parliament which passed it, though extending by its own authority to Ireland laws previously enacted in England, never admitted the right of the English Parliament to make laws for Ireland." ("Hist. Ireland," vol. ii., p. 154; 1892 ed). [T.S.]]

The Report farther asserts, that "the precedents are many, wherein cases of great importance to Ireland, and that immediately affected the interests of that kingdom, warrants, orders, and directions by the authority of the King and his predecessors, have been issued under the royal sign manual, without any previous reference or advice of His Majesty's officers of Ireland, which have always had their due force, and have been punctually complied with, and obeyed." It may be so, and I am heartily sorry for it, because it may prove an eternal source of discontent. However among all these precedents there is not one of a patent for coining money for Ireland.

There is nothing hath perplexed me more than this doctrine of precedents. If a job is to be done, and upon searching records you find it hath been done before, there will not want a lawyer to justify the legality of it, by producing his precedents, without ever considering the motives and circumstances that first introduced them, the necessity or turbulence or iniquity of times, the corruptions of ministers, or the arbitrary disposition of the prince then reigning. And I have been told by persons eminent in the law, that the worst

actions which human nature is capable of, may be justified by the same doctrine. How the first precedents began of determining cases of the highest importance to Ireland, and immediately affecting its interest, without any previous reference or advice to the King's officers here, may soon be accounted for. Before this kingdom was entirely reduced by the submission of Tyrone in the last year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a period of four hundred years, which was a various scene of war and peace between the English pale and the Irish natives, and the government of that part of this island which lay in the English hands, was, in many things under the immediate administration of the King. Silver and copper were often coined here among us, and once at least upon great necessity, a mixed or base metal was sent from England. The reign of King James Ist. was employed in settling the kingdom after Tyrone's rebellion, and this nation flourished extremely till the time of the massacre 1641. In that difficult juncture of affairs, the nobility and gentry coined their own plate here in Dublin.

By all that I can discover, the copper coin of Ireland for three hundred years past consisted of small pence and halfpence, which particular men had licence to coin, and were current only within certain towns and districts, according to the personal credit of the owner who uttered them, and was bound to receive them again, whereof I have seen many sorts; neither have I heard of any patent granted for coining copper for Ireland till the reign of King Charles II. which was in the year 1680. to George Legge Lord Dartmouth, and renewed by King James II. in the first year of his reign to John Knox. Both patents were passed in Ireland, and in both the patentees were obliged to receive their coin again to any that would offer then twenty shillings of it, for which they were obliged to pay gold or silver.

The patents both of Lord Dartmouth and Knox were referred to the Attorney-general here, and a report made accordingly, and both, as I have already said, were passed in this kingdom. Knox had only a patent for the remainder of the term granted to Lord Dartmouth, the patent expired in 1701, and upon a petition by Roger Moor to have it renewed, the matter was referred hither, and upon the report of the attorney and solicitor, that it was not for His Majesty's service or the interest of the nation to have it renewed, it was rejected by King William. It should therefore seem very extraordinary, that a patent for coining copper halfpence, intended and professed for the good of the kingdom, should be passed without once consulting that kingdom, for the good of which it is declared to be intended, and this upon the application of a "poor, private obscure mechanic;" and a patent of such a nature, that as soon as ever the kingdom is informed of its being passed, they cry out unanimously against it as ruinous and destructive. The representative of the nation in Parliament, and the Privy-council address the King to have it recalled; yet the patentee, such a one as I have described, shall prevail to have this patent approved, and his private interest shall weigh down the application of a whole kingdom. St. Paul says, "All things are lawful, but all things are

not expedient." We are answered that this patent is lawful, but is it expedient? We read that the high-priest said "It was expedient that one Man should die for the people;" and this was a most wicked proposition. But that a whole nation should die for one man, was never heard of before.

But because much weight is laid on the precedents of other patents, for coining copper for Ireland, I will set this matter in as clear a light as I can. Whoever hath read the Report, will be apt to think, that a dozen precedents at least could be produced of copper coined for Ireland, by virtue of patents passed in England, and that the coinage was there too; whereas I am confident, there cannot be one precedent shewn of a patent passed in England for coining copper for Ireland, for above an hundred years past, and if there were any before, it must be in times of confusion. The only patents I could ever hear of, are those already mentioned to Lord Dartmouth and Knox; the former in 1680. and the latter in 1685. Now let us compare these patents with that granted to Wood. First, the patent to Knox, which was under the same conditions as that granted to Lord Dartmouth, was passed in Ireland, the government and the Attorney and Solicitor-general making report that it would be useful to this kingdom: [The patentee was obliged to make every halfpenny one hundred and ten grains Troy weight, whereby *2s. 2d.* only could be coined out of a pound of copper.] The patent was passed with the advice of the King's council here; The patentee was obliged to receive his coin from those who thought themselves surcharged, and to give gold and silver for it; Lastly, The patentee was to pay only *16l. 13s. 4d. per ann.* to the crown. Then, as to the execution of that patent. First, I find the halfpence were milled, which, as it is of great use to prevent counterfeits (and therefore industriously avoided by Wood) so it was an addition to the charge of coinage. And for the weight and goodness of the metal; I have several halfpence now by me, many of which weigh a ninth part more than those coined by Wood, and bear the fire and hammer a great deal better; and which is no trifle, the impression fairer and deeper. I grant indeed, that many of the latter coinage yield in weight to some of Wood's, by a fraud natural to such patentees; but not so immediately after the grant, and before the coin grew current: For in this circumstance Mr. Wood must serve for a precedent in future times.

[Footnote 14: The portion here in square brackets was printed in the fourth edition of this Letter and in the work entitled, "Fraud Detected." It is not given in Faulkner's first collected edition issued in 1735, nor in "The Hibernian Patriot," issued in 1730. [T.S.]]

Let us now examine this new patent granted to William Wood. It passed upon very false suggestions of his own, and of a few confederates: It passed in England, without the least reference hither. It passed unknown to the very Lord Lieutenant, then in England. Wood is empowered to coin one hundred and eight thousand pounds, "and all the officers in the kingdom (civil and military) are commanded" in the Report to countenance and assist him. Knox

had only power to utter what we would take, and was obliged "to receive his coin back again at our demand," and to "enter into security for so doing." Wood's halfpence are not milled, and therefore more easily counterfeited by himself as well as by others: Wood pays a thousand pounds *per ann.* for 14 years, Knox paid only *16l. 13s. 4d. per ann.* for 21 years.

It was the Report that set me the example of making a comparison between those two patents, wherein the committee was grossly misled by the false representation of William Wood, as it was by another assertion, that seven hundred ton of copper were coined during the 21 years of Lord Dartmouth's and Knox's patents. Such a quantity of copper at the rate of *2s. 8d. per* pound would amount to about an hundred and ninety thousand pounds, which was very near as much as the current cash of the kingdom in those days; yet, during that period, Ireland was never known to have too much copper coin, and for several years there was no coining at all: Besides I am assured, that upon enquiring into the custom-house books, all the copper imported into the kingdom, from 1683 to 1692, which includes 8 years of the 21 (besides one year allowed for the troubles) did not exceed 47 tons, and we cannot suppose even that small quantity to have been wholly applied to coinage: So that I believe there was never any comparison more unluckily made or so destructive of the design for which it was produced.

The Psalmist reckons it an effect of God's anger, when "He selleth His people for nought, and taketh no money for them." That we have greatly offended God by the wickedness of our lives is not to be disputed: But our King we have not offended in word or deed; and although he be God's vicegerent upon earth, he will not punish us for any offences, except those which we shall commit against his legal authority, his sacred person (which God preserve) or the laws of the land.

The Report is very profuse in arguments, that Ireland is in great want of copper money. Who were the witnesses to prove it, hath been shewn already, but in the name of God, Who are to be judges? Does not the nation best know its own wants? Both Houses of Parliament, the Privy-council and the whole body of the people declare the contrary: Or let the wants be what they will, We desire they may not be supplied by Mr. Wood. We know our own wants but too well; they are many and grievous to be borne, but quite of another kind. Let England be satisfied: As things go, they will in a short time have all our gold and silver, and may keep their adulterate copper at home, for we are determined not to purchase it with our manufactures, which Wood hath graciously offered to accept. Our wants are not so bad by an hundredth part as the method he hath taken to supply them. He hath already tried his faculty in New-England, and I hope he will meet at least with an equal reception here; what *that* was I leave to public intelligence. I am supposing a wild case, that if there should be any person already receiving a monstrous pension out of this kingdom, who was instrumental in procuring this patent, they have either not well consulted their own interests, or Wood must put more dross into his

copper and still diminish its weight.

[Footnote 15: On this subject of the want of small money in Ireland, Monck Mason traverses the Report in the following manner:

"There appears to be a manifest prevarication in their lordships' report upon this part of the subject; they state, that the witnesses testified, that there was a want of small money in Ireland; they attempt, therefore, to impose a copper currency, which certainly was not wanted. To satisfy the reader upon this point, I shall quote, from the unpublished correspondence of Archbishop King, the following extracts: the first, from his letter to General Gorge, dated the 17th October, 1724, is to the following purpose.

"'… As to our wanting halfpence for change, it is most false; we have more halfpence than we need, already; it is true, we want change; but it is sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, and crowns; our silver and our guineas being almost gone; and the general current coin of the kingdom is now moydores, which are thirty shillings a-piece; at least nine pence above the value in silver: now, they would have us change these for halfpence, and so the whole cash of the kingdom would be these halfpence.' …

"But the true state of the case, as to coin, is more circumstantially developed in the following letter of the same prelate to Mr. Southwell, which was written a few months before, viz., on the 9th June, 1724.

"'… And yet, after all, we want change, and I will take leave to acquaint you with the state of this kingdom as to coin. We used to have hardly any money passing here, but foreign ducatoons, plate pieces, perns, dollars, etc. but, when the East India Company were forbid sending the coin of England abroad, they continued to buy up all our foreign coin, and give us English money in lieu of some part of it; by which we lost twopence in every ounce, the consequence of this was, that in two years there was not to be seen in Ireland a piece of foreign silver.

"'If any be brought, it is immediately sent away, the two, or as I am informed, the three pence in the ounce, given by the East India Company, being a temptation not to be resisted; but, the truth is, very little is brought in, for the merchants that carry our commodities to foreign markets, find it more to their advantage to carry directly to London whatever they receive in cash; and whereas formerly they used, when they had disposed of their cargo, to load their vessels with such commodities as there was a demand for in Ireland, and bring the rest in cash, they bring now only the commodities, and send the silver to London; and when they have got the twopence in every ounce from the East India Company, the rest serves to answer the returns we are obliged to make to England, for the rents we are obliged to pay to noblemen and gentlemen who have estates in Ireland and live in England, and for the pensions, and other occasions which are many; by this means they gain likewise the exchange, which is commonly four or five per cent, better to

them than if they sent cash.

"'It Is farther to be observed, that 21 shillings, which is the value of a guinea in England, makes in Ireland 22 shillings and 9 pence, whereas a guinea passes for 23 shillings with us, therefore, he who sends silver into England, gains three pence more by it than if he sent guineas; this advantage, though it may seem little, yet in a manner has entirely drained us of our English money which was given in lieu of foreign silver.

"'But farther, if any carry foreign gold to England, they cannot easily pass it, and if they do, it is at a greater loss than there is in the guineas, this has taken away our guineas, so that there is hardly one to be seen; we have hardly any coin left but a few moydores and pistoles, which can, by no means, serve the inland trade of the kingdom.

"'To give, therefore, a short view of our case, it is thus; We can have English coin but by stealth, there being an act of parliament forbidding the exportation of English coin; if, therefore, we should send our gold or silver to England to be coined, we cannot have it back again, or if we could, we cannot keep it for the reason above; we cannot for the same reason have foreign silver; let us add to these, that by the act of navigation and other acts, we cannot make our markets of buying where we make our markets for selling; though we might have the commodities we want much cheaper there, than we can have them in England, viz. all East India and Turkey goods, with many others: nor is it to be expected that any nation will trade with us with their silver only, when we will not exchange commodities with them.

"'Except, therefore, England designs entirely to ruin Ireland, a kingdom by which it is demonstrable that she gains yearly thirteen or fourteen hundred thousand pounds, she ought to think of giving us some relief'" ("History of St. Patrick's," pp. xciii-xciv). [T.S.]]

[Footnote 16: See note on p. 14. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 17: Another hint at the Duchess of Kendal and her connection with the patent. [T.S.]]

Upon Wood's complaint that the officers of the King's revenue here had already given orders to all the inferior officers not to receive any of his coin, the Report says, That "this cannot but be looked upon as a very extraordinary proceeding," and being contrary to the powers given in the patent, the Committee say, They "cannot advise His Majesty to give directions to the officers of the revenue here, not to receive or utter any of the said coin as has been desired in the addresses of both Houses," but on the contrary, they "think it both just and reasonable that the King should immediately give orders to the commissioners of the revenue, &c. to revoke all orders, &c. that may have been given by them to hinder or obstruct the receiving the said coin." And accordingly, we are told, such orders are arrived.. Now this was a cast of Wood's politics; for his information was wholly false and groundless, which he knew very well; and that the commissioners of the revenue here were all, except one, sent us from England, and love their employments too well to

have taken such a step: But Wood was wise enough to consider, that such orders of revocation would be an open declaration of the crown in his favour, would put the government here under a difficulty, would make a noise, and possibly create some terror in the poor people of Ireland. And one great point he hath gained, that although any orders of revocation will be needless, yet a new order is to be sent, and perhaps already here, to the commissioners of the revenue, and all the King's officers in Ireland, that Wood's "halfpence be suffered and permitted, without any let, suit, trouble, molestation or denial of any of the King's officers or ministers whatsoever, to pass and be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive them." In this order there is no exception, and therefore, as far as I can judge, it includes all officers both civil and military, from the Lord High Chancellor to a justice of peace, and from the general to an ensign: So that Wood's project is not likely to fail for want of managers enough. For my own part, as things stand, I have but little regret to find myself out of the number, and therefore I shall continue in all humility to exhort and warn my fellow-subjects never to receive or utter this coin, which will reduce the kingdom to beggary by much quicker and larger steps than have hitherto been taken.

[Footnote 18: Archbishop King's letter, quoted by Monck Mason, explains why it was that the revenue officers refused to receive Wood's coins. It seems the officers had been advised by lawyers that, in the event of their taking the coins, it might be quite likely they would be compelled to make them good, should such a demand be made of them. Precedents could easily be cited by those taking action, since all previous patents issued to private individuals for coining money, required of the patentee to take them back and pay for them with gold or silver.]

[Footnote 19: The suggestion thus made by the Lords of the Committee, although coupled with the reduction in the amount of money Wood was to be permitted to introduce, did not do any good. Archbishop King argued rightly that this was treating the people of Ireland as if they were fools and children. If Wood could coin £40,000, what was to prevent him coining £200,000? The suggestion indeed irritated the people almost as much as did the patent itself. [T.S.]]

But it is needless to argue any longer. The matter is come to an issue. His Majesty pursuant to the law, hath left the field open between Wood and the kingdom of Ireland. Wood hath liberty to offer his coin, and we have law, reason, liberty and necessity to refuse it. A knavish jockey may ride an old foundered jade about the market, but none are obliged to buy it. I hope the words "voluntary" and "willing to receive it" will be understood, and applied in their true natural meaning, as commonly understood by Protestants. For if a fierce captain comes to my shop to buy six yards of scarlet cloth, followed by a porter laden with a sack of Wood's coin upon his shoulders, if we are agreed about the price, and my scarlet lies ready cut upon the counter, if he then gives me the word of command, to receive my money in Wood's coin, and

calls me a "disaffected Jacobite dog" for refusing it (although I am as loyal a subject as himself, and without hire) and thereupon seizes my cloth, leaving me the price in his odious copper, and bids me take my remedy: In this case, I shall hardly be brought to think that I am left to my own will. I shall therefore on such occasions, first order the porter aforesaid to go off with his pack, and then see the money in silver and gold in my possession before I cut or measure my cloth. But if a common soldier drinks his pot first, and then offers payment in Wood's halfpence, the landlady may be under some difficulty; For if she complains to his captain or ensign, they are likewise officers, included in this general order for encouraging these halfpence to pass as current money. If she goes to a justice of peace, he is also an officer, to whom this general order is directed. I do therefore advise her to follow my practice, which I have already begun, and be paid for her goods before she parts with them. However I should have been content, for some reasons, that the military gentlemen had been excepted by name, because I have heard it said, that their discipline is best confined within their own district.

His Majesty in the conclusion of his answer to the address of the House of Lords against Wood's coin, is pleased to say that "he will do everything in his power for the satisfaction of his people." It should seem therefore, that the recalling the patent is not to be understood as a thing in his power. But however since the law does not oblige us to receive this coin, and consequently the patent leaves it to our voluntary choice, there is nothing remaining to preserve us from rain but that the whole kingdom should continue in a firm determinate resolution never to receive or utter this fatal coin:

[Footnote 20: So ready was the response to this suggestion of Swift's, that it was found necessary for tradesmen to take precautions to have it publicly known that they were in no way connected with Wood and his money, The following is a copy of an advertisement which illustrates this:

"Whereas several persons in this kingdom suspect that John Molyneux of Meath Street, ironmonger, and his brother Daniel Molyneux, of Essex Street, ironmonger, are interested in the patent obtained by William Wood for coining of halfpence and farthings for this kingdom.

"Now we the said John Molyneux and Daniel Molyneux, in order to satisfy the public, do hereby declare, that we are in no way concerned with the said Wood in relation to his said patent; And that we never were possessed of any of the said halfpence or farthings, except one halfpence and one farthing, which I the said John Molyneux received in a post-letter, and which I immediately afterwards delivered to one of the Lords-Justices of Ireland.

"And we do further declare, that we will not directly or indirectly, be anyways concerned with the said Wood's halfpence or farthings; but on the contrary, act to the great advantage and satisfaction of this kingdom, as good,

loving and faithful subjects ought to do. And we do further declare, that to the best of our knowledge, the said William Wood is not in this kingdom.

"Given under our hands in Dublin this 22d. day of August 1724.

"JOHN MOLYNEUX

"DAN. MOLYNEUX."

Another ran as follows:

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Whereas, I, Thomas Handy, of Meath Street, Dublin, did receive by the last packet, from a person in London, to whom I am an entire stranger, bills of lading for eleven casks of Wood's halfpence, shipped at Bristol, and consigned to me by the said person on his own proper account, of which I had not the least notice until I received the said bills of lading.

"Now I, the said Thomas Handy, being highly sensible of the duty and regard which every honest man owes to his country and to his fellow-subjects, do hereby declare, that I will not be concerned, directly or indirectly, in entering, landing, importing, receiving, or uttering any of the said Wood's halfpence, for that I am fully convinced, as well from the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, as otherwise, that the importing and uttering the said halfpence will be destructive to this nation, and prejudicial to his Majesty's revenue.

"And of this my resolution I gave notice by letter to the person who sent me the bills of lading, the very day I received them, and have sent back the said bills to him.

"THO. HANDY.

"Dublin, 29th. August, 1724." [T.S.]]

After which, let the officers to whom these orders are directed, (I would willingly except the military) come with their exhortations, their arguments and their eloquence, to persuade us to find our interest in our undoing. Let Wood and his accomplices travel about the country with cart-loads of their ware, and see who will take it off their hands, there will be no fear of his being robbed, for a highwayman would scorn to touch it.

I am only in pain how the commissioners of the revenue will proceed in this juncture; because I am told they are obliged by act of Parliament to take nothing but gold and silver in payment for His Majesty's customs, and I think they cannot justly offer this coinage of Mr. Wood to others, unless they will be content to receive it themselves.

The sum of the whole is this. The "Committee advises the King to send immediate orders to all his officers here, that Wood's coin be suffered and permitted without any let, suit, trouble, &c. to pass and be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive the same." It is probable, that the first willing receivers may be those who must receive it whether they will or no, at least under the penalty of losing an office. But the landed undepending

men, the merchants, the shopkeepers and bulk of the people, I hope, and am almost confident, will never receive it. What must the consequence be? The owners will sell it for as much as they can get. Wood's halfpence will come to be offered for six a penny (yet then he will be a sufficient gainer) and the necessary receivers will be losers of two-thirds in their salaries or pay.

This puts me in mind of a passage I was told many years ago in England. At a quarter-sessions in Leicester, the justices had wisely decreed, to take off a halfpenny in a quart from the price of ale. One of them, who came in after the thing was determined, being informed of what had passed, said thus: "Gentlemen; you have made an order, that ale should be sold in our country for three halfpence a quart: I desire you will now make another to appoint who must drink it, for *by G — I will not*."

[Footnote 21: The following broadside, ascribed to Swift, but written probably by Sheridan, further amusingly illustrates the point Swift makes. The broadside was printed by John Harding:

"Another Letter to Mr. Harding the printer, upon occasion of the Report of the Committee of the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council, in relation to Mr. Wood's halfpence and farthings, etc., lately published.

"Mr. Harding, — Although this letter also is directed to you, yet you know that it is intended for the benefit of the whole kingdom, and therefore I pray make it public, and take care to disperse it.

"The design of it is only to desire all people to take notice, That whatever apprehensions some persons seem to be under on account of the above-mentioned report concerning Mr. Wood's halfpence and farthings, yet the utmost advice which the right honourable Committee have thought fit to give His Majesty, is, That a certain sum of the said halfpence and farthings may be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive the same. And if we are willing to ruin ourselves and our country, I think we are not to be pitied.

"Upon this occasion I would only tell my countrymen a short story.

"A certain King of Great Britain who spoke broad Scotch, and being himself a man of wit, loved both to hear and speak things that were humorous, had once a petition preferred to him, in which the petitioner, having set forth his own merits, most humbly prayed His Majesty to grant him letters-patent for receiving a shilling from every one of his subjects who should be willing to give so much to him. 'In gude troth,' said the King, 'a very reasonable petition. Let every man give thee twa shillings gin he be willing so to do, and thou shalt have full liberty to receive it.' 'But,' says the petitioner, 'I desire that this clause may be inserted in my patent, That every man who refuses to give me a shilling, should appear at Westminster Hall to shew cause why he so refuses.' 'This also,' says the King, 'shall be granted thee, but always with this proviso, that the man be willing to come.'

"I am your, etc.

"MISOXULOS."]

I must beg leave to caution your lordships and worships in one particular. Wood hath graciously promised to load us at present only with forty thousand pounds of his coin, till the exigences of the kingdom require the rest. I entreat you will never suffer Mr. Wood to be a judge of your exigences. While there is one piece of silver or gold remaining in the kingdom he will call it an exigency, he will double his present *quantum* by stealth as soon as he can, and will have the remainder still to the good. He will pour his own rapsand counterfeits upon us: France and Holland will do the same; nor will our own coiners at home be behind them: To confirm which I have now in my pocket a rap or counterfeit halfpenny in imitation of his, but so ill performed, that in my conscience I believe it is not of his coining.

[Footnote 22: The word Rap is probably a contraction of "raparee," and was the name given to the tokens that passed current in Ireland for copper coins of small value. Generally it referred to debased coins; hence it may be allied to "raparee," who might be considered as a debased citizen. The raparees were so called from the rapary or half-pike they carried. [T.S.]]

I must now desire your lordships and worships that you will give great allowance for this long undigested paper, I find myself to have gone into several repetitions, which were the effects of haste, while new thoughts fell in to add something to what I had said before. I think I may affirm that I have fully answered every paragraph in the Report, which although it be not unartfully drawn, and is perfectly in the spirit of a pleader who can find the most plausible topics in behalf of his client, yet there was no great skill required to detect the many mistakes contained in it, which however are by no means to be charged upon the right honourable Committee, but upon the most false impudent and fraudulent representations of Wood and his accomplices. I desire one particular may dwell upon your minds, although I have mentioned it more than once; That after all the weight laid upon precedents there is not one produced in the whole Report, of a patent for coining copper in England to pass in Ireland, and only two patents referred to (for indeed there were no more) which were both passed in Ireland, by references to the King's Council here, both less advantageous to the coiner than this of Wood, and in both securities given to receive the coin at every call, and give gold and silver in lieu of it. This demonstrates the most flagrant falsehood and impudence of Wood, by which he would endeavour to make the right honourable Committee his instruments, (for his own illegal and exorbitant gain,) to ruin a kingdom, which hath deserved quite different treatment.

I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen. But when a house is attempted to be robbed it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All the assistance I had were some informations from an eminent person, whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to

manage: I was in the case of David who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this "uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone." And I may say for Wood's honour as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances, very applicable to the present purpose; For Goliath had "a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass, and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders." In short he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass; And "he defied the armies of the living God." Goliath's condition of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood. "If he prevail against us, then shall we be his servants:" But if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition, he shall never be a servant of mine, for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.

[Footnote 23: Mr. Robert Lindsay, a Dublin lawyer, assisted Swift on the legal points raised in the Drapier's letters. This is the Mr. Lindsay, counsellor-at-law, to whom Swift submitted a case concerning a Mr. Gorman (see Scott's edit., vol. xix., p. 294). Mr. Lindsay is supposed to be the author of two letters addressed to Chief Justice Whitshed on the matter of his conduct towards the grand jury which discharged Harding the printer (see Scott's edit., vol. vi., p. 467). [T.S.]]

I will conclude with my humble desire and request which I made in my second letter; That your lordships and worships would please to order a declaration to be drawn up expressing, in the strongest terms, your firm resolutions never to receive or utter any of Wood's halfpence or farthings, and forbidding your tenants to receive them. That the said declaration may be signed by as many persons as possible who have estates in this kingdom, and be sent down to your several tenants aforesaid.

[Footnote 24: A Declaration, pursuant to this request, was signed soon after by the most considerable persons of the kingdom, which was universally spread and of great use. [F.]

"The humble petition of the lord-mayor, sheriffs, commons, and citizens of the city of Dublin, in Common Council assembled," was issued as a broadside on 8th September, 1724. See also Appendix IX. [T.S.]]

And if the dread of Wood's halfpence should continue till next quarter-sessions (which I hope it will not) the gentlemen of every county will then have a fair opportunity of declaring against them with unanimity and zeal.

I am with the greatest respect,
(May it please your lordships and worships)
Your most dutiful
and obedient servant,
M.B.

Aug. 25, 1724.

LETTER IV.

A LETTER TO THE WHOLE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

NOTE

The country was now in a very fever of excitement. Everywhere meetings were held for the purpose of expressing indignation against the imposition, and addresses from brewers, butchers, flying stationers, and townspeople generally, were sent in embodying the public protest against Wood and his coins. Swift fed the flame by publishing songs and ballads well fitted for the street singers, and appealing to the understandings of those who he well knew would effectively carry his message to the very hearths of the poorest labourers. Courtier and student, tradesman and freeman, thief and prostitute, beggar and loafer, all were alike carried by an indignation which launched them on a maelstrom of enthusiasm. So general became the outcry that, in Coxe's words, "the lords justices refused to issue the orders for the circulation of the coin…. People of all descriptions and parties flocked in crowds to the bankers to demand their money, and drew their notes with an express condition to be paid in gold and silver. The publishers of the most treasonable pamphlets escaped with impunity, provided Wood and his patent were introduced into the work. The grand juries could scarcely be induced to find any bill against such delinquents; no witnesses in the prosecution were safe in their persons; and no juries were inclined, or if inclined could venture, to find them guilty."

In such a state of public feeling Swift assumed an entirely new attitude. He promulgated his "Letter to the Whole People of Ireland" — a letter which openly struck at the very root of the whole evil, and laid bare to the public eye the most secret spring of its righteous indignation. It was not Wood nor his coins, it was the freedom of the people of Ireland and their just rights and privileges that were being fought for. He wrote them the letter "to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised among" them, and in order that they should plainly understand "that by the laws of God, of NATURE, of NATIONS, and of your COUNTRY, you ARE, and OUGHT to be as FREE a people as your brethren in England." The King's prerogative had been held threateningly over them. What was the King's prerogative? he asked in effect. It was but the right he enjoyed within the bounds of the law as made by the people in parliament assembled. The law limits him with his subjects. Such prerogative he respected and would take up arms to protect against any who

should rebel. But "all government without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery." The condition of the Irish nation was such that it was to be expected eleven armed men should overcome a single man in his shirt; but even if those in power exercise then power to cramp liberty, a man on the rack may still have "the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit." And the men on the rack roared to a tune that Walpole had never before heard.

The letter appeared on the 13th October, 1724. The Duke of Grafton had been recalled and Carteret had taken up the reins of government. For reasons, either personal or politic, he took Walpole's side. Coxe goes into considerations on this attitude of Carteret's, but they hardly concern us here. Suffice it that the Lord Lieutenant joined forces with the party in the Irish Privy Council, among whom were Midleton and St. John Brodrick, and on October 27th issued a proclamation offering a reward of £300 for the discovery of the author of this "wicked and malicious pamphlet" which highly reflected on his Majesty and his ministers, and which tended "to alienate the affections of his good subjects of England and Ireland from each other."

[Footnote 1: Not on October 23rd as the earlier editors print it, and as Monck Mason, Scott and Mr. Churton Collins repeat.]

[Footnote 2: See Appendix, No. VI.]

The author's name was not made public, nor was it likely to be. There is no doubt that it was generally known who the author was. In that general knowledge lies the whole pith of the Biblical quotation circulated abroad on the heels of the proclamation: "And the people said unto Saul, shall *Jonathan* die, who had wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground, for he hath wrought with God this day: So the people rescued *Jonathan* that he died not."

Swift remained very much alive. Harding, for printing the obnoxious letter, had been arrested and imprisoned, and the Crown proceeded with his prosecution. In such circumstances Swift was not likely to remain idle. On the 26th October he addressed a letter to Lord Chancellor Midleton in defence of the Drapier's writings, and practically acknowledged himself to be the author. It was not actually printed until 1735, but there is no doubt that Midleton received it at the time it was written. What effect it had on the ultimate issue is not known; but Midleton's conduct justifies the confidence Swift placed in him. The Grand Jury of the Michaelmas term of 1724 sat to consider the bill against Harding. On the 11th of November Swift addressed to them his "Seasonable Advice." The bill was thrown out. Whitshed, the Chief Justice, consistently with his action on a previous occasion (see vol. vii.), angrily remonstrated with the jury, demanded of them their reasons for such a decision, and finally dissolved them. This unconstitutional, and even disgraceful conduct, however, served but to accentuate the resentment of the people against Wood and the patent, and the Crown fared no better by a

second Grand Jury. The second jury accompanied its rejection of the bill by a presentment against the patent, and the defeat of the "prerogative" became assured. Every where the Drapier was acclaimed the saviour of his country. Any person who could scribble a doggerel or indite a tract rushed into print, and now Whitshed was harnessed to Wood in a pillory of contemptuous ridicule. Indeed, so bitter was the outcry against the Lord Chief Justice, that it is said to have hastened his death. The cities of Dublin, Cork and Waterford passed resolutions declaring the uttering of Wood's halfpence to be highly prejudicial to his Majesty's revenue and to the trades of the kingdom. The Drapier was now the patriot, and the whole nation responded to his appeal to assist him in its own defence.

[Footnote 3: The highly wrought up story about Swift's butler, narrated by Sheridan, Deane Swift and Scott, is nothing but a sample of eighteenth century "sensationalism." Swift never bothered himself about what his servants would say with regard to the authorship of the Letters. Certainly this letter to Midleton proves that he was not at all afraid of the consequences of discovery.]

[Footnote 4: See Appendix V.]

The text of the present reprint is based on that given by Sir Walter Scott, collated with the original edition and with that reprinted in "Fraud Detected" (1725). Faulkner's text of 1735 has also been consulted.

[T.S.]

LETTER IV.

A LETTER TO THE WHOLE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

Having already written three letters upon so disagreeable a subject as Mr. Wood and his halfpence; I conceived my task was at an end: But I find, that cordials must be frequently applied to weak constitutions, political as well as natural. A people long used to hardships, lose by degrees the very notions of liberty, they look upon themselves as creatures at mercy, and that all impositions laid on them by a stronger hand, are, in the phrase of the Report, legal and obligatory. Hence proceeds that poverty and lowness of spirit, to which a kingdom may be subject as well as a particular person. And when Esau came fainting from the field at the point to die, it is no wonder that he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

I thought I had sufficiently shewn to all who could want instruction, by what methods they might safely proceed, whenever this coin should be offered to them; and I believe there hath not been for many ages an example of any kingdom so firmly united in a point of great importance, as this of ours is at present, against that detestable fraud. But however, it so happens that some weak people begin to be alarmed anew, by rumours industriously spread. Wood prescribes to the newsmongers in London what they are to write. In one of their papers published here by some obscure printer (and probably with no good design) we are told, that "the Papists in Ireland have entered into an association against his coin," although it be notoriously known, that they never once offered to stir in the matter; so that the two Houses of Parliament, the Privy-council, the great number of corporations, the lord mayor and aldermen of Dublin, the grand juries, and principal gentlemen of several counties are stigmatized in a lump under the name of "Papists."

This impostor and his crew do likewise give out, that, by refusing to receive his dross for sterling, we "dispute the King's prerogative, are grown ripe for rebellion, and ready to shake off the dependency of Ireland upon the crown of England." To countenance which reports he hath published a paragraph in another newspaper, to let us know that "the Lord Lieutenant is ordered to come over immediately to settle his halfpence."

I entreat you, my dear countrymen, not to be under the least concern upon these and the like rumours, which are no more than the last howls of a dog dissected alive, as I hope he hath sufficiently been. These calumnies are the only reserve that is left him. For surely our continued and (almost)

unexampled loyalty will never be called in question for not suffering ourselves to be robbed of all that we have, by one obscure ironmonger.

As to disputing the King's prerogative, give me leave to explain to those who are ignorant, what the meaning of that word *prerogative* is.

The Kings of these realms enjoy several powers, wherein the laws have not interposed: So they can make war and peace without the consent of Parliament; and this is a very great prerogative. But if the Parliament doth not approve of the war, the King must bear the charge of it out of his own purse, and this is as great a check on the crown. So the King hath a prerogative to coin money without consent of Parliament. But he cannot compel the subject to take that money except it be sterling, gold or silver; because herein he is limited by law. Some princes have indeed extended their prerogative further than the law allowed them; wherein however, the lawyers of succeeding ages, as fond as they are of precedents, have never dared to justify them. But to say the truth, it is only of late times that prerogative hath been fixed and ascertained. For whoever reads the histories of England, will find that some former Kings, and these none of the worst, have upon several occasions ventured to control the laws with very little ceremony or scruple, even later than the days of Queen Elizabeth. In her reign that pernicious counsel of sending base money hither, very narrowly failed of losing the kingdom, being complained of by the lord-deputy, the council, and the whole body of the English here: So that soon after her death it was recalled by her successor, and lawful money paid in exchange.

[Footnote 5: See Moryson's "Itinerary" (Pt. ii., pp. 90, 196 and 262), where an account is given which fully bears out Swift.[T.S.]]

Having thus given you some notion of what is meant by the King's "prerogative," as far as a tradesman can be thought capable of explaining it, I will only add the opinion of the great Lord Bacon: That "as God governs the world by the settled laws of nature, which he hath made, and never transcends those laws but upon high important occasions; so among earthly princes, those are the wisest and the best, who govern by the known laws of the country, and seldomest make use of their prerogative."

[Footnote 6: The words in inverted commas appear to be a reminiscence rather than a quotation. I have not traced the sentence, as it stands, in Bacon; but the regular government of the world by the laws of nature, as contrasted with the exceptional disturbance of these laws, is enunciated in Bacon's "Confession of Faith," while the dangers of a strained prerogative are urged in the "Essay on Empire." Bacon certainly gives no support to Swift's limits of the prerogative as regards coinage. [CRAIK.]]

Now, here you may see that the vile accusation of Wood and his accomplices, charging us with "disputing the King's prerogative" by refusing his brass, can have no place, because compelling the subject to take any coin which is not sterling is no part of the King's prerogative, and I am very confident if it were so, we should be the last of his people to dispute it, as well

from that inviolable loyalty we have always paid to His Majesty, as from the treatment we might in such a case justly expect from some who seem to think, we have neither common sense nor common senses. But God be thanked, the best of them are only our fellow-subjects, and not our masters. One great merit I am sure we have, which those of English birth can have no pretence to, that our ancestors reduced this kingdom to the obedience of England, for which we have been rewarded with a worse climate, the privilege of being governed by laws to which we do not consent, a ruined trade, a House of Peers without jurisdiction, almost an incapacity for all employments; and the dread of Wood's halfpence.

But we are so far from disputing the King's prerogative in coining, that we own he has power to give a patent to any man for setting his royal image and superscription upon whatever materials he pleases, and liberty to the patentee to offer them in any country from England to Japan, only attended with one small limitation, That nobody alive is obliged to take them.

Upon these considerations I was ever against all recourse to England for a remedy against the present impending evil, especially when I observed that the addresses of both Houses, after long expectance, produced nothing but a REPORT altogether in favour of Wood, upon which I made some observations in a former letter, and might at least have made as many more. For it is a paper of as singular a nature as I ever beheld.

But I mistake; for before this Report was made, His Majesty's most gracious answer to the House of Lords was sent over and printed, wherein there are these words, "granting the patent for coining halfpence and farthings AGREEABLE TO THE PRACTICE OF HIS ROYAL PREDECESSORS, &c." That King Charles 2d. and King James 2d. (AND THEY ONLY) did grant patents for this purpose is indisputable, and I have shewn it at large. Their patents were passed under the great seal of Ireland by references to Ireland, the copper to be coined in Ireland, the patentee was bound on demand to receive his coin back in Ireland, and pay silver and gold in return. Wood's patent was made under the great seal of England, the brass coined in England, not the least reference made to Ireland, the sum immense, and the patentee under no obligation to receive it again and give good money for it: This I only mention, because in my private thoughts I have sometimes made a query, whether the penner of those words in His Majesty's most gracious answer, "agreeable to the practice of his royal predecessors," had maturely considered the several circumstances, which, in my poor opinion seem to make a difference.

Let me now say something concerning the other great cause of some people's fear, as Wood has taught the London newswriter to express it. That "his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant is coming over to settle Wood's halfpence."

We know very well that the Lords Lieutenants for several years past have not thought this kingdom worthy the honour of their residence, longer than

was absolutely necessary for the King's business, which consequently wanted no speed in the dispatch; and therefore it naturally fell into most men's thoughts, that a new governor coming at an unusual time must portend some unusual business to be done, especially if the common report be true, that the Parliament prorogued to I know not when, is by a new summons (revoking that prorogation) to assemble soon after his arrival: For which extraordinary proceeding the lawyers on t'other side the water have by great good fortune found two precedents.

All this being granted, it can never enter into my head that so little a creature as Wood could find credit enough with the King and his ministers to have the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland sent hither in a hurry upon his errand.

For let us take the whole matter nakedly as it lies before us, without the refinements of some people, with which we have nothing to do. Here is a patent granted under the great seal of England, upon false suggestions, to one William Wood for coining copper halfpence for Ireland: The Parliament here, upon apprehensions of the worst consequences from the said patent, address the King to have it recalled; this is refused, and a committee of the Privy-council report to His Majesty, that Wood has performed the conditions of his patent. He then is left to do the best he can with his halfpence; no man being obliged to receive them; the people here, being likewise left to themselves, unite as one man, resolving they will have nothing to do with his ware. By this plain account of the fact it is manifest, that the King and his ministry are wholly out of the case, and the matter is left to be disputed between him and us. Will any man therefore attempt to persuade me, that a Lord Lieutenant is to be dispatched over in great haste before the ordinary time, and a Parliament summoned by anticipating a prorogation, merely to put an hundred thousand pounds into the pocket of a sharper, by the ruin of a most loyal kingdom.

But supposing all this to be true. By what arguments could a Lord Lieutenant prevail on the same Parliament which addressed with so much zeal and earnestness against this evil, to pass it into a law? I am sure their opinion of Wood and his project is not mended since the last prorogation; and supposing those methods should be used which detractors tell us have been sometimes put in practice for gaining votes. It is well known that in this kingdom there are few employments to be given, and if there were more, it is as well known to whose share they must fall.

But because great numbers of you are altogether ignorant in the affairs of your country, I will tell you some reasons why there are so few employments to be disposed of in this kingdom. All considerable offices for life here are possessed by those to whom the reversions were granted, and these have been generally followers of the chief governors, or persons who had interest in the Court of England. So the Lord Berkeley of Stratton holds that great office of master of the rolls, the Lord Palmerstown is first remembrancer worth near 2000l. per ann. One Dodington secretary to the Earl of Pembroke, begged the reversion of clerk of the pells worth 2500l. a year, which he now enjoys by

the death of the Lord Newtown. Mr. Southwell is secretary of state, and the Earl of Burlington lord high treasurer of Ireland by inheritance. These are only a few among many others which I have been told of, but cannot remember. Nay the reversion of several employments during pleasure are granted the same way. This among many others is a circumstance whereby the kingdom of Ireland is distinguished from all other nations upon earth, and makes it so difficult an affair to get into a civil employ, that Mr. Addison was forced to purchase an old obscure place, called keeper of the records of Bermingham's Tower of ten pounds a year, and to get a salary of 400l. annexed to it, though all the records there are not worth half-a-crown, either for curiosity or use. And we lately saw a favourite secretary descend to be master of the revels, which by his credit and extortion he hath made pretty considerable. I say nothing of the under-treasurership worth about 8000*l*. a year, nor the commissioners of the revenue, four of whom generally live in England; For I think none of these are granted in reversion. But the test is, that I have known upon occasion some of these absent officers as keen against the interest of Ireland as if they had never been indebted to her for a single groat.

[Footnote 7: Berkeley was one of the Junta in Harley's administration of 1710-1714. He had married Sir John Temple's daughter. His connection with a person so disliked by Swift may account for his inclusion here. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 8: This was Henry Temple, first Viscount Palmerston, with whom Swift later had an unpleasant correspondence. Palmerston could not have been more than seven years old when he was appointed (September 21st, 1680), with Luke King, chief remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, for their joint lives. King died in 1716, but the grant was renewed to Palmerston and his son Henry for life. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Temple of Mount Temple, and Viscount Palmerston of Palmerston, in March, 1722-1723. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams called him "Little Broadbottom Palmerston." He died in 1757. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 9: George Bubb (1691-1762) was Chief Secretary during Wharton's Lord lieutenancy in 1709. He took the name of Doddington on the death of his uncle in 1720. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 10: Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke (1656-1733), had preceded the Earl of Wharton as Lord lieutenant of Ireland. He bears a high character in history and on four successive coronations, namely, those of William and Mary, Anne, George I. and George II., he acted as sword carrier. Although a Tory, even Macaulay acknowledges Pembroke's high breeding and liberality. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 11: This is the Edward Southwell to whom Archbishop King wrote the letters quoted from Monck Mason in previous notes. He was the son of Sir Robert Southwell, the diplomatist and friend of Sir William Temple, to whom Swift bore a letter of introduction from the latter, soliciting the office of amanuensis. In June, 1720, Edward Southwell had his salary as secretary increased by £300; and in July of the same year the office was granted to him

and his son for life. The Southwell family first came to Ireland in the reign of James I., at the time of the plantation of Munster. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 12: Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington (or Bridlington of Yorks), and fourth Earl of Cork (1695-1753), was appointed Lord High-Treasurer of Ireland in August, 1715. His great-grandfather, the first Earl of Cork, had held the same office in 1631. The Lord-lieutenancy of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the office of Custos Rotulorum of the North and West Ridings, seem also to have been inheritances of this family. The third Earl had a taste for architecture, and spent enormous sums of money in the reconstruction of Burlington House, a building that was freely satirized by Hogarth and Lord Hervey. His taste, however, seems to have run to the ornamental rather than the useful, and its gratification involved him in such serious financial difficulties, that he was compelled to sell some of his Irish estates. Swift notes that "My Lord Burlington is now selling in one article £9,000 a year in Ireland for £200,000 which must pay his debts" (Scott's edit. 1814, vol. xix., p. 129). [T.S.]]

[Footnote 13: This post was found for Addison on his appointment in 1709 as secretary to the Earl of Wharton, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Tickell, in his preface to his edition of Addison's works, says the post was granted to Addison as a mark of Queen Anne's special favour. Bermingham's Tower was that part of Dublin Castle in which the records were kept. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 14: Mr. Hopkins, secretary to the Duke of Grafton. The exactions made by this gentleman upon the players, in his capacity of Master of the Revels, are the subject of two satirical poems. [S.]

This may have been John Hopkins, the second son of the Bishop of Londonderry, who was the author of "Amasia," dedicated to the Duchess of Grafton. [T.S.]]

I confess, I have been sometimes tempted to wish that this project of Wood might succeed, because I reflected with some pleasure what a jolly crew it would bring over among us of lords and squires, and pensioners of both sexes, and officers civil and military, where we should live together as merry and sociable as beggars, only with this one abatement, that we should neither have meat to feed, nor manufactures to clothe us, unless we could be content to prance about in coats of mail, or eat brass as ostriches do iron.

I return from this digression to that which gave me the occasion of making it: And I believe you are now convinced, that if the Parliament of Ireland were as temptable as any other assembly within a mile of Christendom (which God forbid) yet the managers must of necessity fail for want of tools to work with. But I will yet go one step further, by supposing that a hundred new employments were erected on purpose to gratify compilers; yet still an insuperable difficulty would remain; for it happens, I know not how, that money is neither Whig nor Tory, neither of town nor country party, and it is

not improbable, that a gentleman would rather choose to live upon his own estate which brings him gold and silver, than with the addition of an employment, when his rents and salary must both be paid in Wood's brass, at above eighty *per cent.* discount.

For these and many other reasons, I am confident you need not be under the least apprehensions from the sudden expectation of the Lord Lieutenant, while we continue in our present hearty disposition; to alter which there is no suitable temptation can possibly be offered: And if, as I have often asserted from the best authority, the law hath not left a power in the crown to force any money except sterling upon the subject, much less can the crown devolve such a power upon another.

[Footnote 15: Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. See note to "A Vindication of Lord Carteret," in vol. vii. of present edition of Swift's works. [T.S.]]

This I speak with the utmost respect to the person and dignity of his Excellency the Lord Carteret, whose character hath been given me by a gentleman that hath known him from his first appearance in the world: That gentleman describes him as a young nobleman of great accomplishments, excellent learning, regular in his life, and of much spirit and vivacity. He hath since, as I have heard, been employed abroad, was principal secretary of state, and is now about the 37th year of his age appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From such a governor this kingdom may reasonably hope for as much prosperity as, under so many discouragements, it can be capable of receiving.

[Footnote 16: Carteret was an old friend of Swift. On the Earl's appointment to the Lord-lieutenancy, in April, 1724, Swift wrote him a letter on the matter of Wood's halfpence, in which he took the liberty of "an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed" him, to make known to him the apprehensions the people were under concerning Mr. Wood's patent. "Neither is it doubted," he wrote, "that when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people, will force you to employ your credit for their relief." Swift waited for more than a month, and on receiving no reply, sent a second letter, which Sir Henry Craik justly calls, "a masterpiece of its kind." It was as follows:

"June 9, 1724.

"MY LORD,

"It is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

"I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

"I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

"I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it: and I can say, that during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

"I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them, by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

"I know not how your conception of yourself may alter, by every new high station; but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

"I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship; and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

"I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

"I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect, my Lord,

"Your excellency's most obedient,

"and most humble servant,

"JON. SWIFT."

This letter brought an immediate reply from Carteret, who confessed himself in the wrong for his silence, and trusted he had not forfeited Swift's friendship by it. With regard to Mr. Wood's patent, he said that the matter was under examination, "and till that is over I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion which appears to it in the whole nation." Swift replied in a charming vein, and elegantly put his scolding down to the testiness of old age. His excellency had humbled him. "Therefore, I fortel that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you" (Scott's ed. 1824, vol. xvi., pp. 430-435). [T.S.]]

It is true indeed, that within the memory of man, there have been governors of so much dexterity, as to carry points of terrible consequence to this kingdom, by their power with *those who were in office*, and by their arts in managing or deluding others with oaths, affability, and even with dinners. If Wood's brass had in those times been upon the anvil, it is obvious enough to conceive what methods would have been taken. Depending persons would have been told in plain terms, that it was a "service expected from them, under pain of the public business being put into more complying hands." Others

would be allured by promises. To the country gentleman, besides good words, burgundy and closeting. It would perhaps have been hinted how "kindly it would be taken to comply with a royal patent, though it were not compulsory," that if any inconveniences ensued, it might be made up with other "graces or favours hereafter." That "gentlemen ought to consider whether it were prudent or safe to disgust England:" They would be desired to "think of some good bills for encouraging of trade, and setting the poor to work, some further acts against Popery and for uniting Protestants." There would be solemn engagements that we should "never be troubled with above forty thousand pounds in his coin, and all of the best and weightiest sort, for which we should only give our manufactures in exchange, and keep our gold and silver at home." Perhaps a "seasonable report of some invasion would have been spread in the most proper juncture," which is a great smoother of rubs in public proceedings; and we should have been told that "this was no time to create differences when the kingdom was in danger."

These, I say, and the like methods would in corrupt times have been taken to let in this deluge of brass among us; and I am confident would even then have not succeeded, much less under the administration of so excellent a person as the Lord Carteret, and in a country where the people of all ranks, parties and denominations are convinced to a man, that the utter undoing of themselves and their posterity for ever will be dated from the admission of that execrable coin; that if it once enters, it can be no more confined to a small or moderate quantity, than the plague can be confined to a few families, and that no equivalent can be given by any earthly power, any more than a dead carcass can be recovered to life by a cordial.

There is one comfortable circumstance in this universal opposition to Mr. Wood, that the people sent over hither from England to fill up our vacancies ecclesiastical, civil and military, are all on our side: Money, the great divider of the world, hath by a strange revolution, been the great uniter of a most divided people. Who would leave a hundred pounds a year in England (a country of freedom) to be paid a thousand in Ireland out of Wood's exchequer. The gentleman they have lately made primate would never quit his seat in an English House of Lords, and his preferments at Oxford and Bristol, worth twelve hundred pounds a year, for four times the denomination here, but not half the value; therefore I expect to hear he will be as good an Irishman, upon this article, as any of his brethren, or even of us who have had the misfortune to be born in this island. For those, who, in the common phrase, do not "come hither to learn the language," would never change a better country for a worse, to receive brass instead of gold.

[Footnote 17: Hugh Boulter (1672-1742) was appointed Archbishop of Armagh, August 31st, 1724. He had been a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and had served the King as chaplain in Hanover, in 1719. In this latter year he was promoted to the Bishopric of Bristol, and the Deanery of Christ Church, Oxford. His appointment as Primate of Ireland, was in accordance

with Walpole's plan for governing Ireland from England. Walpole had no love for Carteret, and no faith in his power or willingness to aid him in his policy. Indeed, Carteret was sent to Ireland to be got out of the way. He was governor nominally; the real governor being Walpole in the person of the new Primate. What were Boulter's instructions may be gathered from the manner in which he carried out his purpose. Of a strong character and of untiring energy, Boulter set about his work in a fashion which showed that Walpole had chosen well. Nothing of any importance that transpired in Ireland, no fact of any interest about the individuals in office, no movement of any suspected or suspicious person escaped his vigilance. His letters testify to an unabating zeal for the English government of Irish affairs by Englishmen in the English interest. His perseverance knew no obstacles; he continued against all difficulties in his dogged and yet able manner to establish some order out of the chaos of Ireland's condition. But his government was the outcome of a profound conviction that only in the interest of England should Ireland be governed. If Ireland could be made prosperous and contented, so much more good would accrue to England. But that prosperity and that contentment had nothing whatever to do with safeguarding Irish institutions, or recognizing the rights of the Irish people. If he gave way to popular opinion at all, it was because it was either expedient or beneficial to the English interest. If he urged, as he did, the founding of Protestant Charter schools, it was because this would strengthen the English power. To preserve that he obtained the enactment of a statute which excluded Roman Catholics from the legal profession and the offices of legal administration; and another act of his making actually disfranchised them altogether. Boulter was also a member of the Irish Privy Council, and Lord Justice of Ireland. The latter office he held under the vice-regencies of Carteret, Dorset and Devonshire. His secretary, Ambrose Philips, had been connected with him, in earlier years, in contributing to a periodical entitled, "The Free Thinker," which appeared in 1718. Philips, in 1769, supervised the publication of Boulter's "Letters," which were published at Oxford. [T.S.]]

Another slander spread by Wood and his emissaries is, that by opposing him we discover an inclination to "shake off our dependence upon the crown of England." Pray observe how important a person is this same William Wood, and how the public weal of two kingdoms is involved in his private interest. First, all those who refuse to take his coin are Papists; for he tells us that "none but Papists are associated against him;" Secondly, they "dispute the King's prerogative;" Thirdly, "they are ripe for rebellion," and Fourthly, they are going to "shake off their dependence upon the crown of England;" That is to say, "they are going to choose another king;" For there can be no other meaning in this expression, however some may pretend to strain it.

And this gives me an opportunity of explaining, to those who are ignorant, another point, which hath often swelled in my breast. Those who come over hither to us from England, and some weak people among

ourselves, whenever in discourse we make mention of liberty and property, shake their heads, and tell us, that Ireland is a "depending kingdom," as if they would seem, by this phrase, to intend that the people of Ireland is in some state of slavery or dependence different from those of England; Whereas a "depending kingdom" is a modern term of art, unknown, as I have heard, to all ancient civilians, and writers upon government; and Ireland is on the contrary called in some statutes an "imperial crown," as held only from God; which is as high a style as any kingdom is capable of receiving. Therefore by this expression, a "depending kingdom," there is no more understood than that by a statute made here in the 33d year of Henry 8th. "The King and his successors are to be kings imperial of this realm as united and knit to the imperial crown of England." I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law that makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than England does upon Ireland. We have indeed obliged ourselves to have the same king with them, and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own Parliament, and our ancestors then were not such fools (whatever they were in the preceding reign) to bring themselves under I know not what dependence, which is now talked of without any ground of law, reason or common sense.

[Footnote 18: This was the passage selected by the government upon which to found its prosecution. As Sir Walter Scott points out, it "contains the pith and essence of the whole controversy." [T.S.]]

Let whoever think otherwise, I M.B. Drapier, desire to be excepted, for I declare, next under God, I *depend* only on the King my sovereign, and on the laws of my own country; and I am so far from *depending* upon the people of England, that if they should ever rebel against my sovereign (which God forbid) I would be ready at the first command from His Majesty to take arms against them, as some of *my* countrymen did against *theirs* at Preston. And if such a rebellion should prove so successful as to fix the Pretender on the throne of England, I would venture to transgress that statute so far as to lose every drop of my blood to hinder him from being King of Ireland.

[Footnote 19: For a humorous story which accounts for Swift's use of the words "desire to be excepted," see the Drapier's sixth letter. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 20: Great offence was taken at this paragraph. Swift refers to it again in his sixth letter. Sir Henry Craik, in his "Life of Jonathan Swift" (vol. ii., p. 74), has an acute note on this paragraph, and the one already alluded to in the sixth letter. I take the liberty of transcribing it: "The manoeuvre by which Swift managed to associate a suspicion of Jacobitism with his opponents, is one peculiarly characteristic; and so is the skill with which, in the next letter, he meets the objections to this paragraph, by half offering an extent of submission that might equally be embarrassing — a submission even to Jacobitism, if Jacobitism were to become strong enough. He does not commit himself, however: he fears a 'spiteful interpretation.' In short, he places the English Cabinet on the horns of a dilemma. 'Am I to resist

Jacobitism? Then what becomes of your doctrine of Ireland's dependency?' or, 'Am I to become a Jacobite, if England bids me? Then what becomes of your Protestant succession? Must even that give way to your desire to tyrannize?'" [T.S.]]

'Tis true indeed, that within the memory of man, the Parliaments of England have sometimes assumed the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there, wherein they were at first openly opposed (as far as truth, reason and justice are capable of opposing) by the famous Mr. Molineux, an English gentleman born here, as well as by several of the greatest patriots, and best Whigs in England; but the love and torrent of power prevailed. Indeed the arguments on both sides were invincible. For in reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery: But in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt. But I have done. For those who have used power to cramp liberty have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining, although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit.

[Footnote 21: Particularly in the reign of William III., when this doctrine of English supremacy was assumed, in order to discredit the authority of the Irish Parliament summoned by James II. [S.]

See note on Poyning's Law, p. 77. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 22: See note on p. 167. [T.S.]]

And as we are apt to sink too much under unreasonable fears, so we are too soon inclined to be raised by groundless hopes (according to the nature of all consumptive bodies like ours) thus, it hath been given about for several days past, that somebody in England empowered a second somebody to write to a third somebody here to assure us, that we "should no more be troubled with those halfpence." And this is reported to have been done by the same person, who was said to have sworn some months ago, that he would "ram them down our throats" (though I doubt they would stick in our stomachs) but whichever of these reports is true or false, it is no concern of ours. For in this point we have nothing to do with English ministers, and I should be sorry it lay in their power to redress this grievance or to enforce it: For the "Report of the Committee" hath given me a surfeit. The remedy is wholly in your own hands, and therefore I have digressed a little in order to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised amongst you, and to let you see that by the laws of GOD, of NATURE, of NATIONS, and of your own COUNTRY, you ARE and OUGHT to be as FREE a people as your brethren in England.

If the pamphlets published at London by Wood and his journeymen in defence of his cause, were reprinted here, and that our countrymen could be persuaded to read them, they would convince you of his wicked design more than all I shall ever be able to say. In short I make him a perfect saint in comparison of what he appears to be from the writings of those whom he hires to justify his project. But he is so far master of the field (let others guess the

reason) that no London printer dare publish any paper written in favour of Ireland, and here nobody hath yet been so bold as to publish anything in favour of him.

There was a few days ago a pamphlet sent me of near 50 pages written in favour of Mr. Wood and his coinage, printed in London; it is not worth answering, because probably it will never be published here: But it gave me an occasion to reflect upon an unhappiness we lie under, that the people of England are utterly ignorant of our case, which however is no wonder, since it is a point they do not in the least concern themselves about, farther than perhaps as a subject of discourse in a coffee-house when they have nothing else to talk of. For I have reason to believe that no minister ever gave himself the trouble of reading any papers written in our defence, because I suppose their opinions are already determined, and are formed wholly upon the reports of Wood and his accomplices; else it would be impossible that any man could have the impudence to write such a pamphlet as I have mentioned.

Our neighbours whose understandings are just upon a level with ours (which perhaps are none of the brightest) have a strong contempt for most nations, but especially for Ireland: They look upon us as a sort of savage Irish, whom our ancestors conquered several hundred years ago, and if I should describe the Britons to you as they were in Caesar's time, when they painted their bodies, or clothed themselves with the skins of beasts, I would act full as reasonably as they do: However they are so far to be excused in relation to the present subject, that, hearing only one side of the cause, and having neither opportunity nor curiosity to examine the other, they believe a lie merely for their ease, and conclude, because Mr. Wood pretends to have power, he hath also reason on his side.

Therefore to let you see how this case is represented in England by Wood and his adherents, I have thought it proper to extract out of that pamphlet a few of those notorious falsehoods in point of fact and reasoning contained therein; the knowledge whereof will confirm my countrymen in their own right sentiments, when they will see by comparing both, how much their enemies are in the wrong.

First, The writer, positively asserts, "That Wood's halfpence were current among us for several months with the universal approbation of all people, without one single gainsayer, and we all to a man thought ourselves happy in having them."

Secondly, He affirms, "That we were drawn into a dislike of them only by some cunning evil-designing men among us, who opposed this patent of Wood to get another for themselves."

Thirdly, That "those who most declared at first against Wood's patent were the very men who intended to get another for their own advantage."

Fourthly, That "our Parliament and Privy-council, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of Dublin, the grand juries and merchants, and in short the whole kingdom, nay the very dogs" (as he expresseth it) "were fond of those

halfpence, till they were inflamed by those few designing persons aforesaid."

Fifthly, He says directly, That "all those who opposed the halfpence were Papists and enemies to King George."

Thus far I am confident the most ignorant among you can safely swear from your own knowledge that the author is a most notorious liar in every article; the direct contrary being so manifest to the whole kingdom, that if occasion required, we might get it confirmed under five hundred thousand hands.

Sixthly, He would persuade us, that "if we sell five shillings worth of our goods or manufactures for two shillings and fourpence worth of copper, although the copper were melted down, and that we could get five shillings in gold or silver for the said goods, yet to take the said two shillings and fourpence in copper would be greatly for our advantage."

And Lastly, He makes us a very fair offer, as empowered by Wood, that "if we will take off two hundred thousand pounds in his halfpence for our goods, and likewise pay him three *per cent.* interest for thirty years, for an hundred and twenty thousand pounds (at which he computes the coinage above the intrinsic value of the copper) for the loan of his coin, he, will after that time give us good money for what halfpence will be then left."

Let me place this offer in as clear a light as I can to shew the unsupportable villainy and impudence of that incorrigible wretch. First (says he) "I will send two hundred thousand pounds of my coin into your country, the copper I compute to be in real value eighty thousand pounds, and I charge you with an hundred and twenty thousand pounds for the coinage; so that you see I lend you an hundred and twenty thousand pounds for thirty years, for which you shall pay me three *per cent*. That is to say three thousand six hundred pounds *per ann*. which in thirty years will amount to an hundred and eight thousand pounds. And when these thirty years are expired, return me my copper and I will give you good money for it."

This is the proposal made to us by Wood in that pamphlet written by one of his commissioners; and the author is supposed to be the same infamous Coleby one of his under-swearers at the committee of council, who was tried for robbing the treasury here, where he was an under-clerk.

[Footnote 23: See note on p. 61. [T.S.]]

By this proposal he will first receive two hundred thousand pounds, in goods or sterling for as much copper as he values at eighty thousand pounds, but in reality not worth thirty thousand pounds. Secondly, He will receive for interest an hundred and eight thousand pounds. And when our children came thirty years hence to return his halfpence upon his executors (for before that time he will be probably gone to his own place) those executors will very reasonably reject them as raps and counterfeits, which probably they will be, and millions of them of his own coinage.

Methinks I am fond of such a dealer as this who mends every day upon our hands, like a Dutch reckoning, where if you dispute the unreasonableness

and exorbitance of the bill, the landlord shall bring it up every time with new additions.

Although these and the like pamphlets published by Wood in London be altogether unknown here, where nobody could read them without as much indignation as contempt would allow, yet I thought it proper to give you a specimen how the man employs his time, where he rides alone without one creature to contradict him, while our FEW FRIENDS there wonder at our silence, and the English in general, if they think of this matter at all, impute our refusal to wilfulness or disaffection, just as Wood and his hirelings are pleased to represent.

But although our arguments are not suffered to be printed in England, yet the consequence will be of little moment. Let Wood endeavour to persuade the people there that we ought to receive his coin, and let me convince our people here that they ought to reject it under pain of our utter undoing. And then let him do his best and his worst.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave in all humility to tell Mr. Wood, that he is guilty of great indiscretion, by causing so honourable a name as that of Mr. Walpole to be mentioned so often, and in such a manner, upon his occasion: A short paper printed at Bristol and reprinted here reports Mr. Wood to say, that he "wonders at the impudence and insolence of the Irish in refusing his coin, and what he will do when Mr. Walpole comes to town." Where, by the way, he is mistaken, for it is the true English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked. He orders it to be printed in another paper, that "Mr. Walpole will cram this brass down our throats:" Sometimes it is given out that we must "either take these halfpence or eat our brogues," And, in another newsletter but of yesterday, we read that the same great man "hath sworn to make us swallow his coin in fire-balls."

This brings to my mind the known story of a Scotchman, who receiving sentence of death, with all the circumstances of hanging, beheading, quartering, embowelling and the like, cried out, "What need all this COOKERY?" And I think we have reason to ask the same question; for if we believe Wood, here is a dinner getting ready for us, and you see the bill of fare, and I am sorry the drink was forgot, which might easily be supplied with melted lead and flaming pitch.

What vile words are these to put into the mouth of a great councillor, in high trust with His Majesty, and looked upon as a prime-minister. If Mr. Wood hath no better a manner of representing his patrons, when I come to be a great man, he shall never be suffered to attend at my levee. This is not the style of a great minister, it savours too much of the kettle and the furnace, and came entirely out of Mr. Wood's forge.

As for the threat of making us eat our brogues, we need not be in pain; for if his coin should pass, that unpolite covering for the feet, would no longer be a national reproach; because then we should have neither shoe nor brogue left

in the kingdom. But here the falsehood of Mr. Wood is fairly detected; for I am confident Mr. Walpole never heard of a brogue in his whole life.

[Footnote 24: A biting sneer at Walpole's ignorance of Irish affairs. [T.S.]]

As to "swallowing these halfpence in fire-balls," it is a story equally improbable. For to execute this operation the whole stock of Mr. Wood's coin and metal must be melted down and moulded into hollow balls with wild-fire, no bigger than a reasonable throat can be able to swallow. Now the metal he hath prepared, and already coined will amount at least fifty millions of halfpence to be swallowed by a million and a half of people; so that allowing two halfpence to each ball, there will be about seventeen balls of wild-fire a-piece to be swallowed by every person in this kingdom, and to administer this dose, there cannot be conveniently fewer than fifty thousand operators, allowing one operator to every thirty, which, considering the squeamishness of some stomachs and the peevishness of young children, is but reasonable. Now, under correction of better judgments, I think the trouble and charge of such an experiment would exceed the profit, and therefore I take this report to be spurious, or at least only a new scheme of Mr. Wood himself, which to make it pass the better in Ireland he would father upon a minister of state.

But I will now demonstrate beyond all contradiction that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument, that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the true interest of the King his master: And that as his integrity is above all corruption, so is his fortune above all temptation. I reckon therefore we are perfectly safe from that corner, and shall never be under the necessity of contending with so formidable a power, but be left to possess our brogues and potatoes in peace as remote from thunder as we are from Jupiter.

I am,
My dear countrymen,
Your loving fellow-subject,
fellow-sufferer and humble servant.
M.B.

Oct. 13. 1724.

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO THE GRAND JURY.

CONCERNING THE BILL PREPARING AGAINST THE PRINTER OF THE DRAPIER'S FOURTH LETTER.

Since a bill is preparing for the grand jury, to find against the printer of the Drapier's last letter, there are several things maturely to be considered by those gentlemen, before whom this bill is to come, before they determine upon it.

FIRST, they are to consider, that the author of the said pamphlet, did write three other discourses on the same subject; which instead of being censured were universally approved by the whole nation, and were allowed to have raised, and continued that spirit among us, which hitherto hath kept out Wood's coin: For all men will allow, that if those pamphlets had not been writ, his coin must have overrun the nation some months ago.

SECONDLY, it is to be considered that this pamphlet, against which a proclamation hath been issued, is writ by the same author; that nobody ever doubted the innocence, and goodness of his design, that he appears through the whole tenor of it, to be a loyal subject to His Majesty, and devoted to the House of Hanover, and declares himself in a manner peculiarly zealous against the Pretender; And if such a writer in four several treatises on so nice a subject, where a royal patent is concerned, and where it was necessary to speak of England and of liberty, should in one or two places happen to let fall an inadvertent expression, it would be hard to condemn him after all the good he hath done; Especially when we consider, that he could have no possible design in view, either of honour or profit, but purely the GOOD of his country.

THIRDLY, it ought to be well considered, whether any one expression in the said pamphlet, be really liable to just exception, much less to be found "wicked, malicious, seditious, reflecting upon His Majesty and his ministry," &c.

The two points in that pamphlet, which it is said the prosecutors intend chiefly to fix on, are, First, where the author mentions the "penner of the King's answer." First, it is well known, His Majesty is not master of the English tongue, and therefore it is necessary that some other person should be employed to pen what he hath to say, or write in that language. Secondly, His Majesty's answer is not in the first person, but the third. It is not said "WE are concerned," or, "OUR royal predecessors," but "HIS MAJESTY is concerned;" and "HIS royal predecessors." By which it is plain these are properly not the words of His Majesty; but supposed to be taken from him,

and transmitted hither by one of his ministers. Thirdly it will be easily seen, that the author of the pamphlet delivers his sentiments upon this particular, with the utmost caution and respect, as any impartial reader will observe.

The second paragraph, which it is said will be taken notice of as a motive to find the bill, is, what the author says of Ireland being a depending kingdom. He explains all the dependency he knows of it, which is a law made in Ireland, whereby it is enacted that "whoever is King of England, shall be King of Ireland." Before this explanation be condemned, and the bill found upon it, it would be proper, that some lawyers should fully inform the jury what other law there is, either statute or common for this dependency, and if there be no law, there is no transgression.

The Fourth thing very maturely to be considered by the jury, is, what influence their finding the bill may have upon the kingdom. The people in general find no fault in the Drapier's last book, any more than in the three former, and therefore when they hear it is condemned by a grand jury of Dublin, they will conclude it is done in favour of Wood's coin, they will think we of this town have changed our minds, and intend to take those halfpence, and therefore that it will be in vain for them to stand out. So that the question comes to this, Which will be of the worst consequence, to let pass one or two expressions, at the worst only unwary, in a book written for the public service; or to leave a free open passage for Wood's brass to overrun us, by which we shall be undone for ever.

The fifth thing to be considered, is, that the members of the grand jury being merchants, and principal shopkeepers, can have no suitable temptation offered them, as a recompense for the mischief they will suffer by letting in this coin, nor can be at any loss or danger by rejecting the bill: They do not expect any employments in the state, to make up in their own private advantage, the destruction of their country. Whereas those who go about to advise, entice, or threaten them to find that bill, have great employments, which they have a mind to keep, or to get greater, which was likewise the case of all those who signed to have the author prosecuted. And therefore it is known, that his grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, so renowned for his piety, and wisdom, and love of his country, absolutely refused to condemn the book, or the author.

[Footnote 1: The proclamation against the Drapier's fourth letter as given in Appendix IV. at the end of this volume, does not bear Archbishop King's signature. In a letter from that prelate, written on November 24th, 1724, to Samuel Molineux, secretary to the Prince of Wales, it appears that other persons of influence also refrained from sanctioning it. The following is an extract from this letter as given by Monck Mason for the first time:

"A great many pamphlets have been writ about it [Wood's patent], but I am told none of them are permitted to be printed in England. Two have come out since my Lord Lieutenant came here, written with sobriety, modesty, and great force, in my opinion, which put the matter in a fair and clear light,

though not with all the advantage of which it is capable; four were printed before, by somebody that calleth himself a Drapier which were in a ludicrous and satyrical style; against the last of these the Lord Lieutenant procured a proclamation, signed by 17 of the Council; offering £300 for discovering the author. I thought the premium excessive, so I and three more refused to sign it, but declared, that if his excellency would secure us from the brass money, I would sign it, or any other, tending only to the disadvantage of private persons; but, till we had that security, I would look on this proclamation no otherwise than as a step towards passing that base and mischievous coin, and designed to intimidate those who opposed the passing it; and I declared, that I would not approve of anything that might countenance, or encourage such a ruinous project; that issuing such a proclamation would make all believe, that the government was engaged to support Wood's pretensions, and that would neither be for their honour nor ease. I was not able to stop the proclamation, but my refusing to sign it has not been without effect." ("History of St. Patrick's," p. 344, note n.). [T.S.]]

Lastly, it ought to be considered what consequence the finding the bill, may have upon a poor man perfectly innocent, I mean the printer. A lawyer may pick out expressions and make them liable to exception, where no other man is able to find any. But how can it be supposed, that an ignorant printer can be such a critic? He knew the author's design was honest, and approved by the whole kingdom, he advised with friends, who told him there was no harm in the book, and he could see none himself. It was sent him in an unknown hand, but the same in which he received the three former. He and his wife have offered to take their oaths that they knew not the author; and therefore to find a bill, that may bring a punishment upon the innocent, will appear very hard, to say no worse. For it will be impossible to find the author, unless he will please to discover himself, although I wonder he ever concealed his name. But I suppose what he did at first out of modesty, he now continues to do out of prudence. God protect us and him!

I will conclude all with a fable, ascribed to Demosthenes. He had served the people of Athens with great fidelity in the station of an orator, when upon a certain occasion, apprehending to be delivered over to his enemies, he told the Athenians, his countrymen, the following story. Once upon a time the wolves desired a league with the shepherds, upon this condition; that the cause of strife might be taken away, which was the shepherds and the mastiffs; this being granted, the wolves without all fear made havoc of the sheep.

Novem. 11th, 1724.

[Footnote 2: The advice had the desired effect. The jury returned a verdict of "Ignoramus" on the bill, which so aroused Whitshed, the Chief Justice, that he discharged them. As a comment on Whitshed's illegal procedure, the following extract was circulated:

EXTRACT FROM A BOOK ENTITLED, "AN EXACT COLLECTION OF THE DEBATES OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS HELD AT WESTMINSTER, OCTOBER 21, 1680," page 150.

Resolutions of the House of Commons, in England, November 13, 1680.

"Several persons being examined about the dismissing a grand jury in Middlesex, the House came to the following resolutions: —

"*Resolved*, That the discharging of a grand-jury by any judge, before the end of the term, assizes, or sessions, while matters are under their consideration, and not presented, is arbitrary, illegal, destructive to public justice, a manifest violation of his oath, and is a means to subvert the fundamental laws of this kingdom.

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to examine the proceedings of the judges in Westminster-hall, and report the same with their opinion therein to this House." [T.S.]]

LETTER V.

A LETTER TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR MIDDLETON.

NOTE.

I have departed from the order given by Faulkner and the earlier editors, and followed by Sir W. Scott in arranging the series of the Drapier's Letters, by adhering to a more correct chronological sequence. This letter has always been printed as the sixth Drapier's letter, but I have printed it here as the fifth, since it was written prior to the letter addressed to Viscount Molesworth, which has hitherto been called the fifth. The Molesworth letter I print here as "Letter VI." As already noted the letter to Midleton was written on the 26th October, 1724, but its first publication in print did not occur until Faulkner included it in the fourth volume of his collected edition of Swift's works, issued in 1735. There it is signed "J.S." and is given as from the "Deanery House." All the other letters are printed as "By M.B. Drapier." The Advertisement to the Reader prefixed to the present fifth letter is from Faulkner's edition. Probably it was printed by Faulkner under Swift's direction.

[Footnote 1: Sheridan, Deane Swift, Hawkesworth and Nichols]

Swift's acquaintance with Midleton had been of long standing. The Chancellor had been an avowed opponent of the patent and yet, by his signature to the proclamation, he seemed to be giving the weight of his official position against the popular sentiment. In addressing him, Swift was endeavouring, apparently, to keep him to his original line of action and to destroy any influence the government party may have had on him, since he was well aware of Carteret's insinuating charm. Midleton, however, had always stood firm against the patent. His signature to the proclamation against the Drapier was justified by him when he said that the Drapier's letters tended to disturbance. Carteret had really tried to win him over, but he did not succeed "While he [Midleton] expressed the highest obligation to the Lord Lieutenant," writes Coxe, "he declared that his duty to his country was paramount to every other consideration, and refused to give any assistance to government, until the patent was absolutely surrendered."

The text here given of this letter is based on Faulkner's issue in vol. iv. of the 1735 edition of Swift's works. It has been collated with that given in the fifth volume of the "Miscellanies," printed in London in the same year.

[T.S.]

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER

The former of the two following papers is dated Oct. 6th 1724, by which it appears to be written a little after the proclamation against the author of the Drapier's Fourth Letter. It is delivered with much caution, because the author confesseth himself to be Dean of St. Patrick's; and I could discover his name subscribed at the end of the original, although blotted out by some other hand, I can tell no other reason why it was not printed, than what I have heard; that the writer finding how effectually the Drapier had succeeded, and at the same time how highly the people in power seemed to be displeased, thought it more prudent to keep the paper in his cabinet. However, having received some encouragement to collect into one volume all papers relating to Ireland, supposed to be written by the Drapier; and knowing how favourably that author's writings in this kind have been received by the public; to make the volume more complete, [I procured a copy of the following letter from one of the author's friends, with whom it was left, while the author was in England; and] I have printed it as near as I could in the order of time.

[Footnote 2: Nichols, in the second volume of his Supplement to Swift's Works (1779, 8vo), prints a note on this "Advertisement," furnished him by Bowyer. It is as follows:

"1. The first of the papers is said to be dated Oct. 6, 1724; and that it appears from thence to be dated a little after the proclamation against the Drapier's fourth letter. Now the fourth letter itself is dated Oct. 23, 1724. This is a pardonable mistake anywhere, but, much more in a country where *going before just coming after* is the characteristic dialect. But I little thought that the Dean, in his zeal for Ireland, would vouchsafe to adopt the shibboleth of it.

"2. The Preface-writer, in the choice MS which he found, could discover the Dean's name subscribed at the end of the original; but *blotted out* by *some other hand*. As the former passage is a proof that the Advertisement was drawn up in Ireland, so this affords a strong presumption that it was under the direction of the Dean himself: for who else could divine that his name was struck out by another hand? Other ink it might be: but in these recent MSS. of our age, it is the first time I ever heard of a blot carrying the evidence of a handwriting. Whether the Dean or the printer hit this *blot*, I shall not inquire; but lay before you the pleasant procedure of the latter upon this discovery. He had got, we see, the original in the Dean's hand; but the name was obliterated. What does he, but send away to England for a copy which might authenticate *his original*; and from such a copy the public is favoured with it! I remember, in a cause before Sir Joseph Jekyll, a man began reading in court the title-deeds of an estate which was contested. 'The original is a little blind,' says he;

‘I have got a very fair copy of it, which I beg leave to go on with’—’Hold,’ says Sir Joseph, ‘if the original is not good, the copy can never make it so.’ I am far, however, from accusing the printer of intending any fraud on the world. He who tells his story so openly gives security enough for his honesty. I can easily conceive the Advertisement might be in a good measure the Dean’s, who never was over-courteous to his readers, and might for once be content to be merry with them.” [T.S.]]

[Footnote 3: Misprinted by Faulkner for Oct. 26th. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 4: This portion in square brackets is not given by Faulkner in his Advertisement. [T.S.]]

The next treatise is called “An Address, &c.” It is without a date; but seems to be written during the first session of Parliament in Lord Carteret’s government. The title of this Address is in the usual form, by M.B. Drapier. There is but a small part of it that relates to William Wood and his coin: The rest contains several proposals for the improvement of Ireland, the many discouragements it lies under, and what are the best remedies against them.

By many passages in some of the Drapier’s former letters, but particularly in the following Address, concerning the great drain of money from Ireland by absentees, importation of foreign goods, balance of trade, and the like, it appears that the author had taken much pains, and been well informed in the business of computing; all his reasonings upon that subject, although he does not here descend to particular sums, agreeing generally with the accounts given by others who have since made that enquiry their particular study. And it is observable, that in this Address, as well as in one of his printed letters, he hath specified several important articles, that have not been taken notice of by others who came after him.

LETTER V.

A LETTER TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR MIDDLETON.

My Lord, I desire you will consider me as a member who comes in at the latter end of a debate; or as a lawyer who speaks to a cause, when the matter hath been almost exhausted by those who spoke before.

[Footnote 5: Alan Brodrick, Lord Midleton (1660?-1728), came of a Surrey family that had greatly benefited by the forfeitures in Ireland. Adopting the profession of the law, Brodrick was, in 1695, appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland. He sat in the Irish House of Commons as the member for Cork, and in 1703 was chosen its Speaker. His strong opposition to the Sacramental Test Act lost him the favour of the government, and he was removed from his office of Solicitor-General. In 1707, however, he was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland, and in 1714 made Lord Chancellor. In the year following he was created Baron Brodrick of Midleton. His trimming with Walpole and Carteret did not, however, prevent him from opposing the Wood's patent, though he signed the proclamation against the Drapier. He thought the letters served to "create jealousies between the King and the people of Ireland." [T.S.]]

I remember some months ago I was at your house upon a commission, where I am one of the governors: But I went thither not so much on account of the commission, as to ask you some questions concerning Mr. Wood's patent to coin halfpence for Ireland; where you very freely told me, in a mixed company, how much you had been always against that wicked project, which raised in me an esteem for you so far, that I went in a few days to make you a visit, after many years' intermission. I am likewise told, that your son wrote two letters from London, (one of which I have seen) empowering those to whom they were directed, to assure his friends, that whereas there was a malicious report spread of his engaging himself to Mr. Walpole for forty thousand pounds of Wood's coin, to be received in Ireland, the said report was false and groundless; and he had never discoursed with that minister on the subject; nor would ever give his consent to have one farthing of the said coin current here. And although it be long since I have given myself the trouble of conversing with people of titles or stations; yet I have been told by those who can take up with such amusements, that there is not a considerable person of the kingdom, scrupulous in any sort to declare his opinion. But all this is needless to allege, when we consider, that the ruinous consequences of Wood's patent, have been so strongly represented by both Houses of Parliament; by the Privy-council; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin; by so many corporations; and the concurrence of the principal gentlemen in

most counties, at their quarter-sessions, without any regard to party, religion, or nation.

I conclude from hence, that the currency of these halfpence would, in the universal opinion of our people, be utterly destructive to this kingdom; and consequently, that it is every man's duty, not only to refuse this coin himself, but as far as in him lies, to persuade others to do the like: And whether this be done in private or in print, is all a case: As no layman is forbid to write, or to discourse upon religious or moral subjects; although he may not do it in a pulpit (at least in our church). Neither is this an affair of state, until authority shall think fit to declare it so: Or if you should understand it in that sense; yet you will please to consider that I am not now a preaching.

Therefore, I do think it my duty, since the Drapier will probably be no more heard of, so far to supply his place, as not to incur his fortune: For I have learnt from old experience, that there are times wherein a man ought to be cautious as well as innocent. I therefore hope, that preserving both those characters, I may be allowed, by offering new arguments or enforcing old ones, to refresh the memory of my fellow-subjects, and keep up that good spirit raised among them; to preserve themselves from utter ruin by lawful means, and such as are permitted by his Majesty.

I believe you will please to allow me two propositions: First, that we are a most loyal people; and, Secondly, that we are a free people, in the common acceptation of that word applied to a subject under a limited monarch. I know very well, that you and I did many years ago in discourse differ much, in the presence of Lord Wharton, about the meaning of that word *liberty*, with relation to Ireland. But if you will not allow us to be a free people, there is only another appellation left; which, I doubt, my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed would call me to an account for, if I venture to bestow: For, I observed, and I shall never forget upon what occasion, the device upon his coach to be *Libertas et natale solum;* at the very point of time when he was sitting in his court, and perjuring himself to betray both.

[Footnote 6: On this motto of Whitshed's Swift wrote the following poetical paraphrase:

"*Libertas et natale solum:*
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now thy words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:

First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to shew my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious Dean:
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.
Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum.
You had good reason when you stole 'em."

[T.S.]]

Now, as for our loyalty, to His present Majesty; if it hath ever been equalled in any other part of his dominions; I am sure it hath never been exceeded: And I am confident he hath not a minister in England who could ever call it once in question: But that some hard rumours at least have been transmitted from t'other side the water, I suppose you will not doubt: and rumours of the severest kind; which many good people have imputed to the indirect proceeding of Mr. Wood and his emissaries; as if he endeavoured it should be thought that our loyalty depended upon the test of refusing or taking his copper. Now, as I am sure you will admit us to be a loyal people; so you will think it pardonable in us to hope for all proper marks of favour and protection from so gracious a King, that a loyal and free people can expect: Among which, we all agree in reckoning this to be one; that Wood's halfpence may never have entrance into this kingdom. And this we shall continue to wish, when we dare no longer express our wishes; although there were no such mortal as a Drapier in the world.

I am heartily sorry, that any writer should, in a cause so generally approved, give occasion to the government and council to charge him with paragraphs "highly reflecting upon His Majesty and his ministers; tending to alienate the affections of his good subjects in England and Ireland from each other; and to promote sedition among the people." I must confess, that with many others, I thought he meant well; although he might have the failing of better writers, to be not always fortunate in the manner of expressing himself.

[Footnote 7: Swift here quotes the words of the proclamation issued against the fourth Drapier's Letter. See Appendix IV. [T.S.]]

However, since the Drapier is but one man, I shall think I do a public

service, by asserting that the rest of my countrymen are wholly free from learning out of *his* pamphlets to reflect on the King or his ministers, to breed sedition.

I solemnly declare, that I never once heard the least reflection cast upon the King, on the subject of Mr. Wood's coin: For in many discourses on this matter, I do not remember His Majesty's name to be so much as mentioned. As to the ministry in England, the only two persons hinted at were the Duke of Grafton, and Mr. Walpole: The former, as I have heard you and a hundred others affirm, declared, that he never saw the patent in favour of Mr. Wood, before it was passed, although he were then lord lieutenant: And therefore I suppose everybody believes, that his grace hath been wholly unconcerned in it since.

[Footnote 8: Walpole was created a Knight of the Bath in 1724, when that order was revived. In 1726 he was installed Knight of the Order of the Garter, being the only commoner who had been so distinguished since the reign of James I., except Admiral Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich. He had been offered a peerage in 1723, but declined it for himself, accepting it for his son, who was created Baron Walpole of Walpole, in Norfolk. [T.S.]]

Mr. Walpole was indeed supposed to be understood by the letter W. in several newspapers; where it is said, that some expressions fell from him not very favourable to the people of Ireland; for the truth of which, the kingdom is not to answer, any more than for the discretion of the publishers. You observe, the Drapier wholly clears Mr. Walpole of this charge, by very strong arguments and speaks of him with civility. I cannot deny myself to have been often present, where the company gave then opinion, that Mr. Walpole favoured Mr. Wood's project, which I always contradicted; and for my own part, never once opened my lips against that minister, either in mixed or particular meetings: And my reason for this reservedness was, because it pleased him, in the Queen's time (I mean Queen Anne of ever blessed memory) to make a speech directly against me, by name, in the House of Commons, as I was told a very few minutes after, in the Court of Requests, by more than fifty members.

But you, who are in a great station here, (if anything here may be called great) cannot be ignorant, that whoever is understood by public voice to be chief minister, will, among the general talkers, share the blame, whether justly or no, of every thing that is disliked; which I could easily make appear in many instances, from my own knowledge, while I was in the world; and particularly in the case of the greatest, the wisest, and the most uncorrupt minister, I ever conversed with.

[Footnote 9: Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. [T.S.]]

But, whatever unpleasing opinion some people might conceive of Mr. Walpole, on account of those halfpence; I dare boldly affirm, it was entirely owing to Mr. Wood. Many persons of credit, come from England, have affirmed to me, and others, that they have seen letters under his hand, full of

arrogance and insolence towards Ireland; and boasting of his favour with Mr. Walpole; which is highly probable: Because he reasonably thought it for his interest to spread such a report; and because it is the known talent of low and little spirits, to have a great man's name perpetually in their mouths.

[Footnote 10: See Coxe's "Memoirs of Walpole" (vol. i., cap. 26, p. 389, ed. 1800), where Wood is blamed for his indiscretion on this matter. See also note prefixed to the Drapier's First Letter in the present edition. [T.S.]]

Thus I have sufficiently justified the people of Ireland, from learning any bad lessons out of the Drapier's pamphlets, with regard to His Majesty and his ministers: And, therefore, if those papers were intended to sow sedition among us, God be thanked, the seeds have fallen upon a very improper soil.

As to alienating the affections of the people of England and Ireland from each other; I believe, the Drapier, whatever his intentions were, hath left that matter just as he found it.

I have lived long in both kingdoms, as well in country as in town; and therefore, take myself to be as well informed as most men, in the dispositions of each people toward the other. By the people, I understand here, only the bulk of the common people; and I desire no lawyer may distort or extend my meaning.

There is a vein of industry and parsimony, that runs through the whole people of England; which, added to the easiness of their rents, makes them rich and sturdy. As to Ireland, they know little more than they do of Mexico; further than that it is a country subject to the King of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish Papists; who are kept in awe by mercenary troops sent from thence: And their general opinion is, that it were better for England if this whole island were sunk into the sea; for, they have a tradition, that every forty years there must be a rebellion in Ireland. I have seen the grossest suppositions pass upon them; "that the wild Irish were taken in toils; but that, in some time, they would grow so tame, as to eat out of your hands:" I have been asked by hundreds, and particularly by my neighbours, your tenants, at Pepper-harrow; "whether I had come from Ireland by sea:" And, upon the arrival of an Irishman to a country town, I have known crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves.

A gentleman now in Dublin, affirms, "that passing some months ago through Northampton, and finding the whole town in a flurry, with bells, bonfires, and illuminations, upon asking the cause, was told, it was for joy, that the Irish had submitted to receive Wood's halfpence." This, I think, plainly shews what sentiments that large town hath of us; and how little they made it their own case; although they be directly in our way to London, and therefore, cannot but be frequently convinced that we have human shapes.

As to the people of this kingdom, they consist either of Irish Papists; who are as inconsiderable, in point of power, as the women and children; or of English Protestants, who love their brethren of that kingdom; although they may possibly sometimes complain, when they think they are hardly used:

However, I confess, I do not see any great consequence, how their personal affections stand to each other, while the sea divides them, and while they continue in their loyalty to the same prince. And yet, I will appeal to you; whether those from England have reason to complain, when they come hither in pursuit of their fortunes? Or, whether the people of Ireland have reason to boast, when they go to England on the same design?

My second proposition was, that we of Ireland are a free people: This, I suppose, you will allow; at least, with certain limitations remaining in your own breast. However, I am sure it is not criminal to affirm; because the words "liberty" and "property," as applied to the subject, are often mentioned in both houses of Parliament, as well as in yours, and other courts below; from whence it must follow, that the people of Ireland do, or ought to enjoy all the benefits of the common and statute law; such as to be tried by juries, to pay no money without their own consent, as represented in Parliament; and the like. If this be so, and if it be universally agreed, that a free people cannot, by law, be compelled to take any money in payment, except gold and silver; I do not see why any man should be hindered from cautioning his countrymen against this coin of William Wood; who is endeavouring by fraud to rob us of that property, which the laws have secured. If I am mistaken, and that this copper can be obtruded on us; I would put the Drapier's case in another light, by supposing, that a person going into his shop, should agree for thirty shillings' worth of goods, and force the seller to take his payment in a parcel of copper pieces, intrinsically not worth above a crown: I desire to know, whether the Drapier would not be actually robbed of five and twenty shillings, and how far he could be said to be master of his property? The same question may be applied to rents and debts, on bond or mortgage, and to all kind of commerce whatsoever.

Give me leave to do what the Drapier hath done more than once before me; which is, to relate the naked fact, as it stands in the view of the world.

One William Wood, Esq; and hardware-man, obtains, by fraud, a patent in England, to coin 108,000l. in copper, to pass in Ireland, leaving us liberty to take, or to refuse. The people here, in all sorts of bodies and representatives, do openly and heartily declare, that they will not accept this coin: To justify these declarations, they generally offer two reasons; first, because by the words of the patent, they are left to their own choice: And secondly, because they are not obliged by law: So that here you see there is, *bellum atgue virum*, a kingdom on one side, and William Wood on the other. And if Mr. Wood gets the victory, at the expense of Ireland's ruin, and the profit of one or two hundred thousand pounds (I mean by continuing, and counterfeiting as long as he lives) for himself; I doubt, both present and future ages will, at least, think it a very singular scheme.

If this fact be truly stated; I must confess, I look upon it as my duty, so far as God hath enabled me, and as long as I keep within the bounds of truth, of duty, and of decency, to warn my fellow-subjects, as they value their King,

their country, and all that ought or can be dear to them, never to admit this pernicious coin; no not so much as one single halfpenny. For, if one single thief forces the door, it is in vain to talk of keeping out the whole crew behind.

And, while I shall be thus employed, I will never give myself leave to suppose, that what I say can either offend my Lord Lieutenant; whose person and great qualities I have always highly respected; (as I am sure his excellency will be my witness) or the ministers in England, with whom I have nothing to do, or they with me; much less the Privy-council here, who, as I am informed, did send an address to His Majesty against Mr. Wood's coin; which, if it be a mistake, I desire I may not be accused for a spreader of false news: But, I confess, I am so great a stranger to affairs, that for anything I know, the whole body of the council may since have been changed: And, although I observed some of the very same names in a late declaration against that coin, which I saw subscribed to the proclamation against the Drapier; yet possibly they may be different persons; for they are utterly unknown to me, and are like to continue so.

In this controversy, where the reasoners on each side are divided by St. George's Channel, His Majesty's prerogative, perhaps, would not have been mentioned; if Mr. Wood, and his advocates, had not made it necessary, by giving out, that the currency of his coin should be enforced by a proclamation. The traders and common people of the kingdom, were heartily willing to refuse this coin; but the fear of a proclamation brought along with it most dreadful apprehensions. It was therefore, absolutely necessary for the Drapier, to remove this difficulty; and accordingly, in one of his former pamphlets, he hath produced invincible arguments, (wherever he picked them up) that the King's prerogative was not at all concerned in the matter; since the law had sufficiently provided against any coin to be imposed upon the subject, except gold and silver; and that copper is not money, but as it hath been properly called *nummorum famulus*.

The three former letters from the Drapier, having not received any public censure, I look upon them to be without exception; and that the good people of the kingdom ought to read them often, in order to keep up that spirit raised against this destructive coin of Mr. Wood: As for this last letter, against which a proclamation is issued; I shall only say, that I could wish it were stripped of all that can be any way exceptionable; which I would not think it below me to undertake, if my abilities were equal; but being naturally somewhat slow of comprehension; no lawyer, and apt to believe the best of those who profess good designs, without any visible motive either of profit or honour; I might pore for ever, without distinguishing the cockle from the corn.

That which, I am told, gives greatest offence in this last letter, is where the Drapier affirms; "that if a rebellion should prove so successful, as to fix the Pretender on the throne of England, he would venture so far to transgress the Irish statute, (which unites Ireland to England under one King) as to lose every drop of his blood, to hinder him from being King of Ireland."

I shall not presume to vindicate any man, who openly declares he would transgress a statute; and a statute of such importance: But, with the most humble submission, and desire of pardon for a very innocent mistake, I should be apt to think that the loyal intention of the writer, might be at least some small extenuation of his crime. For, in this I confess myself to think with the Drapier.

I have not hitherto been told of any other objections against that pamphlet; but, I suppose, they will all appear at the prosecution of the Drapier. And, I think, whoever in his own conscience believes the said pamphlet to be "wicked and malicious, seditious and scandalous, highly reflecting upon His Majesty and his ministers, &c." would do well to discover the author, (as little a friend as I am to the trade of informers) although the reward of 300*l*. had not been tacked to the discovery. I own, it would be a great satisfaction to me, to hear the arguments not only of judges, but of lawyers, upon this case. Because, you cannot but know, there often happens occasions, wherein it would be very convenient, that the bulk of the people should be informed how they ought to conduct themselves; and therefore, it hath been the wisdom of the English Parliaments, to be very reserved in limiting the press. When a bill is debating in either House of Parliament there, nothing is more usual, than to have the controversy handled by pamphlets on both sides; without the least animadversion upon the authors.

So here, in the case of Mr. Wood and his coin; since the two Houses gave their opinion by addresses, how dangerous the currency of that copper would be to Ireland; it was, without all question, both lawful and convenient, that the bulk of the people should be let more particularly into the nature of the danger they were in; and of the remedies that were in their own power, if they would have the sense to apply them; and this cannot be more conveniently done, than by particular persons, to whom God hath given zeal and understanding sufficient for such an undertaking. Thus it happened in the case of that destructive project for a bank in Ireland, which was brought into Parliament a few years ago; and it was allowed, that the arguments and writings of some without doors, contributed very much to reject it.

[Footnote 11: Swift himself assisted in writing against this "destructive project" in a series of pamphlets (see vol. vii.). The arguments for and against the bank were thoroughly discussed by Hercules Rowley and Henry Maxwell in a series of controversial letters against each other. [T.S.]]

Now, I should be heartily glad if some able lawyers would prescribe the limits, how far a private man may venture in delivering his thoughts upon public matters: Because a true lover of his country, may think it hard to be a quiet stander-by, and an indolent looker-on, while a public error prevails; by which a whole nation may be ruined. Every man who enjoys property, hath some share in the public; and therefore, the care of the public is, in some degree, every such man's concern.

To come to particulars, I could wish to know, Whether it be utterly

unlawful in any writer so much as to mention the prerogative; at least so far as to bring it into doubt, upon any point whatsoever? I know it is often debated in Westminster-hall; and Sir Edward Coke, as well as other eminent lawyers, do frequently handle that subject in their books.

Secondly, How far the prerogative extends to force coin upon the subject, which is not sterling; such as lead, brass, copper, mixt metal, shells, leather, or any other material; and fix upon it whatever denomination the crown shall think fit?

Thirdly, What is really and truly meant by that phrase of "a depending kingdom," as applied to Ireland; and wherein that dependency consisteth?

Lastly, In what points relating to liberty and property, the people of Ireland differ, or at least ought to differ, from those of England?

If these particulars were made so clear, that none could mistake them, it would be of infinite ease and use to the kingdom; and either prevent or silence all discontents.

My Lord Somers, the greatest man I ever knew of your robe; and whose thoughts of Ireland differed as far as heaven and earth, from those of some others among his brethren here; lamented to me, that the prerogative of the Crown, or the privileges of Parliament, should ever be liable to dispute, in any single branch of either; by which means, he said, the public often suffered great inconveniences; whereof he gave me several instances. I produce the authority of so eminent a person, to justify my desires, that some high points might be cleared.

For want of such known ascertainment, how far a writer may proceed in expressing his good wishes for his country; a person of the most innocent intentions, may possibly, by the oratory and comments of lawyers, be charged with many crimes, which from his very soul he abhors; and consequently may be ruined in his fortunes, and left to rot among thieves in some stinking jail; merely for mistaking the purlieus of the law. I have known, in my lifetime, a printer prosecuted and convicted, for publishing a pamphlet; where the author's intentions, I am confident, were as good and innocent, as those of a martyr at his last prayers. I did very lately, as I thought it my duty, preach to the people under my inspection, upon the subject of Mr. Wood's coin; and although I never heard that my sermon gave the least offence, as I am sure none was intended; yet, if it were now printed and published, I cannot say, I would ensure it from the hands of the common hangman; or my own person from those of a messenger.

[Footnote 12: Supposed to be "A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures," written by the author. [F.]]

[Footnote 13: The reference here is to Swift's sermon on "Doing Good." See Swift's Works, vol. iv., p. 181, present edition. [T.S.]]

I have heard the late Chief Justice Holtaffirm, that in all criminal cases, the most favourable interpretation should be put upon words, that they can possibly bear. You meet the same position asserted in many trials, for the greatest crimes; though often very ill practised, by the perpetual corruption of judges. And I remember, at a trial in Kent, where Sir George Rook was indicted for calling a gentleman knave and villain; the lawyer for the defendant brought off his client, by alleging, that the words were not injurious; for, *knave* in the old and true signification, imported only a servant; and *villain* in Latin, is *villicus*; which is no more than a man employed in country labour; or rather a bailiff.

[Footnote 14: Sir John Holt (1642-1710) held the recordership of London, in 1685, and was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1688. In the celebrated case, Ashby *v.*. White, Holt strongly upheld the rights of the voter as against the House of Commons. He was distinguished, in his time, for the fair and impartial hearing he always accorded a prisoner, and he even personally assisted the accused in cases where the law did not allow him to be represented by counsel. Many of Holt's opinions did become "standard maxims." [T.S.]]

[Footnote 15: Admiral Sir George Rooke (1650-1709), who, with Rear-Admiral Byng, captured Gibraltar in 1704. [T.S.]]

If Sir John Holt's opinion were a standard maxim for all times and circumstances, any writer, with a very small measure of discretion, might easily be safe; but, I doubt, in practice it hath been frequently controlled, at least before his time; for I take it to be an old rule in law.

I have read, or heard, a passage of Signor Leti, an Italian; who being in London, busying himself with writing the History of England, told King Charles the Second, that he endeavoured as much as he could to avoid giving offence, but found it a thing impossible; although he should have been as wise as Solomon: The King answered, that if this were the case, he had better employ his time in writing proverbs as Solomon did: But Leti lay under no public necessity of writing; neither would England have been one halfpenny the better, or the worse, whether he writ or no.

This I mention, because I know it will readily be objected, "What have private men to do with the public? What call had a Drapier to turn politician, to meddle in matters of state? Would not his time have been better employed in looking to his shop; or his pen in writing proverbs, elegies, ballads, garlands, and wonders? He would then have been out of all danger of proclamations, and prosecutions. Have we not able magistrates and counsellors hourly watching over the public weal?" All this may be true: And yet, when the addresses from both Houses of Parliament, against Mr. Wood's halfpence, failed of success; if some pen had not been employed, to inform

the people how far they might legally proceed, in refusing that coin, to detect the fraud, the artifice, and insolence of the coiner; and to lay open the most ruinous consequences to the whole kingdom; which would inevitably follow from the currency of the said coin; I might appeal to many hundred thousand people, whether any one of them would ever have had the courage or sagacity to refuse it.

If this copper should begin to make its way among the common, ignorant people, we are inevitably undone; it is they who give us the greatest apprehension, being easily frighted, and greedy to swallow misinformations: For, if every man were wise enough to understand his own interest, which is every man's principal study, there would be no need of pamphlets upon this occasion. But, as things stand, I have thought it absolutely necessary, from my duty to God, my King, and my country, to inform the people, that the proclamation lately issued against the Drapier, doth not in the least affect the case of Mr. Wood and his coin; but only refers to certain paragraphs in the Drapier's last pamphlet, (not immediately relating to his subject, nor at all to the merits of the cause,) which the government was pleased to dislike; so that any man has the same liberty to reject, to write, and to declare against this coin, which he had before: Neither is any man obliged to believe, that those honourable persons (whereof you are the first) who signed that memorable proclamation against the Drapier, have at all changed their opinions, with regard to Mr. Wood or his coin.

Therefore concluding myself to be thus far upon a safe and sure foot; I shall continue, upon any proper occasion, as God enables me, to revive and preserve that spirit raised in the nation, (whether the real author were a real Drapier or no is little to the purpose) against this horrid design of Mr. Wood; at the same time carefully watching every stroke of my pen, and venturing only to incur the public censure of the world as a writer; not of my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, as a criminal. Whenever an order shall come out by authority, forbidding all men upon the highest penalties, to offer anything in writing or discourse against Mr. Wood's halfpence; I shall certainly submit. However, if that should happen, I am determined to be somewhat more than the last man in the kingdom to receive them; because I will never receive them at all: For, although I know how to be silent; I have not yet learned to pay active obedience against my conscience, and the public safety.

I desire to put a case, which I think the Drapier, in some of his books, hath put before me; although not so fully as it requires.

You know the copper halfpence in England are coined by the public; and every piece worth pretty tolerably near the value of the copper. Now suppose, that, instead of the public coinage, a patent had been granted to some private, obscure person, for coining a proportionable quantity of copper in that kingdom, to what Mr. Wood is preparing in this; and all of it at least five times below the intrinsic value: The current money of England is reckoned to be twenty millions; and ours under five hundred thousand pounds: By this

computation, as Mr. Wood hath power to give us 108,000 pound; so the patentee in England, by the same proportion, might circulate four millions three hundred and twenty thousand pounds; besides as much more by stealth and counterfeits: I desire to know from you, whether the Parliament might not have addressed upon such an occasion; what success they probably would have had; and how many Drapiers would have risen to pester the world with pamphlets: Yet that kingdom would not be so great a sufferer as ours in the like case; because their cash would not be conveyed into foreign countries, but lie hid in the chests of cautious, thrifty men, until better times. Then I desire, for the satisfaction of the public, that you will please to inform me why this country is treated in so very different a manner, in a point of such high importance; whether it be on account of Poining's act; of subordination; dependence; or any other term of art; which I shall not contest, but am too dull to understand.

I am very sensible, that the good or ill success of Mr. Wood, will affect you less than any person of consequence in the kingdom; because I hear you are so prudent as to make all your purchases in England; and truly so would I, if I had money, although I were to pay a hundred years' purchase; because I should be glad to possess a freehold that could not be taken from me by any law to which I did not give my own consent; and where I should never be in danger of receiving my rents in mixed copper, at the loss of sixteen shillings in the pound. You can live in ease and plenty at Pepper-harrow, in Surrey; and therefore I thought it extremely generous and public-spirited in you to be of the kingdom's side in this dispute, by shewing, without reserve, your disapprobation of Mr. Wood's design; at least if you have been so frank to others as you were to me; which indeed I could not but wonder at, considering how much we differ in other points; and therefore I could get but few believers, when I attempted to justify you in this article from your own words.

I would humbly offer another thought, which I do not remember to have fallen under the Drapier's observation. If these halfpence should once gain admittance; it is agreed, that in no long space of time, what by the clandestine practices of the coiner, what by his own counterfeits, and those of others, either from abroad or at home; his limited quantity would be trebled upon us, until there would not be a grain of gold or silver visible in the nation. This, in my opinion would lay a heavy charge upon the crown, by creating a necessity of transmitting money from England to pay the salaries at least of the principal civil officers: For I do not conceive how a judge (for instance) could support his dignity with a thousand pounds a year in Wood's coin; which would not intrinsically be worth near two hundred. To argue that these halfpence, if no other coin were current, would answer the general ends of commerce among ourselves, is a great mistake; and the Drapier hath made that matter too clear to admit an answer; by shewing us what every owner of land must be forced to do with the products of it in such a distress. You may read his remarks at large in his second and third letter; to which I refer you.

Before I conclude, I cannot but observe, that for several months past, there have more papers been written in this town, such as they are, all upon the best public principle, the love of our country, than, perhaps, hath been known in any other nation, and in so short a time: I speak in general, from the Drapier down to the maker of ballads; and all without any regard to the common motives of writers: which are profit, favour, and reputation. As to profit, I am assured by persons of credit, that the best ballad upon Mr. Wood will not yield above a groat to the author; and the unfortunate adventurer Harding, declares he never made the Drapier any present, except one pair of scissors. As to favour, whoever thinks to make his court by opposing Mr. Wood is not very deep in politics. And as to reputation, certainly no man of worth and learning, would employ his pen upon so transitory a subject, and in so obscure a corner of the world, to distinguish himself as an author. So that I look upon myself, the Drapier, and my numerous brethren, to be all true patriots in our several degrees.

All that the public can expect for the future, is only to be sometimes warned to beware of Mr. Wood's halfpence; and refer them for conviction to the Drapier's reasons. For, a man of the most superior understanding, will find it impossible to make the best use of it, while he writes in constraint; perpetually softening, correcting, or blotting out expressions, for fear of bringing his printer, or himself, under a prosecution from my Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed. It calls to my remembrance the madman in Don Quixote, who being soundly beaten by a weaver for letting a stone (which he always carried on his shoulder) fall upon a spaniel, apprehended that every cur he met was of the same species.

For these reasons, I am convinced, that what I have now written will appear low and insipid; but if it contributes, in the least, to preserve that union among us for opposing this fatal project of Mr. Wood, my pains will not be altogether lost.

I sent these papers to an eminent lawyer (and yet a man of virtue and learning into the bargain) who, after many alterations returned them back, with assuring me, that they are perfectly innocent; without the least mixture of treason, rebellion, sedition, malice, disaffection, reflection, or wicked insinuation whatsoever.

If the bellman of each parish, as he goes his circuit, would cry out, every night, "Past twelve o'clock; Beware of Wood's halfpence;" it would probably cut off the occasion for publishing any more pamphlets; provided that in country towns it were done upon market days. For my own part, as soon as it shall be determined, that it is not against law, I will begin the experiment in the liberty of St. Patrick's; and hope my example may be followed in the whole city But if authority shall think fit to forbid all writings, or discourses upon this subject, except such as are in favour of Mr. Wood, I will obey as it becomes me; only when I am in danger of bursting, I will go and whisper among the reeds, not any reflection upon the wisdom of my countrymen; but

only these few words, BEWARE OF WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

I am,
With due Respect,
Your Most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
J.S.

Deanery House,
Oct. 26, 1724.

LETTER VI

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH.

NOTE.

This letter, hitherto styled the Drapier's fifth letter, is here printed as the sixth, for the reasons already stated. It was published on the 14th December, 1724, at a time when the Drapier agitation had reached its last stage. The Drapier had taught his countrymen that "to be brave is to be wise," and he now struck the final blow that laid prostrate an already tottering opposition.

Walpole realized that to govern Ireland from England he must have a trustier aid, a heavier hand, and a more vigilant eye, than were afforded in Carteret. Carteret, however, was better away in Ireland, and, moreover, as Lord-Lieutenant, he was an ameliorating influence on the Irish patriotic party in Dublin. But that party was now backed by a very important popular opinion. For the present, therefore, he gave way; but his real feelings might have been discovered by an interpretation of his appointment of Hugh Boulter as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. Boulter's letter to the Duke of Newcastle, written after his arrival in Dublin towards the end of November, 1724, gave a very unambiguous account of the state of the country towards the patent. On the 3rd of December, he wrote, "We are at present in a very bad state, and the people so poisoned with apprehensions of Wood's halfpence, that I do not see there can be any hopes of justice against any person for seditious writings, if he does but mix somewhat about Wood in them…. But all sorts here are determinedly set against Wood's halfpence, and look upon their estates as half sunk in their value, whenever they shall pass upon the nation." On January 19th 1724-1725, the Primate wrote again to the same effect. On the 3rd of July, he hopes that, as parliament is about to meet, the Lord-Lieutenant "will be impowered in his speech to speak clearly as to the business of the halfpence, and thoroughly rid this nation of their fear on that head." Boulter's advice was taken. On the 14th August, 1725, a vacation of the patent was issued, and when parliament met shortly after, the Lord-Lieutenant was able, in his speech, to announce that his Majesty had put an entire end to the patent granted Wood for coining copper halfpence and farthings. He alluded to the surrender as a remarkable instance of royal favour and condescension which should fill the hearts of a loyal and obedient people with the highest sense of duty and gratitude. He doubted not the Houses

would make suitable acknowledgment of their sense of happiness enjoyed under his Majesty's most mild and gracious government.

[Footnote 1: See note on pp. 111-112.]

[Footnote 2: Boulter's letter, vol. i., p. 3. Dublin edition, 1770.]

[Footnote 3: *Ibid*., p. 29.]

[Footnote 4: Comm. Journals, vol. iii., p. 398.]

The Commons unanimously voted an address suitable to the occasion and in harmony with the Lord-Lieutenant's suggestion. But the Lords procrastinated in debates. It was a question whether their address should or should not include the words "great wisdom" in addition to the word "condescension" to express their sense of his Majesty's action. Finally, however, the address was forthcoming, though not before some strenuous expressions of opinion had been made by Midleton and Archbishop King against Walpole's administration. As passed, their Address included the debated words; as presented the Address omitted them.

Thus ended this famous agitation in which the people of Ireland won their first victory over England by constitutional means. Wood was no loser by the surrender; indeed, he was largely the gainer, since he was given a pension of £3,000 per annum for twelve years.

[Footnote 5: Coxe says for eight years.]

Now that the fight was over the people, to use Scott's words, "turned their eyes with one consent on the man, by whose unbending fortitude, and pre-eminent talents, this triumph was accomplished." He was hailed joyously and blessed fervently wherever he went; the people almost idolized him; he was their defender and their liberator. No monarch visiting his domains could have been received with greater honour than was Swift when he came into a town. Medals and medallions were struck in his honour. A club was formed to the memory of the Drapier; shops and taverns bore the sign of the Drapier's Head; children and women carried handkerchiefs with the Drapier's portrait woven in them. All grades of society respected him for an influence that, founded in sincerity and guided by integrity and consummate ability, had been used patriotically. The DEAN became Ireland's chiefest citizen; and Irishmen will ever revere the memory of the man who was the first among them to precipitate their national instincts into the abiding form of national power — the reasoned opinion of a free people.

The text of this letter is based on that given by Sir Walter Scott, collated with the original edition and with the text given in "Fraud Detected" (1725).

[T.S.]

DIRECTIONS TO THE PRINTER.

MR. HARDING, When I sent you my former papers, I cannot say I intended you either good or hurt, and yet you have happened through my means to receive both. I pray God deliver you from any more of the latter, and increase the former. Your trade, particularly in this kingdom, is of all others the most unfortunately circumstantiated; For as you deal in the most worthless kind of trash, the penny productions of pennyless scribblers, so you often venture your liberty and sometimes your lives, for the purchase of half-a-crown, and by your own ignorance are punished for other men's actions.

I am afraid, you in particular think you have reason to complain of me for your own and your wife's confinement in prison, to your great expense, as well as hardship, and for a prosecution still impending. But I will tell you, Mr. Harding, how that matter stands. Since the press hath lain under so strict an inspection, those who have a mind to inform the world are become so cautious, as to keep themselves if possible out of the way of danger. My custom is to dictate to a 'prentice who can write in a feigned hand, and what is written we send to your house by a blackguard boy. But at the same time I do assure you upon my reputation, that I never did send you anything, for which I thought you could possibly be called to an account. And you will be my witness that I always desired you by a letter to take some good advice before you ventured to print, because I knew the dexterity of dealers in the law at finding out something to fasten on where no evil is meant; I am told indeed, that you did accordingly consult several very able persons, and even some who afterwards appeared against you: To which I can only answer, that you must either change your advisers, or determine to print nothing that comes from a Drapier.

I desire you will send the enclosed letter, directed "To my Lord Viscount Molesworth at his house at Brackdenstown near Swords;" but I would have it sent printed for the convenience of his Lordship's reading, because this counterfeit hand of my 'prentice is not very legible. And if you think fit to publish it, I would have you first get it read over carefully by some notable lawyer: I am assured you will find enough of them who are friends to the Drapier, and will do it without a fee, which I am afraid you can ill afford after all your expenses. For although I have taken so much care, that I think it impossible to find a topic out of the following papers for sending you again to prison; Yet I will not venture to be your guarantee.

This ensuing letter contains only a short account of myself, and an humble apology for my former pamphlets, especially the last, with little mention of Mr. Wood or his halfpence, because I have already said enough upon that subject, until occasion shall be given for new fears; and in that case you may perhaps hear from me again.

I am,
Your Friend
and Servant,
M.B.

From my shop in
St. Francis-street
Dec. 14. 1724.

P.S. For want of intercourse between you and me, which I never will suffer, your people are apt to make very gross errors in the press, which I desire you will provide against.

LETTER VI

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH, AT HIS HOUSE AT BRACKDENSTOWN NEAR SWORDS.

My Lord, I reflect too late on the maxim of common observers, that "those who meddle in matters out of their calling, will have reason to repent;" which is now verified in me: For by engaging in the trade of a writer, I have drawn upon myself the displeasure of the government, signified by a proclamation promising a reward of three hundred pounds to the first faithful subject who shall be able and inclined to inform against me. To which I may add the laudable zeal and industry of my Lord Chief Justice [Whitshed] in his endeavours to discover so dangerous a person. Therefore whether I repent or no, I have certainly cause to do so, and the common observation still stands good.

[Footnote 6: Robert, Viscount Molesworth (1656-1725), born in Dublin and educated at the University there, was a prominent adherent of the Prince of Orange during the Revolution of 1688. In 1692 William sent him to Denmark as envoy-extraordinary to the Court at Copenhagen; but he left abruptly because of the offence he gave there. Retiring to Flanders, Molesworth revenged himself by writing, "An Account of Denmark as it was in 1692," in which he described that country as no fit place for those who held their liberties dearly. Molesworth had been strongly imbued with the republican teachings of Algernon Sidney, and his book affords ample proof of the influence. Its publication aroused much indignation, and a controversy ensued in which Swift's friend, Dr. William King, took part. In 1695 Molesworth returned to Ireland, became a Privy Councillor in 1697, sat in the Irish parliament in 1703-1705, and in the English House of Commons from 1705 to 1708. In 1713 he was removed from the Irish Privy Council on a charge of a treasonable utterance, which Steele vindicated in "The Englishman" and "The Crisis." The accession of George I., however, brought Molesworth into his honours again, and he was created Baron Molesworth of Philipstown, and Viscount Molesworth of Swords, in 1719. His work entitled "Considerations for Promoting Agriculture," issued in 1723, was considered by Swift as "an excellent discourse, full of most useful hints." At the time Swift addressed him this sixth letter, Molesworth was living in retirement at Brackdenstown. [T.S.]]

It will sometimes happen, I know not how in the course of human affairs, that a man shall be made liable to legal animadversions, where he has nothing to answer for, either to God or his country; and condemned at Westminster-

hall for what he will never be charged with at the Day of Judgment.

After strictly examining my own heart, and consulting some divines of great reputation, I cannot accuse myself of any "malice or wickedness against the public;" of any "designs to sow sedition," of "reflecting on the King and his ministers," or of endeavouring "to alienate the affections of the people of this kingdom from those of England." All I can charge myself with, is a weak attempt to serve a nation in danger of destruction by a most wicked and malicious projector, without waiting until I were called to its assistance; which attempt, however it may perhaps give me the title of *pragmatical* and *overweening* will never lie a burthen upon my conscience. God knows whether I may not with all my caution have already run myself into danger, by offering thus much in my own vindication. For I have heard of a judge, who, upon the criminal's appeal to the dreadful Day of Judgment, told him he had incurred a *premunire* for appealing to a foreign jurisdiction: And of another in Wales, who severely checked the prisoner for offering the same plea, taxing him with reflecting on the Court by such a comparison, because "comparisons were odious."

[Footnote 7: The quotations are from the charges stated in the indictment and proclamation against the writer and printer of the previous letters. [T.S.]]

But in order to make some excuse for being more speculative than others of my condition, I desire your lordship's pardon, while I am doing a very foolish thing, which is, to give you some little account of myself.

I was bred at a free school where I acquired some little knowledge in the Latin tongue, I served my apprenticeship in London, and there set up for myself with good success, till by the death of some friends, and the misfortunes of others, I returned into this kingdom, and began to employ my thoughts in cultivating the woollen manufacture through all its branches Wherein I met with great discouragement and powerful opposers, whose objections appeared to me very strange and singular They argued that the people of England would be offended if our manufactures were brought to equal theirs; and even some of the weaving trade were my enemies, which I could not but look upon as absurd and unnatural I remember your lordship at that time did me the honour to come into my shop, where I shewed you a piece of black and white stuff just sent from the dyer, which you were pleased to approve of, and be my customer for it.

[Footnote 8: The "piece of black and white stuff just sent from the dyer," refers to his pamphlet, issued in 1720, "The Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures." See vol. vii. [T.S.]]

However I was so mortified, that I resolved for the future to sit quietly in my shop, and deal in common goods like the rest of my brethren; till it happened some months ago considering with myself that the lower and poorer sort of people wanted a *plain strong coarse stuff to defend them against cold easterly winds, which then blew very fierce and blasting for a long time together*, I contrived one on purpose, which sold very well all over the

kingdom, and preserved many thousands from agues I then made a second and a third kind of stuffs for the gentry with the same success, insomuch that an ague hath hardly been heard of for some time.

[Footnote 9: The "cold easterly winds" refer to the demands made on the Irish people to accept Wood's halfpence. The three different kinds of "stuffs" are the three letters written under the *nom de guerre,* "M.B. Drapier." [T.S.]]

This incited me so far, that I ventured upon a fourth piece made of the best Irish wool I could get, and I thought it grave and rich enough to be worn by the best lord or judge of the land. But of late some great folks complain as I hear, "that when they had it on, they felt a shuddering in their limbs," and have thrown it off in a rage, cursing to hell the poor Drapier who invented it, so that I am determined never to work for persons of quality again, except for your lordship and a very few more.

[Footnote 10: This refers to the fourth letter of the Drapier, which brought forth the proclamation, and for the author of which the reward of £300 was offered. [T.S.]]

I assure your lordship upon the word of an honest citizen, that I am not richer by the value of one of Mr. Wood's halfpence with the sale of all the several stuffs I have contrived; for I give the whole profit to the dyers and pressers. And therefore I hope you will please to believe, that no other motive beside the love of my country could engage me to busy my head and hands to the loss of my time and the gain of nothing but vexation and ill-will.

[Footnote 11: The printers [F.]]

I have now in hand one piece of stuff to be woven on purpose for your lordship, although I might be ashamed to offer it you, after I have confessed that it will be made only from the shreds and remnants of the wool employed in the former. However I shall work it up as well as I can, and at worst, you need only give it among your tenants.

I am very sensible how ill your lordship is like to be entertained with the pedantry of a drapier in the terms of his own trade. How will the matter be mended, when you find me entering again, though very sparingly, into an affair of state; for such is now grown the controversy with Mr. Wood, if some great lawyers are to be credited. And as it often happens at play, that men begin with farthings, and go on to gold, till some of them lose their estates, and die in jail; so it may possibly fall out in my case, that by playing too long with Mr. Wood's halfpence, I may be drawn in to pay a fine, double to the reward for betraying me, be sent to prison, and "not be delivered thence till I shall have paid the uttermost farthing."

There are my lord, three sorts of persons with whom I am resolved never to dispute: A highwayman with a pistol at my breast, a troop of dragoons who come to plunder my house, and a man of the law who can make a merit of

accusing me. In each of these cases, which are almost the same, the best method is to keep out of the way, and the next best is to deliver your money, surrender your house, and confess nothing.

I am told that the two points in my last letter, from which an occasion of offence hath been taken, are where I mention His Majesty's answer to the address of the House of Lords upon Mr. Wood's patent, and where I discourse upon Ireland's being a dependent kingdom. As to the former, I can only say, that I have treated it with the utmost respect and caution, and I thought it necessary to shew where Wood's patent differed in many essential parts from all others that ever had been granted, because the contrary had for want of due information been so strongly and so largely asserted. As to the other, of Ireland's dependency, I confess to have often heard it mentioned, but was never able to understand what it meant. This gave me the curiosity to enquire among several eminent lawyers, who professed they knew nothing of the matter. I then turned over all the statutes of both kingdoms without the least information, further than an Irish act, that I quoted, of the 33d of Henry 8th, uniting Ireland to England under one king. I cannot say I was sorry to be disappointed in my search, because it is certain, I could be contented to depend only upon God and my prince and the laws of my own country, after the manner of other nations. But since my betters are of a different opinion, and desire further dependencies, I shall readily submit, not insisting on the exception I made of M.B. Drapier. For indeed that hint was borrowed from an idle story I had heard in England, which perhaps may be common and beaten, but because it insinuates neither treason nor sedition, I will just barely relate it.

Some hundred years ago when the peers were so great that the commons were looked upon as little better than their dependents, a bill was brought in for making some new additions to the power and privileges of the peerage. After it was read, one Mr. Drewe a member of the house, stood up, and said, he very much approved the bill, and would give his vote to have it pass; but however, for some reasons best known to himself, he desired that a clause might be inserted for excepting the family of the Drewes. The oddness of the proposition taught others to reflect a little, and the bill was thrown out.

Whether I were mistaken, or went too far in examining the dependency must be left to the impartial judgment of the world, as well as to the courts of judicature, although indeed not in so effectual and decisive a manner. But to affirm, as I hear some do, in order to countenance a fearful and servile spirit, that this point did not belong to my subject, is a false and foolish objection. There were several scandalous reports industriously spread by Wood and his accomplices to discourage all opposition against his infamous project. They gave it out that we were prepared for a rebellion, that we disputed the King's prerogative, and were shaking off our dependency. The first went so far, and obtained so much belief against the most visible demonstrations to the contrary, that a great person of this kingdom, now in England, sent over such

an account of it to his friends, as would make any good subject both grieve and tremble. I thought it therefore necessary to treat that calumny as it deserved. Then I proved by an invincible argument that we could have no intention to dispute His Majesty's prerogative, because the prerogative was not concerned in the question, the civilians and lawyers of all nations agreeing that copper is not money. And lastly to clear us from the imputation of shaking off our dependency, I shewed wherein as I thought this dependency consisted, and cited the statute above mentioned made in Ireland, by which it is enacted, that "whoever is King of England shall be King of Ireland," and that the two kingdoms shall be "for ever knit together under one King." This, as I conceived, did wholly acquit us of intending to break our dependency, because it was altogether out of our power, for surely no King of England will ever consent to the repeal of that statute.

But upon this article I am charged with a heavier accusation. It is said I went too far, when I declared, that "if ever the Pretender should come to be fixed upon the throne of England (which God forbid) I would so far venture to transgress this statute, that I would lose the last drop of my blood before I would submit to him as King of Ireland."

This I hear on all sides, is the strongest and weightiest objection against me, and which hath given the most offence; that I should be so bold to declare against a direct statute, and that any motive how strong soever, could make me reject a King whom England should receive. Now if in defending myself from this accusation I should freely confess, that I "went too far," that "the expression was very indiscreet, although occasioned by my zeal for His present Majesty and his Protestant line in the House of Hanover," that "I shall be careful never to offend again in the like kind." And that "I hope this free acknowledgment and sorrow for my error, will be some atonement and a little soften the hearts of my powerful adversaries." I say if I should offer such a defence as this, I do not doubt but some people would wrest it to an ill meaning by some spiteful interpretation, and therefore since I cannot think of any other answer, which that paragraph can admit, I will leave it to the mercy of every candid reader.

I will now venture to tell your lordship a secret, wherein I fear you are too deeply concerned You will therefore please to know that this habit of writing and discoursing, wherein I unfortunately differ from almost the whole kingdom, and am apt to grate the ears of more than I could wish, was acquired during my apprenticeship in London, and a long residence there after I had set up for myself. Upon my return and settlement here, I thought I had only changed one country of freedom for another. I had been long conversing with the writings of your lordship, Mr. Locke, Mr. Molineaux, Colonel Sidney and other dangerous authors, who talk of "liberty as a blessing, to which the whole race of mankind hath an original title, whereof nothing but unlawful force can divest them." I knew a good deal of the several Gothic institutions in Europe, and by what incidents and events they came to be destroyed; and I ever

thought it the most uncontrolled and universally agreed maxim, that *freedom* consists in a people being governed by laws made with their own consent; and *slavery* in the contrary. I have been likewise told, and believe it to be true, that *liberty* and *property* are words of known use and signification in this kingdom, and that the very lawyers pretend to understand, and have them often in their mouths. These were the errors which have misled me, and to which alone I must impute the severe treatment I have received. But I shall in time grow wiser, and learn to consider my driver, the road I am in, and with whom I am yoked. This I will venture to say, that the boldest and most obnoxious words I ever delivered, would in England have only exposed me as a stupid fool, who went to prove that the sun shone in a clear summer's day; and I have witnesses ready to depose that your lordship hath said and writ fifty times worse, and what is still an aggravation, with infinitely more wit and learning, and stronger arguments, so that as politics run, I do not know a person of more exceptionable principles than yourself; and if ever I shall be discovered, I think you will be bound in honour to pay my fine and support me in prison; or else I may chance to inform against you by way of reprisal.

[Footnote 12: See note *ante*, p. 161. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 13: William Molyneux (1656-1698), the correspondent of John Flamsteed and Locke. His "Dioptrica Nova" contains a warm appreciation of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." He died in October, 1698, but in the early part of this year, he published his famous inquiry into the effect of English legislation on Irish manufactures. The work was entitled, "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated," and its publication made a great stir both in England and in Ireland. Molyneux attempted to show that the Irish Parliament was independent of the English Parliament. His book was reported by a Committee of the House of Commons, on June 22nd, 1698, to be "of dangerous consequence to the Crown and Parliament of England," but the matter went no further than embodying this resolution of the committee in an address to the King. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 14: Algernon Sidney (1622-1682), the author of the well known "Discourses concerning Government," and the famous republican of the Cromwellian and Restoration years, was the second surviving son of the second Earl of Leicester His career as soldier, statesman, agitator, ambassador and author, forms an interesting and even fascinating chapter of the story of this interesting period of English history. He was tried for treason before Jeffreys, and in spite of a most excellent defence, sentenced to death. His execution took place on December 7th, 1682.]

[Footnote 15: A writer, signing himself M.M., replying to this letter of Swift's in a broadside entitled, "Seasonable Advice to M.B. Drapier, Occasioned by his Letter to the R — t. Hon. the Lord Visct. Molesworth," actually takes this paragraph to mean that Swift intended seriously to turn informer: "Now sir, some people are of opinion that you carried this too far, inasmuch as you become a precedent to informers: others think that you

intimate to his lordship, the miserable circumstance you are in by the menaces of the prentice to whom you dictate; they conceive your declaring to inform, if not fee'd, to the contrary, signifies your said prentice on the last occasion to swear, if you don't forthwith deliver him his indentures, and half of your stock to set up trade with, he will inform against you, bring you to justice, be dismissed by law, and get the promised £300 to begin trade with; how near these conceptions be to truth I can't tell; but I know people think that word *inform* unseasonable. . . ." [T.S.]]

In the meantime, I beg your lordship to receive my confession, that if there be any such thing as a dependency of Ireland upon England, otherwise than as I have explained it, either by the law of God, of nature, of reason, of nations, or of the land (which I shall never hereafter contest,) then was the proclamation against me, the most merciful that ever was put out, and instead of accusing me as malicious, wicked and seditious, it might have been directly as guilty of high treason.

All I desire is, that the cause of my country against Mr. Wood may not suffer by any inadvertency of mine; Whether Ireland depends upon England, or only upon God, the King and the law, I hope no man will assert that it depends upon Mr. Wood. I should be heartily sorry that this commendable resentment against me should accidentally (and I hope, what was never intended) strike a damp upon that spirit in all ranks and corporations of men against the desperate and ruinous design of Mr. Wood. Let my countrymen blot out those parts in my last letter which they dislike, and let no rust remain on my sword to cure the wounds I have given to our most mortal enemy. When Sir Charles Sidley was taking the oaths, where several things were to be renounced, he said "he loved renouncing," asked "if any more were to be renounced, for he was ready to renounce as much as they pleased." Although I am not so thorough a renouncer; yet let me have but good city security against this pestilent coinage, and I shall be ready not only to renounce every syllable in all my four letters, but to deliver them cheerfully with my own hands into those of the common hangman, to be burnt with no better company than the coiner's *effigies,* if any part of it hath escaped out of the secular hands of the rabble.

[Footnote 16: This must be Sir Charles Sedley (properly Sidley), the famous wit and dramatist of Charles II.'s reign. In his reprint of 1735, Faulkner prints the name "Sidley," though the original twopenny tract and the "Hibernian Patriot" print it as "Sidney." Sir W. Scott corrects it to "Sedley." [T.S.]]

But whatever the sentiments of some people may be, I think it is agreed that many of those who subscribed against me, are on the side of a vast majority in the kingdom who opposed Mr. Wood; and it was with great satisfaction that I observed some right honourable names very amicably joined with my own at the bottom of a strong declaration against him and his coin. But if the admission of it among us be already determined the worthy

person who is to betray me ought in prudence to do it with all convenient speed, or else it may be difficult to find three hundred pounds in sterling for the discharge of his hire; when the public shall have lost five hundred thousand, if there be so much in the nation; besides four-fifths of its annual income for ever.

I am told by lawyers, that in all quarrels between man and man, it is of much weight, which of them gave the first provocation or struck the first blow. It is manifest that Mr. Wood hath done both, and therefore I should humbly propose to have him first hanged and his dross thrown into the sea; after which the Drapier will be ready to stand his trial. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh." If Mr. Wood had held his hand every body else would have held their tongues, and then there would have been little need of pamphlets, juries, or proclamations upon this occasion. The provocation must needs have been great, which could stir up an obscure indolent Drapier to become an author. One would almost think the very stones in the street would rise up in such a cause: And I am not sure they will not do so against Mr. Wood if ever he comes within their reach. It is a known story of the dumb boy, whose tongue forced a passage for speech by the horror of seeing a dagger at his father's throat. This may lessen the wonder that a tradesman hid in privacy and silence should cry out when the life and being of his political mother are attempted before his face, and by so infamous a hand.

But in the meantime, Mr. Wood the destroyer of a kingdom walks about in triumph (unless it be true that he is in jail for debt) while he who endeavoured to assert the liberty of his country is forced to hide his head for occasionally dealing in a matter of controversy. However I am not the first who hath been condemned to death for gaining a great victory over a powerful enemy, by disobeying for once the strict orders of military discipline.

I am now resolved to follow (after the usual proceeding of mankind, because it is too late) the advice given me by a certain Dean. He shewed the mistake I was in of trusting to the general good-will of the people, "that I had succeeded hitherto better than could be expected, but that some unfortunate circumstantial lapse would probably bring me within the reach of power. That my good intentions would be no security against those who watched every motion of my pen, in the bitterness of my soul." He produced an instance of "a writer as innocent, as disinterested, and as well meaning as myself, where the printer, who had the author in his power, was prosecuted with the utmost zeal, the jury sent back nine times, and the man given up to the mercy of the court." The Dean further observed "that I was in a manner left alone to stand the battle, while others who had ten thousand times better talents than a Drapier, were so prudent to lie still, and perhaps thought it no unpleasant amusement to look on with safety, while another was giving them diversion at the hazard of his liberty and fortune, and thought they made a sufficient recompense by a little applause." Whereupon he concluded with a short story

of a Jew at Madrid, who being condemned to the fire on account of his religion, a crowd of school-boys following him to the stake, and apprehending they might lose their sport, if he should happen to recant, would often clap him on the back, and cry, "*Sta firme Moyse* (Moses, continue steadfast)."

[Footnote 17: This was for the publication of "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures." [T.S.]]

I allow this gentleman's advice to have been good, and his observations just, and in one respect my condition is worse than that of the Jew, for no recantation will save me. However it should seem by some late proceedings, that my state is not altogether deplorable. This I can impute to nothing but the steadiness of two impartial grand juries, which hath confirmed in me an opinion I have long entertained, that, as philosophers say, "virtue is seated in the middle," so in another sense, the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty.

Since the proclamation occasioned by my last letter, and a due preparation for proceeding against me in a court of justice, there have been two printed papers clandestinely spread about, whereof no man is able to trace the original further than by conjecture, which with its usual charity lays them to my account. The former is entitled, "Seasonable Advice," and appears to have been intended for information of the grand jury, upon the supposition of a bill to be prepared against that letter. The other is an extract from a printed book of Parliamentary Proceedings in the year 1680 containing an angry resolution of the House of Commons in England against dissolving grand juries. As to the former, your lordship will find it to be the work of a more artful hand than that of a common Drapier. It hath been censured for endeavouring to influence the minds of a jury, which ought to be wholly free and unbiassed, and for that reason it is manifest that no judge was ever known either upon or off the bench, either by himself or his dependents, to use the least insinuation that might possibly affect the passions or interests of any one single juryman, much less of a whole jury; whereof every man must be convinced who will just give himself the trouble to dip into the common printed trials; so as, it is amazing to think, what a number of upright judges there have been in both kingdoms for above sixty years past, which, considering how long they held their offices during pleasure, as they still do among us, I account next to a miracle.

[Footnote 18: See p. 123. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 19: See note on p. 127. [T.S.]]

As to the other paper I must confess it is a sharp censure of an English House of Commons against dissolving grand juries by any judge before the end of the term, assizes, or sessions, while matters are under their consideration, and not presented; is arbitrary, illegal, destructive to public

justice, a manifest violation of his oath, and is a means to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom.

However, the publisher seems to have been mistaken in what he aimed at. For, whatever dependence there may be of Ireland upon England, I hope he would not insinuate, that the proceedings of a lord chief justice in Ireland must depend upon a resolution of an English House of Commons. Besides, that resolution although it were levelled against a particular lord chief justice, Sir William Scroggs, yet the occasion was directly contrary: For Scroggs dissolved the grand jury of London for fear they should present, but ours in Dublin was dissolved because they would not present, which wonderfully alters the case. And therefore a second grand jury supplied that defect by making a presentment that hath pleased the whole kingdom. However I think it is agreed by all parties, that both the one and the other jury behaved themselves in such a manner, as ought to be remembered to their honour, while there shall be any regard left among us for virtue or public spirit.

[Footnote 20: Sir William Scroggs (1623?-1683) was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England on the removal of Sir Thomas Ramsford in 1678. One of the eight articles of impeachment against Scroggs, in 1680, was for illegally discharging the grand jury of Middlesex before the end of the term. Although the articles of impeachment were carried to the House of Lords in 1681, the proceedings went no farther than ordering him to find bail and file his answer by a certain time. Scroggs was removed, on account of his unpopularity, on April 11th, 1681. As a lawyer, Scroggs has no great reputation; as a judge he must be classed with the notorious Jeffreys. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 21: See Appendix No. V. [T.S.]]

I am confident your lordship will be of my sentiments in one thing, that some short plain authentic tract might be published for the information both of petty and grand juries, how far their power reacheth, and where it is limited, and that a printed copy of such a treatise might be deposited in every court, to be consulted by the jurymen before they consider of their verdict; by which abundance of inconveniences would be avoided, whereof innumerable instances might be produced from former times, because I will say nothing of the present.

I have read somewhere of an eastern king who put a judge to death for an iniquitous sentence, and ordered his hide to be stuffed into a cushion, and placed upon the tribunal for the son to sit on, who was preferred to his father's office. I fancy such a memorial might not have been unuseful to a son of Sir William Scroggs, and that both he and his successors would often wriggle in their seats as long as the cushion lasted. I wish the relater had told us what number of such cushions there might be in that country.

I cannot but observe to your lordship how nice and dangerous a point it is grown for a private person to inform the people even in an affair where the public interest and safety are so highly concerned as that of Mr. Wood, and this in a country where loyalty is woven into the very hearts of the people,

seems a little extraordinary. Sir William Scroggs was the first who introduced that commendable acuteness into the courts of judicature; but how far this practice hath been imitated by his successors or strained upon occasion, is out of my knowledge. When pamphlets unpleasing to the ministry were presented as libels, he would order the offensive paragraphs to be read before him, and said it was strange that the judges and lawyers of the King's Bench should be duller than all the people of England; and he was often so very happy in applying the initial letters of names, and expounding dubious hints (the two common expedients among writers of that class for escaping the law) that he discovered much more than ever the authors intended, as many of them or their printers found to their cost. If such methods are to be followed in examining what I have already written or may write hereafter upon the subject of Mr. Wood, I defy any man of fifty times my understanding and caution to avoid being entrapped, unless he will be content to write what none will read, by repeating over the old arguments and computations, whereof the world is already grown weary. So that my good friend Harding lies under this dilemma, either to let my learned works hang for ever a drying upon his lines, or venture to publish them at the hazard of being laid by the heels.

I need not tell your lordship where the difficulty lies. It is true, the King and the laws permit us to refuse this coin of Mr. Wood, but at the same time it is equally true, that the King and the laws permit us to receive it. Now it is most certain the ministers in England do not suppose the consequences of uttering that brass among us to be so ruinous as we apprehend; because doubtless if they understood it in that light, they are persons of too much honour and justice not to use their credit with His Majesty for saving a most loyal kingdom from destruction. But as long as it shall please those great persons to think that coin will not be so very pernicious to us, we lie under the disadvantage of being censured as obstinate in not complying with a royal patent. Therefore nothing remains, but to make use of that liberty which the King and the laws have left us, by continuing to refuse this coin, and by frequent remembrances to keep up that spirit raised against it, which otherwise may be apt to flag, and perhaps in time to sink altogether. For, any public order against receiving or uttering Mr. Wood's halfpence is not reasonably to be expected in this kingdom, without directions from England, which I think nobody presumes, or is so sanguine to hope.

But to confess the truth, my lord, I begin to grow weary of my office as a writer, and could heartily wish it were devolved upon my brethren, the makers of songs and ballads, who perhaps are the best qualified at present to gather up the gleanings of this controversy. As to myself, it hath been my misfortune to begin and pursue it upon a wrong foundation. For having detected the frauds and falsehoods of this vile impostor Wood in every part, I foolishly disdained to have recourse to whining, lamenting, and crying for mercy, but rather chose to appeal to law and liberty and the common rights of mankind, without considering the climate I was in.

Since your last residence in Ireland, I frequently have taken my nag to ride about your grounds, where I fancied myself to feel an air of freedom breathing round me, and I am glad the low condition of a tradesman did not qualify me to wait on you at your house, for then I am afraid my writings would not have escaped severer censures. But I have lately sold my nag, and honestly told his greatest fault, which was that of snuffing up the air about Brackdenstown, whereby he became such a lover of liberty, that I could scarce hold him in. I have likewise buried at the bottom of a strong chest your lordship's writings under a heap of others that treat of liberty, and spread over a layer or two of Hobbes, Filmer, Bodin and many more authors of that stamp, to be readiest at hand whenever I shall be disposed to take up a new set of principles in government. In the mean time I design quietly to look to my shop, and keep as far out of your lordship's influence as possible; and if you ever see any more of my writings upon this subject, I promise you shall find them as innocent, as insipid and without a sting as what I have now offered you. But if your lordship will please to give me an easy lease of some part of your estate in Yorkshire, thither will I carry my chest and turning it upside down, resume my political reading where I left it off; feed on plain homely fare, and live and die a free honest English farmer: But not without regret for leaving my countrymen under the dread of the brazen talons of Mr. Wood: My most loyal and innocent countrymen, to whom I owe so much for their good opinion of me, and of my poor endeavours to serve them,

I am
with the greatest respect,
My Lord
Your Lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
M.B.

From my shop in St. Francis-Street, Dec. 14. 1724.

[Footnote 22: Sir Robert Filmer, the political writer who suffered for his adhesion to the cause of Charles I. His chief work was published after his death in 1680. It is entitled, "Patriarcha," and defends the patriarchal theory of government against the social-compact theory of Hobbes. Locke vigorously attacked it in his "Two Treatises on Government" published in 1690.

Jean Bodin, who died in 1596, wrote the "Livres de la Republique," a remarkable collection of information and speculation on the theoretical basis of political government. [T.S.]]

[Footnote 23: Molesworth's estate in Yorkshire was at Edlington, near Tickhill. [T.S.]]

LETTER VII.

AN HUMBLE ADDRESS TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

BY M.B. DRAPIER.

"Multa gemens ignominiam Plagasque superbi Victoris.—"
[VIRGIL, *Georg. III.*, 226-7.]

NOTE.

This letter was published in the fourth volume of the collected edition of Swift's Works, issued by Faulkner, in Dublin, in 1735. It is there stated that it was written "before the Lord Carteret came over, and soon after the fourth Drapier's letter." If Faulkner be correct, and he probably is, the subject matter of the letter shows that it was not to be printed until after the agitation had subsided. The letter is in an entirely different spirit from the other letters, and deals with suggestions and methods of action for a general righting of the wrongs under which Ireland was suffering. In matter as well as in manner it is not a continuation of the contest against Wood, but an effort to send the people along paths which would lead to their general welfare and prosperity. As such it properly concludes the Drapier series.

The text of the letter here printed is that of Faulkner collated with that given in the fifth volume of "Miscellanies," issued in London in. 1735.

[T.S.]

LETTER VII.

AN HUMBLE ADDRESS TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

I have been told, that petitions and addresses, either to King or Parliament, are the right of every subject; providing they consist with that respect, which is due to princes and great assemblies. Neither do I remember, that the modest proposals, or opinions of private men, have been ill-received, when they have not been delivered in the style of advice; which is a presumption far from my thoughts. However, if proposals should be looked upon as too assuming; yet I hope, every man may be suffered to declare his own and the nation's wishes. For instance; I may be allowed to wish, that some further laws were enacted for the advancement of trade, for the improvement of agriculture, now strangely neglected, against the maxim of all wise nations: For supplying the manifest defects in the acts concerning plantation of trees: For setting the poor to work, and many others.

Upon this principle, I may venture to affirm; it is the hearty wish of the whole nation, very few excepted; that the Parliament in this session would begin by strictly examining into the detestable fraud of one William Wood, now or late of London, hardwareman; who illegally and clandestinely, as appears by your own votes and addresses, procured a patent in England, for coining halfpence in that kingdom, to be current here. This, I say, is the wish of the whole nation, very few excepted; and upon account of those few, is more strongly and justly the wish of the rest: Those few consisting either of Wood's confederates, some obscure tradesmen, or certain bold UNDERTAKERS of weak judgment, and strong ambition; who think to find their accounts in the ruin of the nation, by securing or advancing themselves. And, because such men proceed upon a system of politics, to which I would fain hope you will be always utter strangers, I shall humbly lay it before you.

[Footnote 1: This was a phrase used in the time of Charles II. to express those dashing ministers who obtained power by undertaking to carry through particular favourite measures of the crown. But the Dean applies it with his usual studied ambiguity, so that it may be explained as meaning schemers or projectors in general. [S.]]

Be pleased to suppose me in a station of fifteen hundred pounds a year, salary and perquisites; and likewise possessed of 800*l*. a year, real estate. Then, suppose a destructive project to be set on foot; such, for instance, as this of Wood; which if it succeed, in all the consequences naturally to be expected from it, must sink the rents and wealth of the kingdom one half, (although I am confident, it would have done so five-sixths.) Suppose, I conceive that the countenancing, or privately supporting this project, will please those by whom

I expect to be preserved, or higher exalted. Nothing then remains, but to compute and balance my gain and my loss, and sum up the whole. I suppose that I shall keep my employment ten years, (not to mention the fair chance of a better.) This at 1500*l*. a year, amounts, in ten years, to 15,000*l*. My estate, by the success of the said project, sinks 400*l*. a year; which at twenty years' purchase, is but 8000*l*. so that I am a clean gainer of 7000*l*. upon the balance. And during all that period, I am possessed of power and credit, can gratify my favourites, and take vengeance of mine enemies. And if the project miscarry, my private merit is still entire. This arithmetic, as horrible as it appears, I knowingly affirm to have been practised, and applied in conjunctures, whereon depended the ruin or safety of a nation: Although, probably the charity and virtue of a senate, will hardly be induced to believe, that there can be such monsters among mankind. And yet, the wise Lord Bacon mentions a sort of people, (I doubt the race is not yet extinct) who would "set a house on fire, for the convenience of roasting their own eggs at the flame."

But whoever is old enough to remember, and hath turned his thoughts to observe the course of public affairs in this kingdom, from the time of the Revolution; must acknowledge, that the highest points of interest and liberty, have been often sacrificed to the avarice and ambition of particular persons, upon the very principles and arithmetic that I have supposed: The only wonder is, how these artists were able to prevail upon numbers; and influence even public assemblies to become instruments for effecting their execrable designs.

It is, I think, in all conscience, latitude enough for vice, if a man in station be allowed to act injustice, upon the usual principles of getting a bribe, wreaking his malice, serving his party, or consulting his preferment; while his wickedness terminates in the ruin only of particular persons: But, to deliver up our whole country, and every living soul who inhabits it, to certain destruction; hath not, as I remember, been permitted by the most favourable casuists on the side of corruption. It were far better, that all who have had the misfortune to be born in this kingdom, should be rendered incapable of holding any employment whatsoever, above the degree of a constable, (according to the scheme and intention of a great minister *gone to his own place*)than to live under the daily apprehension of a few false brethren among ourselves. Because, in the former case we should be wholly free from the danger of being betrayed; since none could then have impudence enough to pretend any public good.

[Footnote 2: The Earl of Sunderland. See note on p. 377 of vol. *v.* of present edition. [T.S.]]

It is true, that in this desperate affair of the new halfpence, I have not heard of any man above my own degree of a shopkeeper, to have been hitherto so bold, as, in direct terms, to vindicate the fatal project; although I have been told of some very mollifying expressions which were used, and very gentle expedients proposed and handed about, when it first came under

debate: But, since the eyes of the people have been so far opened, that the most ignorant can plainly see their own ruin, in the success of Wood's attempt; these grand compounders have been more cautious.

[Footnote 3: Alluding to Walpole's overture for reducing the amount to be coined to £40,000. [T.S.]]

But that the same spirit still subsists, hath manifestly appeared (among other instances of great compliance) from certain circumstances, that have attended some late proceedings in a court of judicature. There is not any commonplace more frequently insisted on, by those who treat of our constitution, than the great happiness and excellency of trials by juries; yet if this blessed part of our law be eludible at pleasure, by the force of power, frowns, and artifice; we shall have little reason to boast of our advantage, in this particular, over other states or kingdoms in Europe. And surely, these high proceedings, exercised in a point that so nearly concerned the life-blood of the people, their necessary subsistence, their very food and raiment, and even the public peace; will not allow any favourable appearance; because it was obvious, that so much superabundant zeal could have no other design, or produce any other effect, than to damp that spirit raised in the nation against this accursed scheme of William Wood, and his abettors; to which spirit alone, we owe, and for ever must owe, our being hitherto preserved, and our hopes of being preserved for the future; if it can be kept up, and strongly countenanced by your wise assemblies. I wish I could account for such a demeanour upon a more charitable foundation, than that of putting our interest in over balance with the ruin of our country.

I remember some months ago, when this affair was fresh in discourse; a person near allied to SOMEBODY, or (as the hawkers called him) NOBODY, who was thought deeply concerned, went about very diligently among his acquaintance, to shew the bad consequences that might follow from any public resentment to the disadvantage of his ally Mr. Wood; principally alleging the danger of all employments being disposed of from England. One of these emissaries came to me, and urged the same topic: I answered, naturally, that I knew there was no office of any kind, which a man from England might not have, if he thought it worth his asking; and that I looked upon all who had the disadvantage of being born here, as only in the condition of leasers and gleaners. Neither could I forbear mentioning the known fable of the countryman, who entreated his ass to fly for fear of being taken by the enemy; but the ass refused to give himself that trouble; and upon a very wise reason, because he could not possibly change his present master for a worse: The enemy could not make him fare harder; beat him more cruelly; nor load him with heavier burthens.

Upon these, and many other considerations, I may affirm it to be the wish of the whole nation, that the power and privileges of juries were declared, ascertained, and confirmed by the legislature; and that whoever hath been manifestly known to violate them, might be stigmatized by public censure; not

from any hope that such a censure will amend their practices, or hurt their interest, (for it may probably operate quite contrary in both:) but that the nation may know their enemies from their friends.

I say not this with any regard or view to myself; for I write in great security; and am resolved that none shall merit at my expense further than by shewing their zeal to discover, prosecute, and condemn me, for endeavouring to do my duty in serving my country: And yet I am conscious to myself that I never had the least intention to reflect on His Majesty's ministers, nor on any other person, except William Wood, whom I neither did, nor do yet conceive to be of that number. However, some would have it, that I went too far; but I suppose they will now allow themselves mistaken. I am sure I might easily have gone further; and I think I could not easily have fared worse. And therefore I was no further affected with their proclamation, and subsequent proceedings, than a good clergyman is with the sins of the people. And as to the poor printer, he is now gone to appear before a higher, and before a righteous tribunal.

As my intention is only to lay before your great assemblies, the general wishes of the nation; and as I have already declared it our principal wish that your first proceeding would be to examine into the pernicious fraud of William Wood; so I must add, as the universal opinion, that all schemes of commutation, composition, and the like expedients, either avowed or implied, will be of the most pernicious consequences to the public; against the dignity of a free kingdom; and prove an encouragement to future adventurers in the same destructive projects. For, it is a maxim, which no man at present disputes, that even a connivance to admit one thousand pounds in these halfpence, will produce, in time, the same ruinous effects, as if we openly consented to admit a million. It were, therefore, infinitely more safe and eligible, to leave things in the doubtful, melancholy state they are at present, (which, however, God forbid) and trust entirely to the general aversion of our people against this coin; using all honest endeavours to preserve, continue, and increase that aversion, than submit to apply those palliatives which weak, perfidious, or abject politicians, are, upon all occasions, and in all diseases, so ready to administer.

In the small compass of my reading, (which, however, hath been more extensive than is usual to men of my inferior calling) I have observed that grievances have always preceded supplies; and if ever grievances had a title to such a pre-eminence, it must be this of Wood; because it is not only the greatest grievance that any country could suffer, but a grievance of such a kind that, if it should take effect, would make it impossible for us to give any supplies at all; except in adulterate copper; unless a tax were laid for paying the civil and military lists, and the large pensions, with real commodities instead of money; which, however, might be liable to some few objections as well as difficulties: For although the common soldiers might be content with beef and mutton, and wool, and malt, and leather; yet I am in some doubt as to

the generals, the colonels, the numerous pensioners, the civil officers, and others, who all live in England upon Irish pay; as well as those few who reside among us only because they cannot help it.

There is one particular, which although I have mentioned more than once in some of my former papers, yet I cannot forbear to repeat, and a little enlarge upon it; because I do not remember to have read or heard of the like in the history of any age or country; neither do I ever reflect upon it without the utmost astonishment.

After the unanimous addresses to his Sacred Majesty, against this patent of Wood, from both Houses of Parliament, which are the three estates of the kingdom; and likewise an address from the Privy-council, to whom, under the chief governors, the whole administration is entrusted; the matter is referred to a committee of council in London. Wood, and his adherents, are heard on one side; and a few volunteers, without any trust or direction from hence, on the other. The question (as I remember) chiefly turned upon the want of halfpence in Ireland: Witnesses are called on the behalf of Wood (of what credit I have formerly shewn :) Upon the issue the patent is found good and legal; all His Majesty's officers here, (not excepting the military) commanded to be aiding and assisting to make it effectual. The addresses of both Houses of Parliament, of the Privy-council; and of the city of Dublin: The declarations of most counties and corporations through the kingdom, are altogether laid aside, as of no weight, consequence, or consideration whatsoever: And the whole kingdom of Ireland nonsuited, in default of appearance; as if it were a private cause between John Doe, plaintiff, and William Roe, defendant.

With great respect to those-honourable persons, the committee of council in London, I have not understood them to be our governors, councillors, or judges. Neither did our case turn at all upon the question, whether Ireland wanted halfpence or no. For there is no doubt, but we do want both halfpence, gold, and silver; and we have numberless other wants, and some that we are not so much as allowed to name; although they are peculiar to this nation; to which no other is subject, whom God hath blessed with religion and laws, or any degree of soil and sunshine: But, for what demerits on our side, I am altogether in the dark.

But, I do not remember, that our want of halfpence was either affirmed, or denied in any of our addresses or declarations, against those of Wood: We alleged, the fraudulent obtaining and executing his patent, the baseness of his metal, the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth, from foreign importation and his own counterfeits, as well as those at home; whereby we must infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade: We urged, that the patent was passed without the least reference hither; and without mention of any security given by Wood, to receive his own halfpence upon demand; both which are contrary to all former proceedings in the like cases. These, and many other arguments we offered; but still the patent went on, and at this day

our ruin would have been half completed; if God, in His mercy, had not raised an universal detestation of these halfpence, in the whole kingdom; with a firm resolution never to receive them; since we are not under obligations to do so by any law, either human or divine.

But, in the Name of God, and of all justice and piety; when the King's Majesty was pleased that this patent should pass; is it not to be understood, that he conceived, believed, and intended it as a gracious act, for the good and benefit of his subjects, for the advantage of a great and fruitful kingdom; of the most loyal kingdom upon earth, where no hand or voice was ever lifted up against him; a kingdom where the passage is not of three hours from Britain; and a kingdom where Papists have less power, and less land, than in England? Can it be denied, or doubted, that His Majesty's ministers understood and proposed the same end, the good of this nation, when they advised the passing this patent? Can the person of Wood be otherwise regarded, than as the instrument, the mechanic, the head-workman, to prepare his furnace, his fuel, his metal, and his stamps? If I employ a shoe-boy, is it in view to his advantage, or to my own convenience? I mention the person of William Wood alone, because no other appears, and we are not to reason upon surmises; neither would it avail, if they had a real foundation.

Allowing therefore, (for we cannot do less) that this patent, for the coining of halfpence, was wholly intended, by a gracious king, and a wise public-spirited ministry, for the advantage of Ireland; yet when the whole kingdom to a man, for whose good the patent was designed, do, upon maturest consideration, universally join, in openly declaring, protesting, addressing, petitioning, against these halfpence, as the most ruinous project that ever was set on foot, to complete the slavery and destruction of a poor innocent country: Is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether such a kingdom, or William Wood, should be a gainer; but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation, for the sake of William Wood? God, of His infinite mercy, avert this dreadful judgment; and it is our universal wish, that God would put it into your hearts to be His instruments for so good a work.

For my own part, who am but one man, of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me, by a law of my own country; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people.

Am I legally punishable for these expressions? Shall another proclamation issue against me, because I presume to take my country's part against William Wood; where her final destruction is intended? But, whenever you shall please to impose silence upon me, I will submit; because, I look upon your unanimous voice to be the voice of the nation; and this I have been

taught, and do believe to be, in some manner, the voice of God.

The great ignominy of a whole kingdom, lying so long at mercy, under so vile an adversary, is such a deplorable aggravation, that the utmost expressions of shame and rage, are too low to set it forth; and therefore, I shall leave it to receive such a resentment, as is worthy of a parliament.

It is likewise our universal wish, that His Majesty would grant liberty to coin halfpence in this kingdom, for our own use; under such restrictions as a parliament here shall advise: Since the power of coining even gold and silver, is possessed by every petty prince abroad; and was always practised by Scotland, to the very time of the Union; yet surely Scotland, as to soil, climate, and extent, is not, in itself, a fourth part the value of Ireland; (for Bishop Burnet says, it is not above a fortieth part in value, to the rest of Britain) and with respect to the profit that England gains from hence, not the forty thousandth part. Although I must confess, that a mote in the eye, or a thorn in the side, is more dangerous and painful than a beam, or a spike at a distance.

The histories of England, and of most other countries, abound in relating the miserable, and sometimes the most tragical effects, from the abuses of coin; by debasing the metal, by lessening, or enhancing the value upon occasions, to the public loss; of which we have an example, within our own memory in England, and another very lately in France. It is the tenderest point of government, affecting every individual, in the highest degree. When the value of money is arbitrary, or unsettled; no man can well be said to have any property at all; nor is any wound so suddenly felt, so hardly cured, or that leaves such deep and lasting scars behind it.

I conceive this poor unhappy island, to have a title to some indulgence from England; not only upon the score of Christianity, natural equity, and the general rights of mankind; but chiefly on account of that immense profit they receive from us; without which, that kingdom would make a very different figure in Europe, from what it doth at present.

The rents of land in Ireland, since they have been of late so enormously raised, and screwed up, may be computed to about two millions; whereof one-third part, at least, is directly transmitted to those, who are perpetual absentees in England; as I find by a computation made with the assistance of several skilful gentlemen.

The other articles by which we are altogether losers, and England a gainer; we found to amount to almost as much more. I will only set down as many heads of them as I can remember; and leave them to the consideration of those, who understand accounts better than I pretend to do.

The occasional absentees, for business, health, or diversion.

Three-fourths of the revenue of the chief governor, during his absence; which is usually four-fifths of his government.

The whole revenue of the post-office.

The numerous pensions paid to persons in England.

The pay of the chief officers of the army absent in England, which is a great sum.

Four commissioners of the revenue, always absent.

Civil employments very numerous, and of great income.

The vast charge of appeals to the House of Lords, and to the Court of Delegates.

Students at the Inns of Court, and the two Universities.

Eighty thousand pounds sent yearly to England, for coals; whereof the prime cost is nothing; and therefore, the profit wholly theirs.

One hundred thousand pounds paid several years past, for corn sent over hither from England; the effect of our own great wisdom in discouraging agriculture.

The kind liberty granted us of wearing Indian stuffs, and calicoes, to gratify the vanity and folly of our women; which, beside the profit to England, is an unconceivable loss to us; forcing the weavers to beg in our streets, or transport themselves to foreign countries.

The prodigious loss to us, and gain to England, by selling them all our wool at their own rates; whereof the manufacture exceeds above ten times the prime cost: A proceeding without example in the Christian or heathen world.

Our own wool returned upon us, in English manufactures, to our infinite shame and damage; and the great advantage of England.

The full profit of all our mines accruing to England; an effect of great negligence and stupidity.

An affectation among us, of liking all kinds of goods made in England.

NOTE, Many of the above articles have been since particularly computed by another writer, to whose treatise the reader is referred.

[Footnote 4: The work referred to is "A List of the Absentees of Ireland, and the yearly value of their estates and Incomes spent abroad," by Thomas Prior, Esq. Prior was a native of Ireland and the schoolfellow and life-long friend of Berkeley, the philosopher. In concert with Samuel Madden and other friends, he founded, in 1731, the Dublin Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Manufactures, Arts and Sciences. This society was the parent of the present Royal Dublin Society. His "List of the Absentees of Ireland" was published in 1729. He also issued "Observations on Coin" (1730), and "An Authentic Narrative of the Success of Tar Water in Curing a great number and variety of Distempers" (1746), to which Berkeley contributed. [T.S.]]

These and many other articles, which I cannot recollect at present, are agreed by judicious men to amount to near seven hundred thousand pounds *per ann*. clear profit to England. And, upon the whole, let any man look into those authors who write upon the subject of commerce, he shall find, that there is not one single article in the essentials, or circumstances of trade, whereby a country can be a loser, which we do not possess in the highest

perfection; somewhat, in every particular, that bears a kind of analogy to William Wood; and now the branches are all cut off, he stands ready with his axe at the root.

Upon this subject of perpetual absentees, I have spent some time in very insignificant reflections; and considering the usual motives of human actions, which are pleasure, profit, and ambition, I cannot yet comprehend how those persons find their account in any of the three. I speak not of those English peers or gentlemen, who, beside their estates at home, have possessions here; for, in that case, the matter is desperate; but I mean those lords, and wealthy knights, or squires, whose birth, and partly their education, and all their fortune (except some trifle, and that in very few instances) are in this kingdom. I knew many of them well enough, during several years, when I resided in England; and truly I could not discover that the figure they made was, by any means, a subject for envy; at least it gave me two very different passions: For, excepting the advantage of going now and then to an opera, or sometimes appearing behind a crowd at Court; or adding to the ring of coaches in Hyde Park, or losing their money at the Chocolate House; or getting news, votes, and minutes, about five days before us in Dublin, I say, besides these, and a few other privileges of less importance, their temptations to live in London, were beyond my knowledge or conception. And I used to wonder, how a man of birth and spirit, could endure to be wholly insignificant and obscure in a foreign country, when he might live with lustre in his own; and even at less than half that expense, which he strains himself to make, without obtaining any one end; except that which happened to the frog when he would needs contend for size with the ox. I have been told by scholars, that Caesar said, he would rather be the first man, in I know not what village, than the second in Rome. This, perhaps, was a thought only fit for Caesar: But to be preceded by thousands, and neglected by millions; to be wholly without power, figure, influence, honour, credit, or distinction, is not, in my poor opinion, a very amiable situation of life, to a person of title, or wealth, who can so cheaply and easily shine in his native country.

But, besides the depopulating of the kingdom, the leaving so many parts of it wild and uncultivated, the ruin of so many country-seats and plantations, the cutting down all the woods to supply expenses in England; the absence of so many noble and wealthy persons, hath been the cause of another fatal consequence, which few perhaps have been aware of. For if that very considerable number of lords, who possess the amplest fortunes here, had been content to live at home, and attend the affairs of their own country in Parliament; the weight, reputation, and dignity thereby added to that noble House, would, in all human probability, have prevented certain proceedings, which are now ever to be lamented; because they never can be remedied: And we might have then decided our own properties among ourselves, without being forced to travel five hundred miles by sea and land, to another kingdom, for justice; to our infinite expense, vexation, and trouble: Which is a mark of

servitude without example, from the practice of any age or nation in the world.

I have sometimes wondered, upon what motive the peerage of England were so desirous to determine our controversies; because I have been assured, and partly know, that the frequent appeals from hence, have been very irksome to that illustrious body; and whoever hath frequented the Painted Chamber, and Court of Requests, must have observed, that they are never so nobly filled, as when an Irish appeal is under debate.

The peers of Scotland, who are very numerous, were content to reside in their castles and houses, in that bleak and barren climate; and although some of them made frequent journeys to London, yet I do not remember any of their greatest families, till very lately, to have made England their constant habitation, before the Union: Or, if they did, I am sure it was generally to their own advantage; and whatever they got, was employed to cultivate and increase their own estates; and by that means enrich themselves and their country.

As to the great number of rich absentees, under the degree of peers; what particular ill effects their absence may have upon this kingdom, besides those already mentioned, may perhaps be too tender a point for me to touch. But whether those who live in another kingdom, upon great estates here; and have lost all regards to their own country, further than upon account of the revenues they receive from it: I say, whether such persons may not be prevailed on to recommend others to vacant seats, who have no interest here, except a precarious employment; and consequently can have no views, but to preserve what they have got, or to be higher advanced: This, I am sure, is a very melancholy question, if it be a question at all.

But, besides the prodigious profit which England receives by the transmittal thither of two-thirds of the revenues of this whole kingdom; it hath another mighty advantage by making our country a receptacle, wherein to disburthen themselves of their supernumerary pretenders to offices; persons of second-rate merit in their own country; who, like birds of passage, most of them thrive and fatten here, and fly off when their credit and employments are at an end. So that Ireland may justly say what Luther said of himself; POOR Ireland maketh many rich.

If amidst all our difficulties, I should venture to assert, that we have one great advantage, provided we could improve it as we ought; I believe most of my readers would be long in conjecturing what possible advantage could ever fall to our share. However, it is certain, that all the regular seeds of party and faction among us are entirely rooted out, and if any new ones shall spring up, they must be of equivocal generation, without any seed at all; and will justly be imputed to a degree of stupidity beyond even what we have been ever charged with upon the score of our birth-place and climate.

The parties in this kingdom (including those of modern date) are, First, of those who have been charged or suspected to favour the Pretender; and those

who were zealous opposers of him. Secondly, of those who were for and against a toleration of Dissenters by law. Thirdly, of High and Low Church; or, (to speak in the cant of the times) of Whig and Tory: And, Fourthly, of court and country. If there be any more, they are beyond my observation or politics: For as to subaltern or occasional parties, they have all been derivations from the same originals.

Now, it is manifest, that all these incitements to faction, party, and division are wholly removed from among us. For, as to the Pretender, his cause is both desperate and obsolete: There are very few now alive who were *men* in his father's time, and in that prince's interest; and in all others, the obligation of conscience hath no place; even the Papists in general, of any substance, or estates, and their priests almost universally, are what we call Whigs in the sense which by that word is generally understood. They feel the smart, and see the scars of their former wounds; and very well know, that they must be made a sacrifice to the least attempts towards a change; although it cannot be doubted, that they would be glad to have their superstition restored, under any prince whatsoever.

[Footnote 5: That is to say, they had not sworn any allegiance to him. [T.S.]]

Secondly, The Dissenters are now tolerated by law; neither do we observe any murmurs at present from that quarter, except those reasonable complaints they make of persecution, because they are excluded from civil employments; but their number being very small in either House of Parliament, they are not yet in a situation to erect a party: Because, however indifferent men may be with regard to religion, they are now grown wise enough to know, that if such a latitude were allowed to Dissenters; the few small employments left us in cities and corporations, would find other hands to lay hold on them.

Thirdly, The dispute between High and Low Church is now at an end; two-thirds of the bishops having been promoted in this reign, and most of them from England, who have bestowed all preferments in their gift to those they could well confide in: The deaneries all except three, and many principal church-livings, are in the donation of the crown: So that we already possess such a body of clergy as will never engage in controversy upon that antiquated and exploded subject.

Lastly, As to court and country parties, so famous and avowed under most reigns in English Parliaments: This kingdom hath not, for several years past been a proper scene whereon to exercise such contentions; and is now less proper than ever; many great employments for life being in distant hands, and the reversions diligently watched and secured; the temporary ones of any inviting value are all bestowed elsewhere as fast as they drop; and the few remaining, are of too low consideration to create contests about them, except among younger brothers, or tradesmen like myself. And, therefore, to institute

a court and country party without materials, would be a very new system in politics, and what I believe was never thought on before; nor, unless in a nation of idiots, can ever succeed. For the most ignorant Irish cottager will not sell his cow for a groat.

Therefore, I conclude, that all party and faction, with regard to public proceedings, are now extinguished in this kingdom; neither doth it appear in view how they can possibly revive; unless some new causes be administered; which cannot be done without crossing the interests of those who are greatest gainers by continuing the same measures. And, general calamities without hope of redress, are allowed to be the great uniters of mankind.

However we may dislike the causes; yet this effect of begetting an universal concord among us in all national debates, as well as in cities, corporations, and country neighbourhoods, may keep us at least alive, and in a condition to eat the little bread allowed us in peace and amity. I have heard of a quarrel in a tavern, where all were at daggers-drawing, till one of the company cried out, desiring to know the subject of the quarrel; which, when none of them could tell, they put up their swords, sat down, and passed the rest of the evening in quiet. The former part hath been our case; I hope the latter will be so too; that we shall sit down amicably together, at least until we have something that may give us a title to fall out; since nature hath instructed even a brood of goslings to stick together while the kite is hovering over their heads.

It is certain, that a firm union in any country, where every man wishes the same thing with relation to the public, may, in several points of the greatest importance, in some measure, supply the defect of power; and even of those rights which are the natural and undoubted inheritance of mankind. If the universal wish of the nation upon any point, were declared by the unanimous vote of the House of Commons, and a reasonable number of Lords; I should think myself obliged in conscience to act in my sphere according to that vote; because, in all free nations, I take the proper definition of law to be the will of the majority of those who have the property in land; which, if there be a monarchy, is to be confirmed by the royal assent. And, although such votes or declarations have not received such a confirmation, for certain accidental reasons; yet I think they ought to be of much weight with the subject; provided they neither oppose the King's prerogative, endanger the peace of the nation, nor infringe any law already in force; none of which, however, can reasonably be supposed. Thus, for instance, if nine in ten of the House of Commons, and a reasonable number of native temporal peers, should declare, that whoever received or uttered brass coin, except under certain limitations and securities, should be deemed as enemies to the King and the nation; I should think it a heinous sin in myself to act contrary to such a vote: And, if the same power should declare the same censure against those who wore Indian stuffs and calicoes, or woollen manufactures imported from abroad, whereby this nation is reduced to the lowest ebb of misery; I should readily,

heartily, and cheerfully pay obedience; and to my utmost power persuade others to do the like: Because, there is no law of this land obliging us either to receive such coin, or to wear such foreign manufactures.

Upon this last article, I could humbly wish that the reverend the clergy would set us an example, by contenting themselves with wearing gowns, and other habiliments of Irish drapery; which, as it would be some incitement to the laity, and set many hands to work; so they would find their advantage in the cheapness; which is a circumstance not to be neglected by too many among that venerable body. And, in order to this, I could heartily desire, that the most ingenious artists of the weaving trade, would contrive some decent stuffs and silks for clergymen, at reasonable rates.

[Footnote 6: This hath since been put in practice, by the persuasions, and influence of the supposed author; but much defeated by the most infamous fraud of shop-keepers. [F.]]

[Footnote 7: This scheme was likewise often urged to the weavers by the supposed author; but he could never prevail upon them to put it in practice. [F.]]

I have pressed several of our most substantial brethren, that the whole corporation of weavers in silk and woollen, would publish some proposals, (I wish they would do it to both Houses of Parliament) inviting persons of all degrees, and of both sexes, to wear the woollen and silk manufactures of our own country; entering into solemn, mutual engagements, that the buyer shall have good, substantial, merchantable ware for his money; and at a certain rate, without the trouble of cheapening: So that, if I sent a child for a piece of stuff of a particular colour and fineness, I should be sure not to be deceived; or if I had reason to complain, the corporation should give me immediate satisfaction; and the name of the tradesman who did me the wrong, should be published; and warning given not to deal with him for the future; unless the matter plainly appeared to be a mistake: For, besides the trouble of going from shop to shop; an ignorant customer runs the hazard of being cheated in the price and goodness of what he buys; being forced to an unequal combat with a dexterous, and dishonest man, in his own calling. Thus our goods fall under a general disreputation; and the gentry call for English cloth, or silk, from an opinion they have (and often too justly by our own faults) that the goodness more than makes up for the difference of price.

Besides, it hath been the sottish and ruinous practice of us tradesmen, upon any great demand of goods, either at home or from abroad, to raise the prices immediately, and manufacture the said goods more slightly and fraudulently than before.

Of this foul and foolish proceeding, too many instances might be produced; and I cannot forbear mentioning one, whereby this poor kingdom hath received such a fatal blow in the only article of trade allowed us of any importance that nothing but the success of Wood's project, could outdo it. During the late plague in France, the Spaniards, who buy their linen cloths in

that kingdom, not daring to venture thither for fear of infection; a very great demand was made here for that commodity, and exported to Spain: But, whether by the ignorance of the merchants, or dishonesty of the Northern weavers, or the collusion of both; the ware was so bad, and the price so excessive, that except some small quantity, which was sold below the prime cost, the greatest part was returned back: And I have been told by very intelligent persons, that if we had been fair dealers, the whole current of the linen trade to Spain would have taken its course from hence.

If any punishment were to be inflicted on numbers of men; surely there could none be thought too great for such a race of traitors, and enemies to God and their country; who for the prospect of a little present gain, do not only ruin themselves, (for that alone would be an example to the rest, and a blessing to the nation) but sell their souls to hell, and their country to destruction; And, if the plague could have been confined only to these who were partakers in the guilt, had it travelled hither from Marseilles, those wretches would have died with less title to pity, than a highwayman going to the gallows.

But, it happens very unluckily, that, for some time past, all endeavours or proposals from private persons, to advance the public service; however honestly and innocently designed, have been called *flying in the King's face:* And this, to my knowledge, hath been the style of some persons, whose ancestors, (I mean those among them who had any) and themselves, have been flying in princes' faces these fourscore years; and from their own inclinations would do so still, if their interest did not lead them rather to fly in the face of a kingdom; which hath given them wings to enable them for such a flight.

Thus, about four years ago, when a discourse was published, endeavouring to persuade our people to wear their own woollen manufactures, full of the most dutiful expressions to the King, and without the least party hint; it was termed "flying in the King's face;" the printer was prosecuted in the manner we all remember; (and, I hope, it will somewhere be remembered further) the jury kept eleven hours, and sent back nine times, till they were under the necessity of leaving the prisoner to the mercy of the court, by a special verdict. The judge on the bench invoking God for his witness, when he asserted, that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender.

[Footnote 8: This was Swift's pamphlet entitled, "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures." [T.S.]]

[Footnote 9: The action and language of Justice Whitshed. [T.S.]]

And thus also, my own poor endeavours to prevent the ruin of my country, by the admission of Wood's coin, was called by the same persons, "flying in the King's face;" which I directly deny: For I cannot allow that vile representation of the royal countenance in William Wood's adulterate copper,

to be his Sacred Majesty's face; or if it were, my flying was not against the impression, but the baseness of the metal; because I well remembered; that the image which Nebuchadnezzar "commanded to be set up, for all men to fall down and worship it," was not of *copper*, but pure *gold*. And I am heartily sorry, we have so few royal images of that metal among us; the sight whereof, although it could hardly increase our veneration for His Majesty, which is already so great; yet would very much enliven it with a mixture of comfort and satisfaction.

Alexander the Great, would suffer no statuary, except Phidias, to carve his image in stone or metal. How must he have treated such an operator as Wood, who goes about with sackfuls of dross; odiously misrepresenting his Prince's countenance; and would force them, by thousands, upon every one of us, at above six times the value.

But, notwithstanding all that hath been objected by William Wood himself; together with his favourers, abettors, supporters, either public or private; by those who connive at his project, or discourage and discountenance his opposers, for fear of lessening their favour, or hazarding their employments; by those who endeavour to damp the spirit of the people raised against this coin; or check the honest zeal of such as by their writings, or discourses, do all they can to keep it up: Those softeners, sweeteners, compounders; and expedient-mongers, who shake their heads so strongly, that we can hear their pockets jingle; I did never imagine, that, in detecting the practices of such enemies to the kingdom, I was "flying in the King's face"; or thought they were better representers of His Majesty, than that very coin, for which they are secret or open advocates.

If I were allowed to recite only those wishes of the nation, which may be in our power to attain; I think they might be summed up in these few following.

First, That an end might be put to our apprehensions of Wood's halfpence, and to any danger of the like destructive scheme for the future.

Secondly; That halfpence might be coined in this kingdom, by a public mint, with due limitations.

Thirdly, That the sense of both Houses of Parliament, at least of the House of Commons, were declared by some unanimous and hearty votes, against wearing any silk or woollen manufactures, imported from abroad, as likewise against wearing Indian silks or calicoes, which are forbidden under the highest penalties in England: And it behoves us, to take example from so wise a nation; because we are under a greater necessity to do so, since we are not allowed to export any woollen manufactures of our own; which is the principal branch of foreign trade in England.

Fourthly, That some effectual methods may be taken to civilize the poorer sort of our natives, in all those parts of this kingdom where the Irish abound; by introducing among them our language and customs; for want of which they live in the utmost ignorance, barbarity and poverty; giving themselves wholly

up to idleness, nastiness, and thievery, to the very great and just reproach of too many landlords. And, if I had in me the least spirit of a projector, I would engage that this might be effected in a few years, at a very inconsiderable charge.

[Footnote 10: Since this hint was suggested, several useful seminaries have been instituted, under the name of "Charter Working Schools," in Ireland, supported by the royal benefaction of a thousand pounds a year, by a tax on hawkers and pedlars, and by voluntary subscriptions. The schools are for the education of boys and girls born of Popish parents; in most of them, the children manufacture their own clothing, and the boys are employed in matters relative to husbandry. [F.]

These Charter Schools, founded by Marsh, Bishop of Clogher, and adopted by Primate Boulter in 1733, were intended "to rescue the souls of thousands of poor children from the dangers of Popish superstition and idolatry, and their bodies from the miseries of idleness and beggary." In reality the scheme was one by which it was hoped to prevent the growth of Catholicism. The conditions and methods of instruction were positively cruel, since the children were actually withheld from any communication with their parents. Mr. Lecky deals with the subject fully in the first volume of his "Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," Froude gives the scheme his praise and admiration, but at the time of its institution it was the cause of "an intensity of bitterness hardly equalled by any portion of the penal code. Parents would rather do anything than send their children into such prisons where, at last, they would receive an education which, to their minds, must lead them to forfeit their soul's salvation." [T.S.]]

Fifthly, That due encouragement should be given to agriculture; and a stop put to that pernicious practice of graziers; engrossing vast quantities of land, sometimes at great distance; whereby the country is extremely depopulated.

Sixthly, That the defects in those acts for planting forest trees, might be fully supplied, since they have hitherto been wholly ineffectual; except about the demesnes of a few gentlemen; and even there, in general, very unskilfully made, and thriving accordingly. Neither hath there yet been due care taken to preserve what is planted, or to enclose grounds; not one hedge, in a hundred, coming to maturity, for want of skill and industry. The neglect of copsing woods cut down, hath likewise been of very ill consequences. And if men were restrained from that unlimited liberty of cutting down their own woods before the proper time, as they are in some other countries; it would be a mighty benefit to the kingdom. For, I believe, there is not another example in Europe, of such a prodigious quantity of excellent timber cut down, in so short a time, with so little advantage to the country, either in shipping or building.

I may add, that absurd practice of cutting turf, without any regularity; whereby great quantities of restorable land are made utterly desperate, many

thousands of cattle destroyed, the turf more difficult to come at, and carry home, and less fit for burning; the air made unwholesome by stagnating pools and marshes; and the very sight of such places offensive to those who ride by. Neither should that odious custom be allowed, of cutting scraws, (as they call them) which is flaying off the green surface of the ground, to cover their cabins; or make up their ditches; sometimes in shallow soils, where all is gravel within a few inches; and sometimes in low ground, with a thin greensward, and sloughy underneath; which last turns all into bog, by this mismanagement. And, I have heard from very skilful country-men, that by these two practices in turf and scraws, the kingdom loseth some hundreds of acres of profitable land every year; besides the irreparable loss of many skirts of bogs, which have a green coat of grass, and yet are mangled for turf; and, besides the want of canals, by regular cutting, which would not only be a great convenience for bringing their turf home at an easy rate; but likewise render even the larger bogs more dry and safe, for summer pasture.

These, and some other speculations of the like kind, I had intended to publish in a particular discourse against this session of Parliament; because, in some periods of my life, I had opportunity and curiosity to observe, from what causes those great errors, in every branch of country management, have arisen; of which I have now ventured to relate but few, out of very many; whereof some, perhaps, would not be mentioned without giving offence; which I have endeavoured, by all possible means, to avoid. And, for the same reason, I chose to add here, the little I thought proper to say on this subject.

But, as to the lands of those who are perpetual absentees, I do not see any probability of their being ever improved. In former times, their tenants sat at easy rents; but for some years past, they have been, generally speaking, more terribly racked by the dexterity of merciless agents from England, than even those held under the severest landlords here. I was assured upon the place, by great numbers of credible people, that a prodigious estate in the county of Cork, being let upon leases for lives, and great fines paid; the rent was so high, that the tenants begged leave to surrender their leases, and were content to lose their fines.

The cultivating and improvement of land, is certainly a subject worthy of the highest enquiry in any country, but especially in ours; where we are so strangely limited in every branch of trade, that can be of advantage to us; and utterly deprived of those, which are of the greatest importance; whereof I defy the most learned man in Europe, to produce me an example from any other kingdom in the world: For, we are denied the benefits which God and nature intended to us; as manifestly appears by our happy situation for commerce, and the great number of our excellent ports. So that, I think, little is left us, beside the cultivating our own soil, encouraging agriculture, and making great plantations of trees, that we might not be under the necessity of sending for corn and bark from England, and timber from other countries. This would increase the number of our inhabitants, and help to consume our natural

products, as well as manufactures at home. And I shall never forget what I once ventured to say to a great man in England; “That few politicians, with all their schemes, are half so useful members of a commonwealth, as an honest farmer; who, by skilfully draining, fencing, manuring, and planting, hath increased the intrinsic value of a piece of land; and thereby done a perpetual service to his country;” which it is a great controversy, whether any of the former ever did, since the creation of the world; but no controversy at all, that ninety-nine in a hundred, have done abundance of mischief.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

ADDRESSES TO THE KING

"To the King's most Excellent MAJESTY: *The humble* ADDRESS *of the* Knights, Citizens *and* Burgesses, *in Parliament assembled.*

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

It is with the utmost Concern, that We, Your Majesty's most dutiful subjects, the Commons of IRELAND in Parliament assembled, find ourselves indispensably obliged, to represent to Your Majesty, our unanimous Opinion: That the importing and uttering of *Copper Farthings* and *Halfpence* by virtue of the Patent lately granted to *William Wood,* Esq.; under the Great Seal of *Great Britain,* will be highly prejudicial to Your Majesty's Revenue, destructive of the trade and commerce of this nation, and of the most dangerous consequence to the properties of the subject.

[Footnote 1: Addresses by the House of Commons and the House of Lords presented to the King in conformity with the resolutions passed by these Houses. See Introductory Note to the Drapier's First Letter. The texts of these addresses are taken from "Fraud Detected: or, the Hibernian Patriot," printed by George Faulkner in 1725. [T.S.]]

"We are fully convinced, from the tender regard Your Majesty has always expressed for our welfare and prosperity, that this Patent could not have been obtained, had not *William Wood* and his accomplices, greatly misrepresented the state of this nation to Your Majesty, it having appeared to us, by Examinations taken in the most solemn manner, that though the terms thereof had been strictly complied with, there would have been a loss to this nation of at least 150 *per Cent.* by means of the said coinage, and a much greater in the manner the said *Half-pence* have been coined.

"We likewise beg leave to inform Your Majesty, That the said *William Wood* has been guilty of a most notorious fraud and deceit in coining the said *Half-pence,* having, under colour of the powers granted unto him, imported and endeavoured to utter great quantities of different impressions, and of much less weight than was required by the said Patent.

"Your faithful *Commons* have found, by experience, That the granting the power or privilege of coining *Money*, or *Tokens* to pass for *Money* to private

persons, has been highly detrimental to your loyal subjects; and being apprehensive, that the vesting such power in any body politic or corporate, or any private person or persons whatsoever, will be always of dangerous Consequence to this Kingdom, are encouraged, by the repeated assurances Your Majesty hath given us of Your Royal Favour and Protection, humbly to entreat Your Majesty, That whenever you shall hereafter think it necessary to coin any *Farthings* or *Half-pence,* the same may be made as near the intrinsic value as possible, and that whatever profit shall accrue thereby, may be applied to the public service.

"And we do further humbly beseech Your Majesty, That you will be graciously pleased to give such direction, as you, in your great wisdom, shall think proper, to prevent the fatal effects of uttering any *Farthings* or *Half-pence* pursuant to the said Patent.

"As this enquiry has proceeded entirely from our love to our country, so we cannot omit this opportunity of repeating our unanimous resolution, to stand by and support Your Majesty to the utmost of our power, against all Your enemies, both at home and abroad; and of assuring Your Majesty, that we will, upon every occasion, give Your Majesty, and the world, all possible demonstration of our zeal and inviolable duty and affection to Your Majesty's most sacred person and government, and to the succession, as established in Your Royal House."

"To the King's most Excellent MAJESTY. *The humble Address of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of* IRELAND, *in Parliament assembled, against* Wm. Wood.

"May it please Your most Sacred Majesty, WE the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, are under the utmost concern to find, that our duty to Your Majesty and our Country, indispensably calls upon us to acquaint Your Majesty with the ill consequences, which will inevitably follow from a Patent for coining Half-pence and Farthings to be uttered in this Kingdom, obtained under the Great Seal of *Great Britain,* by one *William Wood* in a clandestine and unprecedented manner, and by a gross misrepresentation of the state of this Kingdom.

"We are most humbly of opinion, that the diminution of Your Majesty's revenue, the ruin of our trade, and the impoverishing of your people, must unavoidably attend this undertaking; and we beg leave to observe to Your Majesty, that from the most exact Enquiries and Computations we have been able to make, it appears to us, that the gain to *William Wood* will be excessive, and the loss to this Kingdom, by circulating this base coin, greater than this poor country is able to bear.

"With the greatest submission and deference to Your Majesty's wisdom, we beg we may offer it as our humble opinion. That the reserving the coining of *Half-pence* and *Farthings* to the *Crown* and *the not intrusting it* with any

private person, body politic or corporate, will always be for Your Majesty's service, and the good of your people in *this Kingdom.*

"In confidence, Sir, of your paternal care of the welfare of *this* country, we beseech Your Majesty, that you will be pleased to extend that goodness and compassion to us, which has so eminently shewed itself to all your other subjects, who have the happiness to live under your protection and government; and that you will give such directions as may effectually free us from the terrible apprehensions we labour under from the *Patent* granted to *William Wood."*

The following was the King's reply to the above address:

"GEORGE R.

"His *Majesty is very much concerned to see, That His granting the Patent for coining* Half-pence *and* Farthings *agreeable to the Practice of his Royal Predecessors, has given so much uneasiness to the* House of Lords: *And if there have been any abuses committed by the* Patentee, *His Majesty will give the necessary Orders for enquiring into, and punishing those Abuses. And will do everything that is in His Power, for the Satisfaction of His People."*

APPENDIX II

REPORT OF THE ASSAY ON WOOD'S COINAGE, MADE BY SIR ISAAC NEWTON, EDWARD SOUTHWELL, ESQ., AND THOMAS SCROOPE, ESQ.

"To the right honourable the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury.

"May it please your Lordships,

According to your Lordships' Order, the pix of the copper-money coined at Bristol by Mr. Wood for Ireland, has been opened and tried before us at his Majesty's Mint in the Tower; and by the Comptroller's account, to which Mr. Wood agreed, there hath been coined from Lady-day 1723 to March 28, 1724, in half-pence, fifty and five tons, five hundred and three quarters, and twelve ounces, and in farthings, three tons, seventeen hundred and two quarters, ten pounds, and eight ounces, *avoirdupois*, the whole coinage amounting to 59 tons, 3 cwt, 1 qr. 11 lbs. 4 ozs., and by the specimens of this coinage which have, from time to time, been taken from the several parcels coined and sealed up in papers, and put into the pix, we found that sixty half-pence weighed fourteen ounces, *Troy*, and eight pennyweight, which is about a quarter of an ounce above one pound *avoirdupois*; and that thirty farthings weighed three ounces, and three quarters of an ounce *Troy*, and forty-six grains, which is also above the weight required by his Patent. We found also that both half-

pence and farthings when heated red hot, spread thin under the hammer without cracking, as your Lordships may see by the pieces now laid before your Lordships. But although the copper was very good, and the money, one piece with another, was full weight, yet the single pieces were not so equally coined in the weight as they should have been.

[Footnote 1: The copy of this Report as here printed is taken from the tract already quoted in previous notes, entitled, "A Defence of the Conduct of the People of Ireland in their unanimous Refusal of Mr. Wood's Copper-money … Dublin: Printed for George Ewing, at the Angel and Bible in Dames-Street, MDCCXXIV." As already noted, the assayists had for trial only those coins which were coined between March, 1723, and March, 1724, and these coins were neither imported into Ireland nor attempted to be uttered there. As Wood asked for the assay, he no doubt knew what he was about. But even as it stands, the Report was not very favourable to him. The author of the tract named above enters minutely into this point, and for a further inquiry the reader is referred to pages 15 to 19 of his publication. [T.S.]]

"We found also that thirty and two old half-pence coined for Ireland in the reigns of King Charles 2d., King James 2d., and King William 3d. and Queen Mary, and produced by Mr. Wood, weighed six ounces and eight pennyweight *Troy*, that is, one hundred and three grains and a half apiece one with another. They were much worn, and if about six or seven grains be allowed to each of them one with another for loss of their weight by wearing, the copper-money coined for England, in the reign of King William being already as much lightened by wearing, they might at first weigh about half a pound *avoirdupois*; whereas only thirty of those coined by Mr. Wood are to be of that. They were also made of bad copper, two of those coined in the reign of King Charles II. wasted much in the fire, and then spread thin under the hammer, but not so well without cracking as those of Mr. Wood. Two of those coined in the reign of King James II. wasted much more in the fire, and were not malleable when red hot. Two of those coined in the reign of King William and Queen Mary wasted still more in the fire, and turned to an unmalleable substance like a cinder, as your Lordships may see the pieces now laid before you.

"By the assays we reckon the copper of Mr. Wood's halfpence and farthings to be of the same goodness and value with the copper of which the copper money is coined in the King's Mint for England; or worth in the market about twelve or thirteen pence per pound weight *avoirdupois*; and the copper of which the half-pence were coined for Ireland in the reigns of King Charles, King James, and King William, to be much inferior in value, the mixture being unknown, and not bearing the fire for converting it to any other use until it be refined.

"The half-pence and farthings in the pix coined by Mr. Wood had on one side the head of the King, with this inscription GEORGIUS DEI GRATIA REX: And on the other side, a woman sitting with a harp by her left side, and

above her the inscription HIBERNIA with the date. The half-pence coined in the reigns of King Charles, King James, and King William, had on one side the head of King Charles, King James, or King William and Queen Mary, and on the reverse a harp crowned.

"All which facts we most humbly represent to your Lordships. April 27, 1724."

APPENDIX III

TOM PUNSIBI'S DREAM

[Greek: "A ghar proseidon nukthi taeoe phasmata
Disson oneiron, tauta moi ——
Ehi men pephaenen esthlha, dus telesphora,
Eid echthra, tois echthroisin empalin methes
Kai mae me plete te paront ei tines
Doloisi beleueoin ekbalein, ephaes."]

Soph, Elec. [644-649].

Since the heat of this business, which has of late so much and so justly concerned this kingdom, is at last, in a great measure over, we may venture to abate something of our former zeal and vigour in handling it, and looking upon it as an enemy almost overthrown, consult more our own amusement than its prejudice, in attacking it in light excursory skirmishes. Thus much I thought fit to observe, lest the world should be too apt to make an obvious pun upon me; when beginning to dream upon this occasion, I presented it with the wild nocturnal rovings of an unguided imagination, on a subject of so great importance, as the final welfare or ruin of a whole nation.

[Footnote 1: The following tract, written probably by Thomas Sheridan, Swift's humorous friend, is interesting as affording an example of the lighter kind of literature brought into existence by this agitation. It may be that Swift had a hand in its composition. The text is taken from a copy of the original broadside in the South Kensington Collection. It was published during the height of the controversy. [T.S.]]

But so it was, that upon reading one of the Drapier's letters, I fell asleep, and had the following dream:

The first object that struck me was a woman of exquisite beauty, and a most majestic air, seated on a throne, whom by the figure of a lion beneath her feet, and of Neptune who stood by her, and paid her the most respectful homage, I easily knew to be the Genius of England; at some distance from her, (though not at so great an one as seemed to be desired,) I observed a matron clothed in robes so tattered and torn, that they had not only very nigh

lost their original air of royalty and magnificence, but even exposed her to the inclemency of the weather in several places, which with many other afflictions had so affected her, that her natural beauty was almost effaced, and her strength and spirits very nigh lost. She hung over a harp with which, if she sometimes endeavoured to sooth her melancholy, she had still the misfortune to find it more or less out of tune, particularly, when as I perceived at last, it was strung with a sort of wire of so base composition, that neither she nor I could make anything of it. I took particular notice, that, when moved by a just sense of her wrongs, she could at any time raise her head, she fixed her eyes so stedfastly on her neighbour, sometimes with an humble and entreating, at others, with a more bold and resentful regard, that I could not help (however improbable it should seem from her generous august appearance) in a great measure to attribute her misfortunes to her; but this I shall submit to the judgment of the world.

I should now at last mention the name, were not these circumstances too unhappily singular to make that any way necessary.

As I was taken up with many melancholy reflections on this moving object, I was on a sudden interrupted by a little sort of an uproar, which, upon turning my eyes towards it, I found arose from a crowd of people behind her throne; the cause it seems was this:

There was, I perceived, among them the god of merchandise, with his sandals, mostly of brass, but not without a small proportion of gold and silver, and his wings chiefly of the two latter metals, but allayed with a little of the former; with those he used to trudge up and down to furnish them with necessaries; with these he'd take a flight to other countries, but not so dexterously or to so good purpose as in other places of his office, not so much for want of encouragement among 'em here, as on account of the haughty jealousy of their neighbours, who, it seems dreading in them a rival, took care to clip his wings and circumscribe his flights; the former, more especially, being, by these and other means so much worn, he performed his office but lamely, which gave occasion to some who had their own private interest more at heart, than that of the public, to patch up some of the places that were worn, with a metal of the same nature indeed, but so slight and base, that though at first it might serve to carry him on their errands, it soon failed, and by degrees grew entirely useless; insomuch, that he would rather be retarded than promoted in his business, and this occasioned the above disturbances among his dependents, who thereupon turned their eyes towards their mistress (for by this time she will I presume be better known by that, than the more homely and sociable name of neighbour) and not daring of late to say or do anything without her approbation, made several humble applications to her, beseeching that she would continue them that liberty of refitting these implements themselves, which she had been formerly pleased graciously to allow 'em; but these, however reasonable, were all rejected, whereupon I observed a certain person (a mean ill-looking fellow) from among a great number of people that

stood behind the genius of England, who, during the whole affair had kept his eyes intently fixed on his neighbours, watching all their motions, like a hawk hovering over his quarry, and with just the same design: Him, I say, I observed to turn off hastily, and make towards the throne, where being arrived, after some preparations requisite, he preferred a petition, setting forth the wants and necessities, (but taking care to make 'em appear at least four times greater than they really were) of his neighbours, or as he might have more truly and honestly said his own, both which, for the latter, though not expressed, he chiefly intended, but modestly or rather knavishly left to be understood, he begged the royal licence to redress, by supplying those defects which were the occasion of 'em. This humble suppliant I observed both before and after this petition, seemed to employ his utmost industry and art, to insinuate himself into the good graces of two persons that stood on each side the throne;the one on the right was a lady of large make and swarthy complexion; the other, a man, that seemed to be between fifty and sixty, who had an air of deep designing thought: These two he managed with a great deal of art; for the lady he employed all the little arts that win her sex, particularly, I observed, that he frequently took hold of her hand, as in raptures, to kiss it, in such a manner as made me suspect she did not always draw it back empty; but this he did so slily, that it was not easy for anybody to be certain of it: The man on the other hand, he plied his own way with politics, remonstrating to him the several things he had before the throne; which however, as might be presumed from his manner of attending to them, seemed to make little impression; but when he came to lay before him the great advantages that might accrue from thence to their mistress, and consequently to him, he heard him with the utmost eagerness and satisfaction; at last, having plainly told him, that he himself should be a considerable gainer by it, and thereupon, that every thing that came to his hands of that nature should be at his service: As a sort of token or earnest he kissed his hand in the same manner he had the lady's, and so retired; by these and the like means he soon brought over both parties to him, who, with a whisper or two, procured him the royal licence; whereupon he immediately fell to making up a metal, if it deserved the name, of a very strange composition, wherewith he purposed to refit the implements of that useful deity, but in such manner, that for the base metal he put into them, he would take care to draw away from them an infinitely more than proportionable quantity of gold and silver, and thereby render him almost incapable of taking flight to foreign countries; nay, at last perhaps utterly so, when under pretence of their not being completed, he should filch in more of his metal, and filch away more of theirs.

[Footnote 2: The Duchess of Kendal and Sir Robert Walpole. [S.]]

These things being therefore prepared, he sends 'em over to his neighbours, and there endeavoured to get them admitted by fair words and promises, being too sensible that they were not of themselves the most willing to accept of his favour, and indeed he was not deceived; for they being

advertised of his designs, had taken the alarm, and had almost to a man united in one common faction against him. This generous ardour had first taken hold of the most active and important part, and if I may be allowed to call it, the heart of this body, from thence was on one side by a quick passage, and in its more refined parts, communicated through the blood to the contemplative, and reasoning, the head, which it inspired with noble thoughts and resolutions; and on the other, to the inferior extremities, which were thereby rendered more expedite and readier to obey the dictates of the head in a rougher method of opposition, from each of which extremities being carried back to its fountain, it was returned to them from thence, and so backwards and forwards, till the circulation and union were confirmed and completed, the sordid unnatural, offensive parts being in the meantime thrown off as dregs of nature, and nuisances of human society; but of these in so well-tempered a constitution, there were but few; however, when there were any to be found, though they had been of the most exalted nature, and bore most noble offices in this body, by any corruption became so, they shared the common fate, with this only difference, that they were rejected with greater scorn and contempt on account of their former dignity, as was found in one notorious instance; but on the other hand, among all the parts that were serviceable to the constitution on this occasion, there was not one more so, than a certain one whose name indeed is not openly known, but whose good offices and usefulness are too great ever to be forgotten; for it by its nice diligence and skill selected out things of the most noble and exquisite nature, by infusing and dispersing them to enliven and invigorate the whole body, which how effectually they did, our bold projector sadly experienced. For finding all his endeavours to pass his ware upon them, disappointed, he withdrew; but his patron on the other side being informed of what had passed, fell into a most terrible passion, and threatened, they say, I know not what, of making to swallow and ramming down throats; but while they were in deep conference together, methought all on a sudden a trap-door dropped, and down fell our projector; this unexpected accident did on many accounts not a little alarm the throne, and gave it but too great occasion to reflect a little on what had been doing, as what a mean ordinary fellow it had intrusted with the care of an affair of so great consequence that though their neighbours' refusal might possibly have put him to such straits as might be the great occasion of this disgrace, yet that very refusal could not be so universal and resolute without some reason, which could arise from nothing else but the unseasonableness or unworthiness of his offers, or both, and he, consequently, must deserve as much to suffer as they did; not for the better information, therefore in these surmises some of the neighbours were consulted, who confirming them, things seemed to bear a good face, and be in a very fair way of clearing up. When I awoke, I cannot say whether more pleased at the present posture of affairs, when I recollected how indifferent an one they had lately been in, or anxious when upon considering that they were not yet firm and settled, I was led to reflect in

general on the uncertainty of events, and in particular, on the small reason the persons in hand can have to promise themselves prosperous ones, especially when they are depending in that part of the world.

Dublin, printed in the year 1724-5.

APPENDIX IV

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE —— —

Ceteri, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur: Invalido legum auxilio, quae vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbabantur. — *Tacit. An.*

To THE RIGHT HONOURABLE —— —

I fear your lordship in your wonted zeal for the interest of your country will think this paper very unseasonable; but I am very confident not more than one man in this kingdom will be of your lordship's judgment.

[Footnote 1: The two following severe letters are directly addressed to Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, and were generally circulated. They probably underwent Swift's correction, though they have too much of a legal cast to have been written by the Dean himself…. They were, perhaps, composed by Mr. Robert Lindsay, distinguished by Swift in his letter to Lord Midleton, as an eminent lawyer, as well as a man of virtue and learning, whose legal advice he used during the whole controversy. [S.]

The present letters are taken from copies of the original broadsides in the South Kensington collection. [T.S.]]

In matters of law your opinion has from our first acquaintance entirely guided me, and the things you have assured me I might depend upon as law, have few of them escaped my memory, though I have had but little conversation with you since you first appeared in Parliament and moved the House to resolve, That it is the indispensable duty of the judges of this kingdom to go through their circuits; nor have I had any since you fell sick and was made solicitor-general.

I have often heard your lordship affirm, and therefore I do affirm it, That the great ends for which grand juries were instituted, were the support of the government, the safety of every man's life and fortune, it being necessary some should be trusted to inquire after all disturbers of the peace, that they might be prosecuted and brought to condign punishment; and it is no less needful for every man's quiet and safety, that the trust of such inquisitions should be put into the hands of persons of understanding and integrity, that will suffer no man to be falsely accused or defamed; nor the lives of any to be put in jeopardy, by the malicious conspiracies of great or small, or the perjuries of any profligate wretches.

So material a part of our constitution are grand juries, so much does the

security of every subject depend upon them, that though anciently the sheriff was by express law, chosen annually by the people of the county, and trusted with the power of the county, yet the law left not the election of grand juries to the will of the sheriff, but has described their qualifications, which if they have, and the sheriff return them, no man, nay no judge, can object to their being sworn, much less may they to their serving when sworn: And to prevent the discretionary power (a new-fashioned term) of these judges over juries, you used to say was made the statute of the 11th of Hen. 4.

Pardon me my lord if I venture to affirm, That a dissolving power is a breach of that law, or at least an evasion, as every citizen in Dublin in Sir Constantine Phipps's time perfectly understood, that disapproving the aldermen lawfully returned to the Privy-council was in effect assuming the power of choosing and returning —— But your lordship and I know dissolving and disapproving are different terms.

I always understood from your Lordship the trust and power of grand juries is or ought to be accounted amongst the greatest and of most concern, next to the legislative: The honour, reputations, fortunes and lives of every man being subject to their censure; the kings of England have an undoubted power of dissolving parliaments, but dissolving 'till one was returned to their or their ministers' liking, has never been thought very righteous, and Heaven be praised never very successful.

I am entirely of your lordship's opinion, the oath of a grand juryman is not always sufficiently considered by the jurors, which is as follows.

"You shall diligently enquire, and true presentment make of all such articles, matters and things as shall be given you in charge; And of all other matters and things as shall come to your own knowledge, touching this present service. The King's counsel your fellows' and your own you shall keep secret," &c. — And from some other men's behaviour, I fear oaths are not always as sacredly observed as they ought to be: "The King's counsel, your fellows' and your *own* you shall keep secret" — Though our grandmothers my lord might have thought there was a dispensing power in the Pope, you and I profess no power upon earth can dispense with this oath, so that to force a man to discover the counsel he is sworn to keep, is to force him into direct perjury.

Suppose upon information taken before your Lordship of a rape committed, a bill of indictment were sent to a grand jury, and the grand jury return *ignoramus* on it, application is made to the Court to recommend it to them to reconsider it, and they return as before *ignoramus* — Suppose a judge with more than decent passion should ask them their reasons (which is their counsel) for so doing, nay should be so particular as to demand of them whether they thought the woman a whore. Must not all the world conclude somebody had forgot the oath of a grand juryman? Yes sure, or his own, or worse. — But suppose they should ask a juror a question might criminate himself? My Lord, you know I put not bare possibilities, it is generally

believed these things have been done within an oak of this town — And if I am rightly informed, the restraint a juror is under by his oath, is so well understood, that a certain person desired the clerk of the Crown to change the form of it by adding this exception: "unless by leave or order of the Court."

These things, my Lord, would seem strange in Westminster-hall, and would be severely noted in St. Stephen's Chapel. The honour of the Crown would be thought a very false as well as weak plea for such proceedings there, as indeed it is an infamous one everywhere, for 'tis a scandal upon a king, if he is represented in a court of justice, as if he were partially concerned or rather inclined to desire, that a party should be found guilty, than that he should be declared innocent.

The King's interest and honour is more concerned in the protection of the innocent, than in the punishment of the guilty, as in all the immediate actions of his Majesty we find that maxim pursued, a maxim can never run a prince into excesses. We do not only find those princes represented in history under odious characters, who have basely betrayed the innocent, but such as by their spies and informers were too inquisitive after the guilty, whereas none was ever blamed for clemency, or for being too gentle interpreters of the law. Though Trajan was an excellent prince, endowed with all heroical virtues; yet the most eloquent writers, and his best friends, found nothing more to be praised in his government, than that in his time, all men might think what they pleased, and every man speak what he thought, this I say, that if any amongst us by violent measures, and a dictatorial behaviour have raised jealousies in the minds of His Majesty's faithful subjects, the blame may lie at their door.

I know it has been said for His Majesty's service, grand juries may be forced to discover their counsels: But you will confess a king can do nothing against law, nor will any honest man judge that for his service, which is not warranted by law. If a constant uninterrupted usage, can give the force of a law, then the grand jurymen are bound by law, as well as by their oaths, to keep the King's, their fellows' and their own counsel secret. Bracton and Britton in their several generations bear witness, that it was then practised; and greater proof of it needs not be sought, than the disputes that appear by the law-books to have been amongst the ancient lawyers, Whether it was treason or felony for a grand juryman to discover their counsels — The trust of grand juries was in those days thought so sacred, and their secrecy of so great concern to the kingdom, that whosoever should break their oaths, was by all thought worthy to die, only some would have them suffer as traitors, others as felons.

If a king's commands should come to the judges of a court of justice or to a jury, desiring them to vary from the direction of the law, (which it is criminal to say, and no man ought to be believed therein) they are bound by their oaths not to regard them. The statute of 2 of E. 3. 8. and 20 E. 3. I. are express; and the substance of these and other statutes is inserted into the oaths taken by every judge; and if they be under the most solemn and sacred tie in

the execution of justice to hold for nothing the commands of the King under the great seal, then surely political views and schemes, the pleasure or displeasure of a minister, in the like case ought to be less than nothing.

It is a strange doctrine that men must sacrifice the law to secure their properties, if the law is to be fashioned for every occasion, if grand jurymen contrary to their oaths must discover their fellows' and their own counsels, and betray the trust the law has reposed in them, if they must subject the reasons of their verdicts to the censure of the judges, whom the law did never design to trust with the liberty, property, or good name of their fellow-subjects. No man can say he has any security for his life or fortune, and they who do not themselves, may however see their best friends and nearest relations suffer the utmost violences and oppressions.

Which leads me to say a few words of the petit jury, not forgetting Mr. Walters. I am assured by an eminent lawyer, that the power and office of a petit jury is judicial, that they only are the judges from whose sentence the indicted are to expect life or death. Upon their integrity and understanding the lives of all that are brought in judgment do ultimately depend; from their verdict there lies no appeal, by finding guilty or not guilty. They do complicately resolve both law and fact. As it hath been the law, so it hath always been the custom and practice of these juries (except as before) upon all general issues, pleaded in cases civil as well as criminal, to judge both of the law and fact. So it is said in the report of the Lord Chief Justice Vaughan in Bushell's case, That these juries determine the law in all matters where issue is joined and tried, in the principal case whether the issue be about trespass or debt, or disseizin in assizes, or a tort or any such like, unless they should please to give a special verdict with an implicate faith in the judgment of the Court, to which none can oblige them against their wills.

It is certain we may hope to see the trust of a grand juryman best discharged when gentlemen of the best fortunes and understandings attend that service, but it is as certain we must never expect to see such men on juries, if for differing with a judge in opinion, when they only are the lawful judges, they are liable to be treated like villains, like perjurers, and enemies to their king and country; I say my lord such behaviour to juries will make all gentlemen avoid that duty, and instead of men of interest, of reputation and abilities, our lives, our fortunes, and our reputations must depend upon the basest and meanest of the people.

I know it is commonly said, *boni judicis est ampliare juridictionem*. But I take that to be better advice which was given by the Lord Chancellor Bacon upon swearing a judge; That he would take care to contain the jurisdiction of the court within the ancient mere-stones without removing the mark.

I intend to pay my respects to your lordship once every month 'till the meeting of the Parliament, when our betters may consider of these matters, and therefore will not trouble you with any more on this subject at present. But conclude, most heartily praying ——

That from depending upon the will of a judge, who may be corrupted or swayed by his own passions, interests, or the impulse of such as support him and may advance him to greater honours, the God of mercy and of justice deliver this nation.

I am, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,
N.N.
Dec. the First 1724.
Dublin: Printed in the Year 1724.

A SECOND LETTER FROM A FRIEND TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE —— —

My Lord,

I think the best service men employed by His Majesty can do for him and this country, is to shew such prudence and temper in their behaviours as may convince every man they are not intrusted with any power but what is necessary and will always be exercised for the advantage and security of His Majesty's subjects.

For my own part I hold it the duty of every man though he has not the honour of serving His Majesty in public employment, not only, not to misrepresent the actions of his servants, but in matters of small concern, to wink at their follies and mistakes; I know the Jacobites and Papists our irreconcilable enemies are too watchful to lay hold of every occasion to misrepresent His Majesty and turn the faults of ambitious and self-interested servants upon the best of kings.

I hear some men say, that in my last to your lordship, there appears more of the satirist, than becomes a man engaged merely in the defence of liberty and justice; But I am satisfied I can with charity affirm, they are either such as have no knowledge of the several steps [that] have been taken to bring this poor country into ruin and disgrace, or they are of the number of those who have had a share in the actings and contrivances against it; for my lord, he must rather be an insensible stoic than an angry cynic, who can survey the measures of some men without horror and indignation — To see men act as if they had never taken an oath of fidelity to their king, whose interest is inseparable from that of his people, but had sworn to support the ruinous projects of abandoned men (of whatever faction) must rouse the most lethargic, if honest, soul.

I who have always professed myself a Whig do confess it has mine.

I beg leave in this place to explain what I intended in my last by the words, "unless by leave or order of the court," lest whilst I plead for justice I should do an injury to your lordship.

I do declare I never heard that story of your lordship, and I hope no man did believe it of you. My intention was by that hint to remember you of Judge U — p — n and a certain assizes held at Wicklow, as I believe your lordship understood it, and as I now desire all the world may.

Having learned from your lordship and other lawyers of undoubted abilities, that no judge ought by threats or circumvention to make a grand-juryman discover the king's counsel his fellows' or his own I should not at present say anything in support of that position. But that I find a most ridiculous and false explanation seem to mislead some men in that point: Say they, by the word counsel is understood, such bills as are before the grand jury and the evidence the prosecutors for the crown have to support the charge against the subject — Lest that being known the party indictable may fly from justice, or he may procure false witnesses to discredit the evidence for the king, or he may by bribes and other indirect measures take off the witnesses for the crown.

I confess *I* take that to be the meaning of the word counsel, but I am certain that is not *all* that is meant by it, that is what must be understood when it is called the king's counsel, *id est*, the counsel or reasons for which the king by his servants, his attorney-general or coroner, has drawn and sent to the grand jury a charge against a subject.

But the counsel of a juror is a different thing, it is the evidence, the motives and reasons that induce him or his fellow-jurors to say *billa vera* or *ignoramus*, and the opinion he or they happen to be of when the question is put by the foreman for finding or not finding: This counsel every man is sworn to keep secret, that so their opinion and advice may not be of prejudice to them hereafter, That as they are sworn to act without favour or affection, so may they also act without FEAR. Whereas, were it otherwise the spirit of revenge is so universal, there are but few cases wherein a juror could act with safety to himself; either the prosecuted, as where the bill is found, or the prosecutor, where it is returned *ignoramus*, may contrive to defame the jurors who differ from them in opinion: As I am told has happened to some very honest citizens who are represented to be Jacobites since their opinions were know to be against —— . And sometimes revenge or ambition may prompt men to carry it further, as in the case of Mr. Wilmer, who in King Charles 2d's time was very severely handled for being one of an *ignoramus* jury. —— —'Tis not necessary to say whom he disobliged by being so. —— But if I remember right his case was this.

He was a merchant, (and as I said, an *ignoramus* juryman) had covenanted with a servant boy to serve him in the West Indies, and accordingly sent him beyond sea: Upon suggestion and affidavit by which any person might have it, a writ *de homine replegiando* was granted against Mr. Wilmer; the sheriffs would have returned on the writ the agreement and the boy's consent, but the court (in the case of this Wilmer) Easter 34, Cha. 2. [*i.e.,* Charles the Second] in B.R. ruled they must return *replegiari fecimus* or

elongavit, that is, they had replevy'd the boy, or that Wilmer had carried him away where they could not find him, in which last case Mr. Wilmer, though an innocent person must have gone to gaol until he brought the boy into court or he must have been outlawed — Shower's Rep. 2 Part.

I do not say this that I think the same thing will be practised again, or anything like it, though I know that very homely proverb, "More ways of killing a dog than hanging him." — But I instance it to shew, the counsels of every grand juryman should be kept secret, that he may act freely and without apprehensions of resentment from the prosecuted or prosecutor.

My resolution when I writ to you last, was, not to have said anything in this concerning the power of dissolving or dispensing, but as I have been forced to say something of the dispensing, for the same reason I must of the dissolving power. — A power undoubtedly in effect including that of returning, which makes me wish two men of great interest in this kingdom, differing in every other thing, had not undertaken to defend it, or they had better reasons for it than I have yet heard.

'Tis said, "This power is in the court as a right of resistance is in the people, as the people have a power superior to the prerogative of the prince, though no written or express law for it; so of necessity though no statute directs it, and it may seem to overturn the greatest security men have for their liberties, yet the court has a power of dissolving grand juries, if they refuse to find or present as the court shall direct."

Pray let us consider how well this concludes.

The people may do anything in defence of their lives, their religion and liberties, and consequently resistance is lawful, therefore an inferior court a *bene placito* judge may —— Monstrous absurdity.

Another, I am sorry I can't say more modest argument to support it is this. —

"Considering," say they, "grand juries, it is but reasonable a discretionary power of dissolving them should be lodged in the judges."

By the words "considering grand juries," I must understand considering their understandings, their fortunes or their integrity, for from a want of one or more of those qualifications must arise the reason of such a discretionary power in the judges.

Though I shall not urge it as far as I could, I will venture to say the argument is at least as strong the other way — considering the judges. —

First as to their understandings, it must be confessed the benches are infinitely superior to the lower professors of the law: Yet surely it can't give offence to say the gentlemen of the several counties have understandings sufficient to discharge the duty of grand jurymen — If want of fortune be an objection to grand jurymen, *a pari ratione*, it is an objection to some other men. — Besides, that the fact is not true, for in their circuits, no judge goes into any county where he does not meet at least a dozen gentlemen returned upon every grand jury, every one of whom have better estates than he himself

has — And these not during pleasure, which last consideration, saves me the trouble of shewing the weakness of the objection in the third qualification.

"Ay. But it was a necessary expedient to keep out Wood's brass."

Are the properties of the commons of this kingdom better secured by the knight-errantry of that day? In the name of common sense, what are we to believe? Has the undaunted spirit, the tremendous voice of —— — frightened Wood and his accomplices from any further attempts? Or rather has not the ready compliance of —— — encouraged them to further trials? The officers and attendants of his court may tremble when he frowns, but who else regards it more than they do one of Wood's farthings.

"There is no comparison," says another, "between the affair of Sir W. Scroggs and this of —— — . Sir W. discharged a grand jury because they were about to present the Duke of York for being a Papist, but —— — discharged the grand jury for not presenting a paper he recommended to them to present as scandalous, (and in which, I say, he was a party reflected on.)"

I agree there is a mighty difference, but whom does it make for?

A grand jury of a hundred (part of a county) take upon them to present a no less considerable person than the king's brother and heir presumptive of the crown, the chief-justice thinks this a matter of too much moment for men of such sort to meddle in, but a matter more proper for the consideration of Parliament: I would not be understood to condemn the jury; I think they acted as became honest Englishmen and lovers of their country; But I say if judges could in any case be allowed to proceed by rules of policy, surely here was a sufficient excuse. However the commons impeached him.

The determinations of ignorant or wicked judges as they are precedents of little weight, so they are but of little danger, and therefore it will become the commons at all times to animadvert most carefully upon the actions of the most knowing men in that profession.

I say, my lord, *at all times*, because I hear former merit is pleaded to screen this action from any inquiry.

I am sensible much is due to the man who has always preferred the public interest to his private advantages as —— —— has done. When a man has signalized himself, when he has suffered for that principle, he deserves universal respect. Yet men should act agreeably to the motive of that respect, and not ruin the liberty of their country to shew their gratitude, and so, my lord, where a man has the least pretence to that character, I think 'tis best to pass over small offences, but never such as will entail danger and dishonour upon us and our posterity.

The Romans, my lord, when a question was in the senate, whether they should ransom fifteen thousand citizens who had merited much by their former victories, but losing one battle were taken prisoners; were determined by the advice of that noble Roman Attilius Regulus not to redeem them as men unworthy their further care, though probably it was their misfortunes not their faults lost that day.

Flagitio additis
Damnum: neque amissos colores
Luna refert medicata fuco

He thought they were not worthy to be trusted again: ——

To shew them pity, in his mind, would betray the Romans to perpetual danger: *Et exemplo trahenti*

Perniciem veniens in aevum,
Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes

I hear some precedents have been lately found out to justify that memorable action; but if precedents must control reason and justice, if a man may swear he will keep his counsels secret, and yet by precedents may be forced to divulge them, I would advise gentlemen very seriously to consider, the danger we are in; and examine what precedents there are on each side of the question, for my part I think the commons of England are not a worse precedent than the judges of England.

Besides it must be remembered that precedents in some cases will not excuse a judge, even where they are according to the undoubted law of the land, as for instance,

Suppose a man says what is true, not knowing it to be true, though it be logically a truth as it is distinguished, yet it is morally false; and so, suppose a judge give judgment according to law, not knowing it to be so, as if he did not know the reason of it at that time, but bethought himself of a reason or precedent for it afterwards, though the judgment be legal and according to precedent, yet the pronouncing of it is unjust; and the judge shall be condemned in the opinions of all men: As happened to the Lord Chief Justice Popham a person of great learning and parts, who upon the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh; when Sir Walter objected to reading or giving in evidence, Lord Cobham's affidavit, taken in his absence, without producing the lord face to face, the lord being then forthcoming: The chief justice overruled the objection, and was of opinion it should be given in evidence against Sir Walter, and summing up the evidence to the jury the chief justice said, "Just then it came into his mind why the accuser should not come face to face to the prisoner, because, &c." Now if any judge has since found precedents, or has since picked up the opinion of lawyers, I fear he will come within the case I have put.

I foresee, if ever this question happens to be debated, *you know where*, gentlemen will be divided; Some will be desirous to do their country justice and free us from all future danger of this kind; Others upon motives not quite so laudable, will strive to screen, and with others private friendship will prevail: But I would recommend to your friends, who really love their

country, to consider the several circumstances concurring in your lordship which probably may not in your successor: Let them suppose a person were to fill your place, from whose manifest ignorance in the law, we may reasonably conclude, his only merit is an inveteracy and hatred to this country. I say how could your best friends excuse themselves, if in regard to your lordship they should suffer such a precedent to be handed down to such a man unobserved or uncensured?

Invenit etiam aemulos infaelix nequitia — Ambitious men have not always been deterred by the unhappy fate of their predecessors, *Quid si floreat vigeatque?* But what lengths will they run if injustice and corruption shall ride triumphant?

Had somebody received a reprimand upon his knees in a proper place, for treating a printer's jury like men convict of perjury, forcing them to find a special verdict, I dare to say he had not been quite so hardy as to have discharged the grand jury or treated them in the manner he did, because they had not an implicit faith in the court; nor had he dared not to receive a presentment made by the second grand jury against Wood's farthings upon pretence it was informal, which I mention because the worthy Drapier has mistaken the fact.

Some of your lordship's screens I hear advise you to shew great humility and contrition for what's past, as the only means to appease the just indignation all sorts of men have conceived against you. —— Were I well secured you will not recommend this letter to the next grand jury to be presented, I could give you more *seasonable advice*, but happen as it may I will venture to give you a little.

Fawning and cajoling will have but little effect on those who have had the honour of your acquaintance these ten years past, for Caligula who used to hide his head if he heard the thunder, would piss upon the statues of the gods when he thought the danger over — A better expedient is this, ——

Tell men the Drapier is a Tory and a Jacobite. — That he writ "The Conduct of the Allies." — That he writ not his letters with a design to keep out Wood's halfpence, but to bring in the Pretender; persuade them if you can, the dispute is no longer about the power of judges over juries, nor how much the liberty of the subject is endangered by dissolving them at pleasure, but that it is now become mere Whig and Tory, a dispute between His Majesty's friends and the Jacobites, and 'twere better to see a thousand grand juries discharged than the Tories carry a question though in the right. — *Haec vulnera pro libertate publica excepi, hunc oculum pro vobis impendi.* Try this cant, pin a cloth over your eyes, look very dismal, and cry, "I was turned out of employment, when the Drapier was rewarded with a Deanery," I say, my lord, if you can once bring matters thus to bear, I have not the least doubt you may escape without censure.

To your lordship's zeal and industry without doubt is owing, that the Papists and the Tories have not delivered this kingdom over to the Pretender,

so Caesar conquered Pompey that *Legum auctor et eversor,* and 'twas but just the liberty and laws of Rome should afterwards depend upon his will and pleasure. —— The Drapier in his letter to Lord Molesworth has made a fair offer, "Secure his country from Wood's coinage," then condemn all he has writ and said as false and scandalous, when your lordship does as much I must confess it will be somewhat difficult to discover the impostor.

Thus to keep my word with your lordship, I have much against my inclinations writ this, which shall be my last upon the ungrateful subject. — If I have leisure, and find a safe opportunity of giving it to the printer, my next shall explain what has long duped the true Whigs of this kingdom. I mean *honesty in the "worst of times."*

Though your lordship object to my last, that what I writ was taken out of Lord Coke, Lord Somers, Sir Will. Jones, or the writings of some other great men, yet I will venture to end this with the sentiments of Philip de Comines upon some thorough-going courtiers.

"If a sixpenny tax is to be raised, they cry by all means it ought to be double. If the prince is offended with any man, they are directly for hanging him. In other instances, they maintain the same character. Above all things they advise their king to make himself terrible, as they themselves are proud, fierce, and overbearing, in hopes to be dreaded by that means, as if authority and place were their inheritance."

I am,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most
obedient and most
humble servant.
N.N.

Jan. 4, 1724-5.

APPENDIX V

THE PRESENTMENT OF THE GRAND JURY OF THE COUNTY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

Whereas several great quantities of base metal coined, commonly called *Wood's halfpence,* have been brought into the port of Dublin, and lodged in several houses of this city, with an intention to make them pass clandestinely, among His Majesty's subjects of this kingdom; notwithstanding the addresses of both houses of parliament and the privy-council, and the declarations of most of the corporations of this city against the said coin; And whereas His Majesty hath been graciously pleased to leave his loyal subjects of this

kingdom at liberty to take or refuse the said halfpence.

[Footnote 1: Chief Justice Whitshed, after browbeating the Grand Jury that threw out the Bill against Harding for printing the fourth Drapier's letter, discharged it, and called another Grand Jury. The second Grand Jury not only repeated the verdict of the first, but issued the following expression of its opinion on the matter of Wood and his patent. [T.S.]]

We the Grand Jury of the county of the city of Dublin, this Michaelmas term, 1724, having entirely at heart His Majesty's interest and the welfare of our country, and being thoroughly sensible of the great discouragement which trade hath suffered by the apprehensions of the said coin, whereof we have already felt the dismal effects, and that the currency thereof will inevitably tend to the great diminution of His Majesty's revenue, and the ruin of us and our posterity: do present all such persons as have attempted, or shall endeavour by fraud or otherwise, to impose the said halfpence upon us, contrary to His Majesty's most gracious intentions, as enemies to His Majesty's government, and to the safety, peace and welfare of all His Majesty's subjects of this kingdom, whose affections have been so eminently distinguished by their zeal to his illustrious family, before his happy accession to the throne, and by their continued loyalty ever since.

As we do with all just gratitude acknowledge the services of all such patriots, as have been eminently zealous for the interest of His Majesty, and this country, in detecting the fraudulent impositions of the said Wood, and preventing the passing his base coin: So we do at the same time declare our abhorrence and detestation of all reflections on His Majesty, and his government, and that we are ready with our lives and fortunes to defend his most Sacred Majesty against the Pretender and all His Majesty's open and secret enemies both at home and abroad: Given under our hands at the Grand Jury Chamber this 28th, November, 1724.

George Forbes, David Tew,
William Empson, Thomas How,
Nathaniel Pearson, John Jones,
Joseph Nuttall, James Brown,
William Aston, Charles Lyndon,
Stearn Tighe, Jerom Bredin,
Richard Walker, John Sican,
Edmond French, Anthony Brunton,
John Vereilles, Thomas Gaven,
Philip Pearson, Daniel Elwood,
Thomas Robins, John Brunet.
Richard Dawson,

[Footnote 2: On August 20th, 1724, the Grand Jury, and the other inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's waited on

the Dean, and read him the following Declaration, desiring him to give orders for its publication:

"The Declaration of the Grand-Jury, and the rest of the inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

"We, the Grand-Jury, and other inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, whose names are underwritten, do unanimously declare and determine, that we never will receive or pay any of the half-pence or farthings already coined, or that shall hereafter be coined, by one William Wood, being not obliged by law to receive the same; because we are thoroughly convinced by the Addresses of both Houses of Parliament, as well as by that of his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council, and by the universal opinion of the whole kingdom, that the currency of the said half-pence and farthings would soon deprive us of all our gold and silver, and therefore be of the most destructive consequence to the trade and welfare of the nation."]

APPENDIX VI

PROCLAMATION AGAINST THE DRAPIER.

"*Oct. 27th,* 1724.

"A proclamation for discovering ye Author of ye Pamphlet intituled A letter to ye whole people of Ireland, by M.B. Drapier, author of the Letter to the Shop-keepers, etc.

£300 Reward

BY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT AND COUNCIL OF IRELAND.

A Proclamation.

"CONTENT:

"Whereas a wicked and malicious pamphlet, intituled A Letter to the whole people of Ireland, by M.B. Drapier, author of the Letter to the Shop-keepers, etc., printed by John Harding, in Molesworth's Court, in Fishamble Street, Dublin, in which are contained several seditious and scandalous paragraphs highly reflecting upon his Majesty and his Ministers, tending to alienate the affections of his good subjects of England and Ireland from each other, and to promote sedition among the people, hath been lately printed and published in this kingdom: We, the Lord-Lieutenant and Council do hereby publish and declare that, in order to discover the author of the said seditious pamphlet, we will give the necessary orders for the payment of three hundred pounds sterling, to such person or persons as shall within the specified six months from this date hereof, discover the author of the said pamphlet, so as he be apprehended and convicted thereby.

"Given at the council chamber in Dublin, this twenty-seventh day of October, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four.

"(Signed) Midleton *Cancer*. Shannon; Donnerail; G. Fforbes; H. Meath; Santry; Tyrawly; Fferrars; William Conolly; Ralph Gore; William Whitshed; B. Hale; Gust. Hume; Ben Parry; James Tynte; R. Tighe; T. Clutterbuck.

"God Save the King."

APPENDIX VII

It is very interesting and even curious to note, that the signatories to the public expression of their attitude towards Wood and his patent, as shown by the Proclamation, should have almost all of them signed another document, in their capacities of Privy Councillors, which addressed his Majesty *against* Wood and the patent. So far as I can learn, Monck Mason seems to have been the first historian to discover it; nor do I find the fact mentioned by any of Swift's later biographers.

"It was rumoured in Swift's time," says Monck Mason, "but not actually known to him" (see Drapier's Sixth Letter), "that the Irish Privy Council had addressed his Majesty against Mr. Wood's coin. Having inspected the papers of the Council office, I shall lay before the reader the particulars of this event, which were never promulgated, probably, because they had not the desired effect, the premier [Walpole] having determined, notwithstanding all opposition or advice, to persevere in his ill-judged project.

"On the 17th April, 1724, at a meeting of the Council, in which the Duke of Grafton himself presided, it was ordered, that it should be referred to a committee of the whole board, or of any seven or more, 'to consider what was proper to be done to allay and quiet the great fears of the people, occasioned by their apprehensions of William Wood's copper money becoming current among them,' On the 6th of May, the committee reported, that they had considered the matter referred to them, and were of opinion, that an address should be sent to his Majesty, of which they then presented a draught. It was again on the 19th, referred to a committee of the whole board to prepare a letter, which was accordingly done on the next day. — The report was as follows:

"'To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the humble address of the Lords Justices, and Privy-Council.

* * * * *

"'May it please your Majesty,

"'We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Justices and Privy Council, most humbly beg leave, at this time, to give an instance of that duty, which, as upon all other occasions, so more especially upon such as are of the greatest moment and importance, we hold ourselves always bound to pay to your Majesty.

"'Your Majesty's great council, the High Court of Parliament, being now prorogued, we conceive ourselves bound, by the trust which your Majesty has been pleased to repose in us, and the oaths we have taken, with all humility to lay before your Majesty the present state of this your kingdom, with reference to a great evil that appears to threaten it, to which, if a speedy remedy be not applied, the unavoidable consequence, as we apprehend, will be, the ruin of multitudes of your Majesty's subjects, together with a great diminution of your revenue.

"'Though the fears of your Majesty's subjects of this kingdom, in relation to the coinage of copper half-pence and farthings, were, in a great measure, allayed by your Majesty's most gracious resolution to do every thing in your power for the satisfaction of your people, expressed in your Majesty's answer to the addresses of both Houses of Parliament; yet, the repeated intelligence from Great Britain, that William Wood has the assurance to persist in his endeavours to introduce his copper half-pence and farthings amongst us, has again alarmed your faithful subjects, to such a degree, as already to give a great check to our inland trade. If the letters patent granted to William Wood should, in all points, be exactly complied with, the loss to be sustained by taking his half-pence and farthings would be much greater than this poor kingdom is able to bear. But if he, or any other persons, should, for the value of gain, be tempted to coin and import even more than double the quantity he by his patent is allowed to do, your people here do not see how it is possible for your Majesty's chief governors of this your kingdom, to detect or hinder the cheat.

"'It is found by experience, that we have already a sufficient quantity of half-pence, to serve by way of exchange in the retailing trade, which is the only use of such sort of money, of which, therefore, we find ourselves to be in no want.

"'And since, by the letters patent granted to the same William Wood, no man is required or commanded to take the said half-pence or farthings, but the taking them is left at liberty to those who are willing so to do; we most humbly submit it to your royal wisdom and goodness, whether it may not be for your Majesty's service, and the great satisfaction and good of your subjects, and very much tend to the allaying and quieting of their fears, that your Majesty should cause your royal pleasure to be signified to the Commissioners, and other officers of your Majesty's revenue in this kingdom,

that they neither receive those half-pence and farthings, nor give countenance or encouragement to the uttering or vending of them; or that some other speedy method may be taken to prevent their becoming current amongst us.'"

APPENDIX VIII

Searching among the pamphlets of the Halliday Collection at the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, I came across a tract of twelve pages, printed by John Whaley of Dublin in 1723, with the following title:

"The Patentee's Computation of Ireland, in a Letter from the Author of the Whitehall Evening-Post concerning the making of Copper-Coin. As also the Case and Address of both Houses of Parliament together with His Majesty's Most Gracious Answer to the House of Lords Address."

The writer of this tract in defence of the patent maintained the following propositions:

(1) That the Kingdom of Ireland wants a Copper Coin.

(2) That the quantity of this coin will be no inconvenience to it.

(3) That it is better than ever the Kingdom had, and as good as (in all probability) they ever will or can have, and that the Patentee's profit is not extravagant, as commonly reported.

(4) That the Kingdom will lose nothing by this coin.

(5) That the public in Ireland will gain considerably by it, if they please.

(6) That the Kingdom will have £100,000 additional cash.

As he states his arguments, they are quite reasonable. On proposition three, if his figures are correct, he is especially convincing. He details the cost of manufacture thus:

	s.	*d.*
Copper prepared for the coinage at his Majesty's Mint at the Tower of London, costs per pound weight	1	6
Coinage of one pound weight		3-1/2
Waste and charge of re-melting		1
Yearly payment to the Exchequer and Comptroller		1
Allowed to the purchaser for exchange, &c.		5
Total charge	2	4-1/2

"So that the patentee," he concludes, "makes a profit of only 1-1/2d. in the half crown or about 5%."

The tract, however, is more interesting for the reprint it gives of the twenty-eight articles stated by the people in objection to the patent and the coin. I give these articles in full:

IRELAND'S CASE HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE HONOURABLE THE KNIGHTS, CITIZENS, AND BURGESSES IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

MOST HUMBLY SHEWETH,

Whereas your Honours finding the late Grant or Letters Patents obtained by Mr. William Wood, for making Three Hundred and Sixty Tun weight of copper half-pence for the Kingdom of Ireland, were to be manufactured in London &c. which money is now coining in Bristol, and that the said money was to weigh two shillings and sixpence in each pound weight, and that change was to be uttered or passed for all such as were pleased to take the same in this Kingdom.

That it's humbly conceived Your Honours on considering the following Remarks, will find the permitting such change to pass, exceeding Injurious and Destructive to the Nation.

First. That the same will be a means to drain this Kingdom of all its Gold and Silver, and ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent abated, will most effectually do the same.

2d. That the making such money in England will give great room for counterfeiting that coin, as well in this Kingdom, as where it is made.

3d. That the Copper Mines of this Island which might be manufactured in the nation, is by management shipped off to England by some persons at, or about forty shillings per tun, by others at four pounds and six pounds per ton, which copper when smelted and refined is sold and sent back to this kingdom at two shillings and six pence per pound weight as aforesaid, which is two hundred and eighty pound sterl. per ton.

4th. That two shillings and sixpence per pound weight is making the said coin of very small value, the said coin ought not to weigh or exceed two shillings in each pound weight as the English Halfpence are.

5th. That all such money brought to this Nation manufactured, is to be entered at value, which value is in the Book of Rates, ten per cent duty and excise.

6th. That no security is given to this Nation to make such money in any one point, the same may be found defective in either, as to baseness of metal, workmanship or weight, or to give gold and silver for the same, when the subject was, or may be burthened therewith.

7th. That if such monies as aforesaid be permitted to pass in this nation, all persons that have gold or silver by them would not part therewith, but Brass money must be carried from House to House on Truckles, and in the county by carts and horses, with troops to guard them.

8th. That such money will raise the price of all commodities from abroad, probably to three or four hundred per cent.

9th. That linen, yarn, beef, butter, tallow, hides and all other commodities, will raise to that degree by being bought with half-pence, and workmen paid with brass money, that commissions from abroad will not reach them, therefore such goods must lie on hands and remain a drugg.

10th. That the excise of beer, ale, brandy, &c., and hearth-money will be paid in such coin, the same falling first into the hands of the poor and middling people.

11th. That if any trouble should happen in this nation, no army could be raised with such specie, but an enemy in all appearance would be admitted with their gold and silver, and which would drive the nation before them.

12th. The Courts of Law could not subsist, for all the suits there must be supported and maintained with ready money. Viz. Gold and Silver.

13th. That all the bankers must shut up their shops, no lodgment would be made except Halfpence, such as would lodge their money with them, would rather draw off and cause a run on them, fearing that their specie should be turned into the said brass and copper money.

14th. That such bills as are drawn to the country, viz. Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kingsale, Deny, &c. The Exchange would be instead of a quarter per cent, twenty per cent and then paid in the said Brass specie, by means of its being brought on cars, carts, or waggons, and guards to attend the same.

15th. That all the rent in the Kingdom would be paid in half-pence; no man would give gold or silver, when he had brass money to pay the same.

16th. That no one can coin or manufacture such a quantity of halfpence or farthings for this Kingdom, out of the same, but either he must be ruined in the undertaking or the nation undone by his project, in taking such light money, by reason of ten per cent, duty, and probably this session be made twenty or thirty per cent duty, and the exchange nine or ten per cent. Ten per cent abated to circulate them. Ten per cent factorage, freight, gabberage, key-porters, &c. all which is forty per cent, charged on the same.

17th. That if the said Wood was obliged to make his light money not to exceed two shillings in the pound weight according to the English coin, he would give up such grant, for six pence in each pound weight is 25 per cent.

18th. That the said twenty-five per cent is 19,360l. sterl. on the said 360 ton of copper, loss to this nation, by being coined out of this Kingdom, besides 80,690l. of gold and silver sent out of the Kingdom for brass or copper money.

19th. That the copper mines of this Kingdom is believed to be the metal such copper is made of, which verifies the English saying, That Irish people are wild, that would part with 200,000l. sterl. of their gold and silver, for their own copper mines, which cost them not one pound sterl.

20th. That the said Wood's factors probably may send in fourteen years double the quantity of copper which is 720 ton, then this Kingdom loses

38,720l. sterl. and parts with 161,280l. sterl. of their gold and silver for almost nothing.

21st. If any great sum was to be raised by this nation, on any emergency extraordinary, to serve his Majesty and his Kingdom how would it be possible to do the same; copper half-pence would not stem the tide, no silver now to be had of value, then no gold to be seen.

22d. That England also must be a great loser by such money, by reason the said half-pence being from 20 to 40 grains lighter and less in value than their own, so that the same will not pass in that Kingdom scarce for farthings a piece, how then shall the vast quantities of goods be paid for, that are brought from that Kingdom here, a considerable part of this island must be broke and run away for want of silver and gold to pay them their debts.

23d. That if the said Wood should get all that money, what power would he regard, and what temptation would he be subject unto on that head, he is but a man, and one almost as little known or heard of, as any one subject the king has on this side the water.

24th. That the vast quantity of sea-coal brought from England here, would not be had for such money; the colliers will keep both their ships and coal at home, before they trade with such a nation, as had their treasure turned into brass money.

25th. That the Army must be paid with such money, none else to be had, they would lay down their arms and do no duty, what blood and confusion then would attend the same.

26th. That no people out of any other Kingdom would come into this country to dwell, either to plant or sow, where all their money must be brass.

27th. That the beautiful Quay and river of Dublin which is now lined and filled with ships in a most delightful order, would then be scattered to other harbours, as also the new Range, there and now a building, would be left, nothing but empty places all as doleful as the weeping river, deserted by her fleets and armies of merchants and traders.

28th. That the aforesaid scheme is to be viewed and considered by a King and Parliament, that will do themselves and their nation justice, who will with hearts and hands, stem that tide and current, as never to suffer so dutiful and loyal a people to be ruined and undone without relief.

APPENDIX IX

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF WOOD'S COINS

The following descriptions of the various varieties of Wood's coins, taken from a note in Monck Mason's "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral" (ed. 1819, pp. xcvi-xcvii), may be interesting to the student. The two varieties of the coins given as illustrations in this volume are reproduced from specimens in

the British Museum.

Monck Mason obtains his information from Simon's "Essay on Irish Coins," Dublin, 1749, 4to; Snelling's Supplement to Simon issued in 1767; and the edition of Simon's work reprinted in 1810.

With the exception of No. II. of this list all of Wood's coins had, on one side, "the king's head laureat, looking to the left, with this inscription, GEORGIUS, DEI GRATIA, REX. On the reverse is the figure of Ireland, represented by a woman sitting, beside her, a harp: the differences consist chiefly, in variations in the attitude of the figure, and in the date of the coin."

No. I. 1722. — Hibernia, with both her hands on the harp, which is placed on her right side; her figure is full front, but she looks towards the right; round her this inscription, HIBERNIA, 1722. (Simon, plate 7, Numb. 160)

No. II. 1722. — Hibernia is seated as in the last, but has her head turned to the left, on which side there is a rock; round her is inscribed, HIBERNIA; in the exergue, 1722; on the obverse the usual head, the inscription, GEORGIUS D.G. REX. (Snelling, plate 2, Numb. 24.)

No. III. 1722. — Hibernia, in profile, looking to the left, holding, in her right hand, a palm branch, resting her left on a harp; round it, HIBERNIA, 1722. (Simon, plate 7, Numb. 161.)

No. IV. 1723. — Hibernia, as in the last; round her, HIBERNIA, 1723. (Simon, plate 8, Numb. 169.)

It was some of this coin that was submitted to Sir Isaac Newton for assay.

No. V. 1724. — Hibernia, as in the last two, differing only in the date. (Mentioned by Simon, but no engraving given.)

No, VI. 1724. — Hibernia, seated as in the three preceding; round her, HIBERNIA: in the exergue, 1724. (Snelling, plate 2, Numb. 26.)

Mason notes of this specimen: "Mr. Snelling does not specify, particularly, in what respect this coin differs from those which precede; his words are, 'different from any other, and very good work, especially the halfpenny, which is the finest and broadest piece of his money I ever saw, and belongs to Mr. Bartlet.' They do not, however, appear to have attained to circulation in Ireland. A few might, perhaps, have been struck off by the patentee, to distribute among his own, and the minister's friends."

No. VII. — Mr. Snelling mentions, "another halfpenny, which has Hibernia pointing up with one hand to a sun in the top of the piece"; but of this he has not given any engraving.

CONTENTS

A LETTER TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, IN IRELAND, UPON THE CHOOSING A NEW SPEAKER THERE
A PROPOSAL FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.
AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH BUBBLES.
A LETTER TO THE KING AT ARMS
THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF EBENEZER ELLISTON
THE TRUTH OF SOME MAXIMS IN STATE AND GOVERNMENT, EXAMINED WITH REFERENCE TO IRELAND
THE BLUNDERS, DEFICIENCIES, DISTRESSES, AND MISFORTUNES OF QUILCA
A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND
THE STORY OF THE INJURED LADY
THE ANSWER TO THE INJURED LADY.
AN ANSWER TO A PAPER, CALLED “A MEMORIAL OF THE POOR INHABITANTS, TRADESMEN, AND LABOURERS OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.”
ANSWER TO SEVERAL LETTERS FROM UNKNOWN PERSONS
AN ANSWER TO SEVERAL LETTERS SENT ME FROM UNKNOWN HANDS
A LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, CONCERNING THE WEAVERS
OBSERVATIONS, OCCASIONED BY READING A PAPER ENTITLED, “THE CASE OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES OF DUBLIN”
THE PRESENT MISERABLE STATE OF IRELAND
THE SUBSTANCE OF WHAT WAS SAID BY THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S
ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT, IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA, LORD ALLEN
A LETTER ON MR. M’CULLA’S PROJECT ABOUT HALFPENCE, AND A NEW ONE PROPOSED
A PROPOSAL THAT ALL THE LADIES AND WOMEN OF IRELAND SHOULD APPEAR CONSTANTLY IN IRISH MANUFACTURES.
ANSWER TO THE CRAFTSMAN
A VINDICATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET.
A PROPOSAL FOR AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT, TO PAY OFF THE DEBT OF THE NATION, WITHOUT TAXING THE SUBJECT

A CASE SUBMITTED BY DEAN SWIFT TO MR. LINDSAY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AN EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN ABUSES, CORRUPTIONS, AND ENORMITIES IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN
A SERIOUS AND USEFUL SCHEME, TO MAKE AN HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, OF UNIVERSAL BENEFIT TO ALL HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS
TO THE HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, &c
ADVICE TO THE FREEMEN OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IN THE CHOICE OF A MEMBER TO REPRESENT THEM IN PARLIAMENT
SOME CONSIDERATIONS IN THE CHOICE OF A RECORDER
A PROPOSAL FOR GIVING BADGES TO THE BEGGARS IN ALL THE PARISHES OF DUBLIN
CONSIDERATIONS ABOUT MAINTAINING THE POOR
ON BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS IN IRELAND
SPEECH DELIVERED BY DEAN SWIFT TO AN ASSEMBLY OF MERCHANTS MET AT THE GUILDHALL
SPEECH DELIVERED ON THE LOWERING OF THE COIN
IRISH ELOQUENCE.
A DIALOGUE IN HIBERNIAN STYLE BETWEEN A. AND B
TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON-COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK
TO THE HONOURABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON
CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT
AN EXHORTATION ADDRESSED TO THE SUB-DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.
APPENDIX
SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF QUILCA
A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND, 1727
A PROPOSAL FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURES, 1720
ON DOING GOOD

An engraving of Swift by Andrew Miller after the painting by Francis Bindon in the Deanery of St. Patrick's Dublin

A LETTER TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, IN IRELAND, UPON THE CHOOSING A NEW SPEAKER THERE

Written in the Year 1708.

NOTE.

In the note prefixed to the reprint of Swift's "Letter concerning the Sacramental Test," the circumstances under which this "Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland" was written, are explained (see vol. iv., pp. 3-4, of present edition). The Godolphin ministry was anxious to repeal the Test Act in Ireland, as a concession to the Presbyterians who had made themselves prominent by their expressions of loyalty to William and the Protestant succession. In this particular year also (1708), rumours of an invasion gave them another opportunity to send in loyal addresses. In reality, however, the endeavour to try the repeal in Ireland, was in the nature of a test, and Swift ridiculed the attempt as being like to "that of a discreet physician, who first gives a new medicine to a dog, before he prescribes it to a human creature." It seems that Swift had been consulted by Somers on the question of the repeal, and had given his opinion very frankly. The letter to Archbishop King, revealing this, contains some bitter remarks about "a certain lawyer of Ireland." The lawyer was Speaker Brodrick, afterwards Lord Midleton, who was enthusiastic for the repeal. The present letter gives a very clear idea of what Swift thought should be a Speaker's duties both as the chairman of the House and as related to this particular measure of the Test.

The text of the present reprint is based on the original manuscript in Swift's handwriting; but as this was found to be somewhat illegible, it has been collated with the text given in vol. viii. of the quarto edition of Swift's collected works, published in 1765.

A LETTER

TO

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, IN IRELAND,

UPON THE CHOOSING A NEW SPEAKER THERE.

Sir,

You may easily believe I am not at all surprised at what you tell me, since it is but a confirmation of my own conjecture that I sent you last week, and made you my reproaches upon it at a venture. It looks exceeding strange, yet, I believe it to be a great truth, that, in order to carry a point in your house, the two following circumstances are of great advantage; first, to have an ill cause; and, secondly, to be a minority. For both these circumstances are extremely apt to unite men, to make them assiduous in their attendance, watchful of opportunities, zealous for gaining over proselytes, and often successful; which is not to be wondered at, when favour and interest are on the side of their opinion. Whereas, on the contrary, a majority with a good cause are negligent and supine. They think it sufficient to declare themselves upon occasion in favour of their party, but, sailing against the tide of favour and preferment, they are easily scattered and driven back. In short, they want a common principle to cement, and motive to spirit them; For the bare acting upon a principle from the dictates of a good conscience, or prospect of serving the public, will not go very far under the present dispositions of mankind. This was amply verified last sessions of Parliament, upon occasion of the money bill, the merits of which I shall not pretend to examine. 'Tis enough that, upon the first news of its transmission hither, in the form it afterwards appeared, the members, upon discourse with their friends, seemed unanimous against it, I mean those of both parties, except a few, who were looked upon as persons ready to go any lengths prescribed them by the court. Yet with only a week's canvassing among a very few hands, the bill passed after a full debate, by a very great majority; yet, I believe, you will hardly attempt persuading me, or anybody else, that one man in ten, of those who changed their language, were moved by reasons any way affecting the merits of the cause, but merely through hope, fear, indolence, or good manners. Nay, I have been assured from good hands, that there was still a number sufficient to make a majority against the bill, if they had not apprehended the other side to be secure, and therefore thought it imprudence, by declaring themselves, to disoblige the

government to no purpose.

Reflecting upon this and forty other passages, in the several Houses of Commons since the Revolution, makes me apt to think there is nothing a chief governor can be commanded to attempt here wherein he may not succeed, with a very competent share of address, and with such assistance as he will always find ready at his devotion. And therefore I repeat what I said at first, that I am not at all surprised at what you tell me. For, if there had been the least spark of public spirit left, those who wished well to their country and its constitution in church and state, should, upon the first news of the late Speaker's promotion, (and you and I know it might have been done a great deal sooner) have immediately gone together, and consulted about the fittest person to succeed him. But, by all I can comprehend, you have been so far from proceeding thus, that it hardly ever came into any of your heads. And the reason you give is the worst in the world: That none offered themselves, and you knew not whom to pitch upon. It seems, however, the other party was more resolved, or at least not so modest: For you say your vote is engaged against your opinion, and several gentlemen in my neighbourhood tell me the same story of themselves; this, I confess, is of an unusual strain, and a good many steps below any condescensions a court will, I hope, ever require from you. I shall not trouble myself to inquire who is the person for whom you and others are engaged, or whether there be more candidates from that side, than one. You tell me nothing of either, and I never thought it worth the question to anybody else. But, in so weighty an affair, and against your judgment, I cannot look upon you as irrevocably determined. Therefore I desire you will give me leave to reason with you a little upon the subject, lest your compliance, or inadvertency, should put you upon what you may have cause to repent as long as you live.

You know very well, the great business of the high-flying Whigs, at this juncture, is to endeavour a repeal of the test clause. You know likewise that the moderate men, both of High and Low Church, profess to be wholly averse from this design, as thinking it beneath the policy of common gardeners to cut down the only hedge that shelters from the north. Now, I will put the case; If the person to whom you have promised your vote be one of whom you have the least apprehension that he will promote or assent to the repealing of that clause, whether it be decent or proper, he should be the mouth of an assembly, whereof a very great majority pretend to abhor his opinion. Can a body, whose mouth and heart must go so contrary ways, ever act with sincerity, or hardly with consistence? Such a man is no proper vehicle to retain or convey the sense of the House, which, in so many points of the greatest moment, will be directly contrary to his; 'tis full as absurd, as to prefer a man to a bishopric who denies revealed religion. But it may possibly be a great deal worse. What if the person you design to vote into that important post, should not only be a declared enemy of the sacramental test, but should prove to be a solicitor, an encourager, or even a penner of addresses to complain of it? Do you think it

so indifferent a thing, that a promise of course, the effect of compliance, importunity, shame of refusing, or any the like motive, shall oblige you past the power of retracting?

Perhaps you will tell me, as some have already had the weakness to do, that it is of little importance to either party to have a Speaker of their side, his business being only to take the sense of the House and report it, that you often, at committees, put an able speaker into the chair on purpose to prevent him from stopping a bill. Why, if it were no more than this, I believe I should hardly choose, even among my footmen, such a one to deliver a message, whose interest and opinions led him to wish it might miscarry. But I remember to have heard old Colonel Birch of Herefordshire say, that "he was a very sorry Speaker, whose single vote was not better than fifty common ones." I am sure it is reckoned in England the first great test of the prevalency of either party in the House. Sir Thomas Littleton thought, that a House of Commons with a stinking breath (supposing the Speaker to be the mouth) would go near to infect everything within the walls, and a great deal without. It is the smallest part of an able Speaker's business, what he performs in the House, at least if he be in with the court, when it is hard to say how many converts may be made in a circle of dinners, or private cabals. And you and I can easily call to mind a gentleman in that station, in England, who, by his own arts and personal credit, was able to draw over a majority, and change the whole power of a prevailing side in a nice juncture of affairs, and made a Parliament expire in one party who had lived in another.

I am far from an inclination to multiply party causes, but surely the best of us can with very ill grace make that an objection, who have not been so nice in matters of much less importance. Yet I have heard some persons of both sides gravely deliver themselves in this manner; "Why should we make the choosing a Speaker a party cause? Let us fix upon one who is well versed in the practices and methods of parliament." And I believe there are too many who would talk at the same rate, if the question were not only about abolishing the sacramental test, but the sacrament itself.

But suppose the principles of the most artful Speaker could have no influence either to obtain or obstruct any point in Parliament, who can answer what effects such a choice may produce without doors? 'Tis obvious how small a matter serves to raise the spirits and hopes of the Dissenters and their high-flying advocates, what lengths they run, what conclusions they form, and what hopes they entertain. Do they hear of a new friend in office? That is encouragement enough to practise the city, against the opinion of a majority into an address to the Queen for repealing the sacramental test; or issue out their orders to the next fanatic parson to furbish up his old sermons, and preach and print new ones directly against Episcopacy. I would lay a good wager, that, if the choice of a new Speaker succeeds exactly to their liking, we shall see it soon followed by many new attempts, either in the form of pamphlet, sermon, or address, to the same, or perhaps more dangerous

purposes.

Supposing the Speaker's office to be only an employment of profit and honour, and a step to a better; since it is in your own gift, will you not choose to bestow it upon some person whose principles the majority of you pretends to approve, if it were only to be sure of a worthy man hereafter in a high station, on the bench or at the bar?

I confess, if it were a thing possible to be compassed, it would seem most reasonable to fill the chair with some person who would be entirely devoted to neither party: But, since there are so few of that character, and those either unqualified or unfriended, I cannot see how a majority will answer it to their reputation, to be so ill provided of able persons, that they must have recourse for a leader to their adversaries, a proceeding of which I never met with above one example, and even that succeeded but ill, though it was recommended by an oracle, which advised some city in Greece to beg a general from their enemies, who, in scorn, sent them either a fiddler or a poet, I have forgot which; but so much I remember, that his conduct was such, as they soon grew weary of him.

You pretend to be heartily resolved against repealing the sacramental test, yet, at the same time, give the only great employment you have to dispose of to a person who will take that test against his stomach (by which word I understand many a man's conscience) who earnestly wisheth it repealed, and will endeavour it to the utmost of his power; so that the first action after you meet, will be a sort of contravention to that test: And will anybody go further than your practice to judge of your principles?

And now I am upon this subject, I cannot conclude without saying something to a very popular argument against that sacramental test, which may be apt to shake many of those who would otherwise wish well enough to it. They say it was a new hardship put upon the Dissenters, without any provocation; and, it is plain, could be no way necessary, because we had peaceably lived together so long without it. They add some other circumstances of the arts by which it was obtained, and the person by whom it was inserted. Surely such people do not consider that the penal laws against Dissenters were made wholly ineffectual by the connivance and mercy of the government, so that all employments of the state lay as open to them as they did to the best and most legal subjects. And what progress they would have made by the advantages of a late conjecture, is obvious to imagine; which I take to be a full answer to that objection.

I remember, upon the transmission of that bill with the test clause inserted, the Dissenters and their partisans, among other topics, spoke much of the good effects produced by the lenity of the government, that the Presbyterians were grown very inconsiderable in their number and quality, and would daily come into the church, if we did not fright them from it by new severities. When the act was passed, they presently changed their style, and raised a clamour, through both kingdoms, of the great numbers of

considerable gentry who were laid aside, and could no longer serve their queen and country; which hyperbolical way of reckoning, when it came to be melted down into truth, amounted to about fifteen country justices, most of them of the lowest size, for estate, quality, or understanding. However, this puts me in mind of a passage told me by a great man, though I know not whether it be anywhere recorded. That a complaint was made to the king and council in Sweden, of a prodigious swarm of Scots, who, under the condition of pedlars, infested that kingdom to such a degree, as, if not suddenly prevented, might in time prove dangerous to the state, by joining with any discontented party. Meanwhile the Scots, by their agents, placed a good sum of money to engage the offices of the prime minister in their behalf; who, in order to their defence, told the council, he was assured they were but a few inconsiderable people, that lived honestly and poorly, and were not of any consequence. Their enemies offered to prove the contrary, whereupon an order was made to take their number, which was found to amount, as I remember, to about thirty thousand. The affair was again brought before the council, and great reproaches made the first minister, for his ill computation; who, presently took the other handle, said, he had reason to believe the number yet greater than what was returned; and then gravely offered to the king's consideration, whether it were safe to render desperate so great a body of able men, who had little to lose, and whom any hard treatment would only serve to unite into a power capable of disturbing, if not destroying the peace of the kingdom. And so they were suffered to continue.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.

NOTE.

This pamphlet constitutes the opening of a campaign against his political enemies in England on whom Swift had, it must be presumed, determined to take revenge. When the fall of Harley's administration was complete and irrevocable, Swift returned to Ireland and, for six years, he lived the simple life of the Dean of St. Patrick's, unheard of except by a few of his more intimate friends in England. Accustomed by years of intimacy with the ministers of Anne's court, and by his own temperament, to act the part of leader and adviser, Swift's compulsory silence must have chafed and irritated him to a degree. His opportunities for advancement had passed with the passing of Harley and Bolingbroke from power, and he had given too ardent and enthusiastic a support to these friends of his for Walpole to look to him for a like service. Moreover, however strong may have been these personal motives, Swift's detestation of Walpole's Irish policy must have been deep and bitter, even before he began to express himself on the matter. His sincerity cannot be doubted, even if we make an ample allowance for a private grudge against the great English minister. The condition of Ireland, at this time, was such as to arouse the warmest indignation from the most indifferent and unprejudiced — and it was a condition for which English misrule was mainly responsible. It cannot therefore be wondered at that Swift should be among the strenuous and persistent opponents of a policy which spelled ruin to his country, and his patriotism must be recognized even if we accept the existence of a personal motive.

The crass stupidity which characterized England's dealings with Ireland at this time would be hardly credible, were it not on record in the acts passed in the reigns of Charles II. and William III., and embodied in the resolutions of the English parliament during Walpole's term of power. An impartial historian is forced to the conclusion that England had determined to ruin the sister nation. Already its social life was disreputable; the people taxed in various ways far beyond their means; the agriculture at the lowest state by the neglect and indifference of the landed proprietors; and the manufactures crippled by a series of pernicious restrictions imposed by a selfish rival.

Swift, in writing this "Proposal," did not take advantage of any special occasion, as he did later in the matter of Wood's halfpence. His occasion must be found in the condition of the country, in the injustice to which she was subjected, and in the fact that the time had come when it would be wise and

safe for him to come out once more into the open.

He began in his characteristic way. All the evils that the laws against the manufactures and agriculture of Ireland brought into existence are summarized in this "Proposal." His business is not to attack the laws directly, but to attempt a method by which these shall be nullified. Since the manufactures of Ireland might not be exported for sale, let the people of Ireland wear them themselves, and let them resolve and determine to wear them in preference to those imported from England. If England had the right to prevent the importation to it of Irish woollen goods, it was surely only just that the Irish should exercise then right to wear their own home-made clothes! The tract was a reasonable and mild statement. Yet, such was the temper of the governing officials, that a cry was raised against it and the writer accused of attempting to disunite the two kingdoms. With consistent foolishness, the printer was brought to trial, and although the jury acquitted him, yet the Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, zealous for his employer more than for his office, refused to accept the verdict and attempted to force the jury to a conviction. In his letter to Pope, dated January 10th, 1720-21, Swift gives an account of this matter:

"I have written in this kingdom, a discourse, to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing, at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief-justice has so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were effectually practised with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published, for several weeks, in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial, the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise; and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Grafton's, the lord lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from

England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*."

This Chief Justice Whitshed was the same who acted as judge on Harding's trial for printing the fourth Drapier letter. Swift never forgot him, and took several occasions to satirize him bitterly.

The text of the present edition is based on the Dublin edition of 1720 and collated with the texts of Faulkner, 1735, and Miscellanies of same date.

A

PROPOSAL

For the universal Use

Of *Irish* Manufacture,

IN

Cloaths and Furniture of Houses, &c.

UTTERLY

Rejecting and *Renouncing*

Every Thing wearable that comes from

ENGLAND.

Dublin: Printed and Sold by *E. Waters*, in *Essex-street*, at the Corner of *Sycamore-Alley*, 1720.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURE, IN CLOTHES AND FURNITURE OF HOUSES, &c.

UTTERLY REJECTING AND RENOUNCING EVERY THING WEARABLE THAT COMES FROM ENGLAND.

It is the peculiar felicity and prudence of the people in this kingdom, that whatever commodities or productions lie under the greatest discouragements from England, those are what we are sure to be most industrious in cultivating and spreading. Agriculture, which hath been the principal care of all wise nations, and for the encouragement whereof there are so many statute laws in England, we countenance so well, that the landlords are everywhere by penal clauses absolutely prohibiting their tenants from ploughing; not satisfied to confine them within certain limitations, as it is the practice of the English; one effect of which is already seen in the prodigious dearness of corn, and the importation of it from London, as the cheaper market: And because people are the riches of a country, and that our neighbours have done, and are doing all that in them lie, to make our wool a drug to us, and a monopoly to them; therefore the politic gentlemen of Ireland have depopulated vast tracts of the best land, for the feeding of sheep.

I could fill a volume as large as the history of the Wise Men of Gotham with a catalogue only of some wonderful laws and customs we have observed within thirty years past. 'Tis true indeed, our beneficial traffic of wool with France, hath been our only support for several years past, furnishing us all the little money we have to pay our rents and go to market. But our merchants assure me, "This trade hath received a great damp by the present fluctuating condition of the coin in France; and that most of their wine is paid for in specie, without carrying thither any commodity from hence."

However, since we are so universally bent upon enlarging our flocks, it may be worth enquiring what we shall do with our wool, in case Barnstaple should be overstocked, and our French commerce should fail?

I could wish the Parliament had thought fit to have suspended their regulation of church matters, and enlargements of the prerogative till a more convenient time, because they did not appear very pressing (at least to the persons principally concerned) and instead of these great refinements in politics and divinity, had amused themselves and their committees a little with the state of the nation. For example: What if the House of Commons had thought fit to make a resolution *nemine contradicente* against wearing any cloth or stuff in their families, which were not of the growth and manufacture of this kingdom? What if they had extended it so far as utterly to exclude all silks, velvets, calicoes, and the whole lexicon of female fopperies; and

declared, that whoever acted otherwise, should be deemed and reputed an enemy to the nation? What if they had sent up such a resolution to be agreed to by the House of Lords, and by their own practice and encouragement spread the execution of it in their several countries? What if we should agree to make burying in woollen a fashion, as our neighbours have made it a law? What if the ladies would be content with Irish stuffs for the furniture of their houses, for gowns and petticoats to themselves and their daughters? Upon the whole, and to crown all the rest: Let a firm resolution be taken by male and female, never to appear with one single shred that comes from England; "And let all the people say, amen."

I hope and believe nothing could please His Majesty better than to hear that his loyal subjects of both sexes in this kingdom celebrated his birthday (now approaching) universally clad in their own manufacture. Is there virtue enough left in this deluded people to save them from the brink of ruin? If the men's opinions may be taken, the ladies will look as handsome in stuffs as brocades; and since all will be equal, there may be room enough to employ their wit and fancy in choosing and matching of patterns and colours. I heard the late Archbishop of Tuam mention a pleasant observation of somebody's; "that Ireland would never be happy till a law were made for burning everything that came from England, except their people and their coals." Nor am I even yet for lessening the number of those exceptions.

Non tanti mitra est, non tanti judicis ostrum.

But I should rejoice to see a staylace from England be thought scandalous, and become a topic for censure at visits and tea-tables.

If the unthinking shopkeepers in this town had not been utterly destitute of common sense, they would have made some proposal to the Parliament, with a petition to the purpose I have mentioned; promising to improve the "cloths and stuffs of the nation into all possible degrees of fineness and colours, and engaging not to play the knave according to their custom, by exacting and imposing upon the nobility and gentry either as to the prices or the goodness." For I remember in London upon a general mourning, the rascally mercers and woollen-drapers, would in four-and-twenty hours raise their cloths and silks to above a double price; and if the mourning continued long, then come whining with petitions to the court, that they were ready to starve, and their fineries lay upon their hands.

I could wish our shopkeepers would immediately think on this proposal, addressing it to all persons of quality and others; but first be sure to get somebody who can write sense, to put it into form.

I think it needless to exhort the clergy to follow this good example, because in a little time, those among them who are so unfortunate to have had their birth and education in this country, will think themselves abundantly happy when they can afford Irish crape, and an Athlone hat; and as to the others I shall not presume to direct them. I have indeed seen the present Archbishop of Dublin clad from head to foot in our own manufacture; and yet,

under the rose be it spoken, his Grace deserves as good a gown as any prelate in Christendom.

I have not courage enough to offer one syllable on this subject to their honours of the army: Neither have I sufficiently considered the great importance of scarlet and gold lace.

The fable in Ovid of Arachne and Pallas, is to this purpose. The goddess had heard of one Arachne a young virgin, very famous for spinning and weaving. They both met upon a trial of skill; and Pallas finding herself almost equalled in her own art, stung with rage and envy, knocked her rival down, turned her into a spider, enjoining her to spin and weave for ever, out of her own bowels, and in a very narrow compass. I confess, that from a boy, I always pitied poor Arachne, and could never heartily love the goddess on account of so cruel and unjust a sentence; which however is fully executed upon us by England, with further additions of rigour and severity. For the greatest part of our bowels and vitals are extracted, without allowing us the liberty of spinning and weaving them.

The Scripture tells us, that "oppression makes a wise man mad." Therefore, consequently speaking, the reason why some men are not mad, is because they are not wise: However, it were to be wished that oppression would in time teach a little wisdom to fools.

I was much delighted with a person who hath a great estate in this kingdom, upon his complaints to me, "how grievously poor England suffers by impositions from Ireland. That we convey our own wool to France in spite of all the harpies at the custom-house. That Mr. Shuttleworth, and others on the Cheshire coasts are such fools to sell us their bark at a good price for tanning our own hides into leather; with other enormities of the like weight and kind." To which I will venture to add some more: "That the mayoralty of this city is always executed by an inhabitant, and often by a native, which might as well be done by a deputy, with a moderate salary, whereby poor England lose at least one thousand pounds a year upon the balance. That the governing of this kingdom costs the lord lieutenant two thousand four hundred pounds a year, so much *net* loss to poor England. That the people of Ireland presume to dig for coals in their own grounds, and the farmers in the county of Wicklow send their turf to the very market of Dublin, to the great discouragement of the coal trade at Mostyn and Whitehaven. That the revenues of the post-office here, so righteously belonging to the English treasury, as arising chiefly from our own commerce with each other, should be remitted to London, clogged with that grievous burthen of exchange, and the pensions paid out of the Irish revenues to English favourites, should lie under the same disadvantage, to the great loss of the grantees. When a divine is sent over to a bishopric here, with the hopes of five-and-twenty hundred pounds a year; upon his arrival, he finds, alas! a dreadful discount of ten or twelve *per cent*. A judge or a commissioner of the revenue has the same cause of complaint." — Lastly,

"The ballad upon Cotter is vehemently suspected to be Irish manufacture; and yet is allowed to be sung in our open streets, under the very nose of the government." These are a few among the many hardships we put upon that *poor* kingdom of England; for which I am confident every honest man wishes a remedy: And I hear there is a project on foot for transporting our best wheaten straw by sea and land carriage to Dunstable; and obliging us by a law to take off yearly so many ton of straw hats for the use of our women, which will be a great encouragement to the manufacture of that industrious town.

I should be glad to learn among the divines, whether a law to bind men without their own consent, be obligatory *in foro conscientiae*; because I find Scripture, Sanderson and Suarez are wholly silent in the matter. The oracle of reason, the great law of nature, and general opinion of civilians, wherever they treat of limited governments, are indeed decisive enough.

It is wonderful to observe the bias among our people in favour of things, persons, and wares of all kinds that come from England. The printer tells his hawkers that he has got "an excellent new song just brought from London." I have somewhat of a tendency that way myself; and upon hearing a coxcomb from thence displaying himself with great volubility upon the park, the playhouse, the opera, the gaming ordinaries, it was apt to beget in me a kind of veneration for his parts and accomplishments. 'Tis not many years, since I remember a person who by his style and literature seems to have been corrector of a hedge-press in some blind alley about Little Britain, proceed gradually to be an author, at least a translator of a lower rate, though somewhat of a larger bulk, than any that now flourishes in Grub Street; and upon the strength of this foundation, come over here, erect himself up into an orator and politician, and lead a kingdom after him. This, I am told, was the very motive that prevailed on the author of a play, called "Love in a hollow Tree," to do us the honour of a visit; presuming with very good reason, that he was a writer of a superior class. I know another, who for thirty years past, hath been the common standard of stupidity in England, where he was never heard a minute in any assembly, or by any party with common Christian treatment; yet upon his arrival hither, could put on a face of importance and authority, talked more than six, without either gracefulness, propriety, or meaning; and at the same time be admired and followed as the pattern of eloquence and wisdom.

Nothing hath humbled me so much, or shewn a greater disposition to a contemptuous treatment of Ireland in some chief governors, than that high style of several speeches from the throne, delivered, as usual, after the royal assent, in some periods of the two last reigns. Such high exaggerations of the prodigious condescensions in the prince, to pass those good laws, would have but an odd sound at Westminster: Neither do I apprehend how any good law can pass, wherein the king's interest is not as much concerned as that of the people. I remember after a speech on the like occasion, delivered by my Lord Wharton, (I think it was his last) he desired Mr. Addison to ask my opinion of

it: My answer was, “That his Excellency had very honestly forfeited his head on account of one paragraph; wherein he asserted by plain consequence, a dispensing power in the Queen.” His Lordship owned it was true, but swore the words were put into his mouth by direct orders from Court. From whence it is clear, that some ministers in those times, were apt, from their high elevation, to look down upon this kingdom as if it had been one of their colonies of outcasts in America. And I observed a little of the same turn of spirit in some great men, from whom I expected better; although to do them justice, it proved no point of difficulty to make them correct their idea, whereof the whole nation quickly found the benefit? — But that is forgotten. How the style hath since run, I am wholly a stranger, having never seen a speech since the last of the Queen.

I would now expostulate a little with our country landlords, who by unmeasurable screwing and racking their tenants all over the kingdom, have already reduced the miserable people to a worse condition than the peasants in France, or the vassals in Germany and Poland; so that the whole species of what we call substantial farmers, will in a very few years be utterly at an end. It was pleasant to observe these gentlemen labouring with all their might for preventing the bishops from letting their revenues at a moderate half value, (whereby the whole order would in an age have been reduced to manifest beggary) at the very instant when they were everywhere canting their own lands upon short leases, and sacrificing their oldest tenants for a penny an acre advance. I know not how it comes to pass, (and yet perhaps I know well enough) that slaves have a natural disposition to be tyrants; and that when my betters give me a kick, I am apt to revenge it with six upon my footman; although perhaps he may be an honest and diligent fellow. I have heard great divines affirm, that “nothing is so likely to call down an universal judgment from Heaven upon a nation as universal oppression;” and whether this be not already verified in part, their worships the landlords are now at full leisure to consider. Whoever travels this country, and observes the face of nature, or the faces, and habits, and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where either law, religion, or common humanity is professed.

I cannot forbear saying one word upon a thing they call a bank, which I hear is projecting in this town. I never saw the proposals, nor understand any one particular of their scheme: What I wish for at present, is only a sufficient provision of hemp, and caps, and bells, to distribute according to the several degrees of honesty and prudence in some persons. I hear only of a monstrous sum already named; and if others do not soon hear of it too, and hear of it with a vengeance, then am I a gentleman of less sagacity, than myself and very few besides, take me to be. And the jest will be still the better, if it be true, as judicious persons have assured me, that one half of this money will be real, and the other half only Gasconnade. The matter will be likewise much mended, if the merchants continue to carry off our gold, and our goldsmiths to melt down our heavy silver.

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH BUBBLES.

BY THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

The excitement and even fury which were prevalent in England and France during the years 1719 and 1720 over Law's South Sea schemes afforded Swift an opportunity for the play of his satire by way of criticism on projects which appeared to him to be of the same character. News from France on the Mississippi Scheme which, in 1719, was at the height of its stock-jobbing success, gave glorious accounts of fortunes made in a night, and of thousands who had become rich and were living in unheard of luxury. Schemes were floated on every possible kind of ventures, and so plentiful was the "paper money" that nothing was too absurd for speculators. All these schemes, which soon came to nought, went, later, by the name of "Bubbles," and this essay of Swift's touches the matter with his usual satire.

The time chosen for the proposal for the establishment of a National Bank in Ireland was not a happy one. It was made in 1720 when the "Bubbles" had burst and found thousands ruined and pauperized. Swift, always an enemy to schemes of any kind, classed that of the bank with the rest of the "Bubbles," and, although the plan itself was a real effort to relieve Ireland, and might have effected its purpose, the terror of the "Bubbles" was sufficient to wreck it.

It required very little from Swift to insure its rejection, and rejected it was by the Irish legislature, before whose consideration it was brought.

Some doubt seems to obtain as to the authenticity of this "Essay on English Bubbles," which, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, may "be considered as introductory to the other" tracts on the Bank Project. This essay, however, appears in the edition of 1720 of "The Swearer's Bank," and, although it is not included in the "Miscellanies" of 1722, it is accepted by Faulkner in his collected edition of Swift's works. The present text is based on that prefixed to the edition of "The Swearer's Bank," 1720.

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH BUBBLES.

To the Right Reverend, Right Honourable, and Right Worshipful, and to the Reverend, Honourable, and Worshipful, &c. Company of Stockjobbers; whether Honest or Dishonest, Pious or Impious, Wise or Otherwise, Male or Female, Young or Old, One with another, who have suffered Depredation by the late Bubbles: *Greeting*.

Having received the following scheme from Dublin, I give you the earliest notice, how you may retrieve the decus et tutamen, which you have sacrificed by permits in bubbles. This project is founded on a Parliamentary security, besides, the devil is in it, if it can fail, since a dignitary of the Church is at the head on't. Therefore you, who have subscribed to the stocking insurance, and are out at the heels, may soon appear tight about the legs. You, who encouraged the hemp manufacture, may leave the halter to rogues, and prevent the odium of *felo de se*. Medicinal virtues are here to be had without the expense and hazard of a dispensary: You may sleep without dreaming of bottles at your tail, and a looking-glass shall not affright you; and since the glass bubble proved as brittle as its ware, and broke together with itself the hopes of its proprietors, they may make themselves whole by subscribing to our new fund.

Here indeed may be made three very grave objections, by incredulous interested priests, ambitious citizens, and scrupulous statesmen. The stocking manufactory gentlemen don't know how swearing can bring 'em to any probability of covering their legs anew, unless it be by the means of a pair of stocks: That the hemp-snared men apprehend, that such an encouragement for oaths can tend to no other advancement, promotion, and exaltation of their persons, than that of the gallows: The late old ordinary, Paul, having grown grey in the habit of making this accurate observation in every month's Session-Paper, "That swearing had as great a hand in the suspension of every living soul under his cure, as Sabbath-breaking itself;" and that the glass-bubble-men cannot, for their lives, with the best pair of spectacles, that is the only thing left neat and whole, out of all their wares, see how they shall make anything out of this his oath-project, supposing he should even confirm by one its goodness: An oath being, as they say, as brittle as glass, and only made to be broken.

But those incredulous priests shall not go without an answer, that will, I am sure, induce them to place a great confidence in the benefit arising from Christians, who damn themselves every hour of the day. For while they speak of the vainness and fickleness of oaths, as an objection against our project, they little consider that this fickleness and vainness is the common practice among all the people of this sublunary world; and that consequently, instead of being an objection against the project, is a concluding argument of the

constancy and solidity of their sure gain by it; a never-failing argument, as he tells us, among the brethren of his cloth.

The ambitious citizens, who from being plunged deep in the wealthy whirlpool of the South-Sea, are in hopes of rising to such seats of fortune and dignity, as would best suit with their mounting and aspiring hopes, may imagine that this new fund, in the sister nation, may prove a rival to theirs; and, by drawing off a multitude of subscribers, will, if it makes a flood in Ireland, cause an ebb in England. But it may be answered, that, though our author avers, that this fund will vie with the South-Sea, yet it will not clash with it. On the contrary, the subscribers to this must wish the increase of the South-Sea, (so far from being its rival); because the multitude of people raised by it, who were plain-speakers, as they were plain-dealers before, must learn to swear, in order to become their clothes, and to be gentlemen *à la mode*; while those that are ruined, I mean Job'd by it, will dismiss the patience of their old pattern, swear at their condition, and curse their Maker in their distress; and so the increase of that English fund will be demonstratively an ample augmentation of the Irish one: So far will it be from being rivalled by it, so that each of them may subscribe to a fund they have their own security for augmenting.

The scrupulous statesmen (for we know that statesmen are usually very scrupulous) may object against having this project secured by votes in Parliament; by reason, as they may deem it, in their great wisdom, an impious project; and that therefore so illustrious an assembly, as the Irish parliament, ought, by no means, according to the opinion of a Christian statesman, to be concerned in supporting an impious thing in the world. The way that some may take to prove it impious, is, because it will tend highly to the interest of swearing. — But this I take to be plain downright sophistry, and playing upon words: If this be called the Swearing project, or the Oath-act, the increase of swearing will be very much for the benefit and interest of swearing, (*i.e.*) to the subscribers in the fund to be raised by this fruitful Swearing-act, if it should be so called; but not to the swearers themselves, who are to pay for it: So that it will be, according to this distinction, piously indeed an act for a benefit to mankind, *from* swearing, not *impiously*, a benefit *in swearing*: So that I think that argument entirely answered and defeated. Far be it from the Dean to have entered into so unchristian a project, as this had been, so considered. But then these politicians (being generally, as the world knows, mighty tender of conscience) may raise these new doubts, fears, and scruples, *viz.* that it will however cause the subscribers to wish, in their minds, for many oaths to fly about, which is a heinous crime, and to lay stratagems to try the patience of men of all sorts, to put them upon the swearing strain, in order to bring grist to their own mill, which is a crime still more enormous; and that therefore, for fear of these evil consequences, the passing of such an act is not consistent with the really extraordinary and tender conscience of a true modern politician. But in answer to this, I think I can plead the strongest plea

in nature, and that is called precedent, I think; which I take thus from the South-Sea: One man, by the very nature of that subscription, must naturally pray for the temporal damnation of another man in his fortune, in order for gaining his own salvation in it; yea, even though he knows the other man's temporal damnation would be the cause of his eternal, by his swearing and despairing. Neither do I think this in casuistry and sin, because the swearing, undone man is a free agent, and can choose whether he will swear or no, anybody's wishes whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding: And in politics I am sure it is even a Machiavellian holy maxim, "That some men should be ruined for the good of others." Thus I think I have answered all the objections that can be brought against this project's coming to perfection, and proved it to be convenient for the state, of interest to the Protestant church, and consonant with Christianity, nay, with the very scruples of modern, squeamish statesmen.

To conclude: The laudable author of this project squares the measures of it so much according to the scripture rule, it may reasonably be presumed, that all good Christians in England will come as fast into the subscriptions for his encouragement, as they have already done throughout the kingdom of Ireland. For what greater proof could this author give of his Christianity, than, for bringing about this Swearing-act, charitably to part with his coat, and sit starving in a very thin waistcoat in his garret, to do the corporal virtues of feeding and clothing the poor, and raising them from the cottage to the palace, by punishing the vices of the rich. What more could have been done even in the primitive times!

Thomas Hope.

From my House in St. Faith's Parish,
London, August 10, 1720.

P.S. — For the benefit of the author, application may be made to me at the Tilt-Yard Coffee-house, Whitehall.

A LETTER TO THE KING AT ARMS

FROM A REPUTED ESQUIRE, ONE OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BANK.

November 18, 1721.

Sir,

In a late printed paper, containing some notes and queries upon that list of the subscribers' names, which was published by order of the commissioners for receiving of subscriptions, I find some hints and innuendoes that would seem to insinuate, as if I and some others were only *reputed* esquires; and our case is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I desire you will please to let me know the lowest price of a real esquire's coat of arms: And, if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the first interest I receive for my subscription; because things are a little low with me at present, by throwing my whole fortune into the bank, having subscribed for five hundred pounds sterling.

I hope you will not question my pretensions to this title, when I let you know that my godfather was a justice of peace, and I myself have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horse, in which post he rode before the greatest lords of the land; and, in long marches, he alone presided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open house in Dublin, where several hundreds were supported with meat and drink, bought at her own charge, or with her personal credit, until some envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.

As to myself, I have been, for several years, a foot-officer; and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to stick close, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of several fine ladies; who, each of them at different times, gave me such coloured knots and public marks of distinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my address. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unless I gave them the glass with my own hand. They allowed me to call them my mistresses, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true ancient employment of a squire was to carry a knight's shield, painted with his colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witnesses to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a shield, like my predecessors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a knight upon my coat. I have likewise borne the king's arms in my hand, as a mark of authority; and hung them painted before my dwelling-house, as a mark of my calling: So that I may truly say, His Majesty's arms have been my supporters. I have been a strict and constant follower of men of quality, I have diligently pursued the steps of several squires, and am able to

behave myself as well as the best of them, whenever there shall be occasion.

I desire it may be no disadvantage to me, that, by the new act of parliament going to pass for preserving the game, I am not yet qualified to keep a greyhound. If this should be the test of squirehood, it will go hard with a great number of my fraternity, as well as myself, who must all be unsquired, because a greyhound will not be allowed to keep us company; and it is well known I have been a companion to his betters. What has a greyhound to do with a squireship? Might I not be a real squire, although there was no such thing as a greyhound in the world? Pray tell me, sir, are greyhounds to be from henceforth the supporters of every squire's coat of arms? Although I cannot keep a greyhound, may not a greyhound help to keep me? May not I have an order from the governors of the bank to keep a greyhound, with a *non obstante* to the act of parliament, as well as they have created a bank against the votes of the two Houses? But, however, this difficulty will soon be overcome. I am promised 125*l.* a year for subscribing 500*l.*; and, of this 500*l.* I am to pay in only 25*l.* ready money: The governors will trust me for the rest, and pay themselves out of the interest by 25*l. per cent*. So that I intend to receive only 40*l.* a-year, to qualify me for keeping my family and a greyhound, and let the remaining 85*l.* go on till it makes 500*l.* then 1000*l.* then 10,000*l.* then 100,000*l.* then a million, and so forwards. This, I think, is much better (betwixt you and me) than keeping fairs, and buying and selling bullocks; by which I find, from experience, that little is to be gotten, in these hard times. I am,

SIR,
Your friend, and
Servant to command,
A. B. Esquire.

Postscript. I hope you will favourably represent my case to the publisher of the paper above-mentioned.

Direct your letter for A. B. Esquire, at —— in —— ; and, pray, get some parliament-man to frank it, for it will cost a groat postage to this place.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF EBENEZER ELLISTON

WHO WAS EXECUTED THE SECOND DAY OF MAY, 1722.

Published at his desire, for the common good.

N.B. About the time that this speech was written, the Town was much pestered with street-robbers; who, in a barbarous manner would seize on gentlemen, and take them into remote corners, and after they had robbed them, would leave them bound and gagged. It is remarkable, that this speech had so good an effect, that there have been very few robberies of that kind committed since.

NOTE.

Burke spoke of Swift's tracts of a public nature, relating to Ireland, as "those in which the Dean appears in the best light, because they do honour to his heart as well as his head; furnishing some additional proofs that, though he was very free in his abuse of the inhabitants of that country, as well natives as foreigners, he had their interest sincerely at heart, and perfectly understood it."

The following tract on "The Last Words and Dying Speech of Ebenezer Elliston" admirably illustrates Burke's remark.

The city of Dublin, at the time Swift wrote, was on a par with some of the lower districts of New York City about twenty years ago, which were dangerous in the extreme to traverse after dark. Robbers in gangs would waylay pedestrians and leave them often badly maltreated and maimed. These thieves and "roughs" became so impudent and brazen in their business that the condition of the city was a disgrace to the municipal government. To put down the nuisance Swift took a characteristic method. Ebenezer Elliston had, about this time, been executed for street robbery. Although given a good education by his parents, he forsook his trade of a silk weaver, and became a gambler and burglar. He was well known to the other gangs which infested Dublin, but his death did not act as a deterrent. Swift, in composing Elliston's pretended dying speech, gave it the flavour and character of authenticity in order to impose on the members of other gangs, and so successful was he in his intention, that the speech was accepted as the real expression of their late companion by the rest and had a most salutary effect. Scott says it was "received as genuine by the banditti who had been companions of his

depredations, who were the more easily persuaded of its authenticity as it contained none of the cant usual in the dying speeches composed for malefactors by the Ordinary or the ballad-makers. The threat which it held out of a list deposited with a secure hand, containing their names, crimes, and place of rendezvous, operated for a long time in preventing a repetition of their villanies, which had previously been so common."

The text of the present edition is based on that given by Faulkner in the fourth volume of his edition of Swift printed in Dublin in 1735.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF EBENEZER ELLISTON.

I am now going to suffer the just punishment for my crimes prescribed by the law of God and my country. I know it is the constant custom, that those who come to this place should have speeches made for them, and cried about in their own hearing, as they are carried to execution; and truly they are such speeches that although our fraternity be an ignorant illiterate people, they would make a man ashamed to have such nonsense and false English charged upon him even when he is going to the gallows: They contain a pretended account of our birth and family; of the fact for which we are to die; of our sincere repentance; and a declaration of our religion. I cannot expect to avoid the same treatment with my predecessors. However, having had an education one or two degrees better than those of my rank and profession; I have been considering ever since my commitment, what it might be proper for me to deliver upon this occasion.

And first, I cannot say from the bottom of my heart, that I am truly sorry for the offence I have given to God and the world; but I am very much so, for the bad success of my villainies in bringing me to this untimely end. For it is plainly evident, that after having some time ago obtained a pardon from the crown, I again took up my old trade; my evil habits were so rooted in me, and I was grown so unfit for any other kind of employment. And therefore although in compliance with my friends, I resolve to go to the gallows after the usual manner, kneeling, with a book in my hand, and my eyes lift up; yet I shall feel no more devotion in my heart than I have observed in some of my comrades, who have been drunk among common whores the very night before their execution. I can say further from my own knowledge, that two of my fraternity after they had been hanged, and wonderfully came to life, and made their escapes, as it sometimes happens, proved afterwards the wickedest rogues I ever knew, and so continued until they were hanged again for good and all; and yet they had the impudence at both times they went to the gallows, to smite their breasts, and lift up their eyes to Heaven all the way.

Secondly, From the knowledge I have of my own wicked dispositions and that of my comrades, I give it as my opinion, that nothing can be more unfortunate to the public, than the mercy of the government in ever pardoning or transporting us; unless when we betray one another, as we never fail to do, if we are sure to be well paid; and then a pardon may do good; by the same rule, "That it is better to have but one fox in a farm than three or four." But we generally make a shift to return after being transported, and are ten times greater rogues than before, and much more cunning. Besides, I know it by experience, that some hopes we have of finding mercy, when we are tried, or after we are condemned, is always a great encouragement to us.

Thirdly, Nothing is more dangerous to idle young fellows, than the

company of those odious common whores we frequent, and of which this town is full: These wretches put us upon all mischief to feed their lusts and extravagancies: They are ten times more bloody and cruel than men; their advice is always not to spare if we are pursued; they get drunk with us, and are common to us all; and yet, if they can get anything by it, are sure to be our betrayers.

Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man (and indeed the only honest man I was ever acquainted with) the names of all my wicked brethren, the present places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths: I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbing, or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.

In the paper above mentioned, which I left with my friend, I have also set down the names of several gentlemen who have been robbed in Dublin streets for three years past: I have told the circumstances of those robberies; and shewn plainly that nothing but the want of common courage was the cause of their misfortunes. I have therefore desired my friend, that whenever any gentlemen happens to be robbed in the streets, he will get that relation printed and published with the first letters of those gentlemen's names, who by their own want of bravery are likely to be the cause of all the mischief of that kind, which may happen for the future.

I cannot leave the world without a short description of that kind of life, which I have led for some years past; and is exactly the same with the rest of our wicked brethren.

Although we are generally so corrupted from our childhood, as to have no sense of goodness; yet something heavy always hangs about us, I know not what it is, that we are never easy till we are half drunk among our whores and companions; nor sleep sound, unless we drink longer than we can stand. If we go abroad in the day, a wise man would easily find us to be rogues by our faces; we have such a suspicious, fearful, and constrained countenance; often turning back, and slinking through narrow lanes and alleys. I have never failed of knowing a brother thief by his looks, though I never saw him before. Every man among us keeps his particular whore, who is however common to us all, when we have a mind to change. When we have got a booty, if it be in money, we divide it equally among our companions, and soon squander it away on our vices in those houses that receive us; for the master and mistress, and the very tapster, go snacks; and besides make us pay treble reckonings. If our

plunder be plate, watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and the like; we have customers in all quarters of the town to take them off. I have seen a tankard worth fifteen pounds sold to a fellow in —— street for twenty shillings; and a gold watch for thirty. I have set down his name, and that of several others in the paper already mentioned. We have setters watching in corners, and by dead walls, to give us notice when a gentleman goes by; especially if he be anything in drink. I believe in my conscience, that if an account were made of a thousand pounds in stolen goods; considering the low rates we sell them at, the bribes we must give for concealment, the extortions of alehouse-reckonings, and other necessary charges, there would not remain fifty pounds clear to be divided among the robbers. And out of this we must find clothes for our whores, besides treating them from morning to night; who, in requital, reward us with nothing but treachery and the pox. For when our money is gone, they are every moment threatening to inform against us, if we will not go out to look for more. If anything in this world be like hell, as I have heard it described by our clergy; the truest picture of it must be in the back-room of one of our alehouses at midnight; where a crew of robbers and their whores are met together after a booty, and are beginning to grow drunk, from which time, until they are past their senses, is such a continued horrible noise of cursing, blasphemy, lewdness, scurrility, and brutish behaviour; such roaring and confusion, such a clatter of mugs and pots at each other's heads, that Bedlam, in comparison, is a sober and orderly place: At last they all tumble from their stools and benches, and sleep away the rest of the night; and generally the landlord or his wife, or some other whore who has a stronger head than the rest, picks their pockets before they wake. The misfortune is, that we can never be easy till we are drunk; and our drunkenness constantly exposes us to be more easily betrayed and taken.

This is a short picture of the life I have led; which is more miserable than that of the poorest labourer who works for four pence a day; and yet custom is so strong, that I am confident, if I could make my escape at the foot of the gallows, I should be following the same course this very evening. So that upon the whole, we ought to be looked upon as the common enemies of mankind; whose interest it is to root us out likes wolves, and other mischievous vermin, against which no fair play is required.

If I have done service to men in what I have said, I shall hope I have done service to God; and that will be better than a silly speech made for me full of whining and canting, which I utterly despise, and have never been used to; yet such a one I expect to have my ears tormented with, as I am passing along the streets.

Good people fare ye well; bad as I am, I leave many worse behind me. I hope you shall see me die like a man, the death of a dog.

E.E.

THE TRUTH OF SOME MAXIMS IN STATE AND GOVERNMENT, EXAMINED WITH REFERENCE TO IRELAND

These maxims, written in the year 1724, may be taken as Swift's opening of his campaign against the oppressive legislation of England which had brought Ireland to the degraded and poverty-stricken condition it existed in at the time he wrote. Burke characterizes these maxims as "a collection of State Paradoxes, abounding with great sense and penetration." The subjects they touch on are dealt with in greater detail in the tracts which follow in this volume, and the reader is referred to them and the notes for the causes which had brought Ireland in so low a state.

The text of the present edition is based on that given by Deane Swift in the eighth volume of the edition of 1765.

MAXIMS CONTROLLED IN IRELAND.

There are certain maxims of state, founded upon long observation and experience, drawn from the constant practice of the wisest nations, and from the very principles of government, nor ever controlled by any writer upon politics. Yet all these maxims do necessarily presuppose a kingdom, or commonwealth, to have the same natural rights common to the rest of mankind, who have entered into civil society; for if we could conceive a nation where each of the inhabitants had but one eye, one leg, and one hand, it is plain that, before you could institute them into a republic, an allowance must be made for those material defects wherein they differed from other mortals. Or, imagine a legislator forming a system for the government of Bedlam, and, proceeding upon the maxim that man is a sociable animal, should draw them out of their cells, and form them into corporations or general assemblies; the consequence might probably be, that they would fall foul on each other, or burn the house over their own heads.

Of the like nature are innumerable errors committed by crude and short thinkers, who reason upon general topics, without the least allowance for the most important circumstances, which quite alter the nature of the case.

This hath been the fate of those small dealers, who are every day publishing their thoughts, either on paper or in their assemblies, for improving the trade of Ireland, and referring us to the practice and example of England, Holland, France, or other nations.

I shall, therefore, examine certain maxims of government, which generally pass for uncontrolled in the world, and consider how far they will suit with the present condition of this kingdom.

First, It is affirmed by wise men, that "The dearness of things necessary for life, in a fruitful country, is a certain sign of wealth and great commerce;" for when such necessaries are dear, it must absolutely follow that money is cheap and plentiful.

But this is manifestly false in Ireland, for the following reason. Some years ago, the species of money here did probably amount to six or seven hundred thousand pounds; and I have good cause to believe, that our remittances then did not much exceed the cash brought in to us. But, the prodigious discouragements we have since received in every branch of our trade, by the frequent enforcements and rigorous execution of the navigation-act, the tyranny of under custom-house officers, the yearly addition of absentees, the payments to regiments abroad, to civil and military officers residing in England, the unexpected sudden demands of great sums from the treasury, and some other drains of perhaps as great consequence, we now see ourselves reduced to a state (since we have no friends) of being pitied by our enemies; at least, if our enemies were of such a kind, as to be capable of any

regard towards us except of hatred and contempt.

Forty years are now passed since the Revolution, when the contention of the British Empire was, most unfortunately for us, and altogether against the usual course of such mighty changes in government, decided in the least important nation; but with such ravages and ruin executed on both sides, as to leave the kingdom a desert, which in some sort it still continues. Neither did the long rebellions in 1641, make half such a destruction of houses, plantations, and personal wealth, in both kingdoms, as two years campaigns did in ours, by fighting England's battles.

By slow degrees, and by the gentle treatment we received under two auspicious reigns, we grew able to live without running in debt. Our absentees were but few: we had great indulgence in trade, a considerable share in employments of church and state; and while the short leases continued, which were let some years after the war ended, tenants paid their rents with ease and cheerfulness, to the great regret of their landlords, who had taken up a spirit of oppression that is not easily removed. And although, in these short leases, the rent was gradually to increase after short periods, yet, as soon as the terms elapsed, the land was let to the highest bidder, most commonly without the least effectual clause for building or planting. Yet, by many advantages, which this island then possessed, and hath since utterly lost, the rents of lands still grew higher upon every lease that expired, till they have arrived at the present exorbitance; when the frog, over-swelling himself, burst at last.

With the price of land of necessity rose that of corn and cattle, and all other commodities that farmers deal in: hence likewise, obviously, the rates of all goods and manufactures among shopkeepers, the wages of servants, and hire of labourers. But although our miseries came on fast, with neither trade nor money left; yet neither will the landlord abate in his rent, nor can the tenant abate in the price of what that rent must be paid with, nor any shopkeeper, tradesman, or labourer live, at lower expense for food and clothing, than he did before.

I have been the larger upon this first head, because the same observations will clear up and strengthen a good deal of what I shall affirm upon the rest.

The second maxim of those who reason upon trade and government, is, to assert that "Low interest is a certain sign of great plenty of money in a nation," for which, as in many other articles, they produce the examples of Holland and England. But, with relation to Ireland, this maxim is likewise entirely false.

There are two reasons for the lowness of interest in any country. First, that which is usually alleged, the great plenty of species; and this is obvious. The second is, the want of trade, which seldom falls under common observation, although it be equally true: for, where trade is altogether discouraged, there are few borrowers. In those countries where men can employ a large stock, the young merchant, whose fortune may be four or five hundred pounds, will venture to borrow as much more, and can afford a

reasonable interest. Neither is it easy, at this day, to find many of those, whose business reaches to employ even so inconsiderable a sum, except among the importers of wine, who, as they have most part of the present trade in these parts of Ireland in their hands, so they are the most exorbitant, exacting, fraudulent dealers, that ever trafficked in any nation, and are making all possible speed to ruin both themselves and the nation.

From this defect of gentlemen's not knowing how to dispose of their ready money, ariseth the high purchase of lands, which in all other countries is reckoned a sign of wealth. For, the frugal squires, who live below their incomes, have no other way to dispose of their savings but by mortgage or purchase, by which the rates of land must naturally increase; and if this trade continues long, under the uncertainty of rents, the landed men of ready money will find it more for their advantage to send their cash to England, and place it in the funds; which I myself am determined to do, the first considerable sum I shall be master of.

It hath likewise been a maxim among politicians, "That the great increase of buildings in the metropolis, argues a flourishing state." But this, I confess, hath been controlled from the example of London; where, by the long and annual parliamentary session, such a number of senators, with their families, friends, adherents, and expectants, draw such prodigious numbers to that city, that the old hospitable custom of lords and gentlemen living in their ancient seats among their tenants, is almost lost in England; is laughed out of doors; insomuch that, in the middle of summer, a legal House of Lords and Commons might be brought in a few hours to London, from their country villas within twelve miles round.

The case in Ireland is yet somewhat worse: For the absentees of great estates, who, if they lived at home, would have many rich retainers in their neighbourhoods, have learned to rack their lands, and shorten their leases, as much as any residing squire; and the few remaining of these latter, having some vain hope of employments for themselves, or their children, and discouraged by the beggarliness and thievery of their own miserable farmers and cottagers, or seduced by the vanity of their wives, on pretence of their children's education (whereof the fruits are so apparent,) together with that most wonderful, and yet more unaccountable zeal, for a seat in their assembly, though at some years' purchase of their whole estates: these, and some other motives better let pass, have drawn such a concourse to this beggarly city, that the dealers of the several branches of building have found out all the commodious and inviting places for erecting new houses; while fifteen hundred of the old ones, which is a seventh part of the whole city, are said to be left uninhabited, and falling to ruin. Their method is the same with that which was first introduced by Dr. Barebone at London, who died a bankrupt. The mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the slater, and the glazier, take a lot of ground, club to build one or more houses, unite their credit, their stock, and their money; and when their work is finished, sell it to the best advantage they

can. But, as it often happens, and more every day, that their fund will not answer half their design, they are forced to undersell it at the first story, and are all reduced to beggary. Insomuch, that I know a certain fanatic brewer, who is reported to have some hundreds of houses in this town, is said to have purchased the greater part of them at half value from ruined undertakers; hath intelligence of all new houses where the finishing is at a stand, takes advantage of the builder's distress, and, by the advantage of ready money, gets fifty *per cent.* at least for his bargain.

It is another undisputed maxim in government, "That people are the riches of a nation;" which is so universally granted, that it will be hardly pardonable to bring it in doubt. And I will grant it to be so far true, even in this island, that if we had the African custom, or privilege, of selling our useless bodies for slaves to foreigners, it would be the most useful branch of our trade, by ridding us of a most unsupportable burthen, and bringing us money in the stead. But, in our present situation, at least five children in six who are born, lie a dead weight upon us, for want of employment. And a very skilful computer assured me, that above one half of the souls in this kingdom supported themselves by begging and thievery; whereof two thirds would be able to get their bread in any other country upon earth. Trade is the only incitement to labour; where that fails, the poorer native must either beg, steal, or starve, or be forced to quit his country. This hath made me often wish, for some years past, that instead of discouraging our people from seeking foreign soil, the public would rather pay for transporting all our unnecessary mortals, whether Papists or Protestants, to America; as drawbacks are sometimes allowed for exporting commodities, where a nation is over-stocked. I confess myself to be touched with a very sensible pleasure, when I hear of a mortality in any country parish or village, where the wretches are forced to pay for a filthy cabin, and two ridges of potatoes, treble the worth; brought up to steal or beg, for want of work; to whom death would be the best thing to be wished for on account both of themselves and the public.

Among all taxes imposed by the legislature, those upon luxury are universally allowed to be the most equitable, and beneficial to the subject; and the commonest reasoner on government might fill a volume with arguments on the subject. Yet here again, by the singular fate of Ireland, this maxim is utterly false; and the putting it in practice may have such pernicious a consequence, as, I certainly believe, the thoughts of the proposers were not able to reach.

The miseries we suffer by our absentees, are of a far more extensive nature than seems to be commonly understood. I must vindicate myself to the reader so far, as to declare solemnly, that what I shall say of those lords and squires, doth not arise from the least regard I have for their understandings, their virtues, or their persons: for, although I have not the honour of the least acquaintance with any one among them, (my ambition not soaring so high) yet I am too good a witness of the situation they have been in for thirty years

past; the veneration paid them by the people, the high esteem they are in among the prime nobility and gentry, the particular marks of favour and distinction they receive from the Court; the weight and consequence of their interest, added to their great zeal and application for preventing any hardships their country might suffer from England, wisely considering that their own fortunes and honours were embarked in the same bottom.

THE BLUNDERS, DEFICIENCIES, DISTRESSES, AND MISFORTUNES OF QUILCA

PROPOSED TO CONTAIN ONE AND TWENTY VOLUMES IN QUARTO

Begun April 20, 1724. To be continued Weekly, if due Encouragement be given.

Swift's friends in Ireland were not many. He had no high opinion of the people with whom he was compelled to live. But among those who displeased him least, to use the phrase he employed in writing to Pope, was a kindly and warm-hearted scholar named Sheridan. Sheridan must have taken Swift's fancy, since they spent much time together and wrote each other verses and nonsense rhymes. He had failed in his attempt to keep up a school in Dublin, and refused the headmastership of the school of Armagh which Lord Primate Lindsay had offered him, through Swift's efforts. Swift however obtained for him, from Carteret, one of the chaplaincies of the Lord-Lieutenant and a small living near Cork. Unfortunately Sheridan was struck off from the list of chaplains on the information of one Richard Tighe who reported that Sheridan, on the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover, had preached from the text "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Poor Sheridan had been totally unconscious of committing any indiscretion, but he could not deny the fact.

It was at Quilca, a small county village, near Kells, that Sheridan was accustomed to spend his vacations with his family at a small house he owned there. Swift used often to use this house, at Sheridan's desire, and spent many days there in quiet enjoyment with Mrs. Dingley and Esther Johnson. The place and his life there he has attempted to describe in the following piece; but the description may also stand, as Scott observes, as "no bad supplement to Swift's account of Ireland."

The text here given is based on that printed in the eighth volume of the Edinburgh edition of 1761.

THE BLUNDERS, DEFICIENCIES, DISTRESSES, AND MISFORTUNES OF QUILCA.

But one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink few and leaky.

The new house all going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back-door.

The door of the Dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The Dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broken in the joints.

The passages open over head, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar, and eat the victuals; for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crowded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants, till supplied from Kells.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf in this cold weather; and Mrs. Johnson and the Dean in person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the bog, in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies' bed-chamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire; the chimney smoking intolerably; and the Dean's great-coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-dish.

Bottles stopped with bits of wood and tow, instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh-fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of everything he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque foeminam: or, A kitchen war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backwards and forwards with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies' chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron spikes erect on the Dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

The ladies' and Dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thieveries of the natives; the ladies themselves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually storming, and m danger of either losing all his flesh, or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs. Dingley full of cares for herself, and blunders and negligence for her friends. Mrs. Johnson sick and helpless. The Dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; Robin and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lacteum: or, The milky battle, fought between the Dean and the crew of Quilca; the latter insisting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon; whereas Mrs. Johnson wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the Dean got the victory; but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again; for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs. Johnson hath not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants: "The worse their sty — the longer they lie."

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies' bed-chamber, just at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. Johnson's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND

This tract, written and published towards the end of the year 1728, summarizes the disadvantages under which Ireland suffered at the time, and re-enforces the contention that these were mainly due to England's jealousy and stupid indifference. Swift, however, does not lose sight of the fact that the people of Ireland also were somewhat to blame, though in a much less degree.

In Dublin, where tracts of this nature had now become almost commonplace and where official interference in their publication had been found unwise and even dangerous, the issue of the "Short View" was effected without any official comment. In England, however, where it was reprinted by Mist the journalist, it was otherwise. Its publication brought down a prosecution on Mist, who, no doubt, numbered this with the many others which were visited upon him. It is an important tract, to which many historians of Ireland have often referred.

The text of the present edition is based on that of the first edition and compared with that given by Sir Walter Scott.

A

Short VIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF

IRELAND.

I am assured that it hath for some time been practised as a method of making men's court, when they are asked about the rate of lands, the abilities of tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this Kingdom, and how their rents are paid, to answer, That in their neighbourhood all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of land every day increasing. And if a gentleman happens to be a little more sincere in his representations, besides being looked on as not well affected, he is sure to have a dozen contradictors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret why these questions are so cordially asked, or so obligingly answered.

But since with regard to the affairs of this Kingdom, I have been using all endeavours to subdue my indignation, to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, being not the owner of one spot of ground in the whole Island, I shall only enumerate by rules generally known, and never contradicted, what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich, and then examine what effects arise from those causes in the Kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a Kingdom's thriving is the fruitfulness of the soil, to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants, but for exportation into other countries.

The second, is the industry of the people in working up all their native commodities to the last degree of manufacture.

The third, is the conveniency of safe ports and havens, to carry out their own goods, as much manufactured, and bring in those of others, as little manufactured as the nature of mutual commerce will allow.

The fourth, is, That the natives should as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth, is the liberty of a free trade in all foreign countries, which will permit them, except those who are in war with their own Prince or State.

The sixth, is, by being governed only by laws made with their own consent, for otherwise they are not a free People. And therefore all appeals for justice, or applications, for favour or preferment to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh, is, by improvement of land, encouragement of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people, without which any country, however blessed by Nature, must continue poor.

The eighth, is the residence of the Princes, or chief administrators of the civil power.

The ninth, is the concourse of foreigners for education, curiosity or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth, is by disposing all offices of honour, profit or trust, only to the natives, or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country, and are supposed to understand, and regard the interest of it as their own.

The eleventh is, when the rents of lands, and profits of employments, are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen, where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth, is by the public revenues being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth, is where the people are not obliged, unless they find it for their own interest, or conveniency, to receive any monies, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilized nations.

The fourteenth, is a disposition of the people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few incitements to luxury, either in clothes, furniture, food or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a Nation's thriving, which I cannot at present recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover from whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the mean time, I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts, and the matter is not of small importance. For it is allowed, that a man who lives in a solitary house far from help, is not wise in endeavouring to acquire in the neighbourhood, the reputation of being rich, because those who come for gold, will go off with pewter and brass, rather than return empty; and in the common practice of the world, those who possess most wealth, make the least parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing else to bear them out, in shewing their faces on the Exchange.

As to the first cause of a Nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of climate, we have no reason to complain; for although the quantity of unprofitable land in this Kingdom, reckoning bog, and rock, and barren mountain, be double in proportion to what it is in England, yet the native productions which both Kingdoms deal in, are very near on equality in point of goodness, and might with the same encouragement be as well manufactured. I except mines and minerals, in some of which however we are only defective in point of skill and industry.

In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens which Nature bestowed us so liberally is of no more use to us, than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, this Kingdom is so utterly unprovided, that of all the excellent timber cut down within these fifty or sixty years, it can hardly be said that the Nation hath received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in, or one ship to trade with.

Ireland is the only Kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own Prince or State, yet this by the superiority of mere power is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce, besides an Act of Navigation to which we never consented, pinned down upon us, and rigorously executed, and a thousand other unexampled circumstances as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go unto the rest.

It is too well known that we are forced to obey some laws we never consented to, which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name for fear of my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed's ghost with his *Libertas et natale solum*, written as a motto on his coach, as it stood at the door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus, we are in the condition of patients who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution, and the nature of their disease: And thus, we are forced to pay five hundred *per cent.* to divide our properties, in all which we have likewise the honour to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind.

As to improvement of land, those few who attempt that or planting, through covetousness or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were, neither succeeding in trees nor hedges, and by running into the fancy of grazing after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a King to reside among us, that even the Viceroy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the Government.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels, where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here, have the least title to any considerable employment to which they are seldom preferred, but upon a political consideration.

One third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England, which with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the Inns of Court, and both Universities, remittances at pleasure, the pay of all superior officers in the army and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole Kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the Isle of Man, they coin their own silver, every petty Prince, vassal to the Emperor, can coin what money he pleaseth. And in this as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other States or Monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last, or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, even those which are better made than in other countries, particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a sort of gold thread that it may pass for Indian. Even ale and potatoes in great quantity are imported from England as well as corn, and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now if all this be true, upon which I could easily enlarge, I would be glad to know by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining; without industry, labour or improvement of lands, and with more than half of the rent and profits of the whole Kingdom, annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing: And to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the North, a trade casual, corrupted, and at mercy, and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of Nature and Reason, like the thorn at Glastonbury, that blossoms in the midst of Winter.

Let the worthy Commissioners who come from England ride round the Kingdom, and observe the face of Nature, or the face of the natives, the improvement of the land, the thriving numerous plantations, the noble woods, the abundance and vicinity of country seats, the commodious farmers houses and barns, the towns and villages, where everybody is busy and thriving with all kind of manufactures, the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers, the comfortable diet and dress, and dwellings of the people, the vast numbers of ships in our harbours and docks, and shipwrights in our sea-port towns. The roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures, the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would these gentlemen return from so delightful a progress? What glorious reports would they make when they went

back to England?

But my heart is too heavy to continue this journey longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey, would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Ysland, rather than in a country so favoured by Nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil, and temperature of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwelling of the people. The general desolation in most parts of the Kingdom. The old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead. The families of farmers who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon butter-milk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them. These indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time only to learn the language, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all our wealth transmitted.

Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es.

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery, there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money. Hence the dearness of necessaries for life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take, or go a-begging) without raising the price of cattle, and of corn, although they should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of buildings in this City, because workmen have nothing to do but employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours, who for their private advantage have sent away all our silver, and one third of our gold, so that within three years past the running cash of the Nation, which was about five hundred thousand pounds, is now less than two, and must daily diminish unless we have liberty to coin, as well as that important Kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest Prince in the German Empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought, that this paradox of the Kingdom growing rich, is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen the BANKERS, who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others that shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us: And I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay, to the further ruin of Ireland.

"Ye are idle, ye are idle," answered Pharaoh to the Israelites, when they complained to his Majesty, that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of these advantages for enriching a Nation,

which I have above enumerated, and into the bargain, a good million returned to them every year without labour or hazard, or one farthing value received on our side. But how long we shall be able to continue the payment, I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that *when the hen is starved to death, there will be no more golden eggs*.

I think it a little unhospitable, and others may call it a subtile piece of malice, that, because there may be a dozen families in this Town, able to entertain their English friends in a generous manner at their tables, their guests upon their return to England, shall report that we wallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital, where all the household officers grew rich, while the poor for whose sake it was built, were almost starving for want of food and raiment.

To conclude. If Ireland be a rich and flourishing Kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes, that are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind, and the effects are equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers when they deliver such paradoxes, but a native and inhabitant of this Kingdom, who gives the same verdict, must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man-pleaser at the expense of all honour, conscience and truth.

THE STORY OF THE INJURED LADY

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

AND

THE ANSWER TO THE

INJURED LADY.

Under the guises of a gentleman and two ladies, Swift represents England, Scotland, and Ireland — England being the gentleman and Scotland and Ireland the two mistresses for whom he is affecting an honourable love. The Injured Lady is Ireland, who represents her rival, Scotland, as unworthy of her lover's attention. She expatiates on her own attractions and upbraids him also on his treatment of her. This affords Swift an opportunity for some searching and telling criticism on England's conduct towards Ireland. The fiction is admirably maintained throughout the story.

In "The Answer to the Injured Lady" which follows "The Story," Swift takes it upon himself to give her proper advice for her future conduct towards her lover. In this advice he reiterates what he has always been saying to the people of Ireland, but formulates it in the language affected by the lady herself. He tells her that she should look to it that her "family and tenants have no dependence upon the said gentleman farther than by the old agreement [the Act of Henry VII], which obliges you to have the same steward, and to regulate your household by such methods as you should both agree to"; that she shall be free to carry her goods to any market she pleases; that she shall compel the servants to whom she pays wages to remain at home; and that if she make an agreement with a tenant, it shall not be in his power to break it. If she will only show a proper spirit, he assures her that there are gentlemen who would be glad of an occasion to support her in her resentment.

The text of both the tracts here given is based on that of the earliest edition I could find, namely, that of 1746, collated with that given by Faulkner.

THE

STORY

OF THE

INJURED LADY.

Being a true Picture of

Scotch Perfidy, Irish Poverty, and English Partiality.

WITH

LETTERS and POEMS

Never before Printed.

By the Rev. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D.

THE STORY OF THE INJURED LADY.

Sir,

Being ruined by the inconstancy and unkindness of a lover, I hope, a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of use and warning to credulous maids, never to put too much trust in deceitful men.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood had two mistresses, another and myself; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houses stood pretty near one another; his was parted from mine by a river, and from my rival's by an old broken wall. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard usage of me, I will give a very just impartial character of my rival and myself.

As to her person she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped; she hath bad features, and a worse complexion; she hath a stinking breath, and twenty ill smells about her besides; which are yet more insufferable by her natural sluttishness; for she is always lousy, and never without the itch. As to other qualities, she hath no reputation either for virtue, honesty, truth, or manners; and it is no wonder, considering what her education hath been. Scolding and cursing are her common conversation. To sum up all; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this gentleman who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible hatred; revileth him to his face, and raileth at him in all companies. Her house is frequented by a company of rogues and thieves, and pickpockets, whom she encourageth to rob his hen-roosts, steal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of mischief. She hath been known to come at the head of these rascals, and beat her lover until he was sore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble she was at. Once, attended with a crew of ragamuffins, she broke into his house, turned all things topsy-turvy, and then set it on fire. At the same time she told so many lies among his servants, that it set them all by the ears, and his poor *Steward* was knocked on the head; for which I think, and so doth all the Country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her character; she is of a different religion, being a Presbyterian of the most rank and virulent kind, and consequently having an inveterate hatred to the Church; yet, I am sure, I have been always told, that in marriage there ought to be an union of minds as well as of persons.

I will now give my own character, and shall do it in few words, and with modesty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with grief and ill usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill feature about me. They that see me now will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of beauty; for besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed and in an undress, as well out of neglect, as

indeed for want of clothes to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turneth to little account under the oppressions I endure, and hath been the true cause of all my misfortunes.

Some years ago, this gentleman taking a fancy either to my person or fortune, made his addresses to me; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted; he seemed to use me with so much tenderness, and his conversation was so very engaging, that all my constancy and virtue were too soon overcome; and, to dwell no longer upon a theme that causeth such bitter reflections, I must confess with shame, that I was undone by the common arts practised upon all easy credulous virgins, half by force, and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. When he had once got possession, he soon began to play the usual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to shew his authority, and to act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant, was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate creatures; for at that time, I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living; I consented that his steward should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under-steward, who should receive his directions. My lover proceeded further, turning away several old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual quarrels, which although I could not possibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and punishment upon me; and upon every falling out, still turned away more of my people, and supplied me in their stead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love and to avoid noise and contention, I yielded to all his usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best policy to make my court to my new servants, and draw them to my interests; I fed them from my own table with the best I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their master. In process of time, all my old servants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants but what were of his choosing; yet I had the good luck by gentle usage to bring over the greatest part of them to my side. When my lover observed this, he began to alter his language; and, to those who enquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old dependant upon his family, whom he had placed on some concerns of his own; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civility in his behaviour. I shall never forget the speech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in the mind of the vast obligations I lay under to him, in sending me so many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners: That it had cost him ten times more than I was worth, to maintain me: That it had been much better for him, if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the bottom of the sea: That it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I

was able, to reimburse him some of his charges: That from henceforward he expected his word should be a law to me in all things: That I must maintain a parish-watch against thieves and robbers, and give salaries to an overseer, a constable, and others, all of his own choosing, whom he would send from time to time to be spies upon me: That to enable me the better in supporting these expenses, my tenants shall be obliged to carry all their goods cross the river to his town-market, and pay toll on both sides, and then sell them at half value. But because we were a nasty sort of people, and that he could not endure to touch anything we had a hand in, and likewise, because he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we must send all our goods to his market just in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow without making it into cheese or butter; the corn in the ear, the grass as it is mowed; the wool as it cometh from the sheep's back, and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands: That if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel: And because a company of rogues usually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was to be out of the way until the poor wretches were plundered; then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he hath put upon me; but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his footboys by any new oppression of me and my whole family and estate, he never disputeth it a moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their wages, and pay their rents; by which means one third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that, instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me clothes to keep me warm, or provide the common necessaries of life for themselves.

Matters being in this posture between me and my lover; I received intelligence that he had been for some time making very pressing overtures of marriage to my rival, until there happened some misunderstandings between them; she gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He, on the other side, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high hand; but hearing at the same time, that she had thoughts of making some private proposals to join with me against him, and doubting, with very good reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper occasion to shew some great example of generosity and love, and so, without further consideration, I sent

him word, that hearing there was likely to be a quarrel between him and my rival; notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would stand by him against her and all the world, while I had a penny in my purse, or a petticoat to pawn. This message was subscribed by all my chief tenants; and proved so powerful, that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The result of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage concluded between them, the wedding clothes are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for some days, because they design it to be a public wedding. And to reward my love, constancy, and generosity, he hath bestowed on me the office of being sempstress to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the midst of this my situation, I cannot but have some pity for this deluded man, to cast himself away on an infamous creature, who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her will. For my part, I think, and so doth all the country too, that the man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some powder.

I am sure, I never sought his alliance, and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have offers, that some, who hold their heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the persecutions of this unreasonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the best advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable pension every year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his oppressions; for he must needs find himself a loser at last, when he hath drained me and my tenants so dry, that we shall not have a penny for him or ourselves. There is one imposition of his, I had almost forgot, which I think unsufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that by an old compact we agreed to have the same steward, at which time I consented likewise to regulate my family and estate by the same method with him, which he then shewed me writ down in form, and I approved of. Now, the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends that whatever orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his family, he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them, without asking my advice, or hearing my reasons. So that, I must not make a lease without his consent, or give any directions for the well-governing of my family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such confusion and uncertainty, that my servants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a loss.

But I am too tedious upon this melancholy subject, which however, I hope, you will forgive, since the happiness of my whole life dependeth upon

it. I desire you will think a while, and give your best advice what measures I shall take with prudence, justice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune against the hardships and severities I lie under from that unkind, inconstant man.

THE ANSWER TO THE INJURED LADY.

Madam,

I have received your Ladyship's letter, and carefully considered every part of it, and shall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own security. But first, I must beg leave to tell your Ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakness t'other day in making that offer to your lover, of standing by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well, that she began to apprehend he had designs of using her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you rather to have entered into some measures with her for joining against him, until he might at least be brought to some reasonable terms: But your invincible hatred to that lady hath carried your resentments so high, as to be the cause of your ruin; yet, if you please to consider, this aversion of yours began a good while before she became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a sort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence for her. It is true, since that time you have suffered very much by her encroachments upon your estate, but she never pretended to govern or direct you: And now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourself; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices she can possibly do you by her credit with her husband; whereas, if, instead of openly declaring against her without any provocation, you had but sat still awhile, and said nothing, that gentleman would have lessened his severity to you out of perfect fear. This weakness of yours, you call generosity; but I doubt there was more in the matter. In short, Madam, I have good reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counsels of some about you: For to my certain knowledge, several of your tenants and servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant rascals as any in the Country. I cannot but observe what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your Ladyship and your rival. Having yielded up your person, you thought nothing else worth defending, and therefore you will not now insist upon those very conditions for which you yielded at first. But your Ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some years since your rival did the same thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a miss, and yet made her pay for her diet and lodging. But, it being at a time when he had no steward, and his family out of order, she stole away, and hath now got the trick very well known among the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But, it is too late to reproach you with any former oversights, which cannot now be rectified. I know the matters of fact as you relate them are true and fairly represented. My advice therefore is this. Get your tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them

agree to the following resolutions.

First, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the said gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obligeth you to have the same steward, and to regulate your household by such methods as you should both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your goods to the market of his town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them anywhere else.

Thirdly, That the servants you pay wages to shall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, That whatever lease you make to a tenant, it shall not be in his power to break it.

If he will agree to these articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of Parish and County.

I can assure you, several of that gentleman's ablest tenants and servants are against his severe usage of you, and would be glad of an occasion to convince the rest of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the gentleman refuses these just and reasonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

I am,
Madam,
Your Ladyship's, etc.

AN ANSWER TO A PAPER, CALLED "A MEMORIAL OF THE POOR INHABITANTS, TRADESMEN, AND LABOURERS OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND."

This is, perhaps, as trenchant and fine a piece of writing as is to be found in any of those pamphlets Swift wrote for the alleviation of the miserable condition of Ireland. The author of the "Memorial" to which Swift made this passionate reply was Sir John Browne, and the purport of his writing may be easily gathered from Swift's animadversions.

The text here given is based on that printed by Faulkner in 1735 in the fourth volume of his collected edition of Swift's works. Scott reprints Browne's "Memorial" and his reply to the present "Answer," but they are of little importance and in no way assist us in our appreciation of Swift's work. The date of Swift's answer is given by Faulkner as "March 25th, 1728," which year Scott misprints 1738, evidently a printer's error, though the arrangement of the order of the pamphlets in his edition leaves much to be desired.

AN ANSWER TO A PAPER, CALLED "A MEMORIAL

OF THE

POOR INHABITANTS, TRADESMEN, AND LABOURERS OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND."

I received a paper from you, wherever you are, printed without any name of author or printer, and sent, I suppose, to me among others, without any particular distinction. It contains a complaint of the dearness of corn, and some schemes of making it cheaper which I cannot approve of.

But pray permit me, before I go further, to give you a short history of the steps by which we arrived at this hopeful situation.

It was, indeed, the shameful practice of too many Irish farmers, to wear out their ground with ploughing; while, either through poverty, laziness, or ignorance, they neither took care to manure it as they ought, nor gave time to any part of the land to recover itself; and, when their leases are near expiring, being assured that their landlords would not renew, they ploughed even the meadows, and made such a havock, that many landlords were considerable sufferers by it.

This gave birth to that abominable race of graziers, who, upon expiration of the farmer's leases were ready to engross great quantities of land; and the gentlemen having been before often ill paid, and their land worn out of heart, were too easily tempted, when a rich grazier made him an offer to take all his land, and give his security for payment. Thus a vast tract of land, where twenty or thirty farmers lived, together with their cottagers and labourers in their several cabins, became all desolate, and easily managed by one or two herdsmen and their boys; whereby the master-grazier, with little trouble, seized to himself the livelihood of a hundred people.

It must be confessed, that the farmers were justly punished for their knavery, brutality, and folly. But neither are the squires and landlords to be excused; for to them is owing the depopulating of the country, the vast number of beggars, and the ruin of those few sorry improvements we had.

That farmers should be limited in ploughing is very reasonable, and practised in England, and might have easily been done here by penal clauses in their leases; but to deprive them, in a manner, altogether from tilling their lands, was a most stupid want of thinking.

Had the farmers been confined to plough a certain quantity of land, with a penalty of ten pounds an acre for whatever they exceeded, and farther limited for the three or four last years of their leases, all this evil had been prevented;

the nation would have saved a million of money, and been more populous by above two hundred thousand souls.

For a people, denied the benefit of trade, to manage their lands in such a manner as to produce nothing but what they are forbidden to trade with, or only such things as they can neither export nor manufacture to advantage, is an absurdity that a wild Indian would be ashamed of; especially when we add, that we are content to purchase this hopeful commerce, by sending to foreign markets for our daily bread.

The grazier's employment is to feed great flocks of sheep, or black cattle, or both. With regard to sheep, as folly is usually accompanied with perverseness, so it is here. There is something so monstrous to deal in a commodity (further than for our own use) which we are not allowed to export manufactured, nor even unmanufactured, but to one certain country, and only to some few ports in that country; there is, I say, something so sottish, that it wants a name in our language to express it by: and the good of it is, that the more sheep we have, the fewer human creatures are left to wear the wool, or eat the flesh. Ajax was mad, when he mistook a flock of sheep for his enemies; but we shall never be sober, until we have the same way of thinking.

The other part of the grazier's business is, what we call black-cattle, producing hides, tallow, and beef for exportation: all which are good and useful commodities, if rightly managed. But it seems, the greatest part of the hides are sent out raw, for want of bark to tan them; and that want will daily grow stronger; for I doubt the new project of tanning without it is at an end. Our beef, I am afraid, still continues scandalous in foreign markets, for the old reasons. But our tallow, for anything I know, may be good. However, to bestow the whole kingdom on beef and mutton, and thereby drive out half the people who should eat their share, and force the rest to send sometimes as far as Egypt for bread to eat with it, is a most peculiar and distinguished piece of public economy, of which I have no comprehension.

I know very well that our ancestors the Scythians, and their posterity our kinsmen the Tartars, lived upon the blood, and milk, and raw flesh of their cattle, without one grain of corn; but I confess myself so degenerate, that I am not easy without bread to my victuals.

What amazed me for a week or two, was to see, in this prodigious plenty of cattle, and dearth of human creatures, and want of bread, as well as money to buy it, that all kind of flesh-meat should be monstrously dear, beyond what was ever known in this kingdom. I thought it a defect in the laws, that there was not some regulation in the price of flesh, as well as bread: but I imagine myself to have guessed out the reason: In short, I am apt to think that the whole kingdom is overstocked with cattle, both black and white; and as it is observed, that the poor Irish have a vanity to be rather owners of two lean cows, than one fat, although with double the charge of grazing, and but half the quantity of milk; so I conceive it much more difficult at present to find a fat bullock or wether, than it would be if half of both were fairly knocked on

the head: for I am assured that the district in the several markets called Carrion Row is as reasonable as the poor can desire; only the circumstance of money to purchase it, and of trade, or labour, to purchase that money, are indeed wholly wanting.

Now, sir, to return more particularly to you and your memorial.

A hundred thousand barrels of wheat, you say, should be imported hither; and ten thousand pounds premium to the importers. Have you looked into the purse of the nation? I am no commissioner of the treasury; but am well assured that the whole running cash would not supply you with a sum to purchase so much corn, which, only at twenty shillings a barrel, will be a hundred thousand pounds; and ten thousand more for the premiums. But you will traffic for your corn with other goods: and where are those goods? if you had them, they are all engaged to pay the rents of absentees, and other occasions in London, besides a huge balance of trade this year against us. Will foreigners take our bankers' papers? I suppose they will value it at little more than so much a quire. Where are these rich farmers and engrossers of corn, in so bad a year, and so little sowing?

You are in pain of two shillings premium, and forget the twenty shillings for the price; find me out the latter, and I will engage for the former.

Your scheme for a tax for raising such a sum is all visionary, and owing to a great want of knowledge in the *miserable state* of this nation. Tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wine, and foreign clothes, are the particulars you mention upon which this tax should be raised. I will allow the two first; because they are unwholesome; and the last, because I should be glad if they were all burned: but I beg you will leave us our wine to make us a while forget our misery; or give your tenants leave to plough for barley. But I will tell you a secret, which I learned many years ago from the commissioners of the customs in London: they said, when any commodity appeared to be taxed above a moderate rate, the consequence was, to lessen that branch of the revenue by one half; and one of those gentlemen pleasantly told me, that the mistake of parliaments, on such occasions, was owing to an error of computing two and two to make four; whereas, in the business of laying impositions, two and two never made more than one; which happens by lessening the import, and the strong temptation of running such goods as paid high duties. At least in this kingdom, although the women are as vain and extravagant as their lovers or their husbands can deserve, and the men are fond enough of wine; yet the number of both who can afford such expenses is so small, that the major part must refuse gratifying themselves, and the duties will rather be lessened than increased. But, allowing no force in this argument; yet so preternatural a sum as one hundred and ten thousand pounds, raised all on a sudden, (for there is no dallying with hunger,) is just in proportion with raising a million and a half in England; which, as things now stand, would probably bring that opulent kingdom under some difficulties.

You are concerned how strange and surprising it would be in foreign parts

to hear that the poor were starving in a rich country, &c. Are you in earnest? Is Ireland the rich country you mean? Or are you insulting our poverty? Were you ever out of Ireland? Or were you ever in it till of late? You may probably have a good employment, and are saving all you can to purchase a good estate in England. But by talking so familiarly of one hundred and ten thousand pounds, by a tax upon a few commodities, it is plain you are either naturally or affectedly ignorant of our present condition: or else you would know and allow, that such a sum is not to be raised here, without a general excise; since, in proportion to our wealth, we pay already in taxes more than England ever did in the height of the war. And when you have brought over your corn, who will be the buyers? Most certainly not the poor, who will not be able to purchase the twentieth part of it.

Sir, upon the whole, your paper is a very crude piece, liable to more objections than there are lines; but I think your meaning is good, and so far you are pardonable.

If you will propose a general contribution in supporting the poor in potatoes and butter-milk, till the new corn comes in, perhaps you may succeed better, because the thing at least is possible; and I think if our brethren in England would contribute upon this emergency, out of the million they gain from us every year, they would do a piece of justice as well as charity. In the mean time, go and preach to your own tenants, to fall to the plough as fast as they can; and prevail with your neighbouring squires to do the same with theirs; or else die with the guilt of having driven away half the inhabitants, and starving the rest. For as to your scheme of raising one hundred and ten thousand pounds, it is as vain as that of Rabelais; which was, to squeeze out wind from the posteriors of a dead ass.

But why all this concern for the poor? We want them not, as the country is now managed; they may follow thousands of their leaders, and seek their bread abroad. Where the plough has no work, one family can do the business of fifty, and you may send away the other forty-nine. An admirable piece of husbandry, never known or practised by the wisest nations, who erroneously thought people to be the riches of a country!

If so wretched a state of things would allow it, methinks I could have a malicious pleasure, after all the warning I have in vain given the public, at my own peril, for several years past, to see the consequences and events answering in every particular. I pretend to no sagacity: what I writ was little more than what I had discoursed to several persons, who were generally of my opinion; and it was obvious to every common understanding, that such effects must needs follow from such causes; — a fair issue of things begun upon party rage, while some sacrificed the public to fury, and others to ambition: while a spirit of faction and oppression reigned in every part of the country, where gentlemen, instead of consulting the ease of their tenants, or cultivating their lands, were worrying one another upon points of Whig and Tory, of High Church and Low Church; which no more concerned them than the long

and famous controversy of strops for razors: while agriculture was wholly discouraged, and consequently half the farmers and labourers, and poorer tradesmen, forced to beggary or banishment. “Wisdom crieth in the streets: Because I have called on ye; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsels, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.”

I have now done with your Memorial, and freely excuse your mistakes, since you appear to write as a stranger, and as of a country which is left at liberty to enjoy the benefits of nature, and to make the best of those advantages which God hath given it, in soil, climate, and situation.

But having lately sent out a paper, entitled, *A Short View of the State of Ireland*; and hearing of an objection, that some people think I have treated the memory of the late Lord Chief Justice Whitshed with an appearance of severity; since I may not probably have another opportunity of explaining myself in that particular, I choose to do it here. Laying it, therefore, down for a postulatum, which I suppose will be universally granted, that no little creature of so mean a birth and genius, had ever the honour to be a greater enemy to his country, and to all kinds of virtue, than HE, I answer thus; Whether there be two different goddesses called Fame, as some authors contend, or only one goddess sounding two different trumpets, it is certain that people distinguished for their villainy have as good a title for a blast from the proper trumpet, as those who are most renowned for their virtues have from the other; and have equal reason to complain if it be refused them. And accordingly the names of the most celebrated profligates have been faithfully transmitted down to posterity. And although the person here understood acted his part in an obscure corner of the world, yet his talents might have shone with lustre enough in the noblest scene.

As to my naming a person dead, the plain honest reason is the best. He was armed with power, guilt, and will to do mischief, even where he was not provoked, as appeared by his prosecuting two printers, one to death, and both to ruin, who had neither offended God nor the King, nor him nor the public.

What an encouragement to vice is this! If an ill man be alive, and in power, we dare not attack him; and if he be weary of the world, or of his own villainies, he has nothing to do but die, and then his reputation is safe. For these excellent casuists know just Latin enough to have heard a most foolish precept, that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; so that if Socrates, and Anytus his accuser, had happened to die together, the charity of survivors must either have obliged them to hold their peace, or to fix the same character on both. The only crime of charging the dead is, when the least doubt remains whether the accusation be true; but when men are openly abandoned, and lost to all shame, they have no reason to think it hard if their memory be reproached. Whoever reports, or otherwise publisheth, any thing which it is possible may be false, that man is a slanderer; *hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto*. Even the least misrepresentation, or aggravation of facts, deserves the same

censure, in some degree, but in this case, I am quite deceived if my error hath not been on the side of extenuation.

I have now present before me the idea of some persons (I know not in what part of the world) who spend every moment of their lives, and every turn of their thoughts, while they are awake, (and probably of their dreams while they sleep,) in the most detestable actions and designs; who delight in mischief, scandal, and obloquy, with the hatred and contempt of all mankind against them, but chiefly of those among their own party and their own family; such whose odious qualities rival each other for perfection: avarice, brutality, faction, pride, malice, treachery, noise, impudence, dullness, ignorance, vanity, and revenge, contending every moment for superiority in their breasts. Such creatures are not to be reformed, neither is it prudence or safety to attempt a reformation. Yet, although their memories will rot, there may be some benefit for their survivors to smell it while it is rotting.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
A. B.

Dublin,
March 25th, 1728.

ANSWER TO SEVERAL LETTERS FROM UNKNOWN PERSONS

Written in the Year 1729.

Gentlemen,

I am inclined to think that I received a letter from you two, last summer, directed to Dublin, while I was in the country, whither it was sent me; and I ordered an answer to it to be printed, but it seems it had little effect, and I suppose this will have not much more. But the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed. And, gentlemen, I am to tell you another thing: That the world is so regardless of what we write for the public good, that after we have delivered our thoughts, without any prospect of advantage, or of reputation, which latter is not to be had but by subscribing our names, we cannot prevail upon a printer to be at the charge of sending it into the world, unless we will be at all or half the expense; and although we are willing enough to bestow our labours, we think it unreasonable to be out of pocket; because it probably may not consist with the situation of our affairs.

I do very much approve your good intentions, and in a great measure your manner of declaring them; and I do imagine you intended that the world should not only know your sentiments, but my answer, which I shall impartially give.

That great prelate, to whose care you directed your letter, sent it to me this morning; and I begin my answer to-night, not knowing what interruption I may meet with.

I have ordered your letter to be printed, as it ought to be, along with my answer; because I conceive it will be more acceptable and informing to the kingdom.

I shall therefore now go on to answer your letter in all manner of sincerity.

Although your letter be directed to me, yet I take myself to be only an imaginary person; for, although I conjecture I had formerly one from you, yet I never answered it otherwise than in print; neither was I at a loss to know the reasons why so many people of this kingdom were transporting themselves to America. And if this encouragement were owing to a pamphlet written, giving an account of the country of Pennsylvania, to tempt people to go thither, I do declare that those who were tempted, by such a narrative, to such a journey, were fools, and the author a most impudent knave; at least, if it be the same pamphlet I saw when it first came out, which is above 25 years ago, dedicated to Will Penn (whom by a mistake you call “Sir William Penn,”) and styling him, by authority of the Scripture, “Most Noble Governor.” For I was very

well acquainted with Penn, and did, some years after, talk with him upon that pamphlet, and the impudence of the author, who spoke so many things in praise of the soil and climate, which Penn himself did absolutely contradict. For he did assure me that his country wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson's Bay and the Frozen Sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees, and was even pernicious to all common vegetables. But, indeed, New York, Virginia, and other parts less northward, or more defended by mountains, are described as excellent countries: but, upon what conditions of advantage foreigners go thither, I am yet to seek.

What evils do our people avoid by running from hence, is easier to be determined. They conceive themselves to live under the tyranny of most cruel exacting landlords, who have no view further than increasing their rent-rolls. Secondly, you complain of the want of trade, whereof you seem not to know the reason. Thirdly, you lament most justly the money spent by absentees in England. Fourthly, you complain that your linen manufacture declines. Fifthly, that your tithe-collectors oppress you. Sixthly, that your children have no hopes of preferment in the church, the revenue, or the army; to which you might have added the law, and all civil employments whatsoever. Seventhly, you are undone for silver, and want all other money.

I could easily add some other motives, which, to men of spirit, who desire and expect, and think they deserve the common privileges of human nature, would be of more force, than any you have yet named, to drive them out of this kingdom. But, as these speculations may probably not much affect the brains of your people, I shall choose to let them pass unmentioned. Yet I cannot but observe, that my very good and virtuous friend, his excellency Burnet, (*O fili, nec tali indigne parente!*) hath not hitherto been able to persuade his vassals, by his oratory in the style of a command, to settle a revenue on his viceroyal person. I have been likewise assured, that in one of those colonies on the continent, which nature hath so far favoured, as (by the industry of the inhabitants) to produce a great quantity of excellent rice, the stubbornness of the people, who having been told that the world is wide, took it into their heads that they might sell their own rice at whatever foreign markets they pleased, and seem, by their practice, very unwilling to quit that opinion.

But, to return to my subject: I must confess to you both, that if one reason of your people's deserting us be, the despair of things growing better in their own country, I have not one syllable to answer; because that would be to hope for what is impossible; and so I have been telling the public these ten years. For there are three events which must precede any such blessing: First, a liberty of trade; secondly, a share of preferments in all kinds, to the British natives; and thirdly, a return of those absentees, who take almost one half of the kingdom's revenues. As to the first, there is nothing left us but despair; and for the third, it will never happen till the kingdom hath no money to send

them; for which, in my own particular, I should not be sorry.

The exaction of landlords hath indeed been a grievance of above twenty years' standing. But as to what you object about the severe clauses relating to improvement, the fault lies wholly on the other side: for the landlords, either by their ignorance, or greediness of making large rent-rolls, have performed this matter so ill, as we see by experience, that there is not one tenant in five hundred who hath made any improvement worth mentioning. For which I appeal to any man who rides through the kingdom, where little is to be found among the tenants but beggary and desolation; the cabins of the Scotch themselves, in Ulster, being as dirty and miserable as those of the wildest Irish. Whereas good firm penal clauses for improvement, with a tolerable easy rent, and a reasonable period of time, would, in twenty years, have increased the rents of Ireland at least a third part in the intrinsic value.

I am glad to hear you speak with some decency of the clergy, and to impute the exactions you lament to the managers or farmers of the tithes. But you entirely mistake the fact; for I defy the most wicked and most powerful clergymen in the kingdom to oppress the meanest farmer in the parish; and I likewise defy the same clergyman to prevent himself from being cheated by the same farmer, whenever that farmer shall be disposed to be knavish or peevish. For, although the Ulster tithing-teller is more advantageous to the clergy than any other in the kingdom, yet the minister can demand no more than his tenth; and where the corn much exceeds the small tithes, as, except in some districts, I am told it always doth, he is at the mercy of every stubborn farmer, especially of those whose sect as well as interest incline them to opposition. However, I take it that your people bent for America do not shew the best part of their prudence in making this one part of their complaint: yet they are so far wise, as not to make the payment of tithes a scruple of conscience, which is too gross for any Protestant dissenter, except a Quaker, to pretend. But do your people indeed think, that if tithes were abolished, or delivered into the hands of the landlord, after the blessed manner in the Scotch spiritual economy, that the tenant would sit easier in his rent under the same person, who must be lord of the soil and of the tithe together?

I am ready enough to grant, that the oppression of landlords, the utter ruin of trade, with its necessary consequence the want of money, half the revenues of the kingdom spent abroad, the continued dearth of three years, and the strong delusion in your people by false allurement from America, may be the chief motives of their eagerness after such an expedition. [But there is likewise another temptation, which is not of inconsiderable weight; which is their itch of living in a country where their sect is predominant, and where their eyes and consciences would not be offended by the stumbling-block of ceremonies, habits, and spiritual titles.]

But I was surprised to find that those calamities, whereof we are innocent, have been sufficient to drive many families out of their country, who had no reason to complain of oppressive landlords. For, while I was last year in the

northern parts, a person of quality, whose estate was let above 20 years ago, and then at a very reasonable rent, some for leases of lives, and some perpetuities, did, in a few months, purchase eleven of those leases at a very inconsiderable price, although they were, two years ago, reckoned to pay but half value. From whence it is manifest, that our present miserable condition, and the dismal prospect of worse, with other reasons above assigned, are sufficient to put men upon trying this desperate experiment, of changing the scene they are in, although landlords should, by a miracle, become less inhuman.

There is hardly a scheme proposed for improving the trade of this kingdom, which doth not manifestly shew the stupidity and ignorance of the proposer; and I laugh with contempt at those weak wise heads, who proceed upon general maxims, or advise us to follow the examples of Holland and England. These empirics talk by rote, without understanding the constitution of the kingdom: as if a physician, knowing that exercise contributed much to health, should prescribe to his patient under a severe fit of the gout, to walk ten miles every morning. The directions for Ireland are very short and plain; to encourage agriculture and home consumption, and utterly discard all importations which are not absolutely necessary for health or life. And how few necessities, conveniences, or even comforts of life, are denied us by nature, or not to be attained by labour and industry! Are those detestable extravagancies of Flanders lace, English cloths of our own wool, and other goods, Italian or Indian silks, tea, coffee, chocolate, china-ware, and that profusion of wines, by the knavery of merchants growing dearer every season, with a hundred unnecessary fopperies, better known to others than me; are these, I say, fit for us, any more than for the beggar who could not eat his veal without oranges? Is it not the highest indignity to human nature, that men should be such poltroons as to suffer the kingdom and themselves to be undone, by the vanity, the folly, the pride, and wantonness of their wives, who, under their present corruptions, seem to be a kind of animal, suffered, for our sins, to be sent into the world for the destruction of families, societies, and kingdoms; and whose whole study seems directed to be as expensive as they possibly can, in every useless article of living; who, by long practice, can reconcile the most pernicious foreign drugs to their health and pleasure, provided they are but expensive, as starlings grow fat with henbane; who contract a robustness by mere practice of sloth and luxury; who can play deep several hours after midnight, sleep beyond noon, revel upon Indian poisons, and spend the revenue of a moderate family to adorn a nauseous, unwholesome living carcase? Let those few who are not concerned in any part of this accusation, suppose it unsaid; let the rest take it among them. Gracious God, in His mercy, look down upon a nation so shamefully besotted!

If I am possessed of an hundred pounds a year, and by some misfortune it sinks to fifty, without a possibility of ever being retrieved; does it remain a question, in such an exigency, what I am to do? Must not I retrench one-half

in every article of expense, or retire to some cheap, distant part of the country, where necessaries are at half value?

Is there any mortal who can shew me, under the circumstances we stand with our neighbours, under their inclinations towards us, under laws never to be repealed, under the desolation caused by absentees, under many other circumstances not to be mentioned, that this kingdom can ever be a nation of trade, or subsist by any other method than that of a reduced family, by the utmost parsimony, in the manner I have already prescribed?

I am tired with letters from many unreasonable, well-meaning people, who are daily pressing me to deliver my thoughts in this deplorable juncture, which, upon many others, I have so often done in vain. What will it import, that half a score people in a coffee-house may happen to read this paper, and even the majority of those few differ in every sentiment from me? If the farmer be not allowed to sow his corn; if half the little money among us be sent to pay rents to Irish absentees, and the rest for foreign luxury and dress for the women, what will our charitable dispositions avail, when there is nothing left to be given? When, contrary to all custom and example, all necessaries of life are so exorbitant; when money of all kinds was never known to be so scarce, so that gentlemen of no contemptible estates are forced to retrench in every article, (except what relates to their wives,) without being able to shew any bounty to the poor?

AN ANSWER TO SEVERAL LETTERS SENT ME FROM UNKNOWN HANDS

Written in the Year 1729.

I am very well pleased with the good opinion you express of me; and wish it were any way in my power to answer your expectations, for the service of my country. I have carefully read your several schemes and proposals, which you think should be offered to the Parliament. In answer, I will assure you, that, in another place, I have known very good proposals rejected with contempt by public assemblies, merely because they were offered from without doors; and yours, perhaps, might have the same fate, especially if handed into the public by me, who am not acquainted with three members, nor have the least interest with one. My printers have been twice prosecuted, to my great expense, on account of discourses I writ for the public service, without the least reflection on parties or persons; and the success I had in those of the Drapier, was not owing to my abilities, but to a lucky juncture, when the fuel was ready for the first hand that would be at the pains of kindling it. It is true, both those envenomed prosecutions were the workmanship of a judge, who is now gone *to his own place*. But, let that be as it will, I am determined, henceforth, never to be the instrument of leaving an innocent man at the mercy of that bench.

It is certain there are several particulars relating to this kingdom (I have mentioned a few of them in one of my Drapier's letters,) which it were heartily to be wished that the Parliament would take under their consideration, such as will nowise interfere with England, otherwise than to its advantage.

The first I shall mention, is touched at in a letter which I received from one of you, gentlemen, about the highways; which, indeed, are almost everywhere scandalously neglected. I know a very rich man in this city, a true lover and saver of his money, who, being possessed of some adjacent lands, hath been at great charge in repairing effectually the roads that lead to them; and has assured me that his lands are thereby advanced four or five shillings an acre, by which he gets treble interest. But, generally speaking, all over the kingdom the roads are deplorable; and, what is more particularly barbarous, there is no sort of provision made for travellers on foot; no, not near this city, except in a very few places, and in a most wretched manner: whereas the English are so particularly careful in this point, that you may travel there an hundred miles with less inconvenience than one mile here. But, since this may be thought too great a reformation, I shall only speak of roads for horses, carriages, and cattle.

Ireland is, I think, computed to be one-third smaller than England; yet, by some natural disadvantages, it would not bear quite the same proportion in

value, with the same encouragement. However, it hath so happened, for many years past, that it never arrived to above one-eleventh part in point of riches; and of late, by the continual decrease of trade, and increase of absentees, with other circumstances not here to be mentioned, hardly to a fifteenth part; at least, if my calculations be right, which I doubt are a little too favourable on our side.

Now, supposing day-labour to be cheaper by one half here than in England, and our roads, by the nature of our carriages, and the desolation of our country, to be not worn and beaten above one-eighth part so much as those of England, which is a very moderate computation, I do not see why the mending of them would be a greater burthen to this kingdom than to that.

There have been, I believe, twenty acts of Parliament, in six or seven years of the late King, for mending long tracts of impassable ways in several counties of England, by erecting turnpikes, and receiving passage-money, in a manner that everybody knows. If what I have advanced be true, it would be hard to give a reason against the same practice here; since the necessity is as great, the advantage, in proportion, perhaps much greater, the materials of stone and gravel as easy to be found, and the workmanship, at least, twice as cheap. Besides, the work may be done gradually, with allowances for the poverty of the nation, by so many perch a year; but with a special care to encourage skill and diligence, and to prevent fraud in the undertakers, to which we are too liable, and which are not always confined to those of the meaner sort: but against these, no doubt, the wisdom of the nation may and will provide.

Another evil, which, in my opinion, deserves the public care, is the ill management of the bogs; the neglect whereof is a much greater mischief to this kingdom than most people seem to be aware of.

It is allowed, indeed, by those who are esteemed most skilful in such matters, that the red, swelling mossy bog, whereof we have so many large tracts in this island, is not by any means to be fully reduced; but the skirts, which are covered with a green coat, easily may, being not an accretion, or annual growth of moss, like the other.

Now, the landlords are generally too careless that they suffer their tenants to cut their turf in these skirts, as well as the bog adjoined; whereby there is yearly lost a considerable quantity of land throughout the kingdom, never to be recovered.

But this is not the greatest part of the mischief: for the main bog, although, perhaps, not reducible to natural soil, yet, by continuing large, deep, straight canals through the middle, cleaned at proper times as low as the channel or gravel, would become a secure summer-pasture; the margins might, with great profit and ornament, be filled with quickens, birch, and other trees proper for such a soil, and the canals be convenient for water-carriage of the turf, which is now drawn upon sled-cars, with great expense, difficulty, and loss of time, by reason of the many turf-pits scattered irregularly through

the bog, wherein great numbers of cattle are yearly drowned. And it hath been, I confess, to me a matter of the greatest vexation, as well as wonder, to think how any landlord could be so absurd as to suffer such havoc to be made.

All the acts for encouraging plantations of forest-trees are, I am told, extremely defective; which, with great submission, must have been owing to a defect of skill in the contrivers of them. In this climate, by the continual blowing of the west-south-west wind, hardly any tree of value will come to perfection that is not planted in groves, except very rarely, and where there is much land-shelter. I have not, indeed, read all the acts; but, from enquiry, I cannot learn that the planting in groves is enjoined. And as to the effects of these laws, I have not seen the least, in many hundred miles riding, except about a very few gentlemen's houses, and even those with very little skill or success. In all the rest, the hedges generally miscarry, as well as the larger slender twigs planted upon the tops of ditches, merely for want of common skill and care.

I do not believe that a greater and quicker profit could be made, than by planting large groves of ash a few feet asunder, which in seven years would make the best kind of hop-poles, and grow in the same or less time to a second crop from their roots.

It would likewise be of great use and beauty in our desert scenes, to oblige all tenants and cottagers to plant ash or elm before their cabins, and round their potato-gardens, where cattle either do not or ought not to come to destroy them.

The common objections against all this, drawn from the laziness, the perverseness, or thievish disposition, of the poor native Irish, might be easily answered, by shewing the true reasons for such accusations, and how easily those people may be brought to a less savage manner of life: but my printers have already suffered too much for my speculations. However, supposing the size of a native's understanding just equal to that of a dog or horse, I have often seen those two animals to be civilized by rewards, at least as much as by punishments.

It would be a noble achievement to abolish the Irish language in this kingdom, so far at least as to oblige all the natives to speak only English on every occasion of business, in shops, markets, fairs, and other places of dealing: yet I am wholly deceived, if this might not be effectually done in less than half an age, and at a very trifling expense; for such I look upon a tax to be of only six thousand pounds a year, to accomplish so great a work. This would, in a great measure, civilize the most barbarous among them, reconcile them to our customs and manner of living, and reduce great numbers to the national religion, whatever kind may then happen to be established. The method is plain and simple; and although I am too desponding to produce it, yet I could heartily wish some public thoughts were employed to reduce this uncultivated people from that idle, savage, beastly, thievish manner of life, in which they continue sunk to a degree, that it is almost impossible for a

country gentleman to find a servant of human capacity, or the least tincture of natural honesty; or who does not live among his own tenants in continual fear of having his plantations destroyed, his cattle stolen, and his goods pilfered.

The love, affection, or vanity of living in England, continuing to carry thither so many wealthy families, the consequences thereof, together with the utter loss of all trade, except what is detrimental, which hath forced such great numbers of weavers, and others, to seek their bread in foreign countries; the unhappy practice of stocking such vast quantities of land with sheep and other cattle, which reduceth twenty families to one: these events, I say, have exceedingly depopulated this kingdom for several years past. I should heartily wish, therefore, under this miserable dearth of money, that those who are most concerned would think it advisable to save a hundred thousand pounds a year, which is now sent out of this kingdom, to feed us with corn. There is not an older or more uncontroverted maxim in the politics of all wise nations, than that of encouraging agriculture: and therefore, to what kind of wisdom a practice so directly contrary among us may be reduced, I am by no means a judge. If labour and people make the true riches of a nation, what must be the issue where one part of the people are forced away, and the other part have nothing to do?

If it should be thought proper by wiser heads, that his Majesty might be applied to in a national way, for giving the kingdom leave to coin halfpence for its own use, I believe no good subject will be under the least apprehension that such a request could meet with refusal, or the least delay. Perhaps we are the only kingdom upon earth, or that ever was or will be upon earth, which did not enjoy that common right of civil society, under the proper inspection of its prince or legislature, to coin money of all usual metals for its own occasions. Every petty prince in Germany, vassal to the Emperor, enjoys this privilege. And I have seen in this kingdom several silver pieces, with the inscription of Civitas Waterford, Droghedagh, and other towns.

A LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, CONCERNING THE WEAVERS

Written in the Year 1729.

The archbishop to whom Swift wrote was Dr. William King, for many years his friend. King was a fine patriot and had stood out strongly against the imposition of Wood's Halfpence. In this letter, so characteristic of Swift's attitude towards the condition of Ireland, he aims at a practical and immediate relief. The causes for this condition discussed so ably by Molesworth, Prior and Dobbs in their various treatises are too academic for him. His "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture" well illustrates the kind of practical reform Swift insisted on. Yet the insistence was more because of the spirit of independence such a course demanded. To Swift there was no hope for Ireland without a radical change in the spirit of its people. The change meant the assertion of manliness, independence, and strength of character. How to attain these, and how to make the people aware of their power, were always Swift's aims. All his tracts are assertions of and dilations on these themes. If the people were but to insist on wearing their own manufactures, since they were prohibited from exporting them, they would keep their money in the kingdom. Likewise, if they were to deny themselves the indulgence in luxuries, they would not have to send out their money to the countries from which these luxuries were obtained. There were methods ready at hand, but the practice in them would result in the cultivation of that respect for themselves without which a nation is worse than a pauper and lower than a slave.

The text of this edition is based on the original manuscript, and collated with that of Scott's second edition of Swift's collected works.

A LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, CONCERNING THE WEAVERS

My Lord,

The corporation of weavers in the woollen manufacture, who have so often attended your Grace, and called upon me with their schemes and proposals were with me on Thursday last, when he who spoke for the rest and in the name of his absent brethren, said, "It was the opinion of the whole body, that if somewhat were written at this time by an able hand to persuade the people of the Kingdom to wear their own woollen manufactures, it might be of good use to the Nation in general, and preserve many hundreds of their trade from starving." To which I answered, "That it was hard for any man of common spirit to turn his thoughts to such speculations, without discovering a resentment which people are too delicate to bear." For, I will not deny to your Grace, that I cannot reflect on the singular condition of this Country, different from all others upon the face of the Earth, without some emotion, and without often examining as I pass the streets whether those animals which come in my way with two legs and human faces, clad and erect, be of the same species with what I have seen very like them in England, as to the outward shape, but differing in their notions, natures, and intellectuals, more than any two kinds of brutes in a forest, which any men of common prudence would immediately discover, by persuading them to define what they mean by law, liberty, property, courage, reason, loyalty or religion.

One thing, my Lord, I am very confident of; that if God Almighty for our sins would most justly send us a pestilence, whoever should dare to discover his grief in public for such a visitation, would certainly be censured for disaffection to the Government. For I solemnly profess, that I do not know one calamity we have undergone this many years, whereof any man whose opinions were not in fashion dared to lament without being openly charged with that imputation. And this is the harder, because although a mother when she hath corrected her child may sometimes force it to kiss the rod, yet she will never give that power to the footboy or the scullion.

My Lord, there are two things for the people of this Kingdom to consider. First their present evil condition; and secondly what can be done in some degree to remedy it.

I shall not enter into a particular description of our present misery; It hath been already done in several papers, and very fully in one, entitled, "A short View of the State of Ireland." It will be enough to mention the entire want of trade, the Navigation Act executed with the utmost rigour, the remission of a million every year to England, the ruinous importation of foreign luxury and vanity, the oppression of landlords, and discouragement of agriculture.

Now all these evils are without the possibility of a cure except that of

importations, and to fence against ruinous folly will be always in our power in spite of the discouragements, mortifications, contempt, hatred, and oppression we can lie under. But our trade will never mend, the Navigation Act never be softened, our absentees never return, our endless foreign payments never be lessened, or our landlords ever be less exacting.

All other schemes for preserving this Kingdom from utter ruin are idle and visionary, consequently drawn from wrong reasoning, and from general topics which for the same causes that they may be true in all Nations are certainly false in ours; as I have told the Public often enough, but with as little effect as what I shall say at present is likely to produce.

I am weary of so many abortive projects for the advancement of trade, of so many crude proposals in letters sent me from unknown hands, of so many contradictory speculations about raising or sinking the value of gold and silver: I am not in the least sorry to hear of the great numbers going to America, though very much so for the causes that drive them from us, since the uncontrolled maxim, "That people are the riches of a Nation," is no maxim here under our circumstances. We have neither [manufactures] to employ them about, nor food to support them.

If a private gentleman's income be sunk irretrievably for ever from a hundred pounds to fifty, and that he hath no other method to supply the deficiency, I desire to know, my Lord, whether such a person hath any other course to take than to sink half his expenses in every article of economy, to save himself from ruin and the gaol. Is not this more than doubly the case of Ireland, where the want of money, the irrecoverable ruin of trade, with the other evils above mentioned, and many more too well known and felt, and too numerous or invidious to relate, have been gradually sinking us for above a dozen years past, to a degree that we are at least by two thirds in a worse condition than was ever known since the Revolution? Therefore instead of dreams and projects for the advancing of trade, we have nothing left but to find out some expedient whereby we may reduce our expenses to our incomes.

Yet this procedure, allowed so necessary in all private families, and in its own nature so easy to be put in practice, may meet with strong opposition by the cowardly slavish indulgence of the men to the intolerable pride arrogance vanity and luxury of the women, who strictly adhering to the rules of modern education seem to employ their whole stock of invention in contriving new arts of profusion, faster than the most parsimonious husband can afford; and to compass this work the more effectually, their universal maxim is to despise and detest everything of the growth and manufacture of their own country, and most to value whatever comes from the very remotest parts of the globe. And I am convinced, that if the virtuosi could once find out a world in the moon, with a passage to it, our women would wear nothing but what came directly from thence.

The prime cost of wine yearly imported to Ireland is valued at thirty

thousand pounds, and the tea (including coffee and chocolate) at five times that sum. The lace, silks, calicoes, and all other unnecessary ornaments for women, including English cloths and stuffs, added to the former articles, make up (to compute grossly), about four hundred thousand pounds.

Now, if we should allow the thirty thousand pounds for wine, wherein the women have their share, and which is all we have to comfort us, and deduct seventy thousand pounds more for over-reckoning, there would still remain three hundred thousand pounds, annually spent for unwholesome drugs, and unnecessary finery. Which prodigious sum would be wholly saved, and many thousands of our miserable shopkeepers and manufacturers comfortably supported.

Let speculative people busy their brains as much as they please, there is no other way to prevent this Kingdom from sinking for ever than by utterly renouncing all foreign dress and luxury.

It is absolutely so in fact that every husband of any fortune in the Kingdom is nourishing a poisonous, devouring serpent in his bosom with all the mischief but with none of its wisdom.

If all the women were clad with the growth of their own Country, they might still vie with each other in the cause of foppery, and still have room left to vie with each other, and equally shew their wit and judgment in deciding upon the variety of Irish stuffs; And if they could be contented with their native wholesome slops for breakfast, we should hear no more of their spleen, hysterics, colics, palpitations, and asthmas. They might still be allowed to ruin each other and their husbands at play, because the money lost would only circulate among ourselves.

My Lord; I freely own it a wild imagination that any words will cure the sottishness of men, or the vanity of women, but the Kingdom is in a fair way of producing the most effectual remedy, when there will not be money left for the common course of buying and selling the very necessaries of life in our markets, unless we absolutely change the whole method of our proceedings.

This Corporation of Weavers in Woollen and Silks, who have so frequently offered proposals both to your Grace and to me, are the hottest and coldest generation of men that I have known. About a month ago they attended your Grace, when I had the honour to be with you, and designed me then the same favour. They desired you would recommend to your clergy to wear gowns of Irish stuffs, which might probably spread the example among all their brethren in the Kingdom, and perhaps among the lawyers and gentlemen of the University and among the citizens of those Corporations who appear in gowns on solemn occasions. I then mentioned a kind of stuff, not above eightpence a yard, which I heard had been contrived by some of the trade and was very convenient. I desired they would prepare some of that or any sort of black stuff on a certain day, when your Grace would appoint as many clergymen as could readily be found to meet at your Palace, and there give their opinions; and that your Grace's visitations approaching you could

then have the best opportunity of seeing what could be done in a matter of such consequence, as they seemed to think, to the woollen manufacture. But instead of attending, as was expected, they came to me a fortnight after, with a new proposal; that something should be writ by an acceptable and able hand to promote in general the wearing of home manufactures, and their civilities would seem to fix that work upon me. I asked whether they had prepared the stuffs, as they had promised, and your Grace expected; but they had not made the least step in the matter, nor as it appears thought of it more.

I did some years ago propose to the masters and principal dealers in the home manufactures of silk and wool, that they should meet together, and after mature consideration, publish advertisements to the following purpose. That in order to encourage the wearing of Irish manufactures in silk and woollen, they gave notice to the nobility and gentry of the Kingdom, That they the undersigned would enter into bonds, for themselves and for each other, to sell the several sorts of stuffs, cloths and silks, made to the best perfection they were able, for certain fixed prices, and in such a manner, that if a child were sent to any of their shops, the buyer might be secure of the value and goodness, and measure of the ware, and lest this might be thought to look like a monopoly any other member of the trade might be admitted upon such conditions as should be agreed on. And if any person whatsoever should complain that he was ill used in the value or goodness of what he bought, the matter should be examined, the person injured be fully satisfied, by the whole corporation without delay, and the dishonest seller be struck out of the society, unless it appeared evidently that the failure proceeded only from mistake.

The mortal danger is, that if these dealers could prevail by the goodness and cheapness of their cloths and stuffs to give a turn to the principal people of Ireland in favour of their goods, they would relapse into the knavish practice peculiar to this Kingdom, which is apt to run through all trades even so low as a common ale-seller, who as soon as he gets a vogue for his liquor, and outsells his neighbour, thinks his credit will put off the worst he can buy; till his customers will come no more. Thus I have known at London in a general mourning, the drapers dye black all their old damaged goods, and sell them at double rates, and then complain and petition the Court, that they are ready to starve by the continuance of the mourning.

Therefore I say, those principal weavers who would enter in such a compact as I have mentioned, must give sufficient security against all such practices; for if once the women can persuade their husbands that foreign goods besides the finery will be as cheap, and do more service, our last state will be worse than the first.

I do not here pretend to digest perfectly the method by which these principal shopkeepers shall proceed in such a proposal; but my meaning is clear enough, and cannot reasonably be objected against.

We have seen what a destructive loss the Kingdom received by the

detestable fraud of the merchants, or Northern weavers, or both, notwithstanding all the care of the Governers at that Board; the whole trade with Spain for our linen, when we had an offer of commerce with the Spaniards, to the value as I am told of three hundred thousand pounds a year. But while we deal like pedlars, we shall practise like pedlars; and sacrifice all honesty to the present urging advantage.

What I have said may serve as an answer to the desire made me by the Corporation of Weavers, that I would offer my notions to the public. As to anything further, let them apply themselves to the Parliament in their next Session. Let them prevail in the House of Commons to grant one very reasonable request: And I shall think there is still some spirit left in the Nation, when I read a vote to this purpose: "Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, That this House will, for the future, wear no clothes but such as are made of Irish growth, or of Irish manufacture, nor will permit their wives or children to wear any other; and that they will to the utmost endeavour to prevail with their friends, relations, dependants and tenants to follow their example." And if at the same time they could banish tea and coffee, and china-ware, out of their families, and force their wives to chat their scandal over an infusion of sage, or other wholesome domestic vegetables, we might possibly be able to subsist, and pay our absentees, pensioners, generals, civil officers, appeals, colliers, temporary travellers, students, schoolboys, splenetic visitors of Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom, with all other smaller drains, by sending our crude unwrought goods to England, and receiving from thence and all other countries nothing but what is fully manufactured, and keep a few potatoes and oatmeal for our own subsistence.

I have been for a dozen years past wisely prognosticating the present condition of this Kingdom, which any human creature of common sense could foretell with as little sagacity as myself. My meaning is that a consumptive body must needs die, which hath spent all its spirits and received no nourishment. Yet I am often tempted to pity when I hear the poor farmer and cottager lamenting the hardness of the times, and imputing them either to one or two ill seasons, which better climates than ours are more exposed to, or to the scarcity of silver which to a Nation of Liberty would be only a slight and temporary inconveniency, to be removed at a month's warning.

Ap., 1729.

OBSERVATIONS, OCCASIONED BY READING A PAPER ENTITLED, "THE CASE OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES OF DUBLIN"

The paper called "The Case of the Woollen Manufactures," &c. is very well drawn up. The reasonings of the authors are just, the facts true, and the consequences natural. But his censure of those seven vile citizens, who import such a quantity of silk stuffs and woollen cloth from England, is an hundred times gentler than enemies to their country deserve; because I think no punishment in this world can be great enough for them, without immediate repentance and amendment. But, after all, the writer of that paper hath very lightly touched one point of the greatest importance, and very poorly answered the main objection, that the clothiers are defective both in the quality and quantity of their goods.

For my own part, when I consider the several societies of handicraftsmen in all kinds, as well as shopkeepers, in this city, after eighteen years' experience of their dealings, I am at a loss to know in which of these societies the most or least honesty is to be found. For instance, when any trade comes first into my head, upon examination I determine it exceeds all others in fraud. But after I have considered them all round, as far as my knowledge or experience reacheth, I am at a loss to determine, and to save trouble I put them all upon a par. This I chiefly apply to those societies of men who get their livelihood by the labour of their hands. For, as to shopkeepers, I cannot deny that I have found some few honest men among them, taking the word honest in the largest and most charitable sense. But as to handicraftsmen, although I shall endeavour to believe it possible to find a fair dealer among their clans, yet I confess it hath never been once my good fortune to employ one single workman, who did not cheat me at all times to the utmost of his power in the materials, the work, and the price. One universal maxim I have constantly observed among them, that they would rather gain a shilling by cheating you, than twenty in the honest way of dealing, although they were sure to lose your custom, as well as that of others, whom you might probably recommend to them.

This, I must own, is the natural consequence of poverty and oppression. These wretched people catch at any thing to save them a minute longer from drowning. Thus Ireland is the poorest of all civilized countries in Europe, with every natural advantage to make it one of the richest.

As to the grand objection, which this writer slubbers over in so careless a manner, because indeed it was impossible to find a satisfactory answer, I mean the knavery of our woollen manufacturers in general, I shall relate some facts, which I had more opportunities to observe than usually fall in the way

of men who are not of the trade. For some years, the masters and wardens, with many of their principal workmen and shopkeepers, came often to the Deanery to relate their grievances, and to desire my advice as well as my assistance. What reasons might move them to this proceeding, I leave to public conjecture. The truth is, that the woollen manufacture of this kingdom sate always nearest my heart. But the greatest difficulty lay in these perpetual differences between the shopkeepers and workmen they employed. Ten or a dozen of these latter often came to the Deanery with their complaints, which I often repeated to the shopkeepers. As, that they brought their prices too low for a poor weaver to get his bread by; and instead of ready money for their labour on Saturdays, they gave them only such a quantity of cloth or stuff, at the highest rate, which the poor men were often forced to sell one-third below the rate, to supply their urgent necessities. On the other side, the shopkeepers complained of idleness, and want of skill, or care, or honesty, in their workmen; and probably their accusations on both sides were just.

Whenever the weavers, in a body, came to me for advice, I gave it freely, that they should contrive some way to bring their goods into reputation; and give up that abominable principle of endeavouring to thrive by imposing bad ware at high prices to their customers, whereby no shopkeeper can reasonably expect to thrive. For, besides the dread of God's anger, (which is a motive of small force among them,) they may be sure that no buyer of common sense will return to the same shop where he was once or twice defrauded. That gentlemen and ladies, when they found nothing but deceit in the sale of Irish cloths and stuffs, would act as they ought to do, both in prudence and resentment, in going to those very bad citizens the writer mentions, and purchase English goods.

I went farther, and proposed that ten or a dozen of the most substantial woollen-drapers should join in publishing an advertisement, signed with their names to the following purpose: — That for the better encouragement of all gentlemen, &c. the persons undernamed did bind themselves mutually to sell their several cloths and stuffs, (naming each kind) at the lowest rate, right merchantable goods, of such a breadth, which they would warrant to be good according to the several prices; and that if a child of ten years old were sent with money, and directions what cloth or stuff to buy, he should not be wronged in any one article. And that whoever should think himself ill-used in any of the said shops, he should have his money again from the seller, or upon his refusal, from the rest of the said subscribers, who, if they found the buyer discontented with the cloth or stuff, should be obliged to refund the money; and if the seller refused to repay them, and take his goods again, should publicly advertise that they would answer for none of his goods any more. This would be to establish credit, upon which all trade dependeth.

I proposed this scheme several times to the corporation of weavers, as well as to the manufacturers, when they came to apply for my advice at the Deanery-house. I likewise went to the shops of several woollen-drapers upon

the same errand, but always in vain; for they perpetually gave me the deaf ear, and avoided entering into discourse upon that proposal: I suppose, because they thought it was in vain, and that the spirit of fraud had gotten too deep and universal a possession to be driven out by any arguments from interest, reason, or conscience.

THE PRESENT MISERABLE STATE OF IRELAND

The following tract was taken by Sir Walter Scott "from a little miscellaneous 12mo volume of pamphlets, communicated by Mr. Hartsonge, relating chiefly to Irish affairs, the property at one time of Thomas Kingsbury, Esq., son of Dr. Kingsbury, who attended Swift in his last illness." The present editor came across a similar volume while on a visit of research in Dublin, among the collection of books which belonged to the late Sir W. Gilbert, and which were being catalogued for auction by the bookseller, Mr. O'Donoghue. The little 12mo contained this tract which had, as Sir W. Scott points out, a portrait of Swift at the end, on the recto of the last leaf.

According to Sir W. Scott, the friend in Dublin to whom the letter is supposed to be addressed, was Sir Robert Walpole. If Scott be correct, and there seems little reason to doubt his conjecture, the tract must have been written in the second half of the year 1726. In the early part of that year Swift had an interview with Walpole. Our knowledge of what transpired at that interview is obtained from Swift's letter of April 28th, 1726, to Lord Peterborough; from Swift's letter to Dr. Stopford of July 20th, 1726; from Pope's letter to Swift of September 3rd, 1726; and from Swift's letter to Lady Betty Germaine of January 8th, 1732/3. From these letters we learn that Swift was really invited by Walpole to meet him. Swift's visit to England concerned itself mainly with the publication of "Gulliver's Travels," but Sir Henry Craik thinks that Swift had other thoughts. "As regards politics," says this biographer, "he was encouraged to hope that without loss either of honour or consistency, it was open to him to make terms with the new powers. In the end, the result proved that he either over-estimated his own capacity of surrendering his independence, or under-estimated the terms that would be exacted." This remark would leave it open for a reader to conclude that Swift would, at a certain price, have been ready to join Walpole and his party. But the letters referred to do not in the least warrant such a conclusion. Swift's thought was for Ireland, and had he been successful with Walpole in his pleading for Ireland's cause that minister might have found an ally in Swift; but the price to be paid was not to the man. From Swift's letter to Peterborough we are at once introduced to Ireland's case, and his point of view on this was so opposed to Walpole's preconceived notions of how best to govern Ireland, as well as of his settled plans, that Swift found, as he put it, that Walpole "had conceived opinions ... which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty." Not at all of his own liberty, but of that of the liberty of a nation; for, as he says (giving now the quotation in full): "I had no other design in desiring to see Sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any

party whatsoever ... I failed very much in my design; for I saw that he had conceived opinions, *from the example and practices of the present, and some former governors*, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty." The part given here in italics is omitted by Sir H. Craik in his quotation.

Swift saw Walpole twice — once at Walpole's invitation at a dinner at Chelsea, and a second time at his own wish, expressed through Lord Peterborough. At the first meeting nothing of politics could be broached, as the encounter was a public one. The second meeting was private and resulted in nothing. The letter to Peterborough was written by Swift the day after he had seen Walpole, and Peterborough was requested to show it to that minister. The letter is so pertinent to the subject-matter of this volume that it is printed here:

"*April 28th*, 1726.

"Swift to the Earl of Peterborough.

"My Lord,

"Your lordship having, at my request, obtained for me an hour from Sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me; to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

"I had no other design in desiring to see Sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever: and, because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

"I failed very much in my design; for I saw he had conceived opinions, from the example and practices of the present, and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

"Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall, therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king and his family.

"First, That all persons born in Ireland are called and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly considered they

ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

"Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

"Thirdly, That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by Queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge, it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; contrary to the practice of all other states in Europe which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

"Fourthly, That several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintances or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferment in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependants, to whom they give their countenance; and who, consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman in their family, born in England.

"Fifthly, That all civil employments, granted in reversion, are given to persons who reside in England.

"The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the Church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army; and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink anything better than sour milk or water, twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scottish plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation hardly to be matched on this side of Lapland.

"The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

"About three hundred thousand pounds more are returned thither on other accounts; and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge agree, that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

“But, as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more, so it must of necessity sink, under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

“And whereas Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice, how little the king gets by Ireland, it ought, perhaps to be considered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thousand pounds a-year; and, reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king’s revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents, from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

“The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at most, but at five hundred thousand pounds; so that above four-fifths are paid every year into the exchequer.

“I think it manifest, that whatever circumstances could possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable, are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit; while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people, further than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

“Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from free-born subjects, would be a question in any other country except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness, than can be shown in any other part of the world.

“What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as Sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider; especially because they have been all brought upon that kingdom since the Revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

“I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this paper to Sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

“Your lordship’s
“most obedient and humble servant,
“Jon. Swift.”

Scott thinks that had Swift been anxious for personal favours from Walpole he could easily have obtained them; “but the minister did not choose to gain his adherence at the expense of sacrificing the system which had hitherto guided England in her conduct towards the sister kingdom, and the patriot of Ireland was not to be won at a cheaper rate than the emancipation of his country.”

The original pamphlet bears neither date nor printer’s name.

THE PRESENT MISERABLE STATE OF IRELAND.

Sir,

By the last packets I had the favour of yours, and am surprised that you should apply to a person so ill qualified as I am, for a full and impartial account of the state of our trade. I have always lived as retired as possible; I have carefully avoided the perplexed honour of city-offices; I have never minded anybody's business but my own; upon all which accounts, and several others, you might easily have found among my fellow-citizens, persons more capable to resolve the weighty questions you put to me, than I can pretend to be.

But being entirely at leisure, even at this season of the year, when I used to have scarce time sufficient to perform the necessary offices of life, I will endeavour to comply with your requests, cautioning you not implicitly to rely upon what I say, excepting what belongs to that branch of trade in which I am more immediately concerned.

The Irish trade is, at present, in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined; to remedy it, the causes of its languishment must be inquired into: But as those causes (you may assure yourself) will not be removed, you may look upon it as a thing past hopes of recovery.

The first and greatest shock our trade received, was from an act passed in the reign of King William, in the Parliament of England, prohibiting the exportation of wool manufactured in Ireland. An act (as the event plainly shews) fuller of greediness than good policy; an act as beneficial to France and Spain, as it has been destructive to England and Ireland. At the passing of this fatal act, the condition of our trade was glorious and flourishing, though no way interfering with the English; we made no broad-cloths above 6*s.* per yard; coarse druggets, bays and shalloons, worsted damasks, strong draught works, slight half-works, and gaudy stuffs, were the only product of our looms: these were partly consumed by the meanest of our people, and partly sent to the northern nations, from which we had in exchange, timber, iron, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, and hard dollars. At the time the current money of Ireland was foreign silver, a man could hardly receive 100*l.*, without finding the coin of all the northern powers, and every prince of the empire among it. This money was returned into England for fine cloths, silks, &c. for our own wear, for rents, for coals, for hardware, and all other English manufactures, and, in a great measure, supplied the London merchants with foreign silver for exportation.

The repeated clamours of the English weavers produced this act, so destructive to themselves and us. They looked with envious eyes upon our prosperity, and complained of being undersold by us in those commodities, which they themselves did not deal in. At their instances the act was passed,

and we lost our profitable northern trade. Have they got it? No, surely, you have found they have ever since declined in the trade they so happily possessed; you shall find (if I am rightly informed) towns without one loom in them, which subsisted entirely upon the woollen manufactory before the passing of this unhappy bill; and I will try if I can give the true reasons for the decay of their trade, and our calamities.

Three parts in four of the inhabitants of that district of the town where I dwell were English manufacturers, whom either misfortunes in trade, little petty debts, contracted through idleness, or the pressures of a numerous family, had driven into our cheap country: These were employed in working up our coarse wool, while the finest was sent into England. Several of these had taken the children of the native Irish apprentices to them, who being humbled by the forfeiture of upward of three millions by the Revolution, were obliged to stoop to a mechanic industry. Upon the passing of this bill, we were obliged to dismiss thousands of these people from our service. Those who had settled their affairs returned home, and overstocked England with workmen; those whose debts were unsatisfied went to France, Spain, and the Netherlands, where they met with good encouragement, whereby the natives, having got a firm footing in the trade, being acute fellows, soon became as good workmen as any we have, and supply the foreign manufactories with a constant recruit of artisans; our island lying much more under pasture than any in Europe. The foreigners (notwithstanding all the restrictions the English Parliament has bound us up with) are furnished with the greatest quantity of our choicest wool. I need not tell you, sir, that a custom-house oath is held as little sacred here as in England, or that it is common for masters of vessels to swear themselves bound for one of the English wool ports, and unload in France or Spain. By this means the trade in those parts is, in a great measure, destroyed, and we were obliged to try our hands at finer works, having only our home consumption to depend upon; and, I can assure you, we have, in several kinds of narrow goods, even exceeded the English, and I believe we shall, in a few years more, be able to equal them in broad cloths; but this you may depend upon, that scarce the tenth part of English goods are now imported, of what used to be before the famous act.

The only manufactured wares we are allowed to export, are linen cloth and linen yarn, which are marketable only in England; the rest of our commodities are wool, restrained to England, and raw hides, skins, tallow, beef, and butter. Now, these are things for which the northern nations have no occasion; we are therefore obliged, instead of carrying woollen goods to their markets, and bringing home money, to purchase their commodities.

In France, Spain, and Portugal, our wares are more valuable, though it must be owned, our fraudulent trade in wool is the best branch of our commerce; from hence we get wines, brandy, and fruit, very cheap, and in great perfection; so that though England has constrained us to be poor, they have given us leave to be merry. From these countries we bring home

moydores, pistoles, and louisdores, without which we should scarce have a penny to turn upon.

To England we are allowed to send nothing but linen cloth, yarn, raw hides, skins, tallow, and wool. From thence we have coals, for which we always pay ready money, India goods, English woollen and silks, tobacco, hardware, earthenware, salt, and several other commodities. Our exportations to England are very much overbalanced by our importations; so that the course of exchange is generally too high, and people choose rather to make their remittances to England in specie, than by a bill, and our nation is perpetually drained of its little running cash.

Another cause of the decay of trade, scarcity of money, and swelling of exchange, is the unnatural affectation of our gentry to reside in and about London. Their rents are remitted to them, and spent there. The countryman wants employment from them; the country shopkeeper wants their custom. For this reason he can't pay his Dublin correspondent readily, nor take off a great quantity of his wares. Therefore, the Dublin merchant can't employ the artisan, nor keep up his credit in foreign markets.

I have discoursed some of these gentlemen, persons esteemed for good sense, and demanded a reason for this their so unaccountable proceeding, — expensive to them for the present, ruinous to their country, and destructive to the future value of their estates, — and find all their answers summed up under three heads, curiosity, pleasure, and loyalty to King George. The two first excuses deserve no answer; let us try the validity of the third. Would not loyalty be much better expressed by gentlemen staying in their respective countries, influencing their dependents by their examples, saving their own wealth, and letting their neighbours profit by their necessary expenses, thereby keeping them from misery, and its unavoidable consequence, discontent? Or is it better to flock to London, be lost in a crowd, kiss the King's hand, and take a view of the royal family? The seeing of the royal house may animate their zeal for it; but other advantages I know not. What employment have any of our gentlemen got by their attendance at Court, to make up to them their expenses? Why, about forty of them have been created peers, and a little less than a hundred of them baronets and knights. For these excellent advantages, thousands of our gentry have squeezed their tenants, impoverished the trader, and impaired their own fortunes!

Another great calamity, is the exorbitant raising of the rents of lands. Upon the determination of all leases made before the year 1690, a gentleman thinks he has but indifferently improved his estate if he has only doubled his rent-roll. Farms are screwed up to a rack-rent, leases granted but for a small term of years, tenants tied down to hard conditions, and discouraged from cultivating the lands they occupy to the best advantage, by the certainty they have of the rent being raised, on the expiration of their lease, proportionably to the improvements they shall make. Thus is honest industry restrained; the farmer is a slave to his landlord; 'tis well if he can cover his family with a

coarse home-spun frieze. The artisan has little dealings with him; yet he is obliged to take his provisions from him at an extravagant price, otherwise the farmer cannot pay his rent.

The proprietors of lands keep great part of them in their own hands for sheep-pasture; and there are thousands of poor wretches who think themselves blessed, if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and an acre of ground for a potato-plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America. What can be more deplorable, than to behold wretches starving in the midst of plenty!

We are apt to charge the Irish with laziness, because we seldom find them employed; but then we don't consider they have nothing to do. Sir William Temple, in his excellent remarks on the United Provinces, inquires why Holland, which has the fewest and worst ports and commodities of any nation in Europe, should abound in trade, and Ireland, which has the most and best of both, should have none? This great man attributes this surprising accident to the natural aversion man has for labour; who will not be persuaded to toil and fatigue himself for the superfluities of life throughout the week, when he may provide himself with all necessary subsistence by the labour of a day or two. But, with due submission to Sir William's profound judgment, the want of trade with us is rather owing to the cruel restraints we lie under, than to any disqualification whatsoever in our inhabitants.

I have not, sir, for these thirty years past, since I was concerned in trade, (the greatest part of which time distresses have been flowing in upon us,) ever observed them to swell so suddenly to such a height as they have done within these few months. Our present calamities are not to be represented; you can have no notion of them without beholding them. Numbers of miserable objects crowd our doors, begging us to take their wares at any price, to prevent their families from immediate starving. We cannot part with our money to them, both because we know not when we shall have vent for their goods; and, as there are no debts paid, we are afraid of reducing ourselves to their lamentable circumstances. The dismal time of trade we had during Marr's Troubles in Scotland, are looked upon as happy days when compared with the present.

I need not tell you, sir, that this griping want, this dismal poverty, this additional woe, must be put to the accursed stocks, which have desolated our country more effectually than England. Stockjobbing was a kind of traffic we were utterly unacquainted with. We went late to the South Sea market, and bore a great share in the losses of it, without having tasted any of its profits.

If many in England have been ruined by stocks, some have been advanced. The English have a free and open trade to repair their losses; but, above all, a wise, vigilant, and uncorrupted Parliament and ministry, strenuously endeavouring to restore public trade to its former happy state. Whilst we, having lost the greatest part of our cash, without any probability of its returning, must despair of retrieving our losses by trade, and have before

our eyes the dismal prospect of universal poverty and desolation.

I believe, sir, you are by this time heartily tired with this indigested letter, and are firmly persuaded of the truth of what I said in the beginning of it, that you had much better have imposed this task on some of our citizens of greater abilities. But perhaps, sir, such a letter as this may be, for the singularity of it, entertaining to you, who correspond with the politest and most learned men in Europe. But I am satisfied you will excuse its want of exactness and perspicuity, when you consider my education, my being unaccustomed to writings of this nature, and, above all, those calamitous objects which constantly surround us, sufficient to disturb the cleanest imagination, and the soundest judgment.

Whatever cause I have given you, by this letter, to think worse of my sense and judgment, I fancy I have given you a manifest proof that I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.

THE SUBSTANCE OF WHAT WAS SAID BY THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

TO THE LORD MAYOR AND SOME OF THE ALDERMEN, WHEN HIS LORDSHIP CAME TO PRESENT THE SAID DEAN WITH HIS FREEDOM IN A GOLD BOX

It was only proper and fitting that the citizens and freemen of the City of Dublin should express their sense of the high appreciation in which they held the writer of the "Drapier's Letters," and the man who had fought and was still fighting for an alleviation of the grievances under which their country suffered. The Dublin Corporation, in 1729, presented Swift with the freedom of the city, an honour rarely bestowed, and only on men in high position and power. To Swift the honour was welcome. It was a public act of justification of what he had done, and it came gratefully to the man who had at one time been abused and reviled by the people of the very city which was now honouring him. Furthermore, such a confirmation of his acts set the seal of public authority which was desirable, even if not necessary, to a man of Swift's temper. He could save himself much trouble by merely pointing to the gold box which was presented to him with the freedom. Even in this last moment, however, of public recognition, he was not allowed to receive it without a snarl from one of the crowd of the many slanderers who found it safer to backbite him. Lord Allen may have been wrong in his head, or ill-advised, or foolishly over-zealous, but his ill-tempered upbraiding of the Dublin Corporation for what he called their treasonable extravagance in thus honouring Swift, whom he deemed an enemy of the King, was the act of a fool. Swift was not the man to let the occasion slip by without advantage. In the substance of what he said to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin in accepting their gift, he replied to the charges made by Lord Allen, and also issued a special advertisement by way of defence against what the lord had thought fit to say.

Both these pieces are here reprinted; the first from a broadside in the British Museum, and the second from a manuscript copy in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

THE SUBSTANCE OF WHAT WAS SAID BY THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

TO THE LORD MAYOR AND SOME OF THE ALDERMEN, WHEN HIS LORDSHIP CAME TO PRESENT THE SAID DEAN WITH HIS FREEDOM IN A GOLD BOX.

When his Lordship had said a few words, and presented the instrument, the Dean gently put it back, and desired first to be heard. He said, "He was much obliged to his lordship and the city for the honour they were going to do him, and which, as he was informed, they had long intended him. That it was true, this honour was mingled with a little mortification by the delay which attended it, but which, however, he did not impute to his lordship or the city; and that the mortification was the less, because he would willingly hope the delay was founded on a mistake; — for which opinion he would tell his reason."

He said, "It was well known, that, some time ago, a person with a title was pleased, in two great assemblies, to rattle bitterly somebody without a name, under the injurious appellations of a Tory, a Jacobite, an enemy to King George, and a libeller of the government; which character," the Dean said that, "many people thought was applied to him. But he was unwilling to be of that opinion, because the person who had delivered those abusive words, had, for several years, caressed, and courted, and solicited his friendship more than any man in either kingdom had ever done, — by inviting him to his house in town and country, — by coming to the Deanery often, and calling or sending almost every day when the Dean was sick, — with many other particulars of the same nature, which continued even to a day or two of the time when the said person made those invectives in the council and House of Lords. Therefore, that the Dean would by no means think those scurrilous words could be intended against him; because such a proceeding would overthrow all the principles of honour, justice, religion, truth, and even common humanity. Therefore the Dean will endeavour to believe, that the said person had some other object in his thoughts, and it was only the uncharitable custom of the world that applied this character to him. However, that he would insist on this argument no longer. But one thing he would affirm and declare, without assigning any name, or making any exception, that whoever either did, or does, or shall hereafter, at any time, charge him with the character of a Jacobite, an enemy to King George, or a libeller of the government, the said accusation was, is, and will be, false, malicious, slanderous, and altogether groundless. And he would take the freedom to tell his lordship, and the rest that stood by, that he had done more service to the Hanover title, and more disservice to the Pretender's cause, than forty thousand of those noisy, railing,

malicious, empty zealots, to whom nature hath denied any talent that could be of use to God or their country, and left them only the gift of reviling, and spitting their venom, against all who differ from them in their destructive principles, both in church and state. That he confessed, it was sometimes his misfortune to dislike some things in public proceedings in both kingdoms, wherein he had often the honour to agree with wise and good men; but this did by no means affect either his loyalty to his prince, or love to his country. But, on the contrary, he protested, that such dislikes never arose in him from any other principles than the duty he owed to the king, and his affection to the kingdom. That he had been acquainted with courts and ministers long enough, and knew too well that the best ministers might mistake in points of great importance; and that he had the honour to know many more able, and at least full as honest, as any can be at present."

The Dean further said, "That since he had been so falsely represented, he thought it became him to give some account of himself for about twenty years, if it were only to justify his lordship and the city for the honour they were going to do him." He related briefly, how, "merely by his own personal credit, without other assistance, and in two journeys at his own expense, he had procured a grant of the first-fruits to the clergy, in the late Queen's time, for which he thought he deserved some gentle treatment from his brethren. That, during all the administration of the said ministry, he had been a constant advocate for those who are called the Whigs, — and kept many of them in their employments both in England and here, — and some who were afterwards the first to lift up their heels against him." He reflected a little upon the severe treatment he had met with upon his return to Ireland after her Majesty's death, and for some years after. "That being forced to live retired, he could think of no better way to do public service, than by employing all the little money he could save, and lending it, without interest, in small sums to poor industrious tradesmen, without examining their party or their faith. And God had so far pleased to bless his endeavours, that his managers tell him he hath recovered above two hundred families in this city from ruin, and placed most of them in a comfortable way of life."

The Dean related, how much he had suffered in his purse, and with what hazard to his liberty, by a most iniquitous judge; who, to gratify his ambition and rage of party, had condemned an innocent book, written with no worse a design, than to persuade the people of this kingdom to wear their own manufactures. How the said judge had endeavoured to get a jury to his mind; but they proved so honest, that he was forced to keep them eleven hours, and send them back nine times; until, at last, they were compelled to leave the printer to the mercy of the court, and the Dean was forced to procure a *noli prosequi* from a noble person, then secretary of state, who had been his old friend.

The Dean then freely confessed himself to be the author of those books called "The Drapier's Letters;" spoke gently of the proclamation, offering

three hundred pounds to discover the writer. He said, “That although a certain person was pleased to mention those books in a slight manner at a public assembly, yet he (the Dean) had learned to believe, that there were ten thousand to one in the kingdom who differed from that person; and the people of England, who had ever heard of the matter, as well as in France, were all of the same opinion.”

The Dean mentioned several other particulars, some of which those from whom I had the account could not recollect; and others, although of great consequence, perhaps his enemies would not allow him.

The Dean concluded, with acknowledging to have expressed his wishes, that an inscription might have been graven on the box, shewing some reason why the city thought fit to do him that honour, which was much out of the common forms to a person in a private station; — those distinctions being usually made only to chief governors, or persons in very high employments.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT, IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA, LORD ALLEN

Feb. 18, 1729.

"Whereas Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, hath been credibly informed, that, on Friday the 13th of this instant February, a certain person did, in a public place, and in the hearing of a great number, apply himself to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of this city, and some of his brethren, in the following reproachful manner: 'My lord, you and your city can squander away the public money, in giving a gold box to a fellow who hath libelled the government!' or words to that effect.

"Now, if the said words, or words to the like effect, were intended against him the said Dean, and as a reflection on the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons, for their decreeing unanimously, and in full assembly, the freedom of this city to the said Dean, in an honourable manner, on account of an opinion they had conceived of some services done by him the said Dean to this city, and to the kingdom in general, — the said Dean doth declare, That the said words, or words to the like effect, are insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and, in a particular manner, perfidious; the said person, who is reported to have spoken the said or the like words, having, for some years past, and even within some few days, professed a great friendship for the said Dean; and, what is hardly credible, sending a common friend of the Dean and himself, not many hours after the said or the like words had been spoken, to renew his profession of friendship to the said Dean, but concealing the oratory; whereof the said Dean had no account till the following day, and then told it to all his friends."

A LETTER ON MR. M'CULLA'S PROJECT ABOUT HALFPENCE, AND A NEW ONE PROPOSED

Written in 1729.

The matter of this tract explains itself. M'Culla's project was to put in circulation notes stamped on copper to supply the deficiency in copper coins which Wood attempted. Swift, apparently, took a mild tone towards M'Culla's plan, but thought that M'Culla would make too much out of it for himself. He made a counter proposal which is fully entered into here. Nothing came either of M'Culla's proposal or Swift's counter-suggestion.

The present text is based on that given in the eighth volume of the edition of 1765, and compared with that of Faulkner's edition of 1772. Faulkner's edition differs in many details from that given by Scott. The first sheet only of the original autograph manuscript is in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

A LETTER ON MR. M'CULLA'S PROJECT ABOUT HALFPENCE, AND A NEW ONE PROPOSED.

Sir,

You desire to know my opinion concerning Mr. M'Culla's project, of circulating notes stamped on copper, that shall pass for the value of halfpence and pence. I have some knowledge of the man; and about a month ago he brought me his book, with a couple of his halfpenny notes: but I was then out of order, and he could not be admitted. Since that time I called at his house; where I discoursed, the whole affair with him as thoroughly as I could. I am altogether a stranger to his character. He talked to me in the usual style, with a great profession of zeal for the public good, which is the common cant of all projectors in their Bills, from a First Minister of State down to a corn-cutter. But I stopped him short, as I would have done a better man; because it is too gross a pretence to pass at any time, and especially in this age, where we all know one another so well. Yet, whoever proposeth any scheme which may prove to be a public benefit, I shall not quarrel if it prove likewise very beneficial to the contriver. It is certain, that next to the want of silver, our greatest distress in point of coin is the want of small change, which may be some poor relief for the defect of the former, since the Crown will not please to take that work upon them here as they do in England. One thing in Mr. M'Culla's book is certainly right, that no law hinders me from giving a payable note upon leather, wood, copper, brass, iron, or any other material (except gold and silver) as well as upon paper. The question is, whether I can sue him on a copper bond, when there is neither his hand nor seal, nor witnesses to prove it? To supply this, he hath proposed, that the materials upon which his note is written, shall be in some degree of value equal to the debt. But that is one principal matter to be enquired into. His scheme is this:

He gives you a piece of copper for a halfpenny or penny, stamped with a promissory note to pay you twentypence for every pound of the said copper notes, whenever you shall return them. Eight and forty of the halfpenny pieces are to weigh a pound, and he sells you that pound coined and stamped for two shillings: by which he clearly gains a little more than sixteen *per cent.*; that is to say, twopence in every shilling. This will certainly arise to a great sum, if he should circulate as large a quantity of his notes, as the kingdom, under the great dearth of silver, may very probably require: enough indeed to make any Irish tradesman's fortune; which, however, I should not repine at in the least, if we could be sure of his fair-dealing.

It was obvious for me to raise the common objection, why Mr. M'Culla would not give security to pay the whole sum to any man who returned him his copper notes, as my Lord Dartmouth and Colonel Moor were, by their patents, obliged to do. To which he gave some answers plausible enough.

First, "He conceived that his coins were much nearer to the intrinsic value than any of those coined by patents, the bulk and goodness of the metal fully equalling the best English halfpence made by the crown: That he apprehended the ill-will of envious and designing people, who, if they found him to have a great vent for his notes, since he wanted the protection of a patent, might make a run upon him, which he could not be able to support: And lastly, that his copper, (as is already said,) being equal in value and bulk to the English halfpence, he did not apprehend they should ever be returned, unless a combination, proceeding from spite and envy, might be formed against him."

But there are some points in his proposals which I cannot well answer for; nor do I know whether he would be able to do it himself. The first is, whether the copper he gives us will be as good as what the crown provided for the English halfpence and farthings; and, secondly, whether he will always continue to give us as good; and, thirdly, when he will think fit to stop his hand, and give us no more; for I should be as sorry to lie at the mercy of Mr. M'Culla, as of Mr. Wood.

There is another difficulty of the last importance. It is known enough that the Crown is supposed to be neither gainer nor loser by the coinage of any metal; for they subtract, or ought to subtract, no more from the intrinsic value than what will just pay all the charges of the mint; and how much that will amount to, is the question. By what I could gather from Mr. M'Culla, good copper is worth fourteenpence per pound. By this computation, if he sells his copper notes for two shillings the pound, and will pay twentypence back, then the expense of coinage for one pound of copper must be sixpence, which is thirty per cent. The world should be particularly satisfied on this article before he vends his notes; for the discount of thirty per cent. is prodigious, and vastly more than I can conceive it ought to be. For, if we add to that proportion the sixteen per cent. which he avows to keep for his own profit, there will be a discount of about forty-six per cent. Or, to reckon, I think, a fairer way: Whoever buys a pound of Mr. M'Culla's coin, at two shillings per pound, carries home only the real value of fourteenpence, which is a pound of copper; and thus he is a loser of 41*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per cent. But, however, this high discount of thirty per cent. will be no objection against M'Culla's proposals; because, if the charge of coinage will honestly amount to so much, and we suppose his copper notes may be returned upon him, he will be the greater sufferer of the two; because the buyer can lose but fourpence in the pound, and M'Culla must lose sixpence, which was the charge of the coinage.

Upon the whole, there are some points which must be settled to the general satisfaction, before we can safely take Mr. M'Culla's copper notes for value received; and how he will give that satisfaction, is not within my knowledge or conjecture. The first point is, that we shall be always sure of receiving good copper, equal in bulk and fineness to the best English halfpence.

The second point is, to know what allowance he makes to himself, either

out of the weight or mixture of his copper, or both, for the charge of his coinage. As to the weight, the matter is easy by his own scheme; for, as I have said before, he proposes forty-eight to weigh a pound, which he gives you for two shillings, and receives it by the pound at twentypence: so that, supposing pure copper to be fourteenpence a pound, he makes you pay thirty per cent. for the labour of coining, as I have already observed, besides sixteen per cent. when he sells it. But if to this he adds any alloy, to debase the metal, although it be not above ten per cent.; then Mr. M'Culla's promissory notes will, as to the intrinsic value of the metal, be above forty-seven per cent. discount.

For, subtracting ten per cent. off sixty pound's worth of copper, it will (to avoid fractions) be about five and a half per cent. in the whole 100*l.*, which, added to

41
60

47 will be per cent.

That we are under great distress for change, and that Mr. M'Culla's copper notes, on supposition of the metal being pure, is less liable to objection than the project of Wood, may be granted: but such a discount, where we are not sure even of our twentypence a pound, appears hitherto a dead weight on his scheme.

Since I writ this, calling to mind that I had some copper halfpence by me, I weighed them with those of Mr. M'Culla, and observed as follows:

First, I weighed Mr. M'Culla's halfpenny against an English one of King Charles II., which out-weighed Mr. M'Culla's a fourth part, or twenty-five per cent.

I likewise weighed an Irish Patrick and David halfpenny, which outweighed Mr. M'Culla's twelve and a half per cent. It had a very fair and deep impression, and milled very skilfully round.

I found that even a common halfpenny, well-preserved, weighed equal to Mr. M'Culla's. And even some of Wood's halfpence were near equal in weight to his. Therefore, if it be true that he does not think Wood's copper to have been faulty, he may probably give us no better.

I have laid these loose thoughts together with little order, to give you, and others who may read them, an opportunity of digesting them better. I am no enemy to Mr. M'Culla's project; but I would have it put upon a better foot. I own that this halfpenny of King Charles II., which I weighed against Mr. M'Culla's, was of the fairest kind I had seen. However, it is plain the Crown could afford it without being a loser. But it is probable that the officers of the mint were then more honest than they have since thought fit to be; for I confess not to have met those of any other year so weighty, or in appearance of so good metal, among all the copper coins of the three last reigns; yet these, however, did much outweigh those of Mr. M'Culla; for I have tried the experiment on a hundred of them. I have indeed seen accidentally one or two

very light; but it must certainly have been done by chance, or rather I suppose them to be counterfeits. Be that as it will, it is allowed on all hands, that good copper was never known to be cheaper than it is at present. I am ignorant of the price, further than by his informing me that it is only fourteenpence a pound; by which, I observe, he charges the coinage at thirty per cent.; and therefore I cannot but think his demands are exorbitant. But, to say the truth, the dearness or cheapness of the metal do not properly enter into the question. What we desire is, that it should be of the best kind, and as weighty as can be afforded; that the profit of the contriver should be reduced from sixteen to eight per cent.; and the charge of coinage, if possible, from thirty to ten, or fifteen at most.

Mr. M'Culla must also give good security that he will coin only a determinate sum, not exceeding twenty thousand pounds; by which, although he should deal with all uprightness imaginable, and make his coin as good as that I weighed of King Charles II., he will, at sixteen per cent., gain three thousand two hundred pounds; a very good additional job to a private tradesman's fortune!

I must advise him also to employ better workmen, and make his impressions deeper and plainer; by which a rising rim may be left about the edge of his coin, to preserve the letter from wearing out too soon. He hath no wardens nor masters, or other officers of the mint, to suck up his profit; and therefore can afford to coin cheaper than the Crown, if he will but find good materials, proper implements, and skilful workmen.

Whether this project will succeed in Mr. M'Culla's hands, (which, if it be honestly executed, I should be glad to see,) one thing I am confident of, that it might be easily brought to perfection by a society of nine or ten honest gentlemen of fortune, who wish well to their country, and would be content to be neither gainers nor losers, further than the bare interest of their money. And Mr. M'Culla, as being the first starter of the scheme, might be considered and rewarded by such a society; whereof, although I am not a man of fortune, I should think it an honour and happiness to be one, even with borrowed money upon the best security I could give. And, first, I am confident, without any skill, but by general reason, that the charge of coining copper would be very much less than thirty per cent. Secondly, I believe ten thousand pounds, in halfpence and farthings, would be sufficient for the whole kingdom, even under our great and most unnecessary distress for the want of silver; and that, without such a distress, half the sum would suffice. For, I compute and reason thus: the city of Dublin, by a gross computation, contains ten thousand families; and I am told by shopkeepers, "That if silver were as plenty as usual, two shillings in copper would be sufficient, in the course of business, for each family." But, in consideration of the want of silver, I would allow five shillings to each family, which would amount to 2,500*l.*; and, to help this, I would recommend a currency of all the genuine undefaced harp-halfpence, which are left, of Lord Dartmouth's and Moor's patents under King Charles

II.; and the small Patrick and David for farthings. To the rest of the kingdom, I would assign the 7,500*l.* remaining; reckoning Dublin to answer one-fourth of the kingdom, as London is judged to answer (if I mistake not) one-third of England; I mean in the view of money only.

To compute our want of small change by the number of souls in the kingdom, besides being perplexed, is, I think, by no means just. They have been reckoned at a million and a half; whereof a million at least are beggars in all circumstances, except that of wandering about for alms; and that circumstance may arrive soon enough, when it will be time to add another ten thousand pounds in copper. But, without doubt, the families of Ireland, who lie chiefly under the difficulties of wanting small change, cannot be above forty or fifty thousand, which the sum of ten thousand pounds, with the addition of the fairest old halfpence, would tolerably supply; for, if we give too great a loose to any projector to pour in upon us what he pleases, the kingdom will be, (how shall I express it under our present circumstances?) more than undone.

And hence appears, in a very strong light, the villainy of Wood, who proposed the coinage of one hundred and eight thousand pounds in copper, for the use of Ireland; whereby every family in the kingdom would be loaden with ten or a dozen shillings, although Wood might not transgress the bounds of his patent, and although no counterfeits, either at home or abroad, were added to the number; the contrary to both which would indubitably have arrived. So ill informed are great men on the other side, who talk of a million with as little ceremony as we do of half-a-crown!

But to return to the proposal I have made: Suppose ten gentlemen, lovers of their country, should raise 200*l.* a-piece; and, from the time the money is deposited as they shall agree, should begin to charge it with seven per cent. for their own use; that they should, as soon as possible, provide a mint and good workmen, and buy copper sufficient for coining two thousand pounds, subtracting a fifth part of the interest of ten thousand pounds for the charges of the tools, and fitting up a place for a mint; the other four parts of the same interest to be subtracted equally out of the four remaining coinages of 2,000*l.* each, with a just allowance for other necessary incidents. Let the charge of coinage be fairly reckoned, and the kingdom informed of it, as well as of the price of copper. Let the coin be as well and deeply stamped as it ought. Let the metal be as pure as can consist to have it rightly coined, (wherein I am wholly ignorant,) and the bulk as large as that of King Charles II. And let this club of ten gentlemen give their joint security to receive all the coins they issue out for seven or ten years, and return gold and silver without any defalcation.

Let the same club, or company, when they have issued out the first two thousand pounds, go on the second year, if they find a demand, and that their scheme hath answered to their own intention, as well as to the satisfaction of the public. And, if they find seven per cent. not sufficient, let them subtract

eight, beyond which I would not have them go. And when they have in five years coined ten thousand pounds, let them give public notice that they will proceed no further, but shut up their mint, and dismiss their workmen; unless the real, universal, unsolicited, declaration of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom shall signify a desire that they shall go on for a certain sum farther.

This company may enter into certain regulations among themselves; one of which should be, to keep nothing concealed, and duly to give an account to the world of their whole methods of acting.

Give me leave to compute, wholly at random, what charge the kingdom will be at, by the loss of intrinsic value in the coinage of 10,000*l.* in copper, under the management of such a society of gentlemen.

First, It is plain that instead of somewhat more than sixteen per cent. as demanded by Mr. M'Culla, this society desires but eight per cent.

Secondly, Whereas Mr. M'Culla charges the expense of coinage at thirty per cent., I hope and believe this society will be able to perform it at ten.

Thirdly, Whereas it doth not appear that Mr. M'Culla can give any security for the goodness of his copper, because not one in ten thousand have the skill to distinguish, the society will be all engaged that theirs shall be of the best standard.

Fourthly, That whereas Mr. M'Culla's halfpence are one-fourth part lighter than that kind coined in the time of King Charles II., these gentlemen will oblige themselves to the public, to give their coin of the same weight and goodness with those halfpence, unless they shall find they cannot afford it; and, in that case, they shall beforehand inform the public, show their reasons, and signify how large they can make them without being losers; and so give over or pursue their scheme, as they find the opinion of the world to be. However, I do not doubt but they can afford them as large, and of as good metal, as the best English halfpence that have been coined in the three last reigns, which very much outweighed those of Mr. M'Culla. And this advantage will arise in proportion, by lessening the charge of coinage from thirty per cent. to ten or fifteen, or twenty at most. But I confess myself in the dark on that article; only I think it impossible it should amount to any proportion near thirty per cent.; otherwise the coiners of those counterfeit halfpence called raps would have little encouragement to follow their trade.

But the indubitable advantages, by having the management in such a society, would be the paying eight per cent. instead of sixteen, the being sure of the goodness and just weight of the coin, and the period to be put to any further coinage than what was absolutely necessary to supply the wants and desires of the kingdom; and all this under the security of ten gentlemen of credit and fortune, who would be ready to give the best security and satisfaction, that they had no design to turn the scheme into a job.

As to any mistakes I have made in computation, they are of little moment; and I shall not descend so low as to justify them against any caviller.

The strongest objection against what I offer, and which perhaps may

make it appear visionary, is the difficulty to find half a score gentlemen, who, out of a public spirit, will be at the trouble, for no more profit than one per cent. above the legal interest, to be overseers of a mint for five years; and perhaps, without any justice, raise the clamour of the people against them. Besides, it is most certain that many a squire is as fond of a job, and as dexterous to make the best of it, as Mr. M'Culla himself, or any of his level.

However, I do not doubt but there may be ten such persons in this town, if they had only some visible mark to know them at sight. Yet I just foresee another inconveniency; That knavish men are fitter to deal with others of their own denomination; while those who are honest and best-intentioned may be the instruments of as much mischief to the public, for want of cunning, as the greatest knaves; and more, because of the charitable opinion which they are apt to have of others. Therefore, how to join the prudence of the serpent with the innocency of the dove, in this affair, is the most difficult point. It is not so hard to find an honest man, as to make this honest man active, and vigilant, and skilful; which, I doubt, will require a spur of profit greater than my scheme will afford him, unless he will be contented with the honour of serving his country, and the reward of a good conscience.

After reviewing what I had written, I see very well that I have not given any allowance for the first charge of preparing all things necessary for coining, which, I am told, will amount to about 200*l.* besides 20*l.* per annum for five years rent of a house to work in. I can only say, that, this making in all 300*l.*, it will be an addition of no more than three per cent. out of 10,000*l.*

But the great advantages to the public, by having the coinage placed in the hands of ten gentlemen such as I have already described, (if such are to be found,) are these: —

First, They propose no other gain to themselves than one per cent. above the legal interest for the money they advance; which will hardly afford them coffee when they meet at their mint-house.

Secondly, They bind themselves to make their coins of as good copper as the best English halfpence, and as well coined, and of equal weight; and do likewise bind themselves to charge the public with not one farthing for the expense of coinage, more than it shall really stand them in.

Thirdly, They will, for a limited term of seven or ten years, as shall be thought proper upon mature consideration, pay gold and silver, without any defalcation, for all their own coin that shall be returned upon their hands.

Fourthly, They will take care that the coins shall have a deep impression, leaving a rising rim on both sides, to prevent being defaced in a long time; and the edges shall be milled.

I suppose they need not be very apprehensive of counterfeits, which it will be difficult to make so as not to be discovered; for it is plain that those bad halfpence called raps are so easily distinguished, even from the most worn genuine halfpenny, that nobody will now take them for a farthing, although under the great present want of change.

I shall here subjoin some computations relating to Mr. M'Culla's copper notes. They were sent to me by a person well skilled in such calculations; and therefore I refer them to the reader.

Mr. M'Culla charges good copper at fourteenpence per pound: but I know not whether he means avoirdupois or troy weight.

4960 grains is sixteen ounces to a pound, avoirdupois.
5760 grains troy weight,

Mr. M'Culla's copper is fourteenpence per pound avoirdupois.

Mr. M'Culla's penny notes, one with another, weigh 324 grains.
By which computation, two shillings of his notes, which he receives for one pound weight, will weigh 6288 grains.
But 6960 grains pound avoirdupois weighs, as above,

This difference makes 10 per cent. to Mr. M'Culla's profit, in point of weight.

The old Patrick and David halfpenny weighs 149 grains.
Mr. M'Culla's halfpenny weighs 131.

The difference is 18
Which is equal to 10-1/2 per cent.

The English halfpenny of King Charles II. weighs 167 grains.
M'Culla's halfpenny weighs 131.

The difference 36
Which difference, allowed a fifth part, is 20 per cent.

ANOTHER COMPUTATION.

Mr. M'Culla allows his pound of copper (coinage included) to be worth twentypence; for which he demands two shillings.

He laying out only twentypence, and gaining fourpence,
makes per cent. profit, 20
The sixpence per pound weight, allowed for coinage,
makes per cent. 30
The want of weight in his halfpenny, compared as above,
is per cent. 10
By all which (viz. coinage, profit, and want of weight)
the public loses per cent. 60

If Mr. M'Culla's coins will not pass, and he refuses to receive them back, the owner cannot sell them at above twelvepence per pound weight; whereby, with the defect of weight of 10 per cent., he will lose 60 per cent.

The scheme of the society, raised as high as it can possibly be, will be

only thus:

For interest of their money, per cent.	8
For coinage, instead of 10, suppose at most per cent.	20
For *l.*300 laid out for tools, a mint, and house-rent, charge 3 per cent. upon the coinage of *l.*10,000,	3
Charges in all upon interest, coinage, &c. per cent.,	31

Which, with all the advantages above-mentioned, of the goodness of the metal, the largeness of the coin, the deepness and fairness of the impression, the assurance of the society confining itself to such a sum as they undertake, or as the kingdom shall approve; and lastly, their paying in gold or silver for all their coin returned upon their hands without any defalcation, would be of mighty benefit to the kingdom; and, with a little steadiness and activity, could, I doubt not, be easily compassed.

I would not in this scheme recommend the method of promissory notes, after Mr. M'Culla's manner; but, as I have seen in old Irish coins, the words civitas dvblin, on one side, with the year of our Lord and the Irish harp on the reverse.

A PROPOSAL THAT ALL THE LADIES AND WOMEN OF IRELAND SHOULD APPEAR CONSTANTLY IN IRISH MANUFACTURES.

The arguments advanced in this tract are practically repetitions of those already given in previous pieces. Swift laid much stress on the people buying and wearing goods made in Ireland, since in that way the money would remain in the country. In this little tract he winds up with a special appeal to the women of Ireland.

The present text is based on that of the quarto edition (vol. viii.) of 1765, and compared with Faulkner's of 1772.

A PROPOSAL THAT ALL THE LADIES AND WOMEN OF IRELAND SHOULD APPEAR CONSTANTLY IN IRISH MANUFACTURES.

There was a treatise written about nine years ago, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. This treatise was allowed to have not one syllable in it of party or disaffection; but was wholly founded upon the growing poverty of the nation, occasioned by the utter want of trade in every branch, except that ruinous importation of all foreign extravagancies from other countries. This treatise was presented, by the grand jury of the city and county of Dublin, as a scandalous, seditious, and factious pamphlet. I forget who was the foreman of the city grand jury; but the foreman for the county was one Doctor Seal, register to the Archbishop of Dublin, wherein he differed much from the sentiments of his lord. The printer was tried before the late Mr. Whitshed, that famous Lord chief-justice; who, on the bench, laying his hand on his heart, declared, upon his salvation, that the author was a Jacobite, and had a design to beget a quarrel between the two nations. In the midst of this prosecution, about fifteen hundred weavers were forced to beg their bread, and had a general contribution made for their relief, which just served to make them drunk for a week; and then they were forced to turn rogues, or strolling beggars, or to leave the kingdom.

The Duke of Grafton, who was then Lieutenant, being perfectly ashamed of so infamous and unpopular a proceeding, obtained from England a *noli prosequi* for the printer. Yet the grand jury had solemn thanks given them from the Secretary of State.

I mention this passage (perhaps too much forgotten,) to shew how dangerous it hath been for the best meaning person to write one syllable in the defence of his country, or discover the miserable condition it is in.

And to prove this truth, I will produce one instance more; wholly omitting the famous case of the Drapier, and the proclamation against him, as well as the perverseness of another jury against the same Mr. Whitshed, who was violently bent to act the second part in another scene.

About two years ago, there was a small paper printed, which was called, "A Short View of the State of Ireland," relating the several causes whereby any country may grow rich, and applying them to Ireland. Whitshed was dead, and consequently the printer was not troubled. Mist, the famous journalist, happened to reprint this paper in London, for which his press-folks were prosecuted for almost a twelve-month; and, for aught I know, are not yet discharged.

This is our case; insomuch, that although I am often without money in my pocket, I dare not own it in some company, for fear of being thought disaffected.

But, since I am determined to take care that the author of this paper shall

not be discovered (following herein the most prudent practice of the Drapier,) I will venture to affirm, that the three seasons wherein our corn hath miscarried, did no more contribute to our present misery, than one spoonful of water thrown upon a rat already drowned would contribute to his death; and that the present plentiful harvest, although it should be followed by a dozen ensuing, would no more restore us, than it would the rat aforesaid to put him near the fire, which might indeed warm his fur coat, but never bring him back to life.

The short of the matter is this: The distresses of the kingdom are operating more and more every day, by very large degrees, and so have been doing for above a dozen years past.

If you demand from whence these distresses have arisen, I desire to ask the following question:

If two-thirds of any kingdom's revenue be exported to another country, without one farthing of value in return; and if the said kingdom be forbidden the most profitable branches of trade wherein to employ the other third, and only allowed to traffic in importing those commodities which are most ruinous to itself; how shall that kingdom stand?

If this question were formed into the first proposition of an hypothetical syllogism, I defy the man born in Ireland, who is now in the fairest way of getting a collectorship, or a cornet's post, to give a good reason for denying it.

Let me put another case. Suppose a gentleman's estate of two hundred pounds a year should sink to one hundred, by some accident, whether by an earthquake, or inundation, it matters not: and suppose the said gentleman utterly hopeless and unqualified ever to retrieve the loss; how is he otherwise to proceed in his future economy, than by reducing it on every article to one half less, unless he will be content to fly his country, or rot in jail? This is a representation of Ireland's condition; only with one fault, that it is a little too favourable. Neither am I able to propose a full remedy for this, that shall ever be granted, but only a small prolongation of life, until God shall miraculously dispose the hearts of our neighbours, our kinsmen, our fellow-protestants, fellow-subjects, and fellow rational creatures, to permit us to starve without running further in debt. I am informed that our national debt (and God knows how we wretches came by that fashionable thing a national debt) is about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; which is at least one-third of the whole kingdom's rents, after our absentees and other foreign drains are paid, and about fifty thousand pounds more than all the cash.

It seems there are several schemes for raising a fund to pay the interest of this formidable sum (not the principal, for this is allowed impossible). The necessity of raising such a fund, is strongly and regularly pleaded, from the late deficiencies in the duties and customs. And is it the fault of Ireland that these funds are deficient? If they depend on trade, can it possibly be otherwise, while we have neither liberty to trade, nor money to trade with; neither hands to work, nor business to employ them, if we had? Our diseases

are visible enough both in their causes and effects; and the cures are well known, but impossible to be applied.

If my steward comes and tells me, that my rents are sunk so low, that they are very little more than sufficient to pay my servants their wages; have I any other course left than to cashier four in six of my rascally footmen, and a number of other varlets in my family, of whose insolence the whole neighbourhood complains? And I should think it extremely severe in any law, to force me to maintain a household of fifty servants, and fix their wages, before I had offered my rent-roll upon oath to the legislators.

To return from digressing: I am told one scheme for raising a fund to pay the interest of our national debt, is, by a further duty of forty shillings a tun upon wine. Some gentlemen would carry this matter much further, by raising it to twelve pounds; which, in a manner, would amount to a prohibition: thus weakly arguing from the practice of England.

I have often taken notice, both in print and in discourse, that there is no topic so fallacious, either in talk or in writing, as to argue how we ought to act in Ireland, from the example of England, Holland, France, or any other country, whose inhabitants are allowed the common rights and liberties of humankind. I could undertake to name six or seven of the most uncontrolled maxims in government, which are utterly false in this kingdom.

As to the additional duty on wine, I think any person may deliver his opinion upon it, until it shall have passed into a law; and till then, I declare mine to be positively against it.

First, Because there is no nation yet known, in either hemisphere, where the people of all conditions are more in want of some cordial to keep up their spirits, than in this of ours. I am not in jest; and if the fact will not be allowed me, I shall not argue it.

Secondly, It is too well and generally known, that this tax of forty shillings additional on every tun of wine, (which will be double, at least, to the home consumer) will increase equally every new session of Parliament, until, perhaps, it comes to twelve pounds.

Thirdly, Because, as the merchants inform me, and as I have known many the like instances in England, this additional tax will more probably lessen this branch of the revenue, than increase it. And therefore Sir John Stanley, a commissioner of the customs in England, used to say, that the House of Commons were generally mistaken in matters of trade, by an erroneous opinion that two and two make four. Thus, if you should lay an additional duty of one penny a pound on raisins or sugar, the revenue, instead of rising, would certainly sink; and the consequence would only be, to lessen the number of plum-puddings, and ruin the confectioner.

Fourthly, I am likewise assured by merchants, that upon this additional forty shillings, the French will at least equally raise their duties upon all commodities we export thither.

Fifthly, If an original extract of the exports and imports be true, we have

been gainers, upon the balance, by our trade with France, for several years past; and, although our gain amounts to no great sum, we ought to be satisfied, since we are no losers, with the only consolation we are capable of receiving.

Lastly, The worst consequence is behind. If we raise the duty on wine to a considerable height, we lose the only hold we have of keeping among us the few gentlemen of any tolerable estates. I am confident there is hardly a gentleman of eight hundred pounds a year and upwards, in this kingdom, who would balance half an hour to consider whether he should live here or in England, if a family could be as cheaply maintained in the one as the other. As to eatables, they are as cheap in many fine counties of England, as in some very indifferent ones here; or, if there be any difference, that vein of thrift and prudence in economy, which passes there without reproach, (and chiefly in London itself,) would amply make up the difference. But the article of French wine is hardly tolerable, in any degree of plenty, to a middling fortune; and this is it, which, by growing habitual, wholly turns the scale with those few landed men, disengaged from employments, who content themselves to live hospitably with plenty of good wine in their own country, rather than in penury and obscurity in another, with bad, or with none at all.

Having, therefore, as far as in me lies, abolished this additional duty upon wine; for I am not under the least concern about paying the interest of the national debt, but leave it, as in loyalty bound, wholly to the wisdom of the honourable House of Commons; I come now to consider by what methods we may be able to put off and delay our utter undoing as long as it is possible.

I never have discoursed with any reasonable man upon this subject, who did not allow that there was no remedy left us, but to lessen the importation of all unnecessary commodities as much as it was possible; and likewise either to persuade our absentees to spend their money at home, which is impossible; or tax them at five shillings in the pound during their absence, with such allowances, upon necessary occasions, as it shall be thought convenient: or, by permitting us a free trade, which is denied to no other nation upon earth. The three last methods are treated by Mr. Prior, in his most useful treatise, added to his list of absentees.

It is to gratify the vanity, and pride, and luxury of the women, and of the young fops who admire them, that we owe this insupportable grievance, of bringing in the instruments of our ruin. There is annually brought over to this kingdom near ninety thousand pounds worth of silk, whereof the greater part is manufactured. Thirty thousand pounds more is expended in muslin, holland, cambric, and calico. What the price of lace amounts to, is not easy to be collected from the custom-house book, being a kind of goods that takes up little room, and is easily run; but, considering the prodigious price of a woman's head-dress, at ten, twelve, twenty pounds a yard, must be very great. The tea, rated at seven shillings per pound, comes to near twelve thousand pounds; but, considering it as the common luxury of every chambermaid, sempstress, and tradesman's wife, both in town and country, however they

come by it, must needs cost the kingdom double that sum. Coffee is somewhere above seven thousand pounds. I have seen no account of the chocolate, and some other Indian or American goods. The drapery imported is about four-and-twenty thousand pounds. The whole amounts (with one or two other particulars) to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The lavishing of all which money is just as prudent and necessary, as to see a man in an embroidered coat, begging out of Newgate in an old shoe.

I allow that the thrown and raw silk is less pernicious, because we have some share in the manufacture: but we are not now in circumstances to trifle. It costs us above forty thousand pounds a-year; and if the ladies, till better times, will not be content to go in their own country shifts, I wish they may go in rags.

Let them vie with each other in the fineness of their native linen: their beauty and gentleness will as well appear, as if they were covered over with diamonds and brocade.

I believe no man is so weak, as to hope or expect that such a reformation can be brought about by a law. But a thorough hearty, unanimous vote, in both houses of Parliament, might perhaps answer as well: every senator, noble or plebeian, giving his honour, that neither himself, nor any of his family, would, in their dress, or furniture of their houses, make use of anything except what was of the growth and manufacture of this kingdom; and that they would use the utmost of their power, influence, and credit, to prevail on their tenants, dependants, and friends, to follow their example.

ANSWER TO THE CRAFTSMAN

This “Answer” forms an excellent continuation of the “Modest Proposal.” It is in an entirely different vein, but is, in its own way, an admirable example of Swift’s strength in handling a public question. The English government had been offering every facility to French officers for recruiting their army from Ireland. The “Craftsman” made some strong remarks on this, and Primate Boulter, in his letter to the Duke of Newcastle, under date October 14th, 1730, told his Grace, “that after consulting with the Lords Justices on the subject he found that they apprehend there will be greater difficulties in this affair than at first offered.” He enters into the difficulties to be overcome in order to act in consonance with the wishes of his Majesty, and promises that “effectual care shall be taken that none of the officers who are come hither, suffer on this account” (Letter, pp. 26-27, vol. ii., Dublin, edit. 1770). Swift uses the matter for his own purposes and ironically welcomes this chance for the depopulation of Ireland. “When our island is a desert, we will send all our raw material to England, and receive from her all our manufactured articles. A leather coinage will be all we want, separated, as we shall then be, from all human kind. We shall have lost all; but we may be left in peace, and we shall have no more to tempt the plunderer.” Scott styles this “Answer” a masterpiece.

The text of this edition is based on that given by Faulkner in the ninth volume of his edition of Swift issued in 1772.

ANSWER TO THE CRAFTSMAN

Sir,

I detest reading your papers, because I am not of your principles, and because I cannot endure to be convinced. Yet I was prevailed on to peruse your Craftsman of December the 12th, wherein I discover you to be as great an enemy of this country, as you are of your own. You are pleased to reflect on a project I proposed, of making the children of Irish parents to be useful to the public instead of being burdensome; and you venture to assert, that your own scheme is more charitable, of not permitting our Popish natives to be listed in the service of any foreign prince.

Perhaps, sir, you may not have heard of any kingdom so unhappy as this, both in their imports and exports. We import a sort of goods, of no intrinsic value, which costeth us above forty thousand pounds a year to dress, and scour, and polish them, which altogether do not yield one penny advantage; and we annually export above seven hundred thousand pounds a year in another kind of goods, for which we receive not one single farthing in return; even the money paid for the letters sent in transacting this commerce being all returned to England. But now, when there is a most lucky opportunity offered to begin a trade, whereby this nation will save many thousand pounds a year, and England be a prodigious gainer, you are pleased, without a call, officiously and maliciously to interpose with very frivolous arguments.

It is well known, that about sixty years ago the exportation of live cattle from hence to England was a great benefit to both kingdoms, until that branch of traffic was stopped by an act of Parliament on your side, whereof you have had sufficient reason to repent. Upon which account, when another act passed your Parliament, forbidding the exportation of live men to any foreign country, you were so wise to put in a clause, allowing it to be done by his Majesty's permission, under his sign manual, for which, among other great benefits granted to Ireland, we are infinitely obliged to the British legislature. Yet this very grace and favour you, Mr. D'Anvers, whom we never disobliged, are endeavouring to prevent; which, I will take upon me to say, is a manifest mark of your disaffection to his Majesty, a want of duty to the ministry, and a wicked design of oppressing this kingdom, and a traitorous attempt to lessen the trade and manufacture of England.

Our truest and best ally, the Most Christian King, hath obtained his Majesty's licence, pursuant to law, to export from hence some thousand bodies of healthy, young, living men, to supply his Irish regiments. The King of Spain, as you assert yourself, hath desired the same civility, and seemeth to have at least as good a claim. Supposing then that these two potentates will only desire leave to carry off six thousand men between them to France and Spain; then, by computing the maintenance of a tall, hungry Irishman, in food

and clothes, to be only at five pounds a head, here will be thirty thousand pounds per annum saved clear to the nation; for they can find no other employment at home, beside begging, robbing, or stealing. But, if thirty, forty, or fifty thousand (which we could gladly spare) were sent on the same errand, what an immense benefit must it be to us! And if the two princes, in whose service they were, should happen to be at war with each other, how soon would those recruits be destroyed! Then what a number of friends would the Pretender lose, and what a number of Popish enemies all true Protestants get rid of! Add to this, that then, by such a practice, the lands of Ireland, that want hands for tillage, must be employed in grazing, which would sink the price of wool, raw hides, butter, and tallow, so that the English might have them at their own rates, and in return send us wheat to make our bread, barley to brew our drink, and oats for our houses, without any labour of our own.

Upon this occasion, I desire humbly to offer a scheme, which, in my opinion, would best answer the true interests of both kingdoms: For although I bear a most tender filial affection to England, my dear native country, yet I cannot deny but this noble island hath a great share in my love and esteem; nor can I express how much I desire to see it flourish in trade and opulence, even beyond its present happy condition.

The profitable land of this kingdom is, I think, usually computed at seventeen millions of acres, all which I propose to be wholly turned to grazing. Now, it is found by experience, that one grazier and his family can manage two thousand acres. Thus sixteen millions eight hundred thousand acres may be managed by eight thousand four hundred families; and the fraction of two hundred thousand acres will be more than sufficient for cabins, out-houses, and potatoe-gardens; because it is to be understood that corn of all sorts must be sent to us from England.

These eight thousand four hundred families may be divided among the four provinces, according to the number of houses in each province; and making the equal allowance of eight to a family, the number of inhabitants will amount to sixty-seven thousand two hundred souls. To these we are to add a standing army of twenty thousand English; which, together with their trulls, their bastards, and their horse-boys, will, by a gross computation, very near double the count, and be very sufficient for the defence and grazing of the kingdom, as well as to enrich our neighbours, expel popery, and keep out the Pretender. And, lest the army should be at a loss for business, I think it would be very prudent to employ them in collecting the public taxes for paying themselves and the civil list.

I advise, that all the owners of these lands should live constantly in England, in order to learn politeness, and qualify themselves for employments; but, for fear of increasing the natives in this island, that an annual draught, according to the number born every year, be exported to whatever prince will bear the carriage, or transplanted to the English dominions on the American continent, as a screen between his Majesty's

English subjects and the savage Indians.

I advise likewise, that no commodity whatsoever, of this nation's growth, should be sent to any other country except England, under the penalty of high treason; and that all the said commodities shall be sent in their natural state; the hides raw, the wool uncombed, the flax in the stub; excepting only fish, butter, tallow, and whatever else will be spoiled in the carriage. On the contrary, that no goods whatsoever shall be exported hither, except from England, under the same penalty: that England should be forced, at their own rates, to send us over clothes ready made, as well as shirts and smocks to the soldiers and their trulls; all iron, wooden, and earthen ware, and whatever furniture may be necessary for the cabins of graziers; with a sufficient quantity of gin, and other spirits, for those who, can afford to be drunk on holidays.

As to the civil and ecclesiastical administration, which I have not yet fully considered, I can say little; only, with regard to the latter, it is plain, that the article of paying tithe for supporting speculative opinions in religion, which is so insupportable a burden to all true Protestants, and to most churchmen, will be very much lessened by this expedient; because dry cattle pay nothing to the spiritual hireling, any more than imported corn; so that the industrious shepherd and cowherd may sit every man under his own blackberry-bush, and on his own potato-bed, whereby this happy island will become a new Arcadia.

I do likewise propose, that no money shall be used in Ireland except what is made of leather, which likewise shall be coined in England, and imported; and that the taxes shall be levied out of the commodities we export to England, and there turned into money for his Majesty's use; and the rents to landlords discharged in the same manner. This will be no manner of grievance, for we already see it very practicable to live without money, and shall be more convinced of it every day. But whether paper shall still continue to supply that defect, or whether we shall hang up all those who profess the trade of bankers, (which latter I am rather inclined to,) must be left to the consideration of wiser politicians.

That which maketh me more zealously bent upon this scheme, is my desire of living in amity with our neighbouring brethren; for we have already tried all other means without effect, to that blessed end: and, by the course of measures taken for some years past, it should seem that we are all agreed in the point.

This expedient will be of great advantage to both kingdoms, upon several accounts: for, as to England, they have a just claim to the balance of trade on their side with the whole world: and therefore our ancestors and we, who conquered this kingdom for them, ought, in duty and gratitude, to let them have the whole benefit of that conquest to themselves; especially when the conquest was amicably made without bloodshed, by a stipulation between the Irish princes and Henry II.; by which they paid him, indeed, not equal homage with what the electors of Germany do to the emperor, but very near the same that he did to the King of France for his French dominions.

In consequence of this claim from England, that kingdom may very reasonably demand the benefit of all our commodities in their natural growth, to be manufactured by their people, and a sufficient quantity of them for our use to be returned hither fully manufactured.

This, on the other side, will be of great benefit to our inhabitants the graziers; when time and labour will be too much taken up in manuring their ground, feeding their cattle, shearing their sheep, and sending over their oxen fit for slaughter; to which employments they are turned by nature, as descended from the Scythians, whose diet they are still so fond of. So Virgil describeth it: —

Et lac concretum cum sanguine bibit equino;

Which, in English, is bonnyclabber mingled with the blood of horses, as they formerly did, until about the beginning of the last century luxury, under the form of politeness, began to creep in, they changed the blood of horses for that of their black cattle, and, by consequence, became less warlike than their ancestors.

Although I proposed that the army should be collectors of the public revenues, yet I did not thereby intend that those taxes should be paid in gold or silver; but in kind, as all other rent: For, the custom of tenants making their payments in money, is a new thing in the world, little known in former ages, nor generally practised in any nation at present, except this island and the southern parts of Britain. But, to my great satisfaction, I foresee better times; the ancient manner beginneth to be now practised in many parts of Connaught, as well as in the county of Cork; where the squires turn tenants to themselves, divide so many cattle to their slaves, who are to provide such a quantity of butter, hides, or tallow, still keeping up their number of cattle; and carry the goods to Cork, or other port towns, and then sell them to the merchants. By which invention there is no such thing as a ruined farmer to be seen; but the people live with comfort on potatoes and bonnyclabber, neither of which are vendible commodities abroad.

A VINDICATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET.

John Carteret, Earl Granville, succeeded to the Carteret barony at the early age of five years. He was the son of George, the first Baron Carteret, and was born in 1690. He was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, from which latter place, as Swift puts it, "he carried away more Greek, Latin, and philosophy than properly became a person of his rank." In the House of Lords Carteret was known as a strong adherent of the Protestant succession, and joined the Sunderland party on the split of the Whigs in 1717. As ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Sweden he was eminently successful, being the instrument by which, in 1720, peace was established between Sweden, Prussia, and Hanover. Later, he served in a similar capacity with Earl Stanhope and Sir Robert Sutton at the Congress of Cambray.

In 1721 he was appointed Secretary of State of the southern province, but although a member of the Walpole administration, he intrigued with the King against Walpole, and attempted to form a party in opposition to that minister. He ingratiated himself in the King's favour by means of his knowledge of the German language (for George knew no English), and obtained the support of Carleton, Roxburghe, Cadogan, and the Countess of Darlington. Walpole, however, was too strong for him. He managed to get Carteret to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and the Duke of Newcastle took up the office held by him in England. The condition of Ireland at this time was such as to cause grave anxiety to the English government. Carteret was sent ostensibly to a post of great importance, though, in reality, to be out of Walpole's way. For an account of Carteret's government during the agitation against Wood's halfpence, the reader is referred to the sixth volume of the present edition.

During the King's absence from England in 1723, Carteret had been one of the lords justices of the country, and in 1725, when George was again away, he was again appointed to this office. George, however, died on his way to Hanover; but, on the accession of George II., Carteret continued to hold high office. He was re-appointed to the Irish Lord Lieutenancy in 1727, and it was during this second term that he was criticised for the conduct Swift vindicates in the following tract.

The Dean had a great admiration both for the scholarship and temper of Carteret. The admiration was mutual, for Carteret often consulted with Swift on important matters, and, though he dared not appoint the Drapier to any position of importance, he took occasion to assist the Drapier's friends. At the time of the proclamation against the Drapier's fourth letter, the Dean, writes Scott, "visited the Castle, and having waited for some time without seeing the Lord Lieutenant, wrote upon one of the windows of the chamber of audience

these lines:

'My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task, For a man to wait here, who has nothing to ask.'

Under which Carteret wrote the following happy reply:

'My very good Dean, there are few who come here, But have something to ask, or something to fear.'"

To Carteret's politic government of Ireland was mainly due the peaceful condition which prevailed amidst all the agitation roused by bad management and wretchedness. In a letter to Swift, written many years later (March, 1737), Carteret writes: "The people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift." And Swift confessed (in a letter to Gay, November 19th, 1730) that Carteret "had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of the kingdom than most of his predecessors." It was to Carteret that Swift made his well-known remark, on an occasion of a visit, "What, in God's name, do you do here? Get back to your own country, and send us our boobies again."

Swift was well aware that Carteret had not the power to make the changes in Ireland necessary for its well-being. Such changes could come only from the government in England, and as this was implacable, Carteret was but an instrument in its hands. Swift was therefore compelled to rest content with obtaining what favours he could for those friends of his who he knew deserved advancement, and he allowed no occasion to slip by without soliciting in their behalf.

Richard Tighe (who had managed to injure Sheridan in his chaplaincy), with a number of the more violent members of the Whigs in Ireland, took up Carteret's conduct, attempted, by means of their interpretation of the Lord Lieutenant's promotions, to injure him with the government, and accused him of advancing individuals who were enemies of the government. Swift took up the charge in his usual ironical manner, and wrote the Vindication which follows.

Carteret, it may be added here, was dismissed from his office in 1730, and joined Pulteney in a bitter struggle against Walpole, which culminated in his famous resolution, presented to the House of Lords, desiring that the King should remove Walpole from his presence and counsels for ever. Carteret failed, but Walpole was compelled to resign in 1742. The rest of Carteret's career bears no relation to Irish affairs.

The present text is founded on that of the original London edition printed in 1730, collated with the Dublin edition of the same date. They differ in many minor details from that given by Scott in 1824.

A VINDICATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE Lord *C* —— *T*, FROM THE CHARGE

Of favouring none but

Tories, High-Churchmen and Jacobites.

By the Reverend Dr, *S* —— *T*.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Warner at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*.
MDCCXXX.
(Price 6*d*.)

A VINDICATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET.

In order to treat this important subject with the greatest fairness and impartiality, perhaps it may be convenient to give some account of his Excellency in whose life and character there are certain particulars, which might give a very just suspicion of some truth in the accusation he lies under.

He is descended from two noble, ancient, and most loyal families, the Carterets and the Granvilles. Too much distinguish'd, I confess, for what they acted, and what they suffer'd in defending the former Constitution in Church and State, under King Charles the Martyr; I mean that very Prince, on account of whose martyrdom "a Form of Prayer, with Fasting," was enjoined, by Act of Parliament, "to be used on the 30th day of January every year, to implore the mercies of God, that the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood, might not be visited on us or our posterity," as we may read at large in our Common Prayer Books. Which day hath been solemnly kept, even within the memory of many men now alive.

His Excellency, the present Lord, was educated in the University of Oxford, from whence, with a singularity scarce to be justified, he carried away more Greek, Latin, and philosophy, than properly became a person of his rank, indeed much more of each than most of those who are forced to live by their learning, will be at the unnecessary pains to load their heads with.

This was the rock he split on, upon his first appearance in the world, and just got clear of his guardians. For, as soon as he came to town, some bishops, and clergymen, and other persons most eminent for learning and parts, got him among them, from whom though he were fortunately dragged by a lady and the Court, yet he could never wipe off the stain, nor wash out the tincture of his University acquirements and dispositions.

To this another misfortune was added; that it pleased God to endow him with great natural talents, memory, judgment, comprehension, eloquence, and wit. And, to finish the work, all these were fortified even in his youth, with the advantages received by such employments as are best fitted both to exercise and polish the gifts of nature and education; having been Ambassador in several Courts when his age would hardly allow him to take a degree, and made principal Secretary of State, at a period when, according to custom, he ought to have been busied in losing his money at a chocolate-house, or in other amusements equally laudable and epidemic among persons of honour.

I cannot omit another weak side in his Excellency, for it is known, and can be proved upon him, that Greek and Latin books might be found every day in his dressing-room, if it were carefully searched; and there is reason to suspect, that some of the said books have been privately conveyed to him by Tory hands. I am likewise assured, that he hath been taken in the very fact of reading the said books, even in the midst of a session, to the great neglect of

public affairs.

I own there may be some grounds for this charge, because I have it from good hands, that when his Excellency is at dinner with one or two scholars at his elbows, he grows a most unsupportable, and unintelligible companion to all the fine gentlemen round the table.

I cannot deny that his Excellency lies under another great disadvantage. For, with all the accomplishments above-mentioned, adding that of a most comely and graceful person, and during the prime of youth, spirits, and vigor, he hath in a most unexemplary manner led a regular domestic life, discovers a great esteem, and friendship, and love for his lady, as well as a true affection for his children; and when he is disposed to admit an entertaining evening companion, he doth not always enough reflect whether the person may possibly in former days have lain under the imputation of a Tory; nor at such times do the natural or affected fears of Popery and the Pretender make any part of the conversation; I presume, because neither Homer, Plato, Aristotle, nor Cicero have made any mention of them.

These I freely acknowledge to be his Excellency's failings: Yet I think it is agreed by philosophers and divines, that some allowance ought to be given to human infirmity, and the prejudices of a wrong education.

I am well aware how much my sentiments differ from the orthodox opinion of one or two principal patriots, (at the head of whom I name with honour Pistorides.) For these have decided the matter directly against me, by declaring that no person who was ever known to lie under the suspicion of one single Tory principle, or who had been once seen at a great man's levee in the worst of times, should be allowed to come within the verge of the Castle; much less to bow in the antechamber, appear at the assemblies, or dance at a birth-night. However, I dare assert, that this maxim hath been often controlled, and that on the contrary a considerable number of early penitents have been received into grace, who are now an ornament, happiness, and support to the nation.

Neither do I find any murmuring on some other points of greater importance, where this favourite maxim is not so strictly observed.

To instance only in one. I have not heard that any care hath hitherto been taken to discover whether Madam Violante be a Whig or Tory in her principles, or even that she hath ever been offered the oaths to the Government; on the contrary I am told that she openly professes herself to be a high-flyer, and it is not improbable, by her outlandish name she may also be a Papist in her heart; yet we see this illustrious and dangerous female openly caressed by principal persons of both parties, who contribute to support her in a splendid manner, without the least apprehensions from a grand jury, or even from Squire Hartley Hutcheson himself, that zealous prosecutor of hawkers and libels. And as Hobbes wisely observes, so much money being equivalent to so much power, it may deserve considering with what safety such an instrument of power ought to be trusted in the hands of an alien, who hath not

given any legal security for her good affection to the government.

I confess, there is one evil which I could wish our friends would think proper to redress. There are many Whigs in this Kingdom of the old-fashioned stamp, of whom we might make very good use; They bear the same loyalty with us, to the Hanoverian family, in the person of King George II.; the same abhorrence of the Pretender, with the consequent of Popery and slavery; and the same indulgence to tender consciences; but having nothing to ask for themselves, and consequently the more leisure to think for the public, they are often apt to entertain fears, and melancholy prospects concerning the state of their country, the decay of trade, the want of money, the miserable condition of the people, with other topics of like nature, all which do equally concern both Whig and Tory, who if they have anything to lose must be equally sufferers. Perhaps one or two of these melancholy gentlemen will sometimes venture to publish their thoughts in print: Now I can by no means approve our usual custom of cursing and railing at this species of thinkers under the names of Tories, Jacobites, Papists, libellers, rebels, and the like.

This was the utter ruin of that poor, angry, bustling, well-meaning mortal Pistorides, who lies equally under the contempt of both parties, with no other difference than a mixture of pity on one side, and of aversion on the other.

How hath he been pelted, pestered, and pounded by one single wag, who promiseth never to forsake him living or dead!

I was much pleased with the humour of a surgeon in this town, who having in his own apprehension, received some great injustice from the Earl of Galway, and despairing of revenge, as well as relief, declared to all his friends that he had set apart a hundred guineas to purchase the Earl's carcase from the sexton, whenever it should die; to make a skeleton of the bones, stuff the hide, and shew them for threepence; and thus get vengeance for the injuries he had suffered by the owner.

Of the like spirit too often is that implacable race of wits, against whom there is no defence but innocence, and philosophy: Neither of which is likely to be at hand; and therefore the wounded have nowhere to fly for a cure, but to downright stupidity, a crazed head, or a profligate contempt of guilt and shame.

I am therefore sorry for that other miserable creature Traulus, who although of somewhat a different species, yet seems very far to outdo even the genius of Pistorides, in that miscarrying talent of railing without consistency or discretion, against the most innocent persons, according to the present situation of his gall and spleen. I do not blame an *honest* gentleman for the bitterest invectives against one to whom he professeth the greatest friendship; provided he acts in the dark, so as not to be discovered. But in the midst of caresses, visits, and invitations, to run into the streets, or to as public a place, and without the least pretended excitement, sputter out the basest and falsest accusations; then to wipe his mouth, come up smiling to his friend, shake him by the hand, and tell him in a whisper, it was "all for his service;" this

proceeding, I am bold to think a great failure in prudence; and I am afraid lest such a practitioner, with a body so open, so foul, and so full of sores, may fall under the resentment of an incensed political surgeon, who is not in much renown for his mercy upon great provocation: who without waiting for his death, will flay, and dissect him alive, and to the view of mankind lay open all the disordered cells of his brain, the venom of his tongue, the corruption of his heart, and spots and flatuses of his spleen — And all this for threepence.

In such a case what a scene would be laid open! and to drop my metaphor what a character of our mistaking friend might an angry enemy draw and expose! particularizing that unnatural conjunction of vices and follies, so inconsistent with each other in the same breast: Furious and fawning, scurrilous and flattering, cowardly and provoking, insolent and abject; most profligately false, with the strongest professions of sincerity, positive and variable, tyrannical and slavish.

I apprehend that if all this should be set out to the world by an angry Whig of the old stamp, the unavoidable consequence must be a confinement of our friend for some months more to his garret, and thereby depriving the public for so long a time, and in so important a juncture, of his useful talents in their service, while he is fed like a wild beast through a hole; but I hope with a special regard to the quantity and quality of his nourishment.

In vain would his excusers endeavour to palliate his enormities, by imputing them to madness: Because, it is well known, that madness only operates by inflaming and enlarging the good or evil dispositions of the mind: For the curators of Bedlam assure us, that some lunatics are persons of honour, truth, benevolence, and many other virtues, which appear in their highest ravings, although after a wild incoherent manner; while others on the contrary, discover in every word and action the utmost baseness and depravity of human minds; which infallibly they possessed in the same degree, although perhaps under a better regulation, before their entrance into that academy.

But it may be objected, that there is an argument of much force to excuse the overflowings of that zeal, which our friend shews or means for our cause. And it must be confessed, that the easy and smooth fluency of his elocution bestowed on him by nature, and cultivated by continual practice, added to the comeliness of his person, the harmony of his voice, the gracefulness of his manner, and the decency of his dress, are temptations too strong for such a genius to resist upon any public occasion of making them appear with universal applause: And if good men are sometimes accused of loving their jest better than their friend, surely to gain the reputation of the first orator in the kingdom, no man of spirit would scruple to lose all the friends he had in the world.

It is usual for masters to make their boys declaim on both sides of an argument; and as some kinds of assemblies are called the schools of politics, I confess nothing can better improve political school-boys, than the art of making plausible or implausible harangues, against the very opinion for which

they resolve to determine.

So Cardinal Perron after having spoke for an hour to the admiration of all his hearers, to prove the existence of God; told some of his intimates that he could have spoken another hour, and much better, to prove the contrary.

I have placed this reasoning in the strongest light, that I think it will bear; and have nothing to answer, but that allowing it as much weight as the reader shall please, it hath constantly met with ill success in the mouth of our friend, whether for want of good luck, or good management I suspend my judgment.

To return from this long digression. If persons in high stations have been allowed to choose mistresses, without regard even to difference in religion, yet never incurred the least reflection on their loyalty or their Protestantism; shall the chief governor of a great kingdom be censured for choosing a companion, who may formerly have been suspected for differing from the orthodox in some speculative opinions of persons and things, which cannot affect the fundamental principles of a sound Whig?

But let me suppose a very possible case. Here is a person sent to govern Ireland, whose unfortunate weak side it happens to be, for several reasons abovementioned, that he hath encouraged the attendance of one or two gentlemen distinguished for their taste, their wit, and their learning; who have taken the oaths to his Majesty, and pray heartily for him: Yet because they may perhaps be stigmatized as *quondam* Tories by Pistorides and his gang; his Excellency must be forced to banish them under the pain and peril of displeasing the zealots of his own party; and thereby be put into a worse condition than every common good-fellow; who may be a sincere Protestant, and a loyal subject, and yet rather choose to drink fine ale at the Pope's head, than muddy at the King's.

Let me then return to my supposition. It is certain, the high-flown loyalists in the present sense of the word, have their thoughts, and studies, and tongues so entirely diverted by political schemes, that the zeal of their principles hath eaten up their understandings; neither have they time from their employments, their hopes, and their hourly labours for acquiring new additions of merit, to amuse themselves with philological converse, or speculations which are utterly ruinous to all schemes of rising in the world: What must then a great man do whose ill stars have fatally perverted him to a love, and taste, and possession of literature, politeness, and good sense? Our thorough-sped republic of Whigs, which contains the bulk of all hopers, pretenders, expecters and professors, are, beyond all doubt, most highly useful to princes, to governors, to great ministers, and to their country, but at the same time, and by necessary consequence, the most disagreeable companions to all who have that unfortunate turn of mind peculiar to his Excellency, and perhaps to five or six more in a nation.

I do not deny it possible, that an original or proselyte favourer of the times, might have been born to those useless talents which in former ages qualified a man to be a poet, or a philosopher. All I contend for is, that where

the true genius of party once enters, it sweeps the house clean, and leaves room for many other spirits to take joint possession, till the last state of that man is exceedingly better than the first.

I allow it a great error in his Excellency that he adheres so obstinately to his old unfashionable academic education: Yet so perverse is human nature, that the usual remedies for this evil in others, have produced a contrary effect in him; to a degree, that I am credibly informed, he will, as I have already hinted, in the middle of a session quote passages out of Plato, and Pindar at his own table to some book-learned companion, without blushing, even when persons of great stations are by.

I will venture one step further; which is, freely to confess, that this mistaken method of educating youth in the knowledge of ancient learning and language, is too apt to spoil their politics and principles; because the doctrine and examples of the books they read, teach them lessons directly contrary in every point to the present practice of the world: And accordingly, Hobbes most judiciously observes, that the writings of the Greeks and Romans made young men imbibe opinions against absolute power in a prince, or even in a first minister, and to embrace notions of liberty and property.

It hath been therefore a great felicity to these kingdoms, that the heirs to titles and large estates, have a weakness in their eyes, a tenderness in their constitutions, are not able to bear the pain and indignity of whipping; and as the mother rightly expresses it, could never take to their book; yet are well enough qualified to sign a receipt for half a year's rent, to put their names (*rightly spelt*) to a warrant, and to read pamphlets against religion and high-flying; whereby they fill their niches, and carry themselves through the world with that dignity which best becomes a senator, and a squire.

I could heartily wish his Excellency would be more condescending to the genius of the kingdom he governs, to the condition of the times, and to the nature of the station he fills. Yet if it be true, what I have read in old English story-books, that one Agesilaus (no matter to the bulk of my readers, whether I spell the names right or wrong) was caught by the parson of the parish, riding on a hobby-horse with his children; that Socrates a heathen philosopher, was found dancing by himself at fourscore; that a king called Cæsar Augustus (or some such name) used to play with boys; whereof some might possibly be sons of Tories; and, that two great men called Scipio and Lælius, (I forget their Christian names, and whether they were poets or generals,) often played at duck and drake with smooth stones on a river. Now I say, if these facts be true (and the book where I found them is in print) I cannot imagine why our most zealous patriots may not a little indulge his Excellency, in an infirmity which is not morally evil, provided he gives no public scandal (which is by all means to be avoided) I say, why he may not be indulged twice a week to converse with one or two particular persons, and let him and them con over their old exploded readings together, after mornings spent in hearing and prescribing ways and means from and to his most

obedient politicians, for the welfare of the kingdom; although the said particular person or persons may not have made so public a declaration of their political faith in all its parts, as the business of the nation requires. Still submitting my opinion to that happy majority, which I am confident is always in the right; by whom the liberty of the subject hath been so frequently, so strenuously, and so successfully asserted; who by their wise counsels have made commerce to flourish, money to abound, inhabitants to increase, the value of lands and rents to rise; and the whole island put on a new face of plenty and prosperity.

But in order to clear his Excellency, more fully from this accusation of shewing his favours to high-flyers, Tories, and Jacobites; it will be necessary to come to particulars.

The first person of a Tory denomination to whom his Excellency gave any marks of his favour, was Doctor Thomas Sheridan. It is to be observed, that this happened so early in his Excellency's government, as it may be justly supposed he had not been informed of that gentleman's character upon so dangerous an article. The Doctor being well known and distinguished, for his skill and success in the education of youth, beyond most of his profession for many years past, was recommended to his Excellency on the score of his learning, and particularly for his knowledge in the Greek tongue, whereof it seems his Excellency is a great admirer, although for what reasons I could never imagine. However it is agreed on all hands, that his lordship was too easily prevailed on by the Doctor's request, or indeed rather from the bias of his own nature, to hear a tragedy acted in that unknown language by the Doctor's lads, which was written by some heathen author, but whether it contained any Tory or High-Church principles, must be left to the consciences of the boys, the Doctor, and his Excellency: The only witnesses in this case, whose testimonies can be depended upon.

It seems, his Excellency (a thing never to be sufficiently wondered at) was so pleased with his entertainment, that some time after he gave the Doctor a church living to the value of almost one hundred pounds a year, and made him one of his chaplains, from an antiquated notion, that good schoolmasters ought to be encouraged in every nation, professing civility and religion. Yet his Excellency did not venture to make this bold step without strong recommendations from persons of undoubted principles, fitted to the times; who thought themselves bound in justice, honour, and gratitude, to do the Doctor a good office in return for the care he had taken of their children, or those of their friends. Yet the catastrophe was terrible: For, the Doctor in the height of his felicity and gratitude, going down to take possession of his parish, and furnished with a few led-sermons, whereof as it is to be supposed the number was very small, having never served a cure in the Church; he stopped at Cork to attend on his bishop; and going to church on the Sunday following, was according to the usual civility of country clergymen, invited by the minister of the parish to supply the pulpit. It happened to be the first of

August; and the first of August happened that year to light upon a Sunday: And it happened that the Doctor's text was in these words; "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and lastly it happened, that some one person of the congregation, whose loyalty made him watchful upon every appearance of danger to his Majesty's person and Government, when service was over, gave the alarm. Notice was immediately sent up to town, and by the zeal of one man of no large dimensions of body or mind, such a clamour was raised, that we in Dublin could apprehend no less than an invasion by the Pretender, who must be landed in the South. The result was, that the Doctor must be struck out of the chaplains' list, and appear no more at the Castle; yet, whether he were then, or be at this day, a Whig or a Tory, I think is a secret; only it is manifest, that he is a zealous Hanoverian, at least in poetry, and a great adorer of the present Royal Family through all its branches. His friends likewise assert, that he had preached this same sermon often, under the same text; that not having observed the words till he was in the pulpit, and had opened his notes; as he is a person a little abstracted, he wanted presence of mind to change them: And that in the whole sermon there was not a syllable relating to Government or party, or to the subject of the day.

In this incident there seems to have been an union of events, that will probably never happen again to the end of the world, or at least like the grand conjunction in the heavens, which I think they say can arrive but once in twenty thousand years.

The second gentleman (if I am right in my chronology) who under the suspicion of a Tory, received some favour from his Excellency, is Mr. James Stopford; very strongly recommended by the most eminent Whig in England, on the account of his learning, and virtue, and other accomplishments. He had passed the greatest part of his youth in close study, or in travelling; and was neither not at home, or not at leisure to trouble his thoughts about party; which I allow to be a great omission; though I cannot honestly place him in the list of Tories, and therefore think his Excellency may be fairly acquitted for making him Vicar of Finglass, worth about one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The third is Doctor Patrick Delany. This divine lies under some disadvantage; having in his youth received many civilities from a certain person then in a very high station here, for which reason I doubt the Doctor never drank his confusion since: And what makes the matter desperate, it is now too late; unless our inquisitors will be content with drinking confusion to his memory. The aforesaid eminent person who was a judge of all merit but party, distinguished the Doctor among other juniors in our University, for his learning, virtue, discretion, and good sense. But the Doctor was then in too good a situation at his college, to hope or endeavour at a better establishment, from one who had no power to give it him.

Upon the present Lord-lieutenant's coming over, the Doctor was named to his Excellency by a friend, among other clergy of distinction, as persons

whose characters it was proper his Excellency should know: And by the truth of which the giver would be content to stand or fall in his Excellency's opinion; since not one of those persons were in particular friendship with the gentleman who gave in their names. By this and some other incidents, particularly the recommendation of the late Archbishop of Dublin, the Doctor became known to his Excellency; whose fatal turn of mind toward heathenish and outlandish books and languages, finding, as I conceive a like disposition in the Doctor, was the cause of his becoming so domestic, as we are told he is, at the Castle of Dublin.

Three or four years ago, the Doctor grown weary of an academic life, for some reasons best known to the managers of the discipline in that learned society (which it may not be for their honour to mention) resolved to leave it, although by the benefit of the pupils, and his senior-fellowship with all its perquisites, he received every year between nine hundred and a thousand pounds.

And a small northern living, in the University's donation, of somewhat better than hundred pounds a year, falling at the same time with the Chancellorship of Christ-Church, to about equal the value, in the gift of his Excellency, the Doctor ventured into the world in a very scanty condition, having squandered away all his annual income in a manner, which although perhaps proper enough for a clergyman without a family, will not be for the advantage of his character to discover either on the exchange, or at a banker's shop.

About two months ago, his Excellency gave the Doctor a prebend in St. Patrick's Cathedral; which being of near the same value with either of the two former, will add a third part to his revenues, after he shall have paid the great incumbrances upon it; so that he may now be said to possess of Church preferments in scattered tithes, three hundred pounds a year, instead of the like sum of infallible rents from a senior fellowship with the offices annexed; beside the advantage of a free lodging, and some other easements.

But since the Doctor hath not in any of his writings, his sermons, his actions, his discourse, or his company, discovered one single principle of either Whig or Tory; and that the Lord Lieutenant still continues to admit him; I shall boldly pronounce him *ONE OF US*: but like a new free-mason, who hath not yet learned all the dialect of the mystery. Neither can he justly be accused of any Tory doctrines, except perhaps some among those few, with which that wicked party was charged, during the height of their power; but have been since transferred for the most solid reasons, to the whole body of our firmest friends.

I have now done with the clergy; And upon the strictest examination have not been able to find above one of that order, against whom any party suspicion can lie, which is the unfortunate gentleman, Doctor Sheridan, who by mere chance-medley shot his own fortune dead with a single text.

As to the laity I can hear of but one person of the Tory stamp, who since

the beginning of his Excellency's government, did ever receive any solid mark of his favour; I mean Sir Arthur Acheson, reported to be an acknowledged Tory, and what is almost as bad, a scholar into the bargain. It is whispered about as a certain truth, that this gentleman is to have a grant of a certain barrack upon his estate, within two miles of his own house; for which the Crown is to be his tenant, at the rent of sixty pounds *per annum*; he being only at the expense of about five hundred pounds, to put the house in repair, build stables, and other necessaries. I will place this invidious mark of beneficence, conferred on a Tory, in a fair light, by computing the costs and necessary defalcations; after which it may be seen how much Sir Arthur will be annually a clear gainer by the public, notwithstanding his unfortunate principles, and his knowledge in Greek and Latin.

For repairs, &c. 500*l.* the interest thereof *per ann.*	30	0
For all manner of poultry to furnish the troopers, but which the said troopers must be at the labour of catching, valued *per ann.*	6	0
For straggling sheep,	3	0
For game destroyed five miles round,	10	0
	49	0
Rent paid to Sir Arthur,	60	0
Deduct	49	0
Remains clear,	11	0

Thus, if Sir Arthur Acheson shall have the good fortune to obtain a grant of this barrack, he will receive net profit annually from the Crown ELEVEN pounds sterling to help him in entertaining the officers, and making provisions for his younger children.

It is true, there is another advantage to be expected, which may fully compensate the loss of cattle and poultry; by multiplying the breed of mankind, and particularly of good Protestants, in a part of the Kingdom half depopulated by the wild humour among the farmers there, of leaving their country. But I am not so skilful in arithmetic, as to compute the value.

I have reckoned one *per cent.* below the legal interest for the money that Sir Arthur must expend, and valued the damage in the other articles very moderately. However, I am confident he may with good management be a saver at least; which is a prodigious instance of moderation in our friends toward a professed Tory, whatever merit he may pretend by the unwillingness he hath shewn to make his Excellency uneasy in his administration.

Thus I have with the utmost impartiality collected every single favour, (further than personal civilities) conferred by his Excellency on Tories, and reputed Tories, since his first arrival hither to this present 13th day of April, in

the year of our Lord 1730, giving all allowance possible to the arguments on the other side of the question.

And the account will stand thus.

Disposed of preferments and employments to Tories, or reputed Tories, by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant in about the space of six years.

To Doctor Thomas Sheridan in a rectory near Trim, worth about 80*l.* *per ann.* 800

To Sir Arthur Acheson, Baronet, a barrack, worth 1*l.* *per ann.* 1

		011

Give me leave now to compute in gross the value of the favours done by his Excellency to the true friends of their King and Country, and of the Protestant religion.

It is to be remembered, that although his Excellency cannot be properly said to bestow bishoprics, commands in the army, the place of a judge, or commissioner in the revenue, and some others; yet they are, for the most part, disposed upon his recommendation, except where the persons are immediately sent from England by their interest at Court, for which I have allowed large defalcations in the following accounts. And it is remarkable that the only considerable station conferred on a reputed Tory since his present Excellency's government was of this latter kind.

And indeed it is but too remarkable, that in a neighbouring nation, (where that dangerous denomination of men is incomparably more numerous, more powerful, and of consequence more formidable) real Tories can often with much less difficulty obtain very high favours from the Government, than their reputed brethren can arrive to the lowest in ours. I observe this with all possible submission to the wisdom of their policy, which, however, will not I believe, dispute the praise of vigilance with ours.

WHIG account.

To persons promoted to bishoprics, or removed to more beneficial ones, computed at 5000*l.* *per ann.* 5000

9036	civil employments,	9036
1436	military commands,	1436
		15516

TORY account

011	Tories	011

I shall conclude with this observation. That, as I think, the Tories have sufficient reason to be fully satisfied with the share of trust, and power, and employments which they possess under the lenity of the present Government; so, I do not find how his Excellency can be justly censured for favouring none but High-Church, high-fliers, termagants, Laudists, Sacheverellians, tip-top-gallant-men, Jacobites, tantivies, anti-Hanoverians, friends to Popery and the Pretender, and to arbitrary power, disobligers of England, breakers of DEPENDENCY, inflamers of quarrels between the two nations, public incendiaries, enemies to the King and Kingdoms, haters of TRUE Protestants, laurelmen, Annists, complainers of the Nation's poverty, Ormondians, iconoclasts, anti-Glorious-memorists, white-rosalists, tenth-a-Junians, and the like: when by a fair state of the account, the balance, I conceive, plainly lies on the other side.

A PROPOSAL FOR AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT, TO PAY OFF THE DEBT OF THE NATION, WITHOUT TAXING THE SUBJECT

BY WHICH THE NUMBER OF LANDED GENTRY AND SUBSTANTIAL FARMERS WILL BE CONSIDERABLY INCREASED, AND NO ONE PERSON WILL BE THE POORER, OR CONTRIBUTE ONE FARTHING TO THE CHARGE.

In volume three of the present edition two tracts are given relating to attempts made by the bishops of Ireland for enlarging their powers. These tracts are entitled: "On the Bill for the Clergy's residing on their Livings," and "Considerations upon two Bills, sent down from the House of Lords and the House of Commons in Ireland relating to the Clergy of Ireland" (pp. 249-272). The bills which Swift argued against were evidently intended to give the bishops further powers and increased opportunities for making money. (The matter is gone into at length in the notes prefixed to the above reprints.) The bishops sought rights which would enable them to obtain large powers in letting leases, and their eagerness to get such powers, coupled with the efforts they expended, showed that they had less regard for the Church's interest than for their own.

In the present tract Swift, with his usual assumption of grave consideration of an important question, but in reality with cutting irony, proposes to dispose of all the Church lands for a lump sum, give the bishops their full just share, including the amount of fines for possible renewals of leases, and, at the same time, pay off the national debt with the money that remains. With an air of strict seriousness he solemnly computes the exact sums obtainable, and impartially divides the amounts with accurate care. Then, with a dig at the strangers England was continually sending to Irish preferments, among whom he counts himself, he concludes by saying that although the interests of such cannot be expected to be those of the country to which they have been translated, yet he, as one of them, is quite willing, and indeed feels himself in duty bound "to consult the interest of people among whom I have been so well received. And if I can be any way instrumental toward contributing to reduce this excellent proposal into a law ... my sincere endeavours to serve this Church and kingdom will be rewarded."

The text of this pamphlet is based on that given at the end of the volume containing the first edition of "Considerations upon two Bills," etc., published in 1732.

A PROPOSAL FOR AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT, TO PAY OFF THE DEBT OF THE NATION, WITHOUT TAXING THE SUBJECT.

The debts contracted some years past for the service and safety of the nation, are grown so great, that under our present distressed condition by the want of trade, the great remittances to pay absentees, regiments serving abroad, and many other drains of money, well enough known and felt; the kingdom seems altogether unable to discharge them by the common methods of payment: And either a poll or land tax would be too odious to think of, especially the latter, because the lands, which have been let for these ten or dozen years past, were raised so high, that the owners can, at present, hardly receive any rent at all. For, it is the usual practice of an Irish tenant, rather than want land, to offer more for a farm than he knows he can be ever able to pay, and in that case he grows desperate, and pays nothing at all. So that a land-tax upon a racked estate would be a burthen wholly insupportable.

The question will then be, how these national debts can be paid, and how I can make good the several particulars of my proposal, which I shall now lay open to the public.

The revenues of their Graces and Lordships the Archbishops and Bishops of this kingdom (excluding the fines) do amount by a moderate computation to 36,800*l. per ann.* I mean the rents which the bishops receive from their tenants. But the real value of those lands at a full rent, taking the several sees one with another, is reckoned to be at least three-fourths more, so that multiplying 36,800*l.* by four, the full rent of all the bishops' lands will amount to 147,200*l. per ann.* from which subtracting the present rent received by their lordships, that is 36,800*l.* the profits of the lands received by the first and second tenants (who both have great bargains) will rise to the sum of 110,400*l. per ann.* which lands, if they were to be sold at twenty-two years' purchase, would raise a sum of 2,428,800*l.* reserving to the Bishops their present rents, only excluding fines.

Of this sum I propose, that out of the one-half which amounts to 1,214,400*l.* so much be applied as will entirely discharge the debts of the nation, and the remainder laid up in the treasury, to supply contingencies, as well as to discharge some of our heavy taxes, until the kingdom shall be in a better condition.

But whereas the present set of bishops would be great losers by this scheme for want of their fines, which would be hard treatment to such religious, loyal and deserving personages, I have therefore set apart the other half to supply that defect, which it will more than sufficiently do.

A bishop's lease for the full term, is reckoned to be worth eleven years' purchase, but if we take the bishops round, I suppose, there may be four years of each lease elapsed, and many of the bishops being well stricken in years, I

cannot think their lives round to be worth more than seven years' purchase; so that the purchasers may very well afford fifteen years' purchase for the reversion, especially by one great additional advantage, which I shall soon mention.

This sum of 2,428,800*l.* must likewise be sunk very considerably, because the lands are to be sold only at fifteen years' purchase, and this lessens the sum to about 1,656,000*l.* of which I propose twelve hundred thousand pounds to be applied partly for the payment of the national debt, and partly as a fund for future exigencies, and the remaining 456,000*l.* I propose as a fund for paying the present set of bishops their fines, which it will abundantly do, and a great part remain as an addition to the public stock.

Although the bishops round do not in reality receive three fines a-piece, which take up 21 years, yet I allow it to be so; but then I will suppose them to take but one year's rent, in recompense of giving them so large a term of life, and thus multiplying 36,800*l.* by 3 the product will be only 110,400*l.* so that above three-fourths will remain to be applied to public use.

If I have made wrong computations, I hope to be excused, as a stranger to the kingdom, which I never saw till I was called to an employment, and yet where I intend to pass the rest of my days; but I took care to get the best information I could, and from the most proper persons; however, the mistakes I may have been guilty of, will very little affect the main of my proposal, although they should cause a difference of one hundred thousand pounds more or less.

These fines, are only to be paid to the bishop during his incumbency in the same see; if he changeth it for a better, the purchasers of the vacant see lands, are to come immediately into possession of the see he hath left, and both the bishop who is removed, and he who comes into his place, are to have no more fines, for the removed bishop will find his account by a larger revenue; and the other see will find candidates enough. For the law maxim will here have place, that *caveat*, &c. I mean the persons who succeed may choose whether they will accept or no.

As to the purchasers, they will probably be tenants to the see, who are already in possession, and can afford to give more than any other bidders.

I will further explain myself. If a person already a bishop, be removed into a richer see, he must be content with the bare revenues, without any fines, and so must he who comes into a bishopric vacant by death: And this will bring the matter sooner to bear; which if the Crown shall think fit to countenance, will soon change the present set of bishops, and consequently encourage purchasers of their lands. For example, If a Primate should die, and the gradation be wisely made, almost the whole set of bishops might be changed in a month, each to his great advantage, although no fines were to be got, and thereby save a great part of that sum which I have appropriated towards supplying the deficiency of fines.

I have valued the bishops' lands two years' purchase above the usual

computed rate, because those lands will have a sanction from the King and Council in England, and be confirmed by an Act of Parliament here; besides, it is well known, that higher prices are given every day, for worse lands, at the remotest distances, and at rack rents, which I take to be occasioned by want of trade, when there are few borrowers, and the little money in private hands lying dead, there is no other way to dispose of it but in buying of land, which consequently makes the owners hold it so high.

Besides paying the nation's debts, the sale of these lands would have many other good effects upon the nation; it will considerably increase the number of gentry, where the bishops' tenants are not able or willing to purchase; for the lands will afford an hundred gentlemen a good revenue to each; several persons from England will probably be glad to come over hither, and be the buyers, rather than give thirty years' purchase at home, under the loads of taxes for the public and the poor, as well as repairs, by which means much money may be brought among us, and probably some of the purchasers themselves may be content to live cheap in a worse country, rather than be at the charge of exchange and agencies, and perhaps of non-solvencies in absence, if they let their lands too high.

This proposal will also multiply farmers, when the purchasers will have lands in their own power, to give long and easy leases to industrious husbandmen.

I have allowed some bishoprics of equal income to be of more or less value to the purchaser, according as they are circumstanced. For instance, The lands of the primacy and some other sees, are let so low, that they hardly pay a fifth penny of the real value to the bishop, and there the fines are the greater. On the contrary, the sees of Meath and Clonfert, consisting, as I am told, much of tithes, those tithes are annually let to the tenants without any fines. So the see of Dublin is said to have many fee-farms which pay no fines, and some leases for lives which pay very little, and not so soon nor so duly.

I cannot but be confident, that their Graces my Lords the Archbishops, and my Lords the Bishops will heartily join in this proposal, out of gratitude to his late and present Majesty, the best of Kings, who have bestowed such high and opulent stations, as well as in pity to this country which is now become their own; whereby they will be instrumental towards paying the nation's debts, without impoverishing themselves, enrich an hundred gentlemen, as well as free them from dependence, and thus remove that envy which is apt to fall upon their Graces and Lordships from considerable persons, whose birth and fortunes rather qualify them to be lords of manors, than servile dependants upon Churchmen however dignified or distinguished.

If I do not flatter myself, there could not be any law more popular than this; for the immediate tenants to bishops, being some of them persons of quality, and good estates, and more of them grown up to be gentlemen by the profits of these very leases, under a succession of bishops, think it a disgrace to be subject both to rents and fines, at the pleasure of their landlords. Then

the bulk of the tenants, especially the dissenters, who are our loyal Protestant brethren, look upon it both as an unnatural and iniquitous thing that bishops should be owners of land at all; (wherein I beg to differ from them) being a point so contrary to the practice of the Apostles, whose successors they are deemed to be, and who although they were contented that land should be sold, for the common use of the brethren, yet would not buy it themselves, but had it laid at their feet, to be distributed to poor proselytes.

I will add one word more, that by such a wholesome law, all the oppressions felt by under-tenants of Church leases, which are now laid on by the bishops would entirely be prevented, by their Graces and Lordships consenting to have their lands sold for payment of the nation's debts, reserving only the present rent for their own plentiful and honourable support.

I beg leave to add one particular, that, when heads of a Bill (as I find the style runs in this kingdom) shall be brought in for forming this proposal into a law; I should humbly offer that there might be a power given to every bishop (except those who reside in Dublin) for applying one hundred acres of profitable land that lies nearest to his palace, as a demesne for the conveniency of his family.

I know very well, that this scheme hath been much talked of for some time past, and is in the thoughts of many patriots, neither was it properly mine, although I fell readily into it, when it was first communicated to me.

Though I am almost a perfect stranger in this kingdom, yet since I have accepted an employment here, of some consequence as well as profit, I cannot but think myself in duty bound to consult the interest of a people, among whom I have been so well received. And if I can be any way instrumental towards contributing to reduce this excellent proposal into a law which being not in the least injurious to England, will, I am confident, meet with no opposition from that side, my sincere endeavours to serve this Church and kingdom will be well rewarded.

A CASE SUBMITTED BY DEAN SWIFT TO MR. LINDSAY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW

A. B. agent for J. S. comes to desire J. S. to sign an assignment of a lease in order to be registered for the security of 38*l.* J. S. asks A. B. to show him the lease A. B. says he left it at home. J. S. asks the said A. B. how many years of the lease are unexpired? what rent the tenant pays, and how much below the rack value? and what number of acres there are upon the farm? To each of which questions the agent A. B. answers categorically, that he cannot tell, and that he did not think J. would ask him such questions. The said A. B. was asked how he came two years after the lease was assigned, and not sooner, to have it registered. A. B. answers, that he could not sue till the assignment.

Query, Whether the said agent A. B. made any one answer like a man of business?

AN EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN ABUSES, CORRUPTIONS, AND ENORMITIES IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN

Like many of Swift's satirical writings the title of this tract is no indication to its subject-matter. Whatever "abuses, corruptions and enormities" may have been rife in the city of Dublin in Swift's time, the pamphlet which follows certainly throws no light on them. It is in no sense a social document. But it is a very amusing and excellent piece of jeering at the fancied apprehensions that were rife about the Pretender, the "disaffected" people, and the Jacobites. It is aimed at the Whigs, who were continually using the party cries of "No Popery," "Jacobitism," and the other cognate expressions to distress their political opponents. At the same time, these cries had their effects, and created a great deal of mischief. The Roman Catholics, in particular, were cruelly treated because of the anxiety for the Protestant succession, and among the lower tradesmen, for whom such cries would be of serious meaning, a petty persecution against their Roman Catholic fellow-tradesmen continually prevailed. Monck Mason draws attention to some curious instances. (See his "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," p. 399, note y.)

In the "Journals of the Irish House of Commons" (vol. ii., p. 77) is the record of a petition presented in the year 1695, by the Protestant porters of the city of Dublin, against one Darby Ryan, "a papist and notoriously disaffected." This Ryan was complained of for employing those of his own persuasion and affection to carry a cargo of coals he had bought, to his own customers. The petitioners complained that they, Protestants, were "debased and hindered from their small trade and gains." Another set of petitioners was the drivers of hackney coaches. They complained that, "before the late trouble, they got a livelihood by driving coaches in and about the city of Dublin, but since that time, so many papists had got coaches, and drove them with such ordinary horses, that the petitioners could hardly get bread.... They therefore prayed the house that none but Protestant hackney-coachmen may have liberty to keep and drive hackney-coaches." Swift may have had these instances in his mind when he urges that the criers who cry their wares in Dublin should be True Protestants, and should give security to the government for permission to cry.

In a country where such absurd complaints could be seriously presented, and as seriously considered, a genuine apprehension must have existed. The Whigs in making capital out of this existing feeling stigmatized their Tory opponents as High Churchmen, and therefore very little removed from Papists, and therefore Jacobites. Of course there were no real grounds for such epithets, but they indulged in them nevertheless, with the addition of

insinuations and suggestions — no insinuation being too feeble or too far-fetched so long as it served.

Swift, writing in the person of a Whig, affects extreme anxiety for the most ridiculous of signs, and finds a Papist, or a Jacobite, or a disaffected person, in the least likely of places. The tract, in this light, is a really amusing piece. Swift takes the opportunity also to hit Walpole, under a pretended censure of his extravagance, corruption, and avarice.

The text here given of this tract is based on that of the original edition issued in Dublin in 1732. The last paragraph, however, does not appear in that edition, and is reprinted here from Scott.

AN EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN Abuses, Corruptions, AND ENORMITIES IN THE City of DUBLIN.

Dublin: Printed in the Year 1732.

Nothing is held more commendable in all great cities, especially the metropolis of a kingdom, than what the French call the police; by which word is meant the government thereof, to prevent the many disorders occasioned by great numbers of people and carriages, especially through narrow streets. In this government our famous City of Dublin is said to be very defective, and universally complained of. Many wholesome laws have been enacted to correct those abuses, but are ill executed; and many more are wanting, which I hope the united wisdom of the nation (whereof so many good effects have already appeared this session) will soon take into their most profound consideration.

As I have been always watchful over the good of mine own country, and particularly for that of our renowned city, where (*absit invidia*) I had the honour to draw my first breath; I cannot have a minute's ease or patience to forbear enumerating some of the greatest enormities, abuses, and corruptions, spread almost through every part of Dublin; and proposing such remedies as, I hope, the legislature will approve of.

The narrow compass to which I have confined myself in this paper, will allow me only to touch at the most important defects, and such as I think seem to require the most speedy redress.

And first, perhaps there was never known a wiser institution than that of allowing certain persons of both sexes, in large and populous cities, to cry through the streets many necessaries of life; it would be endless to recount the conveniences which our city enjoys by this useful invention, and particularly strangers, forced hither by business, who reside here but a short time; for, these having usually but little money, and being wholly ignorant of the town, might at an easy price purchase a tolerable dinner, if the several criers would pronounce the names of the goods they have to sell, in any tolerable language. And therefore till our law-makers shall think it proper to interpose so far as to make these traders pronounce their words in such terms, that a plain Christian hearer may comprehend what is cried, I would advise all new comers to look out at their garret windows, and there see whether the thing that is cried be tripes or flummery, butter-milk or cow-heels. For, as things are now managed, how is it possible for an honest countryman, just arrived, to find out what is meant, for instance, by the following words, with which his ears are constantly stunned twice a day, "Mugs, jugs and porringers, up in the garret, and down in the cellar." I say, how is it possible for any stranger to understand that this jargon is meant as an invitation to buy a farthing's worth

of milk for his breakfast or supper, unless his curiosity draws him to the window, or till his landlady shall inform him. I produce this only as one instance, among a hundred much worse, I mean where the words make a sound wholly inarticulate, which give so much disturbance, and so little information.

The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of herrings, is directly against all truth and probability, "Herrings alive, alive here." The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech, than to say of some neighbour for whom the passing-bell rings, that he is dead as a herring. And, pray how is it possible, that a herring, which as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute, three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours. Nay, we have witnesses ready to produce, that many thousands of these herrings, so impudently asserted to be alive, have been a day and a night upon dry land. But this is not the worst. What can we think of those impious wretches, who dare in the face of the sun, vouch the very same affirmative of their salmon, and cry, "Salmon alive, alive;" whereas, if you call the woman who cries it, she is not ashamed to turn back her mantle, and shew you this individual salmon cut into a dozen pieces. I have given good advice to these infamous disgracers of their sex and calling, without the least appearance of remorse, and fully against the conviction of their own consciences. I have mentioned this grievance to several of our parish ministers, but all in vain; so that it must continue until the government shall think fit to interpose.

There is another cry, which, from the strictest observation I can make, appears to be very modern, and it is that of sweethearts, and is plainly intended for a reflection upon the female sex, as if there were at present so great a dearth of lovers, that the women instead of receiving presents from men, were now forced to offer money, to purchase sweethearts. Neither am I sure, that the cry doth not glance at some disaffection against the government; insinuating, that while so many of our troops are engaged in foreign service, and such a great number of our gallant officers constantly reside in England, the ladies are forced to take up with parsons and attorneys: But, this is a most unjust reflection, as may soon be proved by any person who frequents the Castle, our public walks, our balls and assemblies, where the crowds of *toupees* were never known to swarm as they do at present.

There is a cry, peculiar to this City, which I do not remember to have been used in London, or at least, not in the same terms that it has been practised by both parties, during each of their power; but, very unjustly by the Tories. While these were at the helm, they grew daily more and more impatient to put all true Whigs and Hanoverians out of employments. To effect which, they hired certain ordinary fellows, with large baskets on their shoulders, to call aloud at every house, "Dirt to carry out;" giving that denomination to our whole party, as if they would signify, that the kingdom

could never be cleansed, till we were swept from the earth like rubbish. But, since that happy turn of times, when we were so miraculously preserved by just an inch, from Popery, slavery, massacre, and the Pretender, I must own it prudence in us, still to go on with the same cry, which hath ever since been so effectually observed, that the true political dirt is wholly removed, and thrown on its proper dunghills, there to corrupt, and be no more heard of.

But, to proceed to other enormities: Every person who walks the streets, must needs observe the immense number of human excrements at the doors and steps of waste houses, and at the sides of every dead wall; for which the disaffected party have assigned a very false and malicious cause. They would have it, that these heaps were laid there privately by British fundaments, to make the world believe, that our Irish vulgar do daily eat and drink; and, consequently, that the clamour of poverty among us, must be false, proceeding only from Jacobites and Papists. They would confirm this, by pretending to observe, that a British anus being more narrowly perforated than one of our own country; and many of these excrements upon a strict view appearing copple crowned, with a point like a cone or pyramid, are easily distinguished from the Hibernian, which lie much flatter, and with lest continuity. I communicated this conjecture to an eminent physician, who is well versed in such profound speculations; and at my request was pleased to make trial with each of his fingers, by thrusting them into the anus of several persons of both nations, and professed he could find no such difference between them as those ill-disposed people allege. On the contrary, he assured me, that much the greater number of narrow cavities were of Hibernian origin. This I only mention to shew how ready the Jacobites are to lay hold of any handle to express their malice against the government. I had almost forgot to add, that my friend the physician could, by smelling each finger, distinguish the Hibernian excrement from the British, and was not above twice mistaken in an hundred experiments; upon which he intends very soon to publish a learned dissertation.

There is a diversion in this City, which usually begins among the butchers, but is often continued by a succession of other people, through many streets. It is called the COSSING of a dog; and I may justly number it among our corruptions. The ceremony is this: A strange dog happens to pass through a flesh-market; whereupon an expert butcher immediately cries in a loud voice, and the proper tone, “Coss, coss,” several times: The same word is repeated by the people. The dog, who perfectly understands the terms of art, and consequently the danger he is in, immediately flies. The people, and even his own brother animals pursue; the pursuit and cry attend him perhaps half a mile; he is well worried in his flight, and sometimes hardly escapes. This, our ill-wishers of the Jacobite kind, are pleased to call a persecution; and affirm, that it always falls upon dogs of the Tory principle. But, we can well defend ourselves, by justly alleging that when they were uppermost, they treated our dogs full as inhumanly: As to my own part, who have in former times often

attended these processions, although I can very well distinguish between a Whig and Tory dog, yet I never carried my resentments very far upon a party principle, except it were against certain malicious dogs, who most discovered their malice against us in the *worst of times*. And, I remember too well, that in the wicked ministry of the Earl of Oxford, a large mastiff of our party being unmercifully cossed, ran, without thinking, between my legs, as I was coming up Fishamble Street; and, as I am of low stature, with very short legs, bore me riding backwards down the hill, for above two hundred yards: And, although I made use of his tail for a bridle, holding it fast with both my hands, and clung my legs as close to his sides as I could, yet we both came down together into the middle of the kennel; where after rolling three or four times over each other, I got up with much ado, amid the shouts and huzzas of a thousand malicious Jacobites: I cannot, indeed, but gratefully acknowledge, that for this and many other services and sufferings, I have been since more than over-paid.

This adventure may, perhaps, have put me out of love with the diversions of cossing, which I confess myself an enemy to, unless we could always be sure of distinguishing Tory dogs; whereof great numbers have since been so prudent, as entirely to change their principles, and are now justly esteemed the best worriers of their former friends.

I am assured, and partly know, that all the chimney-sweepers' boys, where Members of Parliament chiefly lodge, are hired by our enemies to skulk in the tops of chimneys, with their heads no higher than will just permit them to look round; and at the usual hours when members are going to the House, if they see a coach stand near the lodging of any loyal member, they call "Coach, coach," as loud as they can bawl, just at the instant when the footman begins to give the same call. And this is chiefly done on those days, when any point of importance is to be debated. This practice may be of very dangerous consequence. For, these boys are all hired by enemies to the government; and thus, by the absence of a few members for a few minutes, a question may be carried against the true interest of the kingdom, and very probably, not without any eye toward the Pretender.

I have not observed the wit and fancy of this town, so much employed in any one article, as that of contriving variety of signs to hang over houses, where punch is to be sold. The bowl is represented full of punch, the ladle stands erect in the middle, supported sometimes by one, and sometimes by two animals, whose feet rest upon the edge of the bowl. These animals are sometimes one black lion, and sometimes a couple; sometimes a single eagle, and sometimes a spread one, and we often meet a crow, a swan, a bear, or a cock, in the same posture.

Now, I cannot find how any of these animals, either separate, or in conjunction, are properly speaking, either fit emblems or embellishments, to advance the sale of punch. Besides, it is agreed among naturalists, that no brute can endure the taste of strong liquor, except where he hath been used to

it from his infancy: And, consequently, it is against all the rules of hieroglyph, to assign those animals as patrons, or protectors of punch. For, in that case, we ought to suppose, that the host keeps always ready the real bird, or beast, whereof the picture hangs over his door, to entertain his guest; which, however, to my knowledge, is not true in fact. For not one of those birds is a proper companion for a Christian, as to aiding and assisting in making the punch. For the birds, as they are drawn upon the sign, are much more likely to mute, or shed their feathers into the liquor. Then, as to the bear, he is too terrible, awkward, and slovenly a companion to converse with; neither are any of them at all, handy enough to fill liquor to the company: I do, therefore, vehemently suspect a plot intended against the Government, by these devices. For, although the spread-eagle be the arms of Germany, upon which account it may possibly be a lawful Protestant sign; yet I, who am very suspicious of fair outsides, in a matter which so nearly concerns our welfare, cannot but call to mind, that the Pretender's wife is said to be of German birth: And that many Popish Princes, in so vast an extent of land, are reported to excel both at making and drinking punch. Besides, it is plain, that the spread-eagle exhibits to us the perfect figure of a cross, which is a badge of Popery. Then, as to the cock, he is well known to represent the French nation, our old and dangerous enemy. The swan, who must of necessity cover the entire bowl with his wings, can be no other than the Spaniard, who endeavours to engross all the treasures of the Indies to himself. The lion is indeed, the common emblem of Royal power, as well as the arms of England; but to paint him black, is perfect Jacobitism, and a manifest type of those who blacken the actions of the best Princes. It is not easy to distinguish, whether the other fowl painted over the punch-bowl, be a crow or raven? It is true, they have both been held ominous birds; but I rather take it to be the former; because it is the disposition of a crow, to pick out the eyes of other creatures; and often even of Christians, after they are dead; and is therefore drawn here, with a design to put the Jacobites in mind of their old practice, first to lull us asleep, (which is an emblem of Death) and then to blind our eyes, that we may not see their dangerous practices against the State.

To speak my private opinion, the least offensive picture in the whole set, seems to be the bear; because he represents *ursa major*, or the Great Bear, who presides over the North, where the Reformation first began, and which, next to Britain, (including Scotland and the north of Ireland) is the great protector of the Protestant religion. But, however, in those signs where I observe the bear to be chained, I can't help surmising a Jacobite contrivance, by which these traitors hint an earnest desire of using all true Whigs, as the predecessors did the primitive Christians; I mean, to represent us as bears, and then halloo their Tory dogs to bait us to death.

Thus I have given a fair account of what I dislike, in all those signs set over those houses that invite us to punch: I own it was a matter that did not need explaining, being so very obvious to the most common understanding.

Yet, I know not how it happens, but methinks there seems a fatal blindness, to overspread our corporeal eyes, as well as our intellectual; and I heartily wish, I may be found a false prophet; for, these are not bare suspicions, but manifest demonstrations.

Therefore, away with those Popish, Jacobite, and idolatrous gew-gaws. And I heartily wish a law were enacted, under severe penalties, against drinking any punch at all. For nothing is easier, than to prove it a disaffected liquor. The chief ingredients, which are brandy, oranges, and lemons, are all sent us from Popish countries; and nothing remains of Protestant growth but sugar and water. For, as to biscuit, which formerly was held a necessary ingredient, and is truly British, we find it is entirely rejected.

But I will put the truth of my assertion, past all doubt: I mean, that this liquor is by one important innovation, grown of ill example, and dangerous consequence to the public. It is well known, that, by the true original institution of making punch, left us by Captain Ratcliffe, the sharpness is only occasioned by the juice of lemons, and so continued till after the happy Revolution. Oranges, alas! are a mere innovation, and in a manner but of yesterday. It was the politics of Jacobites to introduce them gradually: And, to what intent? The thing speaks itself. It was cunningly to shew their virulence against his sacred Majesty King William, of ever glorious and immortal memory. But of late, (to shew how fast disloyalty increaseth) they came from one or two, and then to three oranges; nay, at present we often find punch made all with oranges, and not one single lemon. For the Jacobites, before the death of that immortal Prince, had, by a superstition, formed a private prayer, that, as they squeezed the orange, so might that Protestant King be squeezed to death: According to that known sorcery described by Virgil,

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit, &c.

[Ecl. viii. 80.]

And, thus the Romans, when they sacrificed an ox, used this kind of prayer. “As I knock down this ox, so may thou, O Jupiter, knock down our enemies.” In like manner, after King William’s death, whenever a Jacobite squeezed an orange, he had a mental curse upon the “glorious memory,” and a hearty wish for power to squeeze all his Majesty’s friends to death, as he squeezed that orange, which bore one of his titles, as he was Prince of Orange. This I do affirm for truth; many of that faction having confessed it to me, under an oath of secrecy; which, however, I thought it my duty not to keep, when I saw my dear country in danger. But, what better can be expected from an impious set of men, who never scruple to drink *confusion* to all true Protestants, under the name of Whigs? a most unchristian and inhuman practice, which, to our great honour and comfort, was never charged upon us, even by our most malicious detractors.

The sign of two angels, hovering in the air, and with their right hands supporting a crown, is met with in several parts of this city; and hath often given me great offence: For, whether by the unskilfulness, or dangerous

principles of the painters, (although I have good reasons to suspect the latter) those angels are usually drawn with such horrid countenances, that they give great offence to every loyal eye, and equal cause of triumph to the Jacobites being a most infamous reflection upon our most able and excellent ministry.

I now return to that great enormity of our city cries; most of which we have borrowed from London. I shall consider them only in a political view, as they nearly affect the peace and safety of both kingdoms; and having been originally contrived by wicked Machiavels, to bring in Popery, slavery, and arbitrary power, by defeating the Protestant Succession, and introducing the Pretender, ought, in justice, to be here laid open to the world.

About two or three months after the happy Revolution, all persons who possessed any employment, or office, in Church or State, were obliged by an Act of Parliament, to take the oaths to King William and Queen Mary: And a great number of disaffected persons, refusing to take the said oaths, from a pretended scruple of conscience, but really from a spirit of Popery and rebellion, they contrived a plot, to make the swearing to those Princes odious in the eyes of the people. To this end, they hired certain women of ill fame, but loud shrill voices, under pretence of selling fish, to go through the streets, with sieves on their heads, and cry, "Buy my soul, buy my soul;" plainly insinuating, that all those who swore to King William, were just ready to sell their souls for an employment. This cry was revived at the death of Queen Anne, and, I hear, still continues in London, with great offence to all true Protestants; but, to our great happiness, seems to be almost dropped in Dublin.

But, because I altogether contemn the displeasure and resentment of high-fliers, Tories, and Jacobites, whom I look upon to be worse even than professed Papists, I do here declare, that those evils which I am going to mention, were all brought in upon us in the *worst of times*, under the late Earl of Oxford's administration, during the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. *That wicked minister was universally known to be a Papist in his heart. He was of a most avaricious nature, and is said to have died worth four millions, sterl. besides his vast expenses in building, statues, gold plate, jewels, and other costly rarities. He was of a mean obscure birth, from the very dregs of the people, and so illiterate, that he could hardly read a paper at the council table. I forbear to touch at his open, profane, profligate life; because I desire not to rake into the ashes of the dead, and therefore I shall observe this wise maxim:* De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

This flagitious man, in order to compass his black designs, employed certain wicked instruments (which great statesmen are never without) to adapt several London cries, in such a manner as would best answer his ends. And, whereas it was upon grounds grievously suspected, that all places at Court were sold to the highest bidder: Certain women were employed by his emissaries, to carry fish in baskets on their heads, and bawl through the streets, "Buy my fresh places." I must, indeed, own that other women used the same cry, who were innocent of this wicked design, and really sold their fish

of that denomination to get an honest livelihood; but the rest, who were in the secret, although they carried fish in their sieves or baskets, to save appearances; yet they had likewise, a certain sign, somewhat resembling that of the free-masons, which the purchasers of places knew well enough, and were directed by the women whither they were to resort, and make their purchase. And, I remember very well, how oddly it looked, when we observed many gentlemen finely dressed, about the Court end of the town, and as far as York Buildings, where the Lord Treasurer Oxford dwelt, calling the women who cried "Buy my fresh places," and talking to them in the corner of a street, after they understood each other's sign: But we never could observe that any fish was bought.

Some years before the cries last mentioned, the Duke of Savoy was reported to have made certain overtures to the Court of England, for admitting his eldest son by the Duchess of Orleans's daughter, to succeed to the Crown, as next heir, upon the Pretender's being rejected, and that son was immediately to turn Protestant. It was confidently reported, that great numbers of people disaffected to the then illustrious but now Royal House of Hanover, were in those measures. Whereupon another set of women were hired by the Jacobite leaders, to cry through the whole town, "Buy my Savoys, dainty Savoys, curious Savoys." But, I cannot directly charge the late Earl of Oxford with this conspiracy, because he was not then chief Minister. However, the wicked cry still continues in London, and was brought over hither, where it remains to this day, and in my humble opinion, a very offensive sound to every true Protestant, who is old enough to remember those dangerous times.

During the Ministry of that corrupt and Jacobite earl above-mentioned, the secret pernicious design of those in power, was to sell Flanders to France; the consequence of which, must have been the infallible ruin of the States-General, and would have opened the way for France to obtain that universal monarchy, after which they have so long aspired; to which the British dominions must next, after Holland, have been compelled to submit, and the Protestant religion would be rooted out of the world.

A design of this vast importance, after long consultation among the Jacobite grandees, with the Earl of Oxford at their head, was at last determined to be carried on by the same method with the former; it was therefore again put in practice; but the conduct of it was chiefly left to chosen men, whose voices were louder and stronger than those of the other sex. And upon this occasion, was first instituted in London, that famous cry of "Flounders." But the criers were particularly directed to pronounce the word "Flaunders," and not "Flounders." For, the country which we now by corruption call Flanders, is in its true orthography spelt Flaunders, as may be obvious to all who read old English books. I say, from hence begun that thundering cry, which hath ever since stunned the ears of all London, made so many children fall into fits, and women miscarry; "Come buy my fresh flaunders, curious flaunders, charming flaunders, alive, alive, ho;" which last

words can with no propriety of speech be applied to fish manifestly dead, (as I observed before in herrings and salmon) but very justly to ten provinces, which contain many millions of living Christians. And the application is still closer, when we consider that all the people were to be taken like fishes in a net; and, by assistance of the Pope, who sets up to be the universal Fisher of Men, the whole innocent nation, was, according to our common expression, to be "laid as flat as a flounder."

I remember, myself, a particular crier of flounders in London, who arrived at so much fame for the loudness of his voice, that he had the honour to be mentioned upon that account, in a comedy. He hath disturbed me many a morning, before he came within fifty doors of my lodging. And I can't tell if there's a comma here] although I were not in those days so fully apprized of the designs, which our common enemy had then in agitation, yet, I know not how, by a secret impulse, young as I was, I could not forbear conceiving a strong dislike against the fellow; and often said to myself, "This cry seems to be forged in the Jesuits' school. Alas, poor England! I am grievously mistaken if there be not some Popish Plot at the bottom." I communicated my thoughts to an intimate friend, who reproached me with being too visionary in my speculations: But, it proved afterwards, that I conjectured right. And I have often since reflected, that if the wicked faction could have procured only a thousand men, of as strong lungs as the fellow I mentioned, none can tell how terrible the consequences might have been, not only to these two Kingdoms, but over all Europe, by selling Flanders to France. And yet these cries continue unpunished, both in London and Dublin, although I confess, not with equal vehemency or loudness, because the reason for contriving this desperate plot, is, to our great felicity, wholly ceased.

It is well known, that the majority of the British House of Commons in the last years of Queen Anne's reign, were in their hearts directly opposite to the Earl of Oxford's pernicious measures; which put him under the necessity of bribing them with salaries. Whereupon he had again recourse to his old politics. And accordingly, his emissaries were very busy in employing certain artful women of no good life or conversation, (as it was fully proved before Justice Peyton) to cry that vegetable commonly called celery, through the town. These women differed from the common criers of that herb, by some private mark which I could never learn; but the matter was notorious enough, and sufficiently talked of, and about the same period was the cry of celery brought over into this kingdom. But since there is not at this present, the least occasion to suspect the loyalty of our criers upon that article, I am content that it may still be tolerated.

I shall mention but one cry more, which hath any reference to politics; but is indeed, of all others the most insolent, as well as treasonable, under our present happy Establishment. I mean that of turnups; not of turnips, according to the best orthography, but absolutely turnups. Although this cry be of an older date than some of the preceding enormities, for it began soon after the

Revolution; yet was it never known to arrive at so great a height, as during the Earl of Oxford's power. Some people, (whom I take to be private enemies) are, indeed, as ready as myself to profess their disapprobation of this cry, on pretence that it began by the contrivance of certain old procuresses, who kept houses of ill-fame, where lewd women met to draw young men into vice. And this they pretend to prove by some words in the cry; because, after the crier had bawled out, "Turnups, ho, buy my dainty turnups," he would sometimes add the two following verses: —

"Turn up the mistress, and turn up the maid,
And turn up the daughter, and be not afraid."

This, say some political sophists, plainly shews that there can be nothing further meant in this infamous cry, than an invitation to lewdness, which indeed, ought to be severely punished in all well-regulated Governments; but cannot be fairly interpreted as a crime of State. But, I hope, we are not so weak and blind to be deluded at this time of day, with such poor evasions. I could, if it were proper, demonstrate the very time when those two verses were composed, and name the author, who was no other than the famous Mr. Swan, so well known for his talent at quibbling, and was as virulent a Jacobite as any in England. Neither could he deny the fact, when he was taxed for it in my presence by Sir Harry Button-Colt, and Colonel Davenport, at the Smyrna coffee-house, on the 10th of June, 1701. Thus it appears to a demonstration, that those verses were only a blind to conceal the most dangerous designs of that party, who from the first years after the happy Revolution, used a cant way of talking in their clubs after this manner: "We hope, to see the cards shuffled once more, and another king turn up trump:" And, "When shall we meet over a dish of turnups?" The same term of art was used in their plots against the government, and in their treasonable letters writ in ciphers, and deciphered by the famous Dr. Wallis, as you may read in the trials of those times. This I thought fit to set forth at large, and in so clear a light, because the Scotch and French authors have given a very different account of the word turnup, but whether out of ignorance or partiality I shall not decree; because I am sure, the reader is convinced by my discovery. It is to be observed, that this cry was sung in a particular manner by fellows in disguise, to give notice where those traitors were to meet, in order to concert their villainous designs.

I have no more to add upon this article, than an humble proposal, that those who cry this root at present in our streets of Dublin, may be compelled by the justices of the peace, to pronounce turnip, and not turnup; for, I am afraid, we have still too many snakes in our bosom; and it would be well if their cellars were sometimes searched, when the owners least expect it; for I am not out of fear that *latet anguis in herbâ*.

Thus, we are zealous in matters of small moment, while we neglect those of the highest importance. I have already made it manifest, that all these cries

were contrived in the *worst of times*, under the ministry of that desperate statesman, Robert, late Earl of Oxford, and for that very reason ought to be rejected with horror, as begun in the reign of Jacobites, and may well be numbered among the rags of Popery and treason: Or if it be thought proper, that these cries must continue, surely they ought to be only trusted in the hands of true Protestants, who have given security to the government.

[Having already spoken of many abuses relating to signposts, I cannot here omit one more, because it plainly relates to politics; and is, perhaps, of more dangerous consequence than any of the city cries, because it directly tends to destroy the succession. It is the sign of his present Majesty King George the Second, to be met with in many streets; and yet I happen to be not only the first, but the only, discoverer of this audacious instance of Jacobitism. And I am confident, that, if the justices of the peace would please to make a strict inspection, they might find, in all such houses, before which those signs are hung up in the manner I have observed, that the landlords were malignant Papists, or, which is worse, notorious Jacobites. Whoever views those signs, may read, over his Majesty's head, the following letters and ciphers, G.R.II., which plainly signifies George, King the Second, and not King George the Second, or George the Second, King; but laying the point after the letter G, by which the owner of the house manifestly shews, that he renounces his allegiance to King George the Second, and allows him to be only the second king, *inuendo*, that the Pretender is the first king; and looking upon King George to be only a kind of second king, or viceroy, till the Pretender shall come over and seize the kingdom. I appeal to all mankind, whether this be a strained or forced interpretation of the inscription, as it now stands in almost every street; whether any decipherer would make the least doubt or hesitation to explain it as I have done; whether any other Protestant country would endure so public an instance of treason in the capital city from such vulgar conspirators; and, lastly, whether Papists and Jacobites of great fortunes and quality may not probably stand behind the curtain in this dangerous, open, and avowed design against the government. But I have performed my duty; and leave the reforming of these abuses to the wisdom, the vigilance, the loyalty, and activity of my superiors.]

A SERIOUS AND USEFUL SCHEME, TO MAKE AN HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, OF UNIVERSAL BENEFIT TO ALL HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS

Humbly addressed to the Rt. Hon. the Lord —— , the Rt. Hon. Sir —— , and to the Rt. Hon. —— , Esq;

To which is added,

A Petition of the Footmen in and about Dublin.

Fæcunda Culpæ Secula! —— Hor.

This piece, included by Sir Walter Scott for the first time among Swift's writings, was, in the opinion of that editor, indisputably the work of the Dean of St. Patrick's. The present editor sees no reason to disagree with this judgement, and it is therefore reprinted here. The original issue of 1733, printed by Faulkner contained also Swift's "Petition of the Footmen in and about Dublin," and had a lengthy advertisement of the Complete Works of Swift which Faulkner was, at that time, projecting. It is difficult, however, to understand why the tract was not included in later editions of Swift's complete works. Sir Walter Scott puts forward an explanation suggested by Dr. Barrett, who believed the reason to have been, that this "*jeu d'esprit* might be interpreted as casting a slur on an hospital erected upon Lazors-Hill, now on the Donny-Brook road near Dublin, for the reception of persons afflicted with incurable maladies." The reason seems a poor one, though it may have been as Dr. Barrett states. A better argument might be found from the style and subject matter of the tract itself. The style is strongly Swift's, and the subject of such an hospital must certainly have occupied Swift's thoughts at this time, since he left his fortune for the erection of a similar building.

The text of the present edition is based on that of the volume issued by Faulkner in 1733, compared with the Dublin reprint of the following year.

A SERIOUS AND USEFUL SCHEME TO MAKE AN HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

There is not any thing which contributes more to the reputation of particular persons, or to the honour of a nation in general, than erecting and endowing proper edifices, for the reception of those who labour under different kinds of distress. The diseased and unfortunate are thereby delivered from the misery of wanting assistance; and others are delivered from the misery of beholding them.

It is certain, that the genius of the people of England is strongly turned to public charities; and to so noble a degree, that almost in every part of this great and opulent city, and also in many of the adjacent villages, we meet with a great variety of hospitals, supported by the generous contributions of private families, as well as by the liberality of the public. Some for seamen worn out in the service of their country, and others for infirm disabled soldiers; some for the maintenance of tradesmen decayed, and others for their widows and orphans; some for the service of those who linger under tedious distempers, and others for such as are deprived of their reason.

But I find, upon nice inspection, that there is one kind of charity almost totally disregarded, which, nevertheless, appears to me of so excellent a nature, as to be at present more wanted, and better calculated for the ease, quietness, and felicity of this whole kingdom, than any other can possibly be. I mean an hospital for incurables.

I must indeed confess, that an endowment of this nature would prove a very large and perpetual expense. However, I have not the least diffidence, that I shall be able effectually to convince the world that my present scheme for such an hospital is very practicable, and must be very desirable by every one who hath the interest of his country, or his fellow-creatures, really at heart.

It is observable, that, although the bodies of human creatures be affected with an infinite variety of disorders, which elude the power of medicine, and are often found to be incurable, yet their minds are also overrun with an equal variety, which no skill, no power, no medicine, can alter or amend. And I think, that, out of regard to the public peace and emolument, as well as the repose of many pious and valuable families, this latter species of incurables ought principally to engage our attention and beneficence.

I believe an Hospital for such Incurables will be universally allowed necessary, if we only consider what numbers of absolute incurables every profession, rank, and degree, would perpetually produce, which, at present, are only national grievances, and of which we can have no other effectual method to purge the kingdom.

For instance; let any man seriously consider what numbers there are of

incurable fools, incurable knaves, incurable scolds, incurable scribblers, (besides myself,) incurable coxcombs, incurable infidels, incurable liars, incurable whores, in all places of public resort: — not to mention the incurably vain, incurably envious, incurably proud, incurably affected, incurably impertinent, and ten thousand other incurables, which I must of necessity pass over in silence, lest I should swell this essay into a volume. And without doubt, every unprejudiced person will agree, that, out of mere Christian charity, the public ought to be eased as much as possible of this troublesome and intolerable variety of incurables.

And first, Under the denomination of incurable fools, we may reasonably expect, that such an hospital would be furnished with considerable numbers of the growth of our own universities; who, at present, appear in various professions in the world, under the venerable titles of physicians, barristers, and ecclesiastics.

And as those ancient seminaries have been, for some years past, accounted little better than nurseries of such sort of incurables, it should seem highly commendable to make some kind of provision for them; because it is more than probable, that, if they are to be supported by their own particular merit in their several callings, they must necessarily acquire but a very indifferent maintenance.

I would not, willingly, be here suspected to cast reflections on any order of men, as if I thought that small gains from the profession of any art or science, were always an undoubted sign of an equally small degree of understanding; for I profess myself to be somewhat inclined to a very opposite opinion, having frequently observed, that at the bar, the pulse, and the pulpit, those who have the least learning or sense to plead, meet generally with the largest share of promotions and profit: of which many instances might be produced; but the public seems to want no conviction in this particular.

Under the same denominations we may further expect a large and ridiculous quantity of old rich widows; whose eager and impatient appetites inflame them with extravagant passions for fellows of a very different age and complexion from themselves; who purchase contempt and aversion with good jointures; and being loaded with years, infirmities, and probably ill humour, are forced to bribe into their embraces such whose fortunes and characters are equally desperate.

Besides, our collection of incurable fools would receive an incredible addition from every one of the following articles.

From young extravagant heirs; who are just of a competent age to become the bubbles of jockeys, sportsmen, gamesters, bullies, sharpers, courtesans, and such sort of honourable pickpockets.

From misers; who half starve themselves to feed the prodigality of their heirs, and who proclaim to the world how unworthy they are of possessing estates, by the wretched and ridiculous methods they take to enjoy them.

From contentious people, of all conditions; who are content to waste the

greatest part of their own fortunes at law, to be the instruments of impoverishing others.

From those who have any confidence in profession of friendship, before trial; or any dependence on the fidelity of a mistress.

From young illiterate squires, who travel abroad to import lewdness, conceit, arrogance, vanity, and foppery; of which commodities there seems to be so great an abundance at home.

From young clergymen; who contrive, by matrimony, to acquire a family, before they have obtained the necessary means to maintain one.

From those who have considerable estates in different kingdoms, and yet are so incurably stupid as to spend their whole incomes in this.

These, and several other articles which might be mentioned, would afford us a perpetual opportunity of easing the public, by having an hospital for the accommodation of such incurables; who, at present, either by the over-fondness of near relations, or the indolence of the magistrates, are permitted to walk abroad, and appear in the most crowded places of this city, as if they were indeed reasonable creatures.

I had almost forgot to hint, that, under this article, there is a modest probability that many of the clergy would be found properly qualified for admittance into the hospital, who might serve in the capacity of chaplains, and save the unnecessary expense of salaries.

To these fools, in order succeed such as may justly be included under the extensive denomination of incurable knaves; of which our several Inns of Court would constantly afford us abundant supplies.

I think indeed, that, of this species of incurables, there ought to be a certain limited number annually admitted; which number, neither any regard to the quiet or benefit of the nation, nor any other charitable or public-spirited reason, should tempt us to exceed; because, if all were to be admitted on such a foundation, who might be reputed incurable of this distemper; and if it were possible for the public to find any place large enough for their reception; I have not the least doubt, that all our Inns, which are at this day so crowded, would in a short time be emptied of their inhabitants; and the law, that beneficial craft, want hands to conduct it.

I tremble to think what herds of attorneys, solicitors, pettifoggers, scriveners, usurers, hackney-clerks, pickpockets, pawn-brokers, jailors, and justices of the peace, would hourly be driven to such an hospital; and what disturbance it might also create in several noble and wealthy families.

What unexpected distress might it prove to several men of fortune and quality, to be suddenly deprived of their rich stewards, in whom they had for many years reposed the utmost confidence, and to find them irrecoverably lodged among such a collection of incurables!

How many orphans might then expect to see their guardians hurried away to the hospital; and how many greedy executors find reason to lament the want of opportunity to pillage!

Would not Exchange Alley have cause to mourn for the loss of its stock-jobbers and brokers; and the Charitable Corporation for the confinement of many of its directors?

Might not Westminster-Hall, as well as all the gaming-houses in this great city, be entirely unpeopled; and the professors of art in each of those assemblies become useless in their vocations, by being deprived of all future opportunity to be dishonest?

In short, it might put the whole kingdom into confusion and disorder; and we should find that the entire revenues of this nation would be scarce able to support so great a number of incurables, in this way, as would appear qualified for admission into our hospital.

For if we only consider how this kingdom swarms with quadrille-tables, and gaming-houses, both public and private; and also how each of those houses, as well as Westminster-Hall aforesaid, swarms with knaves who are anxious to win, or fools who have anything to lose; we may be soon convinced how necessary it will be to limit the number of incurables, comprehended under these titles, lest the foundation should prove insufficient to maintain any others besides them.

However, if, by this Scheme of mine, the nation can be eased of twenty or thirty thousand such incurables, I think it ought to be esteemed somewhat beneficial, and worthy of the attention of the public.

The next sort for whom I would gladly provide, and who for several generations have proved insupportable plagues and grievances to the good people of England, are those who may properly be admitted under the character of incurable scolds.

I own this to be a temper of so desperate a nature, that few females can be found willing to own themselves anyway addicted to it; and yet, it is thought that there is scarce a single parson, ‘prentice, alderman, squire, or husband, who would not solemnly avouch the very reverse.

I could wish, indeed, that the word scold might be changed for some more gentle term, of equal signification; because I am convinced, that the very name is as offensive to female ears, as the effects of that incurable distemper are to the ears of the men; which, to be sure, is inexpressible.

And that it hath been always customary to honour the very same kind of actions with different appellations, only to avoid giving offence, is evident to common observation.

For instance: How many lawyers, attorneys, solicitors, under-sheriffs, intriguing chambermaids, and counter-officers, are continually guilty of extortion, bribery, oppression, and many other profitable knaveries, to drain the purses of those with whom they are any way concerned! And yet, all these different expedients to raise a fortune, pass generally under the milder names of fees, perquisites, vails, presents, gratuities, and such like; although, in strictness of speech, they should be called robbery, and consequently be rewarded with a gibbet.

Nay, how many honourable gentlemen might be enumerated, who keep open shop to make a trade of iniquity; who teach the law to wink whenever power or profit appears in her way; and contrive to grow rich by the vice, the contention, or the follies of mankind; and who, nevertheless, instead of being branded with the harsh-sounding names of knaves, pilferers, or public oppressors, (as they justly merit,) are only distinguished by the title of justices of the peace; in which single term, all those several appellations are generally thought to be implied.

But to proceed. When first I determined to prepare this Scheme for the use and inspection of the public, I intended to examine one whole ward in this city, that my computation of the number of incurable scolds might be more perfect and exact. But I found it impossible to finish my progress through more than one street.

I made my first application to a wealthy citizen in Cornhill, common-council-man for his ward; to whom I hinted, that if he knew e'er an incurable scold in the neighbourhood, I had some hope to provide for her in such a manner, as to hinder her from being further troublesome. He referred me with great delight to his next-door friend; yet whispered me, that, with much greater ease and pleasure, he could furnish me out of his own family —— ; and begged the preference.

His next-door friend owned readily that his wife's qualifications were not misrepresented, and that he would cheerfully contribute to promote so useful a scheme; but positively asserted, that it would be of small service to rid the neighbourhood of one woman, while such multitudes would remain all equally insupportable.

By which circumstance I conjectured, that the quantity of these incurables in London, Westminster, and Southwark, would be very considerable; and that a generous contribution might reasonably be expected for such an hospital as I am recommending.

Besides, the number of these female incurables would probably be very much increased by additional quantities of old maids; who, being wearied with concealing their ill-humour for one-half of their lives, are impatient to give it full vent in the other. For old maids, like old thin-bodied wines, instead of growing more agreeable by years, are observed, for the most part, to become intolerably sharp, sour, and useless.

Under this denomination also, we may expect to be furnished with as large a collection of old bachelors, especially those who have estates, and but a moderate degree of understanding. For, an old wealthy bachelor, being perpetually surrounded with a set of flatterers, cousins, poor dependents, and would-be heirs, who for their own views submit to his perverseness and caprice, becomes insensibly infected with this scolding malady, which generally proves incurable, and renders him disagreeable to his friends, and a fit subject for ridicule to his enemies.

As to the incurable scribblers, (of which society I have the honour to be a

member,) they probably are innumerable; and, of consequence, it will be absolutely impossible to provide for one-tenth part of their fraternity. However, as this set of incurables are generally more plagued with poverty than any other, it will be a double charity to admit them on the foundation; a charity to the world, to whom they are a common pest and nuisance; and a charity to themselves, to relieve them from want, contempt, kicking, and several other accidents of that nature, to which they are continually liable.

Grub-street itself would then have reason to rejoice, to see so many of its half-starved manufacturers amply provided for; and the whole tribe of meagre incurables would probably shout for joy, at being delivered from the tyranny and garrets of printers, publishers, and booksellers.

What a mixed multitude of ballad-writers, ode-makers, translators, farce-compounders, opera-mongers, biographers, pamphleteers, and journalists, would appear crowding to the hospital; not unlike the brutes resorting to the ark before the deluge! And what an universal satisfaction would such a sight afford to all, except pastry-cooks, grocers, chandlers, and tobacco-retailers, to whom alone the writings of those incurables were anyway profitable!

I have often been amazed to observe, what a variety of incurable coxcombs are to be met with between St. James's and Limehouse, at every hour of the day; as numerous as Welsh parsons, and equally contemptible. How they swarm in all coffeehouses, theatres, public walks, and private assemblies; how they are incessantly employed in cultivating intrigues, and every kind of irrational pleasure; how industrious they seem to mimic the appearance of monkeys, as monkeys are emulous to imitate the gestures of men: And from such observations, I concluded, that to confine the greatest part of those incurables, who are so many living burlesques of human nature, would be of eminent service to this nation; and I am persuaded that I am far from being singular in that opinion.

As for the incurable infidels and liars, I shall range them under the same article, and would willingly appoint them the same apartment in the hospital; because there is a much nearer resemblance between them, than is generally imagined.

Have they not an equal delight in imposing falsities on the public; and seem they not equally desirous to be thought of more sagacity and importance than others? Do they not both report what both know to be false; and both confidently assert what they are conscious is most liable to contradiction?

The parallel might easily be carried on much further, if the intended shortness of this essay would admit it. However, I cannot forbear taking notice, with what immense quantities of incurable liars his Majesty's kingdoms are overrun; what offence and prejudice they are to the public; what inconceivable injury to private persons; and what a necessity there is for an hospital, to relieve the nation from the curse of so many incurables.

This distemper appears almost in as many different shapes, as there are persons afflicted with it; and, in every individual, is always beyond the power

of medicine.

Some lie for their interest; such as fishmongers, flatterers, pimps, lawyers, fortune-hunters, and fortune-tellers; and others lie for their entertainment, as maids, wives, widows, and all other tea-table attendants.

Some lie out of vanity, as poets, painters, players, fops, military officers, and all those who frequent the levees of the great: and others lie out of ill nature, as old maids, &c.

Some lie out of custom, as lovers, coxcombs, footmen, sailors, mechanics, merchants, and chambermaids; and others lie out of complaisance or necessity, as courtiers, chaplains, &c. In short, it were endless to enumerate them all, but this sketch may be sufficient to give us some small imperfect idea of their numbers.

As to the remaining incurables, we may reasonably conclude, that they bear at least an equal proportion to those already mentioned; but with regard to the incurable whores in this kingdom, I must particularly observe, that such of them as are public, and make it their profession, have proper hospitals for their reception already, if we could find magistrates without passions, or officers without an incurable itch to a bribe. And such of them as are private, and make it their amusement, I should be unwilling to disturb, for two reasons.

First, Because it might probably afflict many noble, wealthy, contented, and unsuspecting husbands, by convincing them of their own dishonour, and the unpardonable disloyalty of their wives: And, secondly, Because it will be for ever impossible to confine a woman from being guilty of any kind of misconduct, when once she is firmly resolved to attempt it.

From all which observations, every reasonable man must infallibly be convinced, that an hospital for the support of these different kinds of incurables, would be extremely beneficial to these kingdoms. I think, therefore, that nothing further is wanting, but to demonstrate to the public, that such a Scheme is very practicable; both by having an undoubted method to raise an annual income, at least sufficient to make the experiment, (which is the way of founding all hospitals,) and by having also a strong probability, that such an hospital would be supported by perpetual benefactions; which, in very few years, might enable us to increase the number of incurables to nine-tenths more than we can reasonably venture on at first.

A Computation of the Daily and Annual Expenses of an Hospital, to be erected for Incurables.

	Per day.
Incurable fools, are almost infinite; however, at first, I would have only twenty thousand admitted; and, allowing to each person but one shilling per day for maintenance, which is as low as possible, the daily expense for this article will be	£1000

Incurable knaves, are, if possible, more numerous, including foreigners, especially Irishmen. Yet I would limit the number of these to about thirty thousand; which would amount to 1500.

Incurable scolds, would be plentifully supplied from almost every family in the kingdom. And indeed, to make this hospital of any real benefit, we cannot admit fewer, even at first, than thirty thousand, including the ladies of Billingsgate and Leadenhall market, which is 1500

The incurable scribblers, are undoubtedly a very considerable society, and of that denomination I would admit at least forty thousand; because it is to be supposed, that such incurables will be found in greatest distress for a daily maintenance. And if we had not great encouragement to hope, that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, I should strenuously intercede to have ten or twenty thousand more added. But their allowed number will amount to 20000

Incurable coxcombs, are very numerous; and, considering what numbers are annually imported from France and Italy, we cannot admit fewer than ten thousand, which will be 500

Incurable infidels, (as they affect to be called) should be received into the hospital to the number of ten thousand. However, if it should accidentally happen to grow into a fashion to be believers, it is probable, that the great part of them would, in a very short time, be dismissed from the hospital, as perfectly cured. Their expense would be 500

Incurable liars, are infinite in all parts of the kingdom; and, making allowance for citizens' wives, mercers, prentices, news-writers, old maids, and flatterers, we cannot possibly allow a smaller number than thirty thousand, which will amount to 1500

The incurable envious, are in vast quantities
throughout this whole nation. Nor can it reasonably
be expected that their numbers should lessen, while
fame and honours are heaped upon some particular
persons, as the public reward of their superior
accomplishments, while others, who are equally excellent,
in their own opinions, are constrained to
live unnoticed and contemned. And, as it would
be impossible to provide for all those who are possessed
with this distemper, I should consent to admit
only twenty thousand at first, by way of experiment,
amounting to 1000

Of the incurable vain, affected, and impertinent,
I should at least admit ten thousand; which number
I am confident will appear very inconsiderable, if
we include all degrees of females, from the duchess
to the chambermaid; all poets, who have had a little
success, especially in the dramatic way, and all
players, who have met with a small degree of approbation.
Amounting only to 300

By which plain computation it is evident, that two hundred thousand persons will be daily provided for, and the allowance for maintaining this collection of incurables may be seen in the following account.

{
Per day.
[illegible] each
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

{
[illegible]
[illegible]

M. Th. H.
From whence it appears, that the daily expense
will amount to such a sum, as in 365

£3,650,000 to
daysmen, &c.

And I am fully satisfied that a sum, much greater than this, may easily be raised, with all possible satisfaction to the subject, and without interfering in the least with the revenues of the crown.

In the first place, a large proportion of this sum might be raised by the voluntary contribution of the inhabitants.

The computed number of people in Great Britain is very little less than eight millions; of which, upon a most moderate computation, we may account one half to be incurables. And as all those different incurables, whether acting in the capacity of friends, acquaintances, wives, husbands, daughters, counsellors, parents, old maids, or old bachelors, are inconceivable plagues to all those with whom they happen to be concerned; and as there is no hope of being eased of such plagues, except by such an hospital, which by degrees might be enlarged to contain them all: I think it cannot be doubted, that at least three millions and an half of people, out of the remaining proportion, would be found both able and desirous to contribute so small a sum as twenty shillings *per annum*, for the quiet of the kingdom, the peace of private families, and the credit of the nation in general. And this contribution would amount to very near our requisite sum.

Nor can this by any means be esteemed a wild conjecture; for where is there a man of common sense, honesty, or good-nature, who would not gladly propose even a much greater sum to be freed from a scold, a knave, a fool, a liar, a coxcomb conceitedly repeating the compositions of others, or a vain impertinent poet repeating his own?

In the next place, it may justly be supposed, that many young noblemen, knights, squires, and extravagant heirs, with very large estates, would be confined in our hospital. And I would propose, that the annual income of every particular incurable's estate should be appropriated to the use of the house. But, besides these, there will undoubtedly be many old misers, aldermen, justices, directors of companies, templars, and merchants of all kinds, whose personal fortunes are immense, and who should proportionably pay to the hospital.

Yet, lest, by being here misunderstood, I should seem to propose an unjust or oppressive Scheme, I shall further explain my design.

Suppose, for instance, a young nobleman, possessed of ten or twenty thousand pounds *per annum*, should accidentally be confined there as an incurable: I would have only such a proportion of his estate applied to the support of the hospital, as he himself would spend if he were at liberty. And, after his death, the profits of the estate should regularly devolve to the next lawful heir, whether male or female.

And my reason for this proposal is; because considerable estates, which probably would be squandered away among hounds, horses, whores, sharpers, surgeons, tailors, pimps, masquerades, or architects, if left to the management of such incurables; would, by this means, become of some real use, both to

the public and themselves. And perhaps this may be the only method which can be found to make such young spendthrifts of any real benefit to their country.

And although the estates of deceased incurables might be permitted to descend to the next heirs, the hospital would probably sustain no great disadvantage; because it is very likely that most of these heirs would also gradually be admitted under some denomination or other; and consequently their estates would again devolve to the use of the hospital.

As to the wealthy misers, &c., I would have their private fortunes nicely examined and calculated; because, if they were old bachelors, (as it would frequently happen,) their whole fortunes should then be appropriated to the endowment; but, if married, I would leave two-thirds of their fortunes for the support of their families; which families would cheerfully consent to give away the remaining third, if not more, to be freed from such peevish and disagreeable governors.

So that, deducting from the two hundred thousand incurables the forty thousand scribblers, who to be sure would be found in very bad circumstances; I believe, among the remaining hundred and sixty thousand fools, knaves, and coxcombs, so many would be found of large estates and easy fortunes, as would at least produce two hundred thousand pounds *per annum*.

As a further addition to our endowment, I would have a tax upon all inscriptions and tombstones, monuments and obelisks, erected to the honour of the dead, or on porticoes and trophies, to the honour of the living; because these will naturally and properly come under the article of lies, pride, vanity, &c.

And if all inscriptions throughout this kingdom were impartially examined, in order to tax those which should appear demonstrably false or flattering, I am convinced that not one-fifth part of the number would, after such a scrutiny, escape exempted.

Many an ambitious turbulent spirit would then be found, belied with the opposite title of “lover of his country”; and many a Middlesex justice, as improperly described, “sleeping in hope of salvation.”

Many an usurer, discredited by the appellations of “honest and frugal”; and many a lawyer, with the character of conscientious and “equitable.”

Many a British statesman and general, decaying, with more honour than they lived; and their dusts distinguished with a better reputation than when they were animated.

Many dull parsons, improperly styled eloquent; and as many stupid physicians, improperly styled learned.

Yet, notwithstanding the extensiveness of a tax upon such monumental impositions, I will count only upon twenty thousand, at five pounds *per annum* each, which will amount to one hundred thousand pounds annually.

To these annuities, I would also request the Parliament of this nation to

allow the benefit of two lotteries yearly; by which the hospital would gain two hundred thousand pounds clear. Nor can such a request seem any way extraordinary, since it would be appropriated to the benefit of fools and knaves, which is the sole cause of granting one for this present year.

In the last place, I would add the estate of Richard Norton, Esq.; and, to do his memory all possible honour, I would have his statue erected in the very first apartment of the hospital, or in any other which might seem more apt. And, on his monument, I would permit a long inscription, composed by his dearest friends, which should remain tax-free for ever.

From these several articles, therefore, would annually arise the following sums.

	M. P.	Th. Ann.	H.
From the voluntary contribution,	3	500	000
By the estates of the incurables,	200	000	
By the tax upon tombstones, monuments, &c. (that of Richard Norton, Esq. always excepted,)	100	000	
By two annual lotteries,	80	000	
By the estate of Richard Norton, Esq.	6	000	
Total,	389	600	
And the necessary sum for the hospital being	33	650	000
There will remain annually over and above,	356	000	

Which sum of 356,000*l.* should be applied towards erecting the building, and answer accidental expenses, in such a manner as should seem most proper to promote the design of the hospital. But the whole management of it should be left to the skill and discretion of those who are to be constituted governors.

It may, indeed, prove a work of some small difficulty to fix upon a commodious place, large enough for a building of this nature. I should have thoughts of attempting to enclose all Yorkshire, if I were not apprehensive that it would be crowded with so many incurable knaves of its own growth, that there would not be the least room left for the reception of any others; by which accident, our whole project might be retarded for some time.

Thus have I set this matter in the plainest light I could, that every one may judge of the necessity, usefulness, and practicableness of this Scheme: and I shall only add a few scattered hints, which, to me, seem not altogether unprofitable.

I think the prime minister for the time being ought largely to contribute to such a foundation; because his high station and merits must of necessity infect a great number with envy, hatred, lying, and such sort of distempers; and, of consequence, furnish the hospital annually with many incurables.

I would desire that the governors appointed to direct this hospital, should

have (if such a thing were possible) some appearance of religion, and belief in God; because those who are to be admitted as incurable infidels, atheists, deists, and freethinkers, most of which tribe are only so out of pride, conceit, and affectation, might perhaps grow gradually into believers, if they perceived it to be the custom of the place where they lived.

Although it be not customary for the natives of Ireland to meet with any manner of promotion in this kingdom, I would, in this respect, have that national prejudice entirely laid aside; and request, that, for the reputation of both kingdoms, a *large* apartment in the hospital may be fitted up for Irishmen particularly, who, either by knavery, lewdness, or fortune-hunting, should appear qualified for admittance; because their numbers would certainly be very considerable.

I would further request, that a father, who seems delighted at seeing his son metamorphosed into a fop, or a coxcomb, because he hath travelled from London to Paris; may be sent along with the young gentleman to the hospital, as an old fool, absolutely incurable.

If a poet hath luckily produced anything, especially in the dramatic way, which is tolerably well received by the public, he should be sent immediately to the hospital; because incurable vanity is always the consequence of a little success. And, if his compositions be ill received, let him be admitted as a scribbler.

And I hope, in regard to the great pains I have taken, about this Scheme, that I shall be admitted upon the foundation, as one of the scribbling incurables. But, as an additional favour, I entreat, that I may not be placed in an apartment with a poet who hath employed his genius for the stage; because he will kill me with repeating his own compositions: and I need not acquaint the world, that it is extremely painful to bear any nonsense — except our own.

My private reason for soliciting so early to be admitted is, because it is observed that schemers and projectors are generally reduced to beggary; but, by my being provided for in the hospital, either as an incurable fool or a scribbler, that discouraging observation will for once be publicly disproved, and my brethren in that way will be secure of a public reward for their labours.

It gives me, I own, a great degree of happiness, to reflect, that although in this short treatise the characters of many thousands are contained, among the vast variety of incurables; yet, not any one person is likely to be offended; because, it is natural to apply ridiculous characters to all the world, except ourselves. And I dare be bold to say, that the most incurable fool, knave, scold, coxcomb, scribbler, or liar, in this whole nation, will sooner enumerate the circle of their acquaintance as addicted to those distempers, than once imagine *themselves* any way qualified for such an hospital.

I hope, indeed, that our wise legislature will take this project into their serious consideration; and promote an endowment, which will be of such eminent service to multitudes of his Majesty's unprofitable subjects, and may

in time be of use to *themselves* and their posterity.

From my Garret in Moorfields, Aug. 20, 1733.

TO THE HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, &c

The Humble Petition of the Footmen in and about the City of Dublin.

Swift may have written the following mock petition by way of satire against the many absurd petitions which were presented at the time to the Irish House of Commons, and of which two examples were quoted in the note to a previous tract. If coal-porters and hackney-coachmen might address the Honourable House, why not footmen?

The present text is based on that found at the end of Swift's "Serious and Useful Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables," issued by George Faulkner in 1733. Faulkner reprinted this volume in 1734.

TO THE HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, &c.

The Humble Petition of the Footmen in and about the City of Dublin.

Humbly Sheweth,

That your Petitioners are a great and numerous society, endowed with several privileges, time out of mind.

That certain lewd, idle, and disorderly persons, for several months past, as it is notoriously known, have been daily seen in the public walks of this City, habited sometimes in green coats, and sometimes in laced, with long oaken cudgels in their hands, and without swords, in hopes to procure favour, by that advantage, with a great number of ladies who frequent those walks, pretending and giving themselves out to be true genuine Irish footmen. Whereas they can be proved to be no better than common toupees, as a judicious eye may soon discover by their awkward, clumsy, ungenteel gait and behaviour, by their unskilfulness in dress, even with the advantage of wearing our habits, by their ill-favoured countenances, with an air of impudence and dulness peculiar to the rest of their brethren; who have not yet arrived at that transcendent pitch of assurance. Although, it may be justly apprehended, that they will do so in time, if these counterfeits shall happen to succeed in their evil design, of passing for real footmen, thereby to render themselves more amiable to the ladies.

Your petitioners do further allege, that many of the said counterfeits, upon a strict examination, have been found in the very act of strutting, swearing, staring, swaggering, in a manner that plainly shewed their best endeavours to imitate us. Wherein, although they did not succeed, yet by their ignorant and ungainly way of copying our graces, the utmost indignity was endeavoured to be cast upon our whole profession.

Your Petitioners do therefore make it their humble request, that this Honourable House, (to many of whom your Petitioners are nearly allied) will please to take this grievance into your most serious consideration: Humbly submitting, whether it would not be proper, that certain officers might, at the public charge, be employed to search for, and discover all such counterfeit footmen, and carry them before the next Justice of Peace; by whose warrant, upon the first conviction, they should be stripped of their coats, and oaken ornaments, and be set two hours in the stocks. Upon the second conviction, besides stripping, be set six hours in the stocks, with a paper pinned on their breast signifying their crime, in large capital letters, and in the following words. “A. B. commonly called A. B. Esq.; a toupee, and a notorious impostor, who presumed to personate a true Irish footman.”

And for any further offence the said toupee shall be committed to Bridewell, whipped three times, forced to hard labour for a month, and not be set at liberty, till he shall have given sufficient security for his good behaviour.

Your Honours will please to observe with what lenity we propose to treat these enormous offenders, who have already brought such a scandal on our honourable calling, that several well-meaning people have mistaken them to be of our Fraternity; in diminution to that credit and dignity wherewith we have supported our station, as we always did, in the *worst of times*. And we further beg leave to remark, that this was manifestly done with a seditious design, to render us less capable of serving the public in any great employments, as several of our Fraternity, as well as our ancestors have done.

We do therefore humbly implore your Honours, to give necessary orders for our relief, in this present exigency, and your Petitioners (as in duty bound) shall ever pray, &c.

Dublin, 1733.

ADVICE TO THE FREEMEN OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IN THE CHOICE OF A MEMBER TO REPRESENT THEM IN PARLIAMENT

Written in the Year 1733.

Swift here argues that a holder of an office under the government cannot, of necessity, be an honest representative of the people. There were two candidates before the freemen for the suffrages of the City, one, Lord Mayor French, and the other Mr. John Macarrell. The latter was an office-holder; he was Register to the Barracks, and received his salary from the government. It was not to be expected that he would vote against his employer, be he never so honest a man. Swift openly informs the freemen that the Drapier is against this man. The Lord Mayor was elected.

The text of this "Advice" is based on that given in the eighth volume of Swift's Collected Works, issued in 1746. The Forster Collection contains a made-up booklet of pp. 196-205, taken from a volume of one of the collected editions.

ADVICE TO THE FREEMEN OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IN THE CHOICE OF A MEMBER TO REPRESENT THEM IN PARLIAMENT.

Those few writers, who, since the death of Alderman Burton, have employed their pens in giving advice to our citizens, how they should proceed in electing a new representative for the next sessions, having laid aside their pens, I have reason to hope, that all true lovers of their country in general, and particularly those who have any regard for the privileges and liberties of this great and ancient city, will think a second, and a third time, before they come to a final determination upon what person they resolve to fix their choice.

I am told, there are only two persons who set up for candidates; one is the present Lord Mayor, and the other, a gentleman of good esteem, an alderman of the city, a merchant of reputation, and possessed of a considerable office under the crown. The question is, which of these two persons it will be most for the advantage of the city to elect? I have but little acquaintance with either, so that my inquiries will be very impartial, and drawn only from the general character and situation of both.

In order to this, I must offer my countrymen and fellow-citizens some reasons why I think they ought to be more than ordinarily careful, at this juncture, upon whom they bestow their votes.

To perform this with more clearness, it may be proper to give you a short state of our unfortunate country.

We consist of two parties: I do not mean Popish and Protestant, High and Low Church, Episcopal and Sectarians, Whig and Tory; but of these English who happen to be born in this kingdom, (whose ancestors reduced the whole nation under the obedience of the English crown,) and the gentlemen sent from the other side to possess most of the chief employments here. This latter party is very much enlarged and strengthened by the whole power in the church, the law, the army, the revenue, and the civil administration deposited in their hands; although, out of political ends, and to save appearances, some employments are still deposited (yet gradually in a smaller number) to persons born here; this proceeding, fortified with good words and many promises, is sufficient to flatter and feed the hopes of hundreds, who will never be one farthing the better, as they might easily be convinced, if they were qualified to think at all.

Civil employments of all kinds have been for several years past, with great prudence, made precarious, and during pleasure; by which means the possessors are, and must inevitably be, for ever dependent; yet those very few of any consequence, which are dealt with so sparing a hand to persons born among us, are enough to keep hope alive in great numbers, who desire to mend their condition by the favour of those in power.

Now, my dear fellow-citizens, how is it possible you can conceive, that

any person, who holds an office of some hundred pounds a year, which may be taken from him whenever power shall think fit, will, if he should be chosen a member for any city, do the least thing, when he sits in the house, that he knows or fears may be displeasing to those who gave him or continue him in that office? Believe me, these are no times to expect such an exalted degree of virtue from mortal men. Blazing stars are much more frequently seen than such heroical worthies. And I could sooner hope to find ten thousand pounds by digging in my garden, than such a phœnix, by searching among the present race of mankind.

I cannot forbear thinking it a very erroneous, as well as modern maxim of politics, in the English nation, to take every opportunity of depressing Ireland; whereof an hundred instances may be produced in points of the highest importance, and within the memory of every middle-aged man; although many of the greatest persons among that party which now prevails, have formerly, upon that article, much differed in their opinion from their present successors.

But so the fact stands at present. It is plain that the court and country party here, (I mean in the House of Commons,) very seldom agree in anything but their loyalty to his present Majesty, their resolutions to make him and his viceroy easy in the government, to the utmost of their power, under the present condition of the kingdom. But the persons sent from England, who (to a trifle) are possessed of the sole executive power in all its branches, with their few adherents in possession who were born here, and hundreds of expectants, hopers, and promissees, put on quite contrary notions with regard to Ireland. They count upon a universal submission to whatever shall be demanded; wherein they act safely, because none of themselves, except the candidates, feel the least of our pressures.

I remember a person of distinction some days ago affirmed in a good deal of mixed company, and of both parties, that the gentry from England, who now enjoy our highest employments of all kinds, can never be possibly losers of one farthing by the greatest calamities that can befall this kingdom, except a plague that would sweep away a million of our hewers of wood and drawers of water, or an invasion that would fright our grandees out of the kingdom. For this person argued, that while there was a penny left in the treasury, the civil and military list must be paid; and that the Episcopal revenues, which are usually farmed out at six times below the real value, could hardly fail. He insisted farther, that as money diminished, the price of all necessaries for life must of consequence do so too, which would be for the advantage of all persons in employment, as well as of my lords the bishops, and to the ruin of everybody else. Among the company there wanted not men in office, besides one or two expectants; yet I did not observe any of them disposed to return an answer; but the consequences drawn were these: That the great men in power sent hither from the other side, were by no means upon the same foot with his Majesty's other subjects of Ireland; they had no common ligament to bind

them with us; they suffered not with our sufferings; and if it were possible for us to have any cause of rejoicing, they could not rejoice with us.

Suppose a person, born in this kingdom, shall happen by his services for the English interest to have an employment conferred on him worth four hundred pounds a year; and that he hath likewise an estate in land worth four hundred pounds a year more; suppose him to sit in Parliament; then, suppose a land-tax to be brought in of five shillings a pound for ten years; I tell you how this gentleman will compute. He hath four hundred pounds a year in land: the tax he must pay yearly is one hundred pounds; by which, in ten years, he will pay only a thousand pounds. But if he gives his vote against this tax, he will lose four thousand pounds by being turned out of his employment, together with the power and influence he hath, by virtue or colour of his employment; and thus the balance will be against him three thousand pounds.

I desire, my fellow-citizens, you will please to call to mind how many persons you can vouch for among your acquaintance, who have so much virtue and self-denial as to lose four hundred pounds a year for life, together with the smiles and favour of power, and the hopes of higher advancement, merely out of a generous love of his country.

The contentions of parties in England are very different from those among us. The battle there is fought for power and riches; and so it is indeed among us: but whether a great employment be given to Tom or to Peter, they were both born in England, the profits are to be spent there. All employments (except a very few) are bestowed on the natives; they do not send to Germany, Holland, Sweden, or Denmark, much less to Ireland, for chancellors, bishops, judges, or other officers. Their salaries, whether well or ill got, are employed at home: and whatever their morals or politics be, the nation is not the poorer.

The House of Commons in England have frequently endeavoured to limit the number of members, who should be allowed to have employments under the Crown. Several acts have been made to that purpose, which many wise men think are not yet effectual enough, and many of them are rendered ineffectual by leaving the power of re-election. Our House of Commons consists, I think, of about three hundred members; if one hundred of these should happen to be made up of persons already provided for, joined with expecters, compliers easy to be persuaded, such as will give a vote for a friend who is in hopes to get something; if they be merry companions, without suspicion, of a natural bashfulness, not apt or able to look forwards; if good words, smiles, and caresses, have any power over them, the larger part of a second hundred may be very easily brought in at a most reasonable rate.

There is an Englishman of no long standing among us, but in an employment of great trust, power, and profit. This excellent person did lately publish, at his own expense, a pamphlet printed in England by authority, to justify the bill for a general excise or inland duty, in order to introduce that blessed scheme among us. What a tender care must such an English patriot for Ireland have of our interest, if he should condescend to sit in our Parliament! I

will bridle my indignation. However, methinks I long to see that mortal, who would with pleasure blow us all up at a blast: but he duly receives his thousand pounds a year; makes his progresses like a king; is received in pomp at every town and village where he travels, and shines in the English newspapers.

I will now apply what I have said to you, my brethren and fellow-citizens. Count upon it, as a truth next to your creed, that no one person in office, of which he is not master for life, whether born here or in England, will ever hazard that office for the good of this country. One of your candidates is of this kind, and I believe him to be an honest gentleman, as the word honest is generally understood. But he loves his employment better than he doth you, or his country, or all the countries upon earth. Will you contribute and give him city security to pay him the value of his employment, if it should be taken from him, during his life, for voting on all occasions with the honest country party in the House? — although I must question, whether he would do it even upon that condition.

Wherefore, since there are but two candidates, I entreat you will fix on the present Lord Mayor. He hath shewn more virtue, more activity, more skill, in one year's government of the city, than a hundred years can equal. He hath endeavoured, with great success, to banish frauds, corruptions, and all other abuses from amongst you.

A dozen such men in power would be able to reform a kingdom. He hath no employment under the Crown; nor is likely to get or solicit for any: his education having not turned him that way. I will assure for no man's future conduct; but he who hath hitherto practised the rules of virtue with so much difficulty in so great and busy a station, deserves your thanks, and the best return you can make him; and you, my brethren, have no other to give him, than that of representing you in Parliament. Tell me not of your engagements and promises to another: your promises were sins of inconsideration, at best; and you are bound to repent and annul them. That gentleman, although with good reputation, is already engaged on the other side. He hath four hundred pounds a year under the Crown, which he is too wise to part with, by sacrificing so good an establishment to the empty names of virtue, and love of his country. I can assure you, the Drapier is in the interest of the present Lord Mayor, whatever you may be told to the contrary. I have lately heard him declare so in public company, and offer some of these very reasons in defence of his opinion; although he hath a regard and esteem for the other gentleman, but would not hazard the good of the city and the kingdom for a compliment.

The Lord Mayor's severity to some unfair dealers, should not turn the honest men among them against him. Whatever he did, was for the advantage of those very traders, whose dishonest members he punished. He hath hitherto been above temptation to act wrong; and therefore, as mankind goes, he is the most likely to act right as a representative of your city, as he constantly did in the government of it.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS IN THE CHOICE OF A RECORDER

Humbly offered to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and Common-Council of the Honourable City of Dublin,

The office of Recorder to this city being vacant by the death of a very worthy gentleman, it is said, that five or six persons are soliciting to succeed him in the employment. I am a stranger to all their persons, and to most of their characters; which latter, I hope, will at this time be canvassed with more decency than it sometimes happeneth upon the like occasions. Therefore, as I am wholly impartial, I can with more freedom deliver my thoughts how the several persons and parties concerned ought to proceed in electing a Recorder for this great and ancient city.

And first, as it is a very natural, so I can by no means think it an unreasonable opinion, that the sons or near relations of Aldermen, and other deserving citizens, should be duly regarded as proper competitors for an employment in the city's disposal, provided they be equally qualified with other candidates; and provided that such employments require no more than common abilities, and common honesty. But in the choice of a Recorder, the case is entirely different. He ought to be a person of good abilities in his calling; of an unspotted character; an able practitioner; one who hath occasionally merited of this city before; he ought to be of some maturity in years; a member of Parliament, and likely to continue so; regular in his life; firm in his loyalty to the Hanover succession; indulgent to tender consciences; but, at the same time, a firm adherer to the established church. If he be such a one who hath already sat in Parliament, it ought to be inquired of what weight he was there; whether he voted on all occasions for the good of his country; and particularly for advancing the trade and freedom of this city; whether he be engaged in any faction, either national or religious; and, lastly, whether he be a man of courage, not to be drawn from his duty by the frown or menaces of power, nor capable to be corrupted by allurements or bribes. — These, and many other particulars, are of infinitely more consequence, than that single circumstance of being descended by a direct or collateral line from any Alderman, or distinguished citizen, dead or alive.

There is not a dealer or shopkeeper in this city, of any substance, whose thriving, less or more, may not depend upon the good or ill conduct of a Recorder. He is to watch every motion in Parliament that may the least affect the freedom, trade, or welfare of it.

In this approaching election, the commons, as they are a numerous body, so they seem to be most concerned in point of interest; and their interest ought to be most regarded, because it altogether dependeth upon the true interest of the city. They have no private views; and giving their votes, as I am informed, by balloting, they lie under no awe, or fear of disobliging competitors. It is therefore hoped that they will duly consider, which of the candidates is most likely to advance the trade of themselves and their brother-citizens; to defend their liberties, both in and out of Parliament, against all attempts of encroachment or oppression. And so God direct them in the choice of a Recorder, who may for many years supply that important office with skill, diligence, courage, and fidelity. And let all the people say, Amen.

A PROPOSAL FOR GIVING BADGES TO THE BEGGARS IN ALL THE PARISHES OF DUBLIN

The "badging" of beggars was a favourite scheme of Swift's for the better regulation of the many who infested the city of Dublin as tramps and idlers. While many of these were really deserving persons, there were a great many also who made the business of begging a profession. Eleven years before this tract was printed Swift wrote to Archbishop King on the same subject, as will be seen from the letter quoted in the note on pages 326-327.

The present text is based on the original edition of 1737 collated with that given by Sir Walter Scott.

A PROPOSAL FOR GIVING BADGES TO THE BEGGARS IN ALL THE PARISHES OF DUBLIN.

It hath been a general complaint, that the poor-house, especially since the new Constitution by Act of Parliament, hath been of no benefit to this city, for the ease of which it was wholly intended. I had the honour to be a member of it many years before it was new modelled by the legislature, not from any personal regard, but merely as one of the two deans, who are of course put into most commissions that relate to the city; and I have likewise the honour to have been left out of several commissions upon the score of party, in which my predecessors, time out of mind, have always been members.

The first commission was made up of about fifty persons, which were the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and some few other citizens; the Judges, the two Archbishops, the two Deans of the city, and one or two more gentlemen. And I must confess my opinion, that the dissolving the old commission, and establishing a new one of nearly three times the number, have been the great cause of rendering so good a design not only useless, but a grievance instead of a benefit to the city. In the present commission all the city clergy are included, besides a great number of ‘squires, not only those who reside in Dublin, and the neighbourhood, but several who live at a great distance, and cannot possibly have the least concern for the advantage of the city.

At the few general meetings that I have attended since the new Establishment, I observed very little was done, except one or two Acts of extreme justice, which I then thought might as well have been spared: and I have found the Court of Assistants usually taken up in little brangles about coachmen, or adjusting accounts of meal and small beer; which, however necessary, might sometimes have given place to matters of much greater moment, I mean some schemes recommended to the General Board, for answering the chief ends in erecting and establishing such a poor-house, and endowing it with so considerable a revenue: and the principal end I take to have been that of maintaining the poor and orphans of the city, where the parishes are not able to do it; and clearing the streets from all strollers, foreigners, and sturdy beggars, with which, to the universal complaint and admiration, Dublin is more infested since the Establishment of the poor-house, than it was ever known to be since its first erection.

As the whole fund for supporting this hospital is raised only from the inhabitants of the city, so there can be hardly any thing more absurd, than to see it mis-employed in maintaining foreign beggars and bastards, or orphans, whose country landlords never contributed one shilling towards their support. I would engage, that half this revenue, if employed with common care, and no very great degree of common honesty, would maintain all the real objects of

charity in this city, except a small number of original poor in every parish, who might, without being burthensome to the parishioners, find a tolerable support.

I have for some years past applied myself to several Lord Mayors, and to the late Archbishop of Dublin, for a remedy to this evil of foreign beggars; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain proposal, I mean, that of badging the original poor of every parish, who begged in the streets; that the said beggars should be confined to their own parishes; that, they should wear their badges well sewn upon one of their shoulders, always visible, on pain of being whipped and turned out of town; or whatever legal punishment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong way of thinking in some clergymen, and the indifference of others, this method was perpetually defeated, to their own continual disquiet, which they do not ill deserve; and if the grievance affected only them, it would be of less consequence, because the remedy is in their own power. But all street-walkers, and shopkeepers bear an equal share in this hourly vexation.

I never heard more than one objection against this expedient of badging the poor, and confining their walks to their several parishes. The objection was this: What shall we do with the foreign beggars? Must they be left to starve? I answered, No; but they must be driven or whipped out of town; and let the next country parish do as they please; or rather after the practice in England, send them from one parish to another, until they reach their own homes. By the old laws of England still in force, and I presume by those of Ireland, every parish is bound to maintain its own poor; and the matter is of no such consequence in this point as some would make it, whether a country parish be rich or poor. In the remoter and poorer parishes of the kingdom, all necessaries for life proper for poor people are comparatively cheaper; I mean butter-milk, oatmeal, potatoes, and other vegetables; and every farmer or cottager, who is not himself a beggar, can sometimes spare a sup or a morsel, not worth the fourth part of a farthing, to an indigent neighbour of his own parish, who is disabled from work. A beggar native of the parish is known to the ‘squire, to the church minister, to the popish priest, or the conventicle teachers, as well as to every farmer: he hath generally some relations able to live, and contribute something to his maintenance. None of which advantages can be reasonably expected on a removal to places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his trull, and litter of brats (if he hath any) may get half their support by doing some kind of work in their power, and thereby be less burthensome to the people. In short, all necessaries of life grow in the country, and not in cities, and are cheaper where they grow; nor is it equal, that beggars should put us to the charge of giving them victuals, and the carriage too.

But, when the spirit of wandering takes him, attended by his female, and their equipage of children, he becomes a nuisance to the whole country: he and his female are thieves, and teach the trade of stealing to their brood at four

years old; and if his infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a single person unarmed to meet him on the road. He wanders from one county to another, but still with a view to this town, whither he arrives at last, and enjoys all the privileges of a Dublin beggar.

I do not wonder that the country 'squires should be very willing to send up their colonies; but why the city should be content to receive them, is beyond my imagination.

If the city were obliged by their charter to maintain a thousand beggars, they could do it cheaper by eighty *per cent.* a hundred miles off, than in this town, or any of its suburbs.

There is no village in Connaught, that in proportion shares so deeply in the daily increasing miseries of Ireland, as its capital city; to which miseries there hardly remained any addition, except the perpetual swarms of foreign beggars, who might be banished in a month without expense, and with very little trouble.

As I am personally acquainted with a great number of street beggars, I find some weak attempts to have been made in one or two parishes to promote the wearing of badges; and my first question to those who ask an alms, is, *Where is your badge?* I have in several years met with about a dozen who were ready to produce them, some out of their pockets, others from under their coat, and two or three on their shoulders, only covered with a sort of capes which they could lift up or let down upon occasion. They are too lazy to work, they are not afraid to steal, nor ashamed to beg; and yet are too proud to be seen with a badge, as many of them have confessed to me, and not a few in very injurious terms, particularly the females. They all look upon such an obligation as a high indignity done to their office. I appeal to all indifferent people, whether such wretches deserve to be relieved. As to myself, I must confess, this absurd insolence hath so affected me, that for several years past, I have not disposed of one single farthing to a street beggar, nor intend to do so, until I see a better regulation; and I have endeavoured to persuade all my brother-walkers to follow my example, which most of them assure me they do. For, if beggary be not able to beat out pride, it cannot deserve charity. However, as to persons in coaches and chairs, they bear but little of the persecution we suffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To say the truth, there is not a more undeserving vicious race of human kind than the bulk of those who are reduced to beggary, even in this beggarly country. For, as a great part of our publick miseries is originally owing to our own faults (but, what those faults are I am grown by experience too wary to mention) so I am confident, that among the meaner people, nineteen in twenty of those who are reduced to a starving condition, did not become so by what lawyers call the work of God, either upon their bodies or goods; but merely from their own idleness, attended with all manner of vices, particularly drunkenness, thievery, and cheating.

Whoever enquires, as I have frequently done, from those who have asked

me an alms; what was their former course of life, will find them to have been servants in good families, broken tradesmen, labourers, cottagers, and what they call decayed house-keepers; but (to use their own cant) reduced by losses and crosses, by which nothing can be understood but idleness and vice.

As this is the only Christian country where people contrary to the old maxim, are the poverty and not the riches of the nation, so, the blessing of increase and multiply is by us converted into a curse; and, as marriage hath been ever countenanced in all free countries, so we should be less miserable if it were discouraged in ours, as far as can be consistent with Christianity. It is seldom known in England, that the labourer, the lower mechanick, the servant, or the cottager thinks of marrying until he hath saved up a stock of money sufficient to carry on his business; nor takes a wife without a suitable portion; and as seldom fails of making a yearly addition to that stock, with a view of providing for his children. But, in this kingdom, the case is directly contrary, where many thousand couples are yearly married, whose whole united fortunes, bating the rags on their backs, would not be sufficient to purchase a pint of butter-milk for their wedding supper, nor have any prospect of supporting their *honourable state*, but by service, or labour, or thievery. Nay, their *happiness* is often deferred until they find credit to borrow, or cunning to steal a shilling to pay their Popish priest, or infamous couple-beggar. Surely no miraculous portion of wisdom would be required to find some kind of remedy against this destructive evil, or at least, not to draw the consequences of it upon our decaying city; the greatest part whereof must of course in a few years become desolate, or in ruins.

In all other nations, that are not absolutely barbarous, parents think themselves bound by the law of nature and reason to make some provision for their children; but the reasons offered by the inhabitants of Ireland for marrying is, that they may have children to maintain them when they grow old and unable to work.

I am informed that we have been for some time past extremely obliged to England for one very beneficial branch of commerce: for, it seems they are grown so gracious as to transmit us continually colonies of beggars, in return of a million of money they receive yearly from hence. That I may give no offence, I profess to mean real English beggars in the literal meaning of the word, as it is usually understood by protestants. It seems, the Justices of the Peace and parish officers in the western coasts of England, have a good while followed the trade of exporting hither their supernumerary beggars, in order to advance the English Protestant interest among us; and, these they are so kind to send over *gratis*, and duty free. I have had the honour more than once to attend large cargoes of them from Chester to Dublin: and I was then so ignorant as to give my opinion, that our city should receive them into *bridewell*, and after a month's residence, having been well whipped twice a day, fed with bran and water, and put to hard labour, they should be returned honestly back with thanks as cheap as they came: or, if that were not approved

of, I proposed, that whereas one English man is allowed to be of equal intrinsic value with twelve born in Ireland, we should in justice return them a dozen for one, to dispose of as they pleased. But to return.

As to the native poor of this city, there would be little or no damage in confining them to their several parishes. For instance; a beggar of the parish of St. Warborough's, or any other parish here, if he be an object of compassion, hath an equal chance to receive his proportion of alms from every charitable hand; because the inhabitants, one or other, walk through every street in town, and give their alms, without considering the place, wherever they think it may be well disposed of: and these helps, added to what they get in eatables by going from house to house among the gentry and citizens, will, without being very burthensome, be sufficient to keep them alive.

It is true, the poor of the suburb parishes will not have altogether the same advantage, because they are not equally in the road of business and passengers: but here it is to be considered, that the beggars there have not so good a title to publick charity, because most of them are strollers from the country, and compose a principal part of that great nuisance, which we ought to remove.

I should be apt to think, that few things can be more irksome to a city minister, than a number of beggars which do not belong to his district, whom he hath no obligation to take care of, who are no part of his flock, and who take the bread out of the mouths of those, to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this abuse to any minister of a city-parish, he usually lays the fault upon the beadles, who he says are bribed by the foreign beggars; and, as those beadles often keep ale-houses, they find their account in such customers. This evil might easily be remedied, if the parishes would make some small addition to the salaries of a beadle, and be more careful in the choice of those officers. But, I conceive there is one effectual method, in the power of every minister to put in practice; I mean, by making it the interest of all his own original poor, to drive out intruders: for, if the parish-beggars were absolutely forbidden by the minister and church-officers, to suffer strollers to come into the parish, upon pain of themselves not being permitted to beg alms at the church-doors, or at the houses and shops of the inhabitants; they would prevent interlopers more effectually than twenty beadles.

And, here I cannot but take notice of the great indiscretion in our city-shopkeepers, who suffer their doors to be daily besieged by crowds of beggars, (as the gates of a lord are by duns,) to the great disgust and vexation of many customers, whom I have frequently observed to go to other shops, rather than suffer such a persecution; which might easily be avoided, if no foreign beggars were allowed to infest them.

Wherefore, I do assert, that the shopkeepers, who are the greatest complainers of this grievance, lamenting that for every customer, they are worried by fifty beggars, do very well deserve what they suffer, when a 'prentice with a horse-whip is able to lash every beggar from the shop, who is

not of the parish, and does not wear the badge of that parish on his shoulder, well fastened and fairly visible; and if this practice were universal in every house to all the sturdy vagrants, we should in a few weeks clear the town of all mendicants, except those who have a proper title to our charity: as for the aged and infirm, it would be sufficient to give them nothing, and then they must starve or follow their brethren.

It was the city that first endowed this hospital, and those who afterwards contributed, as they were such who generally inhabited here; so they intended what they gave to be for the use of the city's poor. The revenues which have since been raised by parliament, are wholly paid by the city, without the least charge upon any other part of the kingdom; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original design, than to misapply those revenues on strolling beggars, or bastards from the country, which bear no share in the charges we are at.

If some of the out-parishes be overburthened with poor, the reason must be, that the greatest part of those poor are strollers from the country, who nestle themselves where they can find the cheapest lodgings, and from thence infest every part of the town, out of which they ought to be whipped as a most insufferable nuisance, being nothing else but a profligate clan of thieves, drunkards, heathens, and whore-mongers, fitter to be rooted out of the face of the earth, than suffered to levy a vast annual tax upon the city, which shares too deep in the public miseries, brought on us by the oppressions we lye under from our neighbours, our brethren, our countrymen, our fellow protestants, and fellow subjects.

Some time ago I was appointed one of a committee to inquire into the state of the workhouse; where we found that a charity was bestowed by a great person for a certain time, which in its consequences operated very much to the detriment of the house: for, when the time was elapsed, all those who were supported by that charity, continued on the same foot with the rest of the foundation; and being generally a pack of profligate vagabond wretches from several parts of the kingdom, corrupted all the rest; so partial, or treacherous, or interested, or ignorant, or mistaken are generally all recommenders, not only to employments, but even to charity itself.

I know it is complained, that the difficulty of driving foreign beggars out of the city is charged upon the *bellowers* (as they are called) who find their accounts best in suffering those vagrants to follow their trade through every part of the town. But this abuse might easily be remedied, and very much to the advantage of the whole city, if better salaries were given to those who execute that office in the several parishes, and would make it their interest to clear the town of those caterpillars, rather than hazard the loss of an employment that would give them an honest livelyhood. But, if that would fail, yet a general resolution of never giving charity to a street beggar out of his own parish, or without a visible badge, would infallibly force all vagrants to depart.

There is generally a vagabond spirit in beggars, which ought to be discouraged and severely punished. It is owing to the same causes that drove them into poverty; I mean, idleness, drunkenness, and rash marriages without the least prospect of supporting a family by honest endeavours, which never came into their thoughts. It is observed, that hardly one beggar in twenty looks upon himself to be relieved by receiving bread or other food; and they have in this town been frequently seen to pour out of their pitcher good broth that hath been given them, into the kennel; neither do they much regard clothes, unless to sell them; for their rags are part of their tools with which they work: they want only ale, brandy, and other strong liquors, which cannot be had without money; and, money as they conceive, always abounds in the metropolis.

I had some other thoughts to offer upon this subject. But, as I am a desponder in my nature, and have tolerably well discovered the disposition of our people, who never will move a step towards easing themselves from any one single grievance; it will be thought, that I have already said too much, and to little or no purpose; which hath often been the fate, or fortune of the writer,

J. Swift.

April 22,
1737.

CONSIDERATIONS ABOUT MAINTAINING THE POOR

We have been amused, for at least thirty years past, with numberless schemes, in writing and discourse, both in and out of Parliament, for maintaining the poor, and setting them to work, especially in this city: most of which were idle, indigested, or visionary; and all of them ineffectual, as it has plainly appeared by the consequences. Many of those projectors were so stupid, that they drew a parallel from Holland to England, to be settled in Ireland; that is to say, from two countries with full freedom and encouragement for trade, to a third where all kind of trade is cramped, and the most beneficial parts are entirely taken away. But the perpetual infelicity of false and foolish reasoning, as well as proceeding and acting upon it, seems to be fatal to this country.

For my own part, who have much conversed with those folks who call themselves merchants, I do not remember to have met with a more ignorant and wrong-thinking race of people in the very first rudiments of trade; which, however, was not so much owing to their want of capacity, as to the crazy constitution of this kingdom, where pedlars are better qualified to thrive than the wisest merchants. I could fill a volume with only setting down a list of the public absurdities, by which this kingdom has suffered within the compass of my own memory, such as could not be believed of any nation, among whom folly was not established as a law. I cannot forbear instancing a few of these, because it may be of some use to those who shall have it in their power to be more cautious for the future.

The first was, the building of the barracks; whereof I have seen above one-half, and have heard enough of the rest, to affirm that the public has been cheated of at least two-thirds of the money raised for that use, by the plain fraud of the undertakers.

Another was the management of the money raised for the Palatines; when, instead of employing that great sum in purchasing lands in some remote and cheap part of the kingdom, and there planting those people as a colony, the whole end was utterly defeated.

A third is, the insurance office against fire, by which several thousand pounds are yearly remitted to England, (a trifle, it seems, we can easily spare,) and will gradually increase until it comes to a good national tax: for the society-marks upon our houses (under which might properly be written, “The Lord have mercy upon us!”) spread faster and farther than the colony of frogs. I have, for above twenty years past, given warning several thousand times to many substantial people, and to such who are acquainted with lords and squires, and the like great folks, to any of whom I have not the honour to be known: I mentioned my daily fears, lest our watchful friends in England

might take this business out of our hands; and how easy it would be to prevent that evil, by erecting a society of persons who had good estates, such, for instance, as that noble knot of bankers, under the style of "Swift and Company." But now we are become tributary to England, not only for materials to light our own fires, but for engines to put them out; to which, if hearth-money be added, (repealed in England as a grievance,) we have the honour to pay three taxes for fire.

A fourth was the knavery of those merchants, or linen-manufacturers, or both, when, upon occasion of the plague at Marseilles, we had a fair opportunity of getting into our hands the whole linen-trade of Spain; but the commodity was so bad, and held at so high a rate, that almost the whole cargo was returned, and the small remainder sold below the prime cost.

So many other particulars of the same nature crowd into my thoughts, that I am forced to stop; and the rather because they are not very proper for my subject, to which I shall now return.

Among all the schemes for maintaining the poor of the city, and setting them to work, the least weight has been laid upon that single point which is of the greatest importance; I mean, that of keeping foreign beggars from swarming hither out of every part of the country; for, until this be brought to pass effectually, all our wise reasonings and proceedings upon them will be vain and ridiculous.

The prodigious number of beggars throughout this kingdom, in proportion to so small a number of people, is owing to many reasons: to the laziness of the natives; the want of work to employ them; the enormous rents paid by cottagers for their miserable cabins and potatoe-plots; their early marriages, without the least prospect of establishment; the ruin of agriculture, whereby such vast numbers are hindered from providing their own bread, and have no money to purchase it; the mortal damp upon all kinds of trade, and many other circumstances, too tedious or invidious to mention.

And to the same causes we owe the perpetual concourse of foreign beggars to this town, the country landlords giving all assistance, except money and victuals, to drive from their estates those miserable creatures they have undone.

It was a general complaint against the poor-house, under its former governors, "That the number of poor in this city did not lessen by taking three hundred into the house, and all of them recommended under the minister's and churchwardens' hands of the several parishes": and this complaint must still continue, although the poor-house should be enlarged to contain three thousand, or even double that number.

The revenues of the poor-house, as it is now established, amount to about two thousand pounds a-year; whereof two hundred allowed for officers, and one hundred for repairs, the remaining seventeen hundred, at four pounds a-head, will support four hundred and twenty-five persons. This is a favourable allowance, considering that I subtract nothing for the diet of those officers,

and for wear and tear of furniture; and if every one of these collegiates should be set to work, it is agreed they will not be able to gain by their labour above one-fourth part of their maintenance.

At the same time, the oratorial part of these gentlemen seldom vouchsafe to mention fewer than fifteen hundred or two thousand people, to be maintained in this hospital, without troubling their heads about the fund.

* * * *

ON BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS IN IRELAND

Sir,

I have been lately looking over the advertisements in some of your Dublin newspapers, which are sent me to the country, and was much entertained with a large list of denominations of lands, to be sold or let. I am confident they must be genuine; for it is impossible that either chance or modern invention could sort the alphabet in such a manner as to make those abominable sounds; whether first invented to invoke or fright away the devil, I must leave among the curious.

If I could wonder at anything barbarous, ridiculous, or absurd, among us, this should be one of the first. I have often lamented that Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, was not prevailed on by that petty king from Ireland, who followed his camp, to come over and civilize us with a conquest, as his countrymen did Britain, where several Roman appellations remain to this day, and so would the rest have done, if that inundation of Angles, Saxons, and other northern people, had not changed them so much for the worse, although in no comparison with ours. In one of the advertisements just mentioned, I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human shape, except an Irishman of the savage kind, to pronounce; neither would I undertake such a task, to be owner of the lands, unless I had liberty to humanize the syllables twenty miles round. The legislature may think what they please, and that they are above copying the Romans in all their conquests of barbarous nations; but I am deceived, if anything has more contributed to prevent the Irish from being tamed, than this encouragement of their language, which might be easily abolished, and become a dead one in half an age, with little expense, and less trouble.

How is it possible that a gentleman who lives in those parts where the *town-lands* (as they call them) of his estate produce such odious sounds from the mouth, the throat, and the nose, can be able to repeat the words without dislocating every muscle that is used in speaking, and without applying the same tone to all other words, in every language he understands; as it is plainly to be observed not only in those people of the better sort who live in Galway and the Western parts, but in most counties of Ireland?

It is true, that, in the city parts of London, the trading people have an affected manner of pronouncing; and so, in my time, had many ladies and coxcombs at Court. It is likewise true, that there is an odd provincial cant in most counties in England, sometimes not very pleasing to the ear; and the Scotch cadence, as well as expression, are offensive enough. But none of these defects derive contempt to the speaker: whereas, what we call the *Irish brogue* is no sooner discovered, than it makes the deliverer in the last degree

ridiculous and despised; and, from such a mouth, an Englishman expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the censure be reasonable or not, since the fact is always so. And, what is yet worse, it is too well known, that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches, farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom.

I have heard many gentlemen among us talk much of the great convenience to those who live in the country, that they should speak Irish. It may possibly be so; but I think they should be such who never intend to visit England, upon pain of being ridiculous; for I do not remember to have heard of any one man that spoke Irish, who had not the accent upon his tongue easily discernible to any English ear.

But I have wandered a little from my subject, which was only to propose a wish that these execrable denominations were a little better suited to an English mouth, if it were only for the sake of the English lawyers; who, in trials upon appeals to the House of Lords, find so much difficulty in repeating the names, that, if the plaintiff or defendant were by, they would never be able to discover which were their own lands. But, besides this, I would desire, not only that the appellations of what they call *town-lands* were changed, but likewise of larger districts, and several towns, and some counties; and particularly the seats of country-gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to solve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means trust these alterations to the owners themselves; who, as they are generally no great clerks, so they seem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well skilled in prosody. The utmost extent of their genius lies in naming their country habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrow, a castle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet these are exceeded by others, whereof some have contrived anagramatical appellations, from half their own and their wives' names joined together: others only from the lady; as, for instance, a person whose wife's name was Elizabeth, calls his seat by the name of *Bess-borow*. There is likewise a famous town, where the worst iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called *Swandlingbar*: the original of which name I shall explain, lest the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loss to derive it. It was a most witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themselves with this iron project. *Sw.* stands for *Swift*, *And.* for *Sanders*, *Ling* for *Davling* and *Bar.* for *Barry*. Methinks I see the four loggerheads sitting in consult, like *Smectymnuus*, each gravely contributing a part of his own name, to make up one for their place in the ironwork; and could wish they had been hanged, as well as undone, for their wit. But I was most pleased with the denomination of a town-land, which I lately saw in an advertisement of Pue's paper: "This is to give notice, that the lands of *Douras, alias* Whig-*borough*," &c. Now, this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty to future ages, within five miles round him, for want of other merit, thought fit

to make use of this expedient: wherein he seems to mistake his account; for this distinguishing term, whig, had a most infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the fanatic sect, and an enemy to kings, and so continued till this idea was a little softened, some years after the Revolution, and during a part of her late Majesty's reign. After which it was in disgrace until the Queen's death, since which time it hath indeed flourished with a witness: But how long will it continue so, in our variable scene, or what kind of mortal it may describe, is a question which this courtly landlord is not able to answer; and therefore he should have set a date on the title of his borough, to let us know what kind of a creature a whig was in that year of our Lord. I would readily assist nomenclators of this costive imagination, and therefore I propose to others of the same size in thinking, that, when they are at a loss about christening a country-seat, instead of straining their invention, they would call it *Booby-borough, Fool-brook, Puppy-ford, Coxcomb-hall, Mount-loggerhead, Dunce-hill*; which are innocent appellations, proper to express the talents of the owners. But I cannot reconcile myself to the prudence of this lord of Whig-*borough*, because I have not yet heard, among the Presbyterian squires, how much soever their persons and principles are in vogue, that any of them have distinguished their country abode by the name of *Mount-regicide, Covenant-hall, Fanatic-hill, Roundhead-bawn, Canting-brook*, or *Mont-rebel*, and the like; because there may probably come a time when those kind of sounds may not be so grateful to the ears of the kingdom. For I do not conceive it would be a mark of discretion, upon supposing a gentleman, in allusion to his name, or the merit of his ancestors, to call his house *Tyburn-hall*.

But the scheme I would propose for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible syllables, is by employing some gentlemen in the University; who, by the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and their judgment in sounds, might imitate the Roman way, by translating those hideous words into their English meanings, and altering the termination where a bare translation will not form a good cadence to the ear, or be easily delivered from the mouth. And, when both those means happen to fail, then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the soil, or some peculiar circumstance belonging to it; as, in England, *Farn-ham, Oat-lands, Black-heath, Corn-bury, Rye-gate, Ash-burnham, Barn-elms, Cole-orton, Sand-wich*, and many others.

I am likewise apt to quarrel with some titles of lords among us, that have a very ungracious sound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas to those who have not the honour to be acquainted with their persons or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon those gentlemen who have gotten titles since the judicature of the peers among us has been taken away, to which they all submitted with a resignation that became good Christians, as undoubtedly they are. However, since that time, I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be at least forty *per cent.* in the value intrinsic of an Irish peerage; and, since it is as cheap as the worst, for any Irish

law hitherto enacted in England to the contrary, I would advise the next set, before they pass their patents, to call a consultation of scholars and musical gentlemen, to adjust this most important and essential circumstance. The Scotch noblemen, though born almost under the north pole, have much more tunable appellations, except some very few, which I suppose were given them by the Irish along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was conquered and planted from hence; and to this day retain the denominations of places, and surnames of families, as all historians agree.

I should likewise not be sorry, if the names of some bishops' sees were so much obliged to the alphabet, that upon pronouncing them we might contract some veneration for the order and persons of those reverend peers, which the gross ideas sometimes joined to their titles are very unjustly apt to diminish.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY DEAN SWIFT TO AN ASSEMBLY OF MERCHANTS MET AT THE GUILDHALL

TO DRAW UP A PETITION TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT ON THE LOWERING OF COIN, APRIL 24TH, 1736

Writing to Sheridan, under date April 24th, 1736, in a letter written partly by herself and partly by Swift, Mrs. Whiteway, Swift's housekeeper, refers to the occasion of this speech in the following words:

"The Drapier went this day to the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send hanging does not go round." (Scott's edition, vol. xviii., p. 470. 1824.)

The occasion for this agitation against the lowering of the gold arose thus. Archbishop Boulter had, for a long time, been much concerned about the want of small silver in Ireland. The subject seemed to weigh on him greatly, since he refers to it again and again in his correspondence with Carteret, Newcastle, Dorset, and Walpole. On May 25th, 1736, he wrote to Walpole to inform him that the Lord Lieutenant had taken with him to England "an application from the government for lowering the gold made current here, by proclamation, and raising the foreign silver." Silver, being scarce, bankers and tradesmen were accustomed to charge a premium for the changing of gold, as much as sixpence and sevenpence in the pound sterling being obtained. (See Boulter's "Letters," vol. ii., p. 122. Dublin, 1770.)

There was no question about the benefit of Boulter's scheme in the minds of the two Houses of Commons and Lords: Swift, however, opposed it vehemently, because he thought the advantage to be obtained by this lowering of the gold would accrue to the absentees. In 1687 James had issued a proclamation by which an English shilling was made the equivalent of thirteen pence in Ireland, and an English guinea to twenty-four shillings. Primate Boulter's object (gained by the proclamation of the order on September 29th, 1737) was to reduce the value of the guinea from twenty-three shillings (at which it then stood) to £1 2*s.* 9*d.* Swift, thinks Monck Mason, considered the absentees would benefit by this "from the circumstances of the reserved rents, being expressed in the imaginary coin, called a pound, but actually paid in guineas, when the value of guineas was lowered, it required a proportionately greater number to make up a specific sum" ("History of St. Patrick's," p. 401, note c.)

Swift, as he wrote to Sheridan, "battled in vain with the duke and his

clan." He thought it "just a kind of settlement upon England of £25,000 a year for ever; yet some of my friends," he goes on to say, "differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers." (Letter of date May 22nd, 1737.)

In a note to Boulter's letter to the Duke of Newcastle (September 29th, 1737) the editor of those letters (Ambrose Phillips) remarks: "Such a spirit of opposition had been raised on this occasion by Dean Swift and the bankers, that it was thought proper to lodge at the Primate's house, an extraordinary guard of soldiers." This, probably, was after the open exchange of words between Boulter and Swift. The Primate had accused Swift of inflaming the minds of the people, and hinted broadly that he might incur the displeasure of the government. "I inflame them!" retorted Swift, "had I but lifted my finger, they would have torn you to pieces." The day of the proclaiming of the order for the lowering of the gold was marked by Swift with the display of a black flag from the steeple of St. Patrick's, and the tolling of muffled bells, a piece of conduct which Boulter called an insult to the government.

It is *à propos* to record here the revenge Swift took on Boulter for the accusation of inflaming the people. The incident was put by him into the following verse:

"At Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dressed like divines, with hand and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, 'the mob is grown bold.'
'Ay, ay,' quoth the Dean, 'the cause is old gold.'
'No, no,' quoth the primate, 'if causes we sift,
The mischief arises from witty Dean Swift.'
The smart one replies, 'There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own motions you s — t,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
Go to tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It's pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word — take care of Armagh!"

With the lowering of the gold the Primate imported £2,000 worth of copper money for Irish consumption. Swift was most indignant at this, and his protest, printed by Faulkner, brought that publisher before the Council, and gave Swift a fit of "nerves." (MS. Letter, March 31st, 1737, to Lord Orrery,

quoted by Craik in Swift's "Life," vol. ii., p. 160.) Swift's objection against the copper was due to the fact that it was not minted in Ireland. "I quarrel not with the coin, but with the indignity of its not being coined here." (Same MS. Letter.)

Among the pamphlets in the Halliday collection in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, is a tract with the following title:

"Reasons why we should not lower the Coins now Current in this Kingdom ... Dublin: Printed and Sold by E. Waters in Dame-street."

At the end of this tract is printed Swift's speech to "an Assembly of above one Hundred and fifty eminent persons who met at the Guild Hall, on Saturday the 24th April, 1736, in order to draw up their Petition, and present it to his grace the Lord Lieutenant against lowering said Coin." It is from this tract that the present text has been taken. The editor is obliged to Sir Henry Craik's "Life of Swift" for drawing attention to this hitherto uncollected piece.

SPEECH DELIVERED ON THE LOWERING OF THE COIN

I beg you will consider and very well weigh in your hearts, what I am going to say and what I have often said before. There are several bodies of men, among whom the power of this kingdom is divided — 1st, The Lord-Lieutenant, Lords Justices and Council; next to these, my Lords the Bishops; there is likewise my Lord Chancellor, and my Lords the Judges of the land — with other eminent persons in the land, who have employments and great salaries annexed. To these must be added the Commissioners of the Revenue, with all their under officers: and lastly, their honours of the Army, of all degrees.

Now, Gentlemen, I beg you again to consider that none of these persons above named, can ever suffer the loss of one farthing by all the miseries under which the kingdom groans at present. For, first, until the kingdom be entirely ruined, the Lord-Lieutenant and Lords Justices must have their salaries. My Lords the Bishops, whose lands are set at a fourth part value, will be sure of their rents and their fines. My Lords the Judges and those of other employments in the country must likewise have their salaries. The gentlemen of the revenue will pay themselves, and as to the officers of the army, the consequence of not paying them is obvious enough. Nay, so far will those persons I have already mentioned be from suffering, that, on the contrary, their revenues being no way lessened by the fall of money, and the price of all commodities considerably sunk thereby, they must be great gainers. Therefore, Gentlemen, I do entreat you that as long as you live, you will look on all persons who are for lowering the gold, or any other coin, as no friends to this poor kingdom, but such, who find their private account in what will be detrimental to Ireland. And as the absentees are, in the strongest view, our greatest enemies, first by consuming above one-half of the rents of this nation abroad, and secondly by turning the weight, by their absence, so much on the Popish side, by weakening the Protestant interest, can there be a greater folly than to pave a bridge of gold at your own expense, to support them in their luxury and vanity abroad, while hundreds of thousands are starving at home for want of employment.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

I hope you will come and take a drink of my ale. I always brew with my own bear. I was at your large Toun's house, in the county of Fermanegh. He has planted a great many oak trees, and elm trees round his lough: And a good warrent he had, it is kind father for him, I stayd with him a week. At breakfast we had sometimes sowins, and sometimes stirrabout, and sometimes fraughauns and milk; but his cows would hardly give a drop of milk. For his head had lost the pachaun. His neighbour Squire Dolt is a meer buddaugh. I'd give a cow in Conaught you could see him. He keeps none but garrauns, and he rides on a soogaun with nothing for his bridle but gadd. In that, he is a meer spaulpeen, and a perfect Monaghan, and a Munster Croch to the bargain. Without you saw him on Sunday you would take him for a Brogadeer and a spaned to a carl did not know had to draw butter. We drank balcan and whisky out of madders. And the devil a niglugam had but a caddao. I wonder your cozen does na learn him better manners. Your cousin desires you will buy him some cheney cups. I remember he had a great many; I wonder what is gone with them. I coshered on him for a week. He has a fine staggard of corn. His dedy has been very unwell. I was sorry that anything ayl her father's child.

Firing is very dear thereabout. The turf is drawn tuo near in Kislers; and they send new rounds from the mines, nothing comes in the Cleeves but stock. We had a sereroar of beef, and once a runy for dinner.

A DIALOGUE IN HIBERNIAN STYLE BETWEEN A. AND B

A. Them aples is very good.

B. I cam *again* you in that.

A. Lord I was bodderd t'other day with that prating fool, Tom.

B. Pray, how does he *get* his health?

A. He's often very *unwell*.

B. [I] hear he was a great pet of yours.

A. Where does he live?

B. Opposite the red Lyon.

A. I think he behaved very ill the last sessions.

B. That's true, but I cannot forbear loving his father's child: Will you take a glass of my ale?

A. No, I thank you, I took a drink of small beer at home before I came here.

B. I always brew with my own bear: You have a country-house: Are you [a]

planter.

A. Yes, I have planted a great many oak trees and ash trees, and some elm trees round a lough.

B. And so a good warrant you have: It is kind father for you.

A. And what breakfast do you take in the country?

B. Sometimes stirabout, and in sumer we have the best frauhaurg in all the county.

A. What kind of man is your neighbour Squire Dolt?

B. Why, a meer Buddogh. He sometimes coshers with me; and once a month I take a pipe with him, and we shot it about for an hour together.

A. I hear he keeps good horses.

B. None but garrauns, and I have seen him often riding on a sougawn. In short, he is no better than a spawlpien; a perfect Marcghen. When I was there last, we had nothing but a medder to drink out of; and the devil a nighigam but a caddao. Will you go see him when you come unto our quarter?

A. Not *without* you go with me.

B. Will you lend me your snuff-box?

A. Do you make good cheese and butter?

B. Yes, when we can get milk; but our cows will never keep a drop of milk without a Puckaun.

TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

Deanery House,
July 5, 1736.

Rev. and Worthy Sirs,

As I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right, in his turn, to the first church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest; and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a-year, and make him a firm promise of the first church living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a-year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets.

But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry, (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels,) might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation, rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments.

I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy Sirs,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Jon. Swift.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON-COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK

Deanery House, Dublin,
August 15, 1737.

Gentlemen,

I received from you, some weeks ago, the honour of my freedom, in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; because, I suppose, he was too full of more important business. Since that time, I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that, in the instrument of my freedom, you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord-chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely on account of their stations or power: but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover, in the whole parchment scrip, any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box, there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit everybody.

I am, with true esteem and gratitude,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

Jon. Swift.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON

April 19, 1739.

Worthy Gentlemen,

I heartily recommend to your very Worshipful Society, the Reverend Mr. William Dunkin, for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

Worthy Sirs,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

Jon. Swift.

CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT

Deanery-house,
Jan. 9, 1739-40

Whereas the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

Jon. Swift.

AN EXHORTATION ADDRESSED TO THE SUB-DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

January 28, 1741.

Whereas my infirmities of age and ill-health have prevented me to preside in the chapters held for the good order and government of my cathedral church of St. Patrick, Dublin, in person: I have, by a legal commission, made and appointed the very reverend Doctor John Wynne, præcentor of the said cathedral, to be sub-dean in my stead and absence. I do hereby ratify and confirm all the powers delegated to the said Dr. Wynne in the said Commission.

And I do hereby require and request the very reverend sub-dean not to permit any of the vicars-choral, choristers, or organists, to attend or assist at any public musical performances, without my consent, or his consent, with the consent of the chapter first obtained.

And whereas it hath been reported, that I gave a licence to certain vicars to assist at a club of fiddlers in Fishamble Street, I do hereby declare that I remember no such licence to have been ever signed or sealed by me; and that if ever such pretended licence should be produced, I do hereby annul and vacate the said licence. Intreating my said sub-dean and chapter to punish such vicars as shall ever appear there, as songsters, fiddlers, pipers, trumpeters, drummers, drum-majors, or in any sonal quality, according to the flagitious aggravations of their respective disobedience, rebellion, perfidy, and ingratitude.

I require my said sub-dean to proceed to the extremity of expulsion, if the said vicars should be found ungovernable, impenitent, or self-sufficient, especially Taberner, Phipps, and Church, who, as I am informed, have, in violation of my sub-dean's and chapter's order in December last, at the instance of some obscure persons unknown, presumed to sing and fiddle at the club above mentioned.

My resolution is to preserve the dignity of my station, and the honour of my chapter; and, gentlemen, it is incumbent upon you to aid me, and to show who and what the Dean and Chapter of Saint Patrick's are.

Signed by me,
Jonathan Swift
Dean of St. Patrick's.

Witnesses present,
James King,
Francis Wilson.

To the very Reverend Doctor John Wynne, sub-dean of the Cathedral church of Saint Patrick, Dublin, and to the reverend dignitaries and prebendaries of the same.

APPENDIX

A LETTER TO THE WRITER OF THE OCCASIONAL PAPER.

NOTE.

In April, 1727, Swift paid his last visit to England. The visit paid by him to Walpole, already referred to, resulted in nothing, though it cannot, on that account, be argued that Swift's open friendship for, and even support of, Pulteney and Bolingbroke was owing to his failure with Walpole. Swift pleaded with Walpole for Ireland and Ireland only, as his letter to Peterborough amply testifies. It had nothing to do with the political situation in England. The explanation for this sympathy is most likely found in Sir Henry Craik's suggestion that Swift humoured the pretences of his friends that they were of the party that maintained the national virtues, resisted corruption, and defended liberty against arbitrary power. To Pulteney Swift always wrote reminding him that the country looked to him as its saviour, and he wrote in a similar vein to Bolingbroke and Pope. The "Craftsman" had been founded by Pulteney and Bolingbroke (a curious companionship when one remembers the past lives of these two men) for the express purpose of bringing low Walpole's political power. It began by exposing the tricks of "Robin" and continued to lay bare the cunning and wiles of the "Craftsman" at the head of the government of the country. Both Pulteney and Bolingbroke wrote regularly, and the former displayed a journalistic power quite extraordinary.

The letter which follows was written by Swift when in London on the occasion of his last visit; but a note in Craik's "Life of Swift" (vol. ii., pp. 166-167) is very interesting as showing that Swift did certainly give hints for some of the subjects for discussion. I take the liberty to transcribe this note in full. Sir Henry Craik thinks it more than likely that Swift may have suggested, during his last visit to London, some of the lines on which Bolingbroke and Pulteney worked. In the note he adds:

"This finds some confirmation, from the following heads of a Tract, which I have found in a memorandum in Swift's handwriting. The memorandum belongs to Mr. Frederick Locker [now dead], who kindly permitted me to use his papers, the same which came from Theophilus Swift into Scott's possession. But the interest of this memorandum escaped Scott's notice."

"PROPOSAL FOR VIRTUE."

"Every little fellow who has a vote now corrupted.

"An arithmetical computation, how much spent in election of Commons, and pensions and foreign courts: how then can our debts be paid?

"No fear that gentlemen will not stand and serve without Pensions, and that they will let the Kingdom be invaded for want of fleets and armies, or bring in Pretender, etc.

"How K(ing) will ensure his own interest as well as the Publick: he is now forced to keep himself bare, etc., at least, late King was.

"Perpetual expedients, stop-gaps, etc., at long run must terminate in something fatal, as it does in private estates.

"There may be probably 10,000 landed men in England fit for Parliament. This would reduce Parliament to consist of real landed men, which is full as necessary for Senates as for Juries. What do the other 9,000 do for want of pensions?

" ... In private life, virtue may be difficult, by passions, infirmities, temptations, want of pence, strong opposition, etc. But not in public administration: there it makes all things easy.

"Form the Scheme. Suppose a King of England would resolve to give no pension for party, etc., and call a Parliament, perfectly free, as he could.

"What can a K. reasonably ask that a Parliament will refuse? When they are resty, it is by corrupt ministers, who have designs dangerous to the State, and must therefore support themselves by bribing, etc.

"Open, fair dealing the best.

"A contemptuous character of Court art. How different from true politics. For, comparing the talents of two professions that are very different, I cannot but think, that in the present sense of the word Politician, a common sharper or pickpocket, has every quality that can be required in the other, and accordingly I have personally known more than half a dozen in their hour esteemed equally to excell in both."

The present text is based on that given in the eighth volume of the quarto issue of Swift's Works published in 1765.

A LETTER TO THE WRITER OF THE OCCASIONAL PAPER. or

[VIDE THE CRAFTSMAN, 1727.]

Sir,

Although, in one of your papers, you declare an intention of turning them, during the dead season of the year, into accounts of domestic and foreign intelligence; yet I think we, your correspondents, should not understand your

meaning so literally, as if you intended to reject inserting any other paper, which might probably be useful for the public. Neither, indeed, am I fully convinced that this new course you resolve to take will render you more secure than your former laudable practice, of inserting such speculations as were sent you by several well-wishers to the good of the kingdom; however grating such notices might be to some, who wanted neither power nor inclination to resent them at your cost. For, since there is a direct law against spreading false news, if you should venture to tell us in one of the Craftsmen that the Dey of Algiers had got the toothache, or the King of Bantam had taken a purge, and the facts should be contradicted in succeeding packets; I do not see what plea you could offer to avoid the utmost penalty of the law, because you are not supposed to be very gracious among those who are most able to hurt you.

Besides, as I take your intentions to be sincerely meant for the public service, so your original method of entertaining and instructing us will be more general and more useful in this season of the year, when people are retired to amusements more cool, more innocent, and much more reasonable than those they have left; when their passions are subsided or suspended; when they have no occasions of inflaming themselves, or each other; where they will have opportunities of hearing common sense, every day in the week, from their tenants or neighbouring farmers, and thereby be qualified, in hours of rain or leisure, to read and consider the advice or information you shall send them.

Another weighty reason why you should not alter your manner of writing, by dwindling to a newsmonger, is because there is no suspension of arms agreed on between you and your adversaries, who fight with a sort of weapons which have two wonderful qualities, that they are never to be worn out, and are best wielded by the weakest hands, and which the poverty of our language forceth me to call by the trite appellations of scurrility, slander, and Billingsgate. I am far from thinking that these gentlemen, or rather their employers, (for the operators themselves are too obscure to be guessed at) should be answered after their own way, although it were possible to drag them out of their obscurity; but I wish you would enquire what real use such a conduct is to the cause they have been so largely paid to defend. The author of the three first Occasional Letters, a person altogether unknown, hath been thought to glance (for what reasons he best knows) at some public proceedings, as if they were not agreeable to his private opinions. In answer to this, the pamphleteers retained on the other side are instructed by their superiors, to single out an adversary whose abilities they have most reason to apprehend, and to load himself, his family, and friends, with all the infamy that a perpetual conversation in Bridewell, Newgate, and the stews could furnish them; but, at the same time, so very unluckily, that the most distinguishing parts of their characters strike directly in the face of their benefactor, whose idea presenting itself along with his guineas perpetually to

their imagination, occasioned this desperate blunder.

But, allowing this heap of slander to be truth, and applied to the proper person; what is to be the consequence? Are our public debts to be the sooner paid; the corruptions that author complains of to be the sooner cured; an honourable peace, or a glorious war the more likely to ensue; trade to flourish; the Ostend Company to be demolished; Gibraltar and Port Mahon left entire in our possession; the balance of Europe to be preserved; the malignity of parties to be for ever at an end; none but persons of merit, virtue, genius, and learning to be encouraged? I ask whether any of these effects will follow upon the publication of this author's libel, even supposing he could prove every syllable of it to be true?

At the same time, I am well assured, that the only reason of ascribing those papers to a particular person, is built upon the information of a certain pragmatical spy of quality, well known to act in that capacity by those into whose company he insinuates himself; a sort of persons who, although without much love, esteem, or dread of people in present power, yet have too much common prudence to speak their thoughts with freedom before such an intruder; who, therefore, imposes grossly upon his masters, if he makes them pay for anything but his own conjectures.

It is a grievous mistake in a great minister to neglect or despise, much more to irritate men of genius and learning. I have heard one of the wisest persons in my time observe, that an administration was to be known and judged by the talents of those who appeared their advocates in print. This I must never allow to be a general rule; yet I cannot but think it prodigiously unfortunate, that, among the answerers, defenders, repliers, and panegyrists, started up in defence of present persons and proceedings, there hath not yet arisen one whose labours we can read with patience, however we may applaud their loyalty and good will. And all this with the advantages of constant ready pay, of natural and acquired venom, and a grant of the whole fund of slander, to range over and riot in as they please.

On the other side, a turbulent writer of Occasional Letters, and other vexatious papers, in conjunction perhaps with one or two friends as bad as himself, is able to disconcert, tease, and sour us whenever he thinks fit, merely by the strength of genius and truth; and after so dexterous a manner, that, when we are vexed to the soul, and well know the reasons why we are so, we are ashamed to own the first, and cannot tell how to express the other. In a word, it seems to me that all the writers are on one side, and all the railers on the other.

However, I do not pretend to assert, that it is impossible for an ill minister to find men of wit who may be drawn, by a very valuable consideration, to undertake his defence; but the misfortune is, that the heads of such writers rebel against their hearts; their genius forsakes them, when they would offer to prostitute it to the service of injustice, corruption, party rage, and false representations of things and persons.

And this is the best argument I can offer in defence of great men, who have been of late so very unhappy in the choice of their paper-champions; although I cannot much commend their good husbandry, in those exorbitant payments of twenty and sixty guineas at a time for a scurvy pamphlet; since the sort of work they require is what will all come within the talents of any one who hath enjoyed the happiness of a very bad education, hath kept the vilest company, is endowed with a servile spirit, is master of an empty purse, and a heart full of malice.

But, to speak the truth in soberness; it should seem a little hard, since the old Whiggish principle hath been recalled of standing up for the liberty of the press, to a degree that no man, for several years past, durst venture out a thought which did not square to a point with the maxims and practices that then prevailed: I say, it is a little hard that the vilest mercenaries should be countenanced, preferred, rewarded, for discharging their brutalities against men of honour, only upon a bare conjecture.

If it should happen that these profligates have attacked an innocent person, I ask what satisfaction can their hirers give in return? Not all the wealth raked together by the most corrupt rapacious ministers, in the longest course of unlimited power, would be sufficient to atone for the hundredth part of such an injury.

In the common way of thinking, it is a situation sufficient in all conscience to satisfy a reasonable ambition, for a private person to command the forces, the laws, the revenues of a great kingdom, to reward and advance his followers and flatterers as he pleases, and to keep his enemies (real or imaginary) in the dust. In such an exaltation, why should he be at the trouble to make use of fools to sound his praises, (because I always thought the lion was hard set, when he chose the ass for his trumpeter) or knaves to revenge his quarrels, at the expense of innocent men's reputations?

With all those advantages, I cannot see why persons, in the height of power, should be under the least concern on account of their reputation, for which they have no manner of use; or to ruin that of others, which may perhaps be the only possession their enemies have left them. Supposing times of corruption, which I am very far from doing, if a writer displays them in their proper colours, does he do anything worse than sending customers to the shop? "Here only, at the sign of the Brazen Head, are to be sold places and pensions: beware of counterfeits, and take care of mistaking the door."

For my own part, I think it very unnecessary to give the character of a great minister in the fulness of his power, because it is a thing that naturally does itself, and is obvious to the eyes of all mankind; for his personal qualities are all derived into the most minute parts of his administration. If this be just, prudent, regular, impartial, intent upon the public good, prepared for present exigencies, and provident of the future; such is the director himself in his private capacity: If it be rapacious, insolent, partial, palliating long and deep diseases of the public with empirical remedies, false, disguised, impudent,

malicious, revengeful; you shall infallibly find the private life of the conductor to answer in every point; nay, what is more, every twinge of the gout or gravel will be felt in their consequences by the community. As the thief-catcher, upon viewing a house broke open, could immediately distinguish, from the manner of the workmanship, by what hand it was done.

It is hard to form a maxim against which an exception is not ready to start up: So, in the present case, where the minister grows enormously rich, the public is proportionably poor; as, in a private family, the steward always thrives the fastest when his lord is running out.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COURT AND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

Regoge was the thirty-fourth emperor of Japan, and began his reign in the year 341 of the Christian era, succeeding to Nena, a princess who governed with great felicity.

There had been a revolution in that empire about twenty-six years before, which made some breaches in the hereditary line; and Regoge, successor to Nena, although of the royal family, was a distant relation. There were two violent parties in the empire, which began in the time of the revolution above mentioned; and, at the death of the Empress Nena, were in the highest degree of animosity, each charging the other with a design of introducing new gods, and changing the civil constitution. The names of these two parties were Husiges and Yortes. The latter were those whom Nena, the late empress, most favoured towards the end of her reign, and by whose advice she governed.

The Husige faction, enraged at their loss of power, made private applications to Regoge during the life of the empress; which prevailed so far, that, upon her death, the new emperor wholly disgraced the Yortes, and employed only the Husiges in all his affairs. The Japanese author highly blames his Imperial Majesty's proceeding in this affair; because, it was allowed on all hands, that he had then a happy opportunity of reconciling parties for ever by a moderating scheme. But he, on the contrary, began his reign by openly disgracing the principal and most popular Yortes, some of which had been chiefly instrumental in raising him to the throne. By this mistaken step he occasioned a rebellion; which, although it were soon quelled by some very surprising turns of fortune, yet the fear, whether real or pretended, of new attempts, engaged him in such immense charges, that, instead of clearing any part of that prodigious debt left on his kingdom by the former war, which might have been done by any tolerable management, in twelve years of the most profound peace; he left his empire loaden with a vast addition to the old encumbrance.

This prince, before he succeeded to the empire of Japan, was king of Tedsu, a dominion seated on the continent, to the west side of Japan. Tedsu was the place of his birth, and more beloved by him than his new empire; for

there he spent some months almost every year, and thither was supposed to have conveyed great sums of money, saved out of his Imperial revenues.

There were two maritime towns of great importance bordering upon Tedsu: Of these he purchased a litigated title; and, to support it, was forced not only to entrench deeply on his Japanese revenues, but to engage in alliances very dangerous to the Japanese empire.

Japan was at that time a limited monarchy, which some authors are of opinion was introduced there by a detachment from the numerous army of Brennus, who ravaged a great part of Asia; and, those of them who fixed in Japan, left behind them that kind of military institution, which the northern people, in ensuing ages, carried through most parts of Europe; the generals becoming kings, the great officers a senate of nobles, with a representative from every centenary of private soldiers; and, in the assent of the majority in these two bodies, confirmed by the general, the legislature consisted.

I need not farther explain a matter so universally known; but return to my subject.

The Husige faction, by a gross piece of negligence in the Yortes, had so far insinuated themselves and their opinions into the favour of Regoge before he came to the empire, that this prince firmly believed them to be his only true friends, and the others his mortal enemies. By this opinion he governed all the actions of his reign.

The emperor died suddenly, in his journey to Tedsu; where, according to his usual custom, he was going to pass the summer.

This prince, during his whole reign, continued an absolute stranger to the language, the manners, the laws, and the religion of Japan; and passing his whole time among old mistresses, or a few privadoes, left the whole management of the empire in the hands of a minister, upon the condition of being made easy in his personal revenues, and the management of parties in the senate. His last minister, who governed in the most arbitrary manner for several years, he was thought to hate more than he did any other person in Japan, except his only son, the heir to the empire. The dislike he bore to the former was, because the minister, under pretence that he could not govern the senate without disposing of employments among them, would not suffer his master to oblige one single person, but disposed of all to his own relations and dependants. But, as to that continued and virulent hatred he bore to the prince his son, from the beginning of his reign to his death, the historian hath not accounted for it, further than by various conjectures, which do not deserve to be related.

The minister above mentioned was of a family not contemptible, had been early a senator, and from his youth a mortal enemy to the Yortes. He had been formerly disgraced in the senate, for some frauds in the management of a public trust. He was perfectly skilled, by long practice, in the senatorial forms; and dexterous in the purchasing of votes, from those who could find their accounts better in complying with his measures, than they could probably lose

by any tax that might be charged on the kingdom. He seemed to fail, in point of policy, by not concealing his gettings, never scrupling openly to lay out vast sums of money in paintings, buildings, and purchasing estates; when it was known, that, upon his first coming into business, upon the death of the Empress Nena, his fortune was but inconsiderable. He had the most boldness, and the least magnanimity that ever any mortal was endowed with. By enriching his relations, friends, and dependants, in a most exorbitant manner, he was weak enough to imagine that he had provided a support against an evil day. He had the best among all false appearances of courage, which was a most unlimited assurance, whereby he would swagger the boldest men into a dread of his power, but had not the smallest portion of magnanimity, growing jealous, and disgracing every man, who was known to bear the least civility to those he disliked. He had some small smattering in books, but no manner of politeness; nor, in his whole life, was ever known to advance any one person, upon the score of wit, learning, or abilities for business. The whole system of his ministry was corruption; and he never gave bribe or pension, without frankly telling the receivers what he expected from them, and threatening them to put an end to his bounty, if they failed to comply in every circumstance.

A few months before the emperor's death, there was a design concerted between some eminent persons of both parties, whom the desperate state of the empire had united, to accuse the minister at the first meeting of a new chosen senate, which was then to assemble according to the laws of that empire. And it was believed, that the vast expense he must be at in choosing an assembly proper for his purpose, added to the low state of the treasury, the increasing number of pensioners, the great discontent of the people, and the personal hatred of the emperor; would, if well laid open in the senate, be of weight enough to sink the minister, when it should appear to his very pensioners and creatures that he could not supply them much longer.

While this scheme was in agitation, an account came of the emperor's death, and the prince his son, with universal joy, mounted the throne of Japan.

The new emperor had always lived a private life, during the reign of his father; who, in his annual absence, never trusted him more than once with the reins of government, which he held so evenly that he became too popular to be confided in any more. He was thought not unfavourable to the Yortes, at least not altogether to approve the virulence wherewith his father proceeded against them; and therefore, immediately upon his succession, the principal persons of that denomination came, in several bodies, to kiss the hem of his garment, whom he received with great courtesy, and some of them with particular marks of distinction.

The prince, during the reign of his father, having not been trusted with any public charge, employed his leisure in learning the language, the religion, the customs, and disposition of the Japanese; wherein he received great information, among others, from Nomptoc, master of his finances, and

president of the senate, who secretly hated Lelop-Aw, the minister; and likewise from Ramneh, a most eminent senator; who, despairing to do any good with the father, had, with great industry, skill, and decency, used his endeavour to instil good principles into the young prince.

Upon the news of the former emperor's death, a grand council was summoned of course, where little passed besides directing the ceremony of proclaiming the successor. But, in some days after, the new emperor having consulted with those persons in whom he could chiefly confide, and maturely considered in his own mind the present state of his affairs, as well as the disposition of his people, convoked another assembly of his council; wherein, after some time spent in general business, suitable to the present emergency, he directed Lelop-Aw to give him, in as short terms as he conveniently could, an account of the nation's debts, of his management in the senate, and his negotiations with foreign courts: Which that minister having delivered, according to his usual manner, with much assurance and little satisfaction, the emperor desired to be fully satisfied in the following particulars.

Whether the vast expense of choosing such members into the senate, as would be content to do the public business, were absolutely necessary?

Whether those members, thus chosen in, would cross and impede the necessary course of affairs, unless they were supplied with great sums of money, and continued pensions?

Whether the same corruption and perverseness were to be expected from the nobles?

Whether the empire of Japan were in so low a condition, that the imperial envoys, at foreign courts, must be forced to purchase alliances, or prevent a war, by immense bribes, given to the ministers of all the neighbouring princes?

Why the debts of the empire were so prodigiously advanced, in a peace of twelve years at home and abroad?

Whether the Yortes were universally enemies to the religion and laws of the empire, and to the imperial family now reigning?

Whether those persons, whose revenues consist in lands, do not give surer pledges of fidelity to the public, and are more interested in the welfare of the empire, than others whose fortunes consist only in money?

And because Lelop-Aw, for several years past, had engrossed the whole administration, the emperor signified, that from him alone he expected an answer.

This minister, who had sagacity enough to cultivate an interest in the young prince's family, during the late emperor's life, received early intelligence from one of his emissaries of what was intended at the council, and had sufficient time to frame as plausible an answer as his cause and conduct would allow. However, having desired a few minutes to put his thoughts in order, he delivered them in the following manner.

"Sir,

"Upon this short unexpected warning, to answer your Imperial Majesty's queries I should be wholly at a loss, in your Majesty's august presence, and that of this most noble assembly, if I were armed with a weaker defence than my own loyalty and integrity, and the prosperous success of my endeavours.

"It is well known that the death of the Empress Nena happened in a most miraculous juncture; and that, if she had lived two months longer, your illustrious family would have been deprived of your right, and we should have seen an usurper upon your throne, who would have wholly changed the constitution of this empire, both civil and sacred; and although that empress died in a most opportune season, yet the peaceable entrance of your Majesty's father was effected by a continual series of miracles. The truth of this appears by that unnatural rebellion which the Yortes raised, without the least provocation, in the first year of the late emperor's reign, which may be sufficient to convince your Majesty, that every soul of that denomination was, is, and will be for ever, a favourer of the Pretender, a mortal enemy to your illustrious family, and an introducer of new gods into the empire. Upon this foundation was built the whole conduct of our affairs; and, since a great majority of the kingdom was at that time reckoned to favour the Yortes faction, who, in the regular course of elections, must certainly be chosen members of the senate then to be convoked; it was necessary, by the force of money, to influence elections in such a manner, that your Majesty's father might have a sufficient number to weigh down the scale on his side, and thereby carry on those measures which could only secure him and his family in the possession of the empire. To support this original plan I came into the service: But the members of the senate, knowing themselves every day more necessary, upon the choosing of a new senate, I found the charges to increase; and that, after they were chosen, they insisted upon an increase of their pensions; because they well knew that the work could not be carried on without them: And I was more general in my donatives, because I thought it was more for the honour of the crown, that every vote should pass without a division; and that, when a debate was proposed, it should immediately be quashed, by putting the question.

"Sir, The date of the present senate is expired, and your Imperial Majesty is now to convoke a new one; which, I confess, will be somewhat more expensive than the last, because the Yortes, from your favourable reception, have begun to reassume a spirit whereof the country had some intelligence; and we know the majority of the people, without proper management, would be still in that fatal interest. However, I dare undertake, with the charge only of four hundred thousand sprangs, to return as great a majority of senators of the true stamp, as your Majesty can desire. As to the sums of money paid in foreign courts, I hope, in some years, to ease the nation of them, when we and our neighbours come to a good understanding. However, I will be bold to say, they are cheaper than a war, where your Majesty is to be a principal.

"The pensions, indeed, to senators and other persons, must needs increase, from the restiveness of some, and scrupulous nature of others; and the new members, who are unpractised, must have better encouragement. However, I dare undertake to bring the eventual charge within eight hundred thousand sprangs. But, to make this easy, there shall be new funds raised, of which I have several schemes ready, without taxing bread or flesh, which shall be referred to more pressing occasions.

"Your Majesty knows it is the laudable custom of all Eastern princes, to leave the whole management of affairs, both civil and military, to their viziers. The appointments for your family, and private purse, shall exceed those of your predecessors: You shall be at no trouble, further than to appear sometimes in council, and leave the rest to me: You shall hear no clamour or complaints: Your senate shall, upon occasions, declare you the best of princes, the father of your country, the arbiter of Asia, the defender of the oppressed, and the delight of mankind.

"Sir, Hear not those who would most falsely, impiously, and maliciously insinuate, that your government can be carried on without that wholesome, necessary expedient, of sharing the public revenue with your faithful deserving senators. This, I know, my enemies are pleased to call bribery and corruption. Be it so: But I insist, that without this bribery and corruption, the wheels of government will not turn, or at least will be apt to take fire, like other wheels, unless they be greased at proper times. If an angel from heaven should descend, to govern this empire upon any other scheme than what our enemies call corruption, he must return from whence he came, and leave the work undone.

"Sir, It is well known we are a trading nation, and consequently cannot thrive in a bargain where nothing is to be gained. The poor electors, who run from their shops, or the plough, for the service of their country, are they not to be considered for their labour and their loyalty? The candidates, who, with the hazard of their persons, the loss of their characters, and the ruin of their fortunes, are preferred to the senate, in a country where they are strangers, before the very lords of the soil; are they not to be rewarded for their zeal to your Majesty's service, and qualified to live in your metropolis as becomes the lustre of their stations?

"Sir, If I have given great numbers of the most profitable employments among my own relations and nearest allies, it was not out of any partiality, but because I know them best, and can best depend upon them. I have been at the pains to mould and cultivate their opinions. Abler heads might probably have been found, but they would not be equally under my direction. A huntsman, who hath the absolute command of his dogs, will hunt more effectually than with a better pack, to whose manner and cry he is a stranger.

"Sir, Upon the whole, I will appeal to all those who best knew your royal father, whether that blessed monarch had ever one anxious thought for the public, or disappointment, or uneasiness, or want of money for all his

occasions, during the time of my administration? And, how happy the people confessed themselves to be under such a king, I leave to their own numerous addresses; which all politicians will allow to be the most infallible proof how any nation stands affected to their sovereign."

Lelop-Aw, having ended his speech and struck his forehead thrice against the table, as the custom is in Japan, sat down with great complacency of mind, and much applause of his adherents, as might be observed by their countenances and their whispers. But the Emperor's behaviour was remarkable; for, during the whole harangue, he appeared equally attentive and uneasy. After a short pause, His Majesty commanded that some other counsellor should deliver his thoughts, either to confirm or object against what had been spoken by Lelop-Aw.

THE ANSWER OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq., TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Oct. 15, 1730.

Sir,

A pamphlet was lately sent me, entitled, "A Letter from the Right Honourable Sir R. W. to the Right Honourable W. P. Esq; occasioned by the late Invectives on the King, her Majesty, and all the Royal Family." By these initial letters of our names, the world is to understand that you and I must be meant. Although the letter seems to require an answer, yet because it appears to be written rather in the style and manner used by some of your pensioners, than your own, I shall allow you the liberty to think the same of this answer, and leave the public to determine which of the two actors can better personate their principals. That frigid and fustian way of haranguing wherewith your representer begins, continues, and ends his declamation, I shall leave to the critics in eloquence and propriety to descant on; because it adds nothing to the weight of your accusations, nor will my defence be one grain the better by exposing its puerilities.

I shall therefore only remark upon this particular, that the frauds and corruptions in most other arts and sciences, as law, physic (I shall proceed no further) are usually much more plausibly defended than in that of politics; whether it be, that by a kind of fatality the vindication of a corrupt minister is always left to the management of the meanest and most prostitute writers; or whether it be, that the effects of a wicked or unskilful administration, are more public, visible, pernicious and universal. Whereas the mistakes in other sciences are often matters that affect only speculation; or at worst, the bad consequences fall upon few and private persons. A nation is quickly sensible of the miseries it feels, and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honours conferred on those who sit at the

helm, or the salaries paid to their penmen; while the body of the people is sunk into poverty and despair. A Frenchman in his wooden shoes may, from the vanity of his nation, and the constitution of that government, conceive some imaginary pleasure in boasting the grandeur of his monarch, in the midst of his own slavery; but a freeborn Englishman, with all his loyalty, can find little satisfaction at a minister overgrown in wealth and power from the lowest degree of want and contempt; when that power or wealth are drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow-subject is a sufferer, except the great man himself, his family, and his pensioners. I mean such a minister (if there hath ever been such a one) whose whole management hath been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and mistakes in every article besides that of enriching and aggrandizing himself.

For these reasons the faults of men, who are most trusted in public business, are, of all others, the most difficult to be defended. A man may be persuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he hath small concern: but no oratory can have the power over a sober man against the conviction of his own senses: and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on such advocates might be more prudently spared, and kept in such a minister's own pocket, than lavished in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flourishing in trade and wealth, which every particular subject (except those few already excepted) can lawfully swear, and, by dear experience knows, to be a falsehood.

Give me leave, noble sir, in the way of argument, to suppose this to be your case; could you in good conscience, or moral justice, chide your paper-advocates for their ill success in persuading the world against manifest demonstration? Their miscarriage is owing, alas! to want of matter. Should we allow them to be masters of wit, raillery, or learning, yet the subject would not admit them to exercise their talents; and, consequently, they can have no recourse but to impudence, lying, and scurrility.

I must confess, that the author of your letter to me hath carried this last qualification to a greater height than any of his fellows: but he hath, in my opinion, failed a little in point of politeness from the original which he affects to imitate. If I should say to a prime minister, "Sir, you have sufficiently provided that Dunkirk should be absolutely demolished and never repaired; you took the best advantages of a long and general peace to discharge the immense debts of the nation; you did wonders with the fleet; you made the Spaniards submit to our quiet possession of Gibraltar and Portmahon; you never enriched yourself and family at the expense of the public." — Such is the style of your supposed letter, which however, if I am well informed, by no means comes up to the refinements of a fishwife in Billingsgate. "You never had a bastard by Tom the waterman; you never stole a silver tankard; you were never whipped at the cart's tail."

In the title of your letter, it is said to be "occasioned by the late invectives on the King, her Majesty, and all the Royal Family:" and the whole contents

of the paper (stripped from your eloquence) goes on upon a supposition affectedly serious, that their Majesties, and the whole Royal Family, have been lately bitterly and publicly inveighed against in the most enormous and treasonable manner. Now, being a man, as you well know, altogether out of business, I do sometimes lose an hour in reading a few of those controversial papers upon politics, which have succeeded for some years past to the polemical tracts between Whig and Tory: and in this kind of reading (if it may deserve to be so called) although I have been often but little edified, or entertained, yet hath it given me occasion to make some observations. First, I have observed, that however men may sincerely agree in all the branches of the Low Church principle, in a tenderness for dissenters of every kind, in a perfect abhorrence of Popery and the Pretender, and in the most firm adherence to the Protestant succession in the royal house of Hanover; yet plenty of matter may arise to kindle their animosities against each other from the various infirmities, follies, and vices inherent in mankind.

Secondly, I observed, that although the vulgar reproach which charges the quarrels between ministers, and their opposers, to be only a contention for power between those who are in, and those who would be in if they could; yet as long as this proceeds no further than a scuffle of ambition among a few persons, it is only a matter of course, whereby the public is little affected. But when corruptions are plain, open, and undisguised, both in their causes and effects, to the hazard of a nation's ruin, and so declared by all the principal persons and the bulk of the people, those only excepted who are gainers by those corruptions: and when such ministers are forced to fly for shelter to the throne, with a complaint of disaffection to majesty against all who durst dislike their administration: such a general disposition in the minds of men, cannot, I think, by any rules of reason, be called the "clamour of a few disaffected incendiaries," gasping after power. It is the true voice of the people; which must and will at last be heard, or produce consequences that I dare not mention.

I have observed thirdly, that among all the offensive printed papers which have come to my hand, whether good or bad, the writers have taken particular pains to celebrate the virtues of our excellent King and Queen, even where these were, strictly speaking, no part of the subject: nor can it be properly objected that such a proceeding was only a blind to cover their malice towards you and your assistants; because to affront the King, Queen, or the Royal Family, as it would be directly opposite to the principles that those kind of writers have always professed, so it would destroy the very end they have in pursuit. And it is somewhat remarkable, that those very writers against you, and the regiment you command, are such as most distinguish themselves upon all, or upon no occasions, by their panegyrics on their prince; and, as all of them do this without favour or hire, so some of them continue the same practice under the severest prosecution by you and your janizaries.

You seem to know, or at least very strongly to conjecture, who those

persons are that give you so much weekly disquiet. Will you dare to assert that any of these are Jacobites, endeavour to alienate the hearts of the people, to defame the prince, and then dethrone him (for these are your expressions) and that I am their patron, their bulwark, their hope, and their refuge? Can you think I will descend to vindicate myself against an aspersion so absurd? God be thanked, we have had many a change of ministry without changing our prince: for if it had been otherwise, perhaps revolutions might have been more frequent. Heaven forbid that the welfare of a great kingdom, and of a brave people, should be trusted with the thread of a single subject's life; for I suppose it is not yet in your view to entail the ministryship in your family. Thus I hope we may live to see different ministers and different measures, without any danger to the succession in the royal Protestant line of Hanover.

You are pleased to advance a topic, which I could never heartily approve of in any party, although they have each in their turn advanced it while they had the superiority. You tell us, "It is hard that while every private man shall have the liberty to choose what servants he pleaseth, the same privilege should be refused to a king." This assertion, crudely understood, can hardly be supported. If by servants be only meant those who are purely menial, who provide for their master's food and clothing, or for the convenience and splendour of his family, the point is not worth debating. But the bad or good choice of a chancellor, a secretary, an ambassador, a treasurer, and many other officers, is of very high consequence to the whole kingdom; so is likewise that amphibious race of courtiers between servants and ministers; such as the steward, chamberlain, treasurer of the household and the like, being all of the privy council, and some of the cabinet, who according to their talents, their principles, and their degree of favour, may be great instruments of good or evil, both to the subject and the prince; so that the parallel is by no means adequate between a prince's court and a private family. And yet if an insolent footman be troublesome in the neighbourhood; if he breaks the people's windows, insults their servants, breaks into other folk's houses to pilfer what he can find, although he belong to a duke, and be a favourite in his station, yet those who are injured may, without just offence, complain to his lord, and for want of redress get a warrant to send him to the stocks, to Bridewell, or to Newgate, according to the nature and degree of his delinquencies. Thus the servants of the prince, whether menial or otherwise, if they be of his council, are subject to the enquiries and prosecutions of the great council of the nation, even as far as to capital punishment; and so must ever be in our constitution, till a minister can procure a majority even of that council to shelter him; which I am sure you will allow to be a desperate crisis under any party of the most plausible denomination.

The only instance you produce, or rather insinuate, to prove the late invectives against the King, Queen, and Royal Family, is drawn from that deduction of the English history, published in several papers by the *Craftsman*; wherein are shewn the bad consequences to the public, as well as

to the prince, from the practices of evil ministers in most reigns, and at several periods, when the throne was filled by wise monarchs as well as by weak. This deduction, therefore, cannot reasonably give the least offence to a British king, when he shall observe that the greatest and ablest of his predecessors, by their own candour, by a particular juncture of affairs, or by the general infirmity of human nature, have sometimes put too much trust in confident, insinuating, and avaricious ministers.

Wisdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be imposed on. Thus Milton describes Uriel, "the sharpest-sighted spirit in heaven," and "regent of the sun," deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the devil, for which the poet gives a philosophical reason, but needless here to quote. Is anything more common, or more useful, than to caution wise men in high stations against putting too much trust in undertaking servants, cringing flatterers, or designing friends? Since the Asiatic custom of governing by prime ministers hath prevailed in so many courts of Europe, how careful should every prince be in the choice of the person on whom so great a trust is devolved, whereon depend the safety and welfare of himself and all his subjects. Queen Elizabeth, whose administration is frequently quoted as the best pattern for English princes to follow, could not resist the artifices of the Earl of Leicester, who, although universally allowed to be the most ambitious, insolent, and corrupt person of his age, was yet her greatest, and almost her only favourite: (his religion indeed being partly puritan and partly infidel, might have better tallied with present times) yet this wise queen would never suffer the openest enemies of that overgrown lord to be sacrificed to his vengeance; nor durst he charge them with a design of introducing Popery or the Spanish pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whose masters have passed for persons of good abilities, during the whole course of their lives, and yet the greatest part of whose estates have sunk in the hands of their stewards and receivers; their revenues paid them in scanty portions, at large discount, and treble interest, though they did not know it; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the same time accused to their landlords of insolvency. Of this species are such managers, who, like honest Peter Waters, pretend to clear an estate, keep the owner penniless, and, after seven years, leave him five times more in debt, while they sink half a plum into their own pockets.

Those who think themselves concerned, may give you thanks for that gracious liberty you are pleased to allow them of "taking vengeance on the ministers, and there shooting their envenomed arrows." As to myself; I neither owe you vengeance, nor make use of such weapons: but it is your weakness, or ill fortune, or perhaps the fault of your constitution, to convert wholesome remedies into poison; for you have received better and more frequent instructions than any minister of your age and country, if God had given you the grace to apply them.

I dare promise you the thanks of half the kingdom, if you will please to

perform the promise you have made of suffering the *Craftsman* and company, or whatever other "infamous wretches and execrable villains" you mean, to take their vengeance only on your own sacred ministerial person, without bringing any of your brethren, much less the most remote branch of the Royal Family, into the debate. This generous offer I suspected from the first; because there were never heard of so many, so unnecessary, and so severe prosecutions as you have promoted during your ministry, in a kingdom where the liberty of the press is so much pretended to be allowed. But in reading a page or two, I found you thought it proper to explain away your grant; for there you tell us, that "these miscreants" (meaning the writers against you) "are to remember that the laws have abundantly less generous, less mild and merciful sentiments" than yourself, and into their secular hands the poor authors must be delivered to fines, prisons, pillories, whippings, and the gallows. Thus your promise of impunity, which began somewhat jesuitically, concludes with the mercy of a Spanish inquisitor.

If it should so happen that I am neither "abettor, patron, protector," nor "supporter" of these imaginary invectives "against the King, her Majesty, or any of the Royal Family," I desire to know what satisfaction I am to get from you, or the creature you employed in writing the libel which I am now answering? It will be no excuse to say, that I differ from you in every particular of your political reason and practise; because that will be to load the best, the soundest, and most numerous part of the kingdom with the denominations you are pleased to bestow upon me, that they are "Jacobites, wicked miscreants, infamous wretches, execrable villains, and defamers of the King, Queen, and all the Royal Family," and "guilty of high treason." You cannot know my style; but I can easily know your works, which are performed in the sight of the sun. Your good inclinations are visible; but I begin to doubt the strength of your credit, even at court, that you have not power to make his Majesty believe me the person which you represent in your libel: as most infallibly you have often attempted, and in vain, because I must otherwise have found it by the marks of his royal displeasure. However, to be angry with you to whom I am indebted for the greatest obligation I could possibly receive, would be the highest ingratitude. It is to you I owe that reputation I have acquired for some years past of being a lover of my country and its constitution: to you I owe the libels and scurrilities conferred upon me by the worst of men, and consequently some degree of esteem and friendship from the best. From you I learned the skill of distinguishing between a patriot and a plunderer of his country: and from you I hope in time to acquire the knowledge of being a loyal, faithful, and useful servant to the best of princes, King George the Second; and therefore I can conclude, by your example, but with greater truth, that I am not only with humble submission and respect, but with infinite gratitude, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged servant,

W. P.

SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF QUILCA

The summers of 1724 and 1725 were spent in this country-seat, which his friend Sheridan built for himself amongst the wildest of the Cavan heaths. Quilca stood near a little lake surrounded by trees. Here Sheridan tried a revival of the Roman chariot-races; the slope close by the lake was used for a theatre; the place is redolent with memories of Swift, who loved the place, though he perpetuated in verse the memory of its disorders, its dilapidations, and the general shortcomings, in which it reflected its owner's character and that of his scolding wife.

The Blunders, Deficiencies, Distresses, and Misfortunes of Quilca.

Proposed to contain one-and-twenty volumes in quarto.

Begun April 20, 1724. To be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given.

But one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden-door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink very few and leaky.

The new house going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street-door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back-door.

The door of the Dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The Dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broken in the joints.

The passages open overhead, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar, and eat the victuals, for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crowded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants, until supplied from Kells.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf in this cold weather; and Mrs. Johnson and the Dean in

person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the bog, in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clumps.

The grate in the ladies' bedchamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire, the chimney smoking intolerably; and the Dean's great-coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-dish.

Bottles stopped with bits of wood and tow, instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh-fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of everything he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fæminam; or a kitchen war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backward and forward with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies' chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two iron spikes erect on the Dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

The ladies' and Dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thieveries of the natives; the ladies themselves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually storming, and in danger of either losing all his flesh, or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs. Dingley full of cares for herself, and blunders and negligence for her friends. Mrs. Johnson sick and helpless. The Dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; Robin and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lactæum; or the milky battle, fought between the Dean and the crew of Quilca; the latter insisting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon: whereas Mrs. Johnson wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the Dean got the victory; but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again; for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs. Johnson has not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants: "The worse their sty — the longer they lie."

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies' bedchamber, just at the back of

the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. Johnson's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND, 1727

Here, Swift catalogues in regular order the possible adjuncts and conditions of prosperity, and shows how the very negative of each is present in Ireland. “If we flourish, it is against every law of nature and reason: like the thorn of Glastonbury, which blossoms in the midst of winter.” He draws a fanciful picture of what Ireland might seem to a stranger, favoured as she is by nature; but breaks from it in despair. All his tracts have one end and aim: “Be independent.” Law cannot help; theory is futile; English selfishness is great. Whatever you get will be by self-assertion and by that alone. Swift was acquainted with the current nostrums, which he despised. He saw the evil lay deeper, and that it could be cured only by giving to Ireland the motive power of independence. He kindled her energy by plain bald statements, withering sarcasm, derisive scorn, and the fiercest indignation. The sarcasm and indignation are for the English selfishness; the scorn for Irish imbecility and weakness.

I am assured, that it has for some time been practised as a method of making men's court, when they are asked about the rate of lands, the abilities of the tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this kingdom, and how their rents are paid; to answer, that in their neighbourhood all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of land every day increasing. And if a gentleman happen to be a little more sincere in his representation, besides being looked on as not well-affected, he is sure to have a dozen contradictors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret, why these questions are so cordially asked, or so obligingly answered.

But since, with regard to the affairs of this kingdom, I have been using all endeavours to subdue my indignation, to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, not being the owner of one spot of ground in the whole island; I shall only enumerate, by rules generally known, and never contradicted, what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich; and then examine what effects arise from those causes in the kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a kingdom's thriving is, the fruitfulness of the soil to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life; not only sufficient for the inhabitants, but for exportation into other countries.

The second is, the industry of the people, in working up all their native commodities to the last degree of manufacture.

The third is, the conveniency of safe ports and havens, to carry out their own goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured as the nature of mutual commerce will allow.

The fourth is, that the natives should, as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth is, the privilege of a free trade in all foreign countries which will permit them, except those who are in war with their own prince or State.

The sixth is, by being governed only by laws made with their own consent; for otherwise they are not a free people. And therefore all appeals for justice, or applications for favour or preferment, to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh is, by improvement of land, encouragement of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people; without which any country, however blessed by nature, must continue poor.

The eighth is, the residence of the prince, or chief administrator of the civil power.

The ninth is, the concourse of foreigners, for education, curiosity, or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth is, by disposing all offices of honour, profit, or trust, only to the natives; or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country, and are supposed to understand and regard the interests

of it as their own.

The eleventh is, when the rents of land and profits of employment are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another; the former of which will certainly happen where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth is, by the public revenues being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth is, where the people are not obliged unless they find it for their own interest or conveniency, to receive any moneys, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilized nations.

The fourteenth is, a disposition of the people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few incitements to luxury, either in clothes, furniture, food, or drink, as they can possibly live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a nation's thriving, which I at present cannot recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the meantime, I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts; and the matter is not of small importance. For it is allowed, that a man who lives in a solitary house, far from help, is not wise in endeavouring to acquire in the neighbourhood the reputation of being rich; because those who come for gold, will go off with pewter and brass, rather than return empty: and in the common practice of the world, those who possess most wealth, make the least parade; which they leave to others, who have nothing else to bear them out in showing their faces on the Exchange.

As to the first cause of a nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of the climate, we have no reason to complain; for, although the quantity of unprofitable land in this kingdom, reckoning bog and rock and barren mountain, be double in proportion to what it is in England; yet the native productions, which both kingdoms deal in, are very near on an equality in point of goodness, and might, with the same encouragement, be as well manufactured. I except mines and minerals; in some of which, however, we are only defective in point of skill and industry. In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens, which nature has bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, Ireland is so utterly unprovided, that of all the excellent timber cut down within these fifty or sixty years, it can hardly be said that the nation has received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in, or one ship to trade with. Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting

their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or State: yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce; besides an act of navigation, to which we never consented, pinned down upon us, and rigorously executed; and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest. It is too well known, that we are forced to obey some laws we never consented to; which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name, for fear of Lord Chief Justice Whitshed's ghost, with his *Libertas et natale solum* written for a motto on his coach, as it stood at the door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus we are in the condition of patients, who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution and the nature of their disease....

As to the improvement of land, those few who attempt that or planting, through covetousness, or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were; neither succeeding in trees nor hedges; and, by running into the fancy of grazing, after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a king to reside among us, that even the viceroy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the government.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels; where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here, have the least title to any considerable employment; to which they are seldom preferred, but upon a political consideration. One-third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England; which, with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the Inns of Court and both Universities, remittances at pleasure, the pay of all superior officers in the army, and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the Isle of Man they coin their own silver; every petty prince, vassal to the Emperor, can coin what money he pleases. And in this, as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other states and monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last, or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, even those which are better made than in other countries; particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a kind of gold thread, that it may pass for Indian.

Even ale and potatoes are imported from England, as well as corn; and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now, if all this be true (upon which I could easily enlarge), I should be glad to know, by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining; without industry, labour, or improvement of land; and with more than half the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing; and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the North, a trade, casual, corrupted, and at mercy; and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason; like the thorn at Glastonbury, that blossoms in the midst of winter....

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery; there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money; hence the dearness of necessaries of life; because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take, or go a'begging), without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of building in this city; because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver, and one-third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash of the nation, which was about five hundred thousand pounds, is now less than two, and must daily diminish, unless we have liberty to coin, as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest principality in the German empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought, that this paradox of the kingdom's growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen the BANKERS; who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others who shall be nameless, are the only thriving among us: and I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the farther ruin of Ireland.

Ye are idle! ye are idle! answered Pharaoh to the Israelites, when they complained to his Majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of those advantages for enriching a nation which I have above enumerated; and, into the bargain, a good million returned to them every year without labour or hazard, or one farthing value received on our side; but how long we shall be able to continue the payment, I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that, when the hen is starved to death, there will be no more golden eggs. I think it a little unhospitable, and

others may call it a subtile piece of malice, that because there may be a dozen families in this town able to entertain their English friends in a generous manner at their tables, their guests upon their return to England shall report that we wallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital, where all the household officers grew rich; while the poor, for whose sake it was built, were almost starved for want of food and raiment.

To conclude: If Ireland be a rich and flourishing kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes, that are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind; and the effects are equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers, when they deliver such paradoxes; but a native and inhabitant of this kingdom, who gives the same verdict, must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man-pleaser, at the expense of all honour, conscience, and truth.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURES, 1720

The social condition of Ireland at the above period has been already briefly described. When the landlord class were degraded and the tenantry debased by the iniquitous laws of Charles II. and William III., which suppressed the trade of the country, the oppressed people found in Swift a mouthpiece for their wrongs. The above proposal was the voice of the nation rendered articulate by his utterance. It proposes in effect a reprisal on England for her restrictions, by a refusal to use anything that comes thence. A confederation is to be formed, pledged to use nothing that is not of Irish manufacture. Everything, he trusts, will be burned that comes from England, except the people and the coals. Swift's proposal was faulty in political economy. Of this the age knew little, and Swift cared less. The printer of this pamphlet was prosecuted. The Chief Justice (Whitshed) sent back the jury nine times, and kept them eleven hours before they would consent to bring in a "special verdict." The unpopularity of the prosecution became so great that it was at last dropped.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURE, IN CLOTHES AND FURNITURE OF HOUSES, &C.

Utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England. 1720.

It is the peculiar felicity and prudence of the people in this kingdom, that whatever commodities and productions lie under the greatest discouragements from England, those are what they are sure to be most industrious in cultivating and spreading.

Agriculture, which has been the principal care of all wise nations, and for the encouragement whereof there are so many statute laws in England, we countenance so well, that the landlords are everywhere, by penal clauses, absolutely prohibiting their tenants from ploughing; not satisfied to confine them within certain limitations, as is the practice of the English: one effect of which is already seen in the prodigious dearness of corn, and the importation of it from London, as the cheaper market. And because people are the riches of a country, and that our neighbours have done, and are doing, all that in them lies to make our wool a drug to us, and a monopoly to them; therefore, the politic gentlemen of Ireland have depopulated vast tracts of the best land for the feeding of sheep.

I could fill a volume as large as the history of the Wise Men of Gotham, with a catalogue only of some wonderful laws and customs we have observed within thirty years past. It is true, indeed, our beneficial traffic of wool with France has been our only support for several years, furnishing us with all the little money we have to pay our rents, and go to market. But our merchants assure me, this trade has received a great damp by the present fluctuating condition of the coin in France; and that most of their wine is paid for in specie, without carrying thither any commodity from hence.

However, since we are so universally bent upon enlarging our flocks, it may be worth inquiring what we shall do with our wool, in case Barnstaple should be overstocked, and our French commerce should fail.

I could wish the Parliament had thought fit to have suspended their regulation of church matters, and enlargements of the prerogative, until a more convenient time, because they did not appear very pressing, at least to the persons principally concerned; and, instead of these great refinements in politics and divinity, had amused themselves and their committees a little with the state of the nation. For example: What if the House of Commons had thought fit to make a resolution, *nemine contradicente*, against wearing any cloth or stuff in their families, which were not of the growth and manufacture of this kingdom? What if they had extended it so far as utterly to exclude all

silks, velvets, calicoes, and the whole lexicon of female fopperies; and declared, that whoever acted otherwise should be deemed and reputed an enemy to the nation? What if they had sent up such a resolution to be agreed to by the House of Lords, and by their own practice and encouragement, spread the execution of it in their several countries? What if we should agree to make burying in woollen a fashion, as our neighbours have made it a law? What if the ladies would be content with Irish stuffs for the furniture of their houses, for gowns and petticoats for themselves and their daughters? Upon the whole, and to crown all the rest, let a firm resolution be taken, by male and female, never to appear with one single shred that comes from England, and let all the people say AMEN.

I hope and believe, that nothing could please his Majesty better than to hear that his loyal subjects of both sexes in this kingdom celebrated his birthday (now approaching) universally clad in their own manufacture. Is there virtue enough left in this deluded people to save them from the brink of ruin? If men's opinions may be taken, the ladies will look as handsome in stuffs as in brocades; and since all will be equal, there may be room enough to employ their wit and fancy, in choosing and matching patterns and colours.

I heard the late Archbishop of Tuam mention a pleasant observation of somebody's, that Ireland would never be happy, till a law were made for burning everything that came from England, except their people and their coals.

I must confess, that as to the former, I should not be sorry if they would stay at home; and for the latter, I hope in a little time we shall have no occasion for them.

Non tanti mitra est, non tanti judicis ostrum —

but I should rejoice to see a stay-lace from England be thought scandalous, and become a topic for censure at visits and tea-tables.

If the unthinking shopkeepers in this town had not been utterly destitute of common sense, they would have made some proposal to the Parliament, with a petition to the purpose I have mentioned; promising to improve the cloths and stuffs of the nation into all possible degrees of fineness and colours, and engaging not to play the knave, according to their custom, by exacting and imposing upon the nobility and gentry, either as to the prices or the goodness.

For I remember, in London, upon a general mourning, the rascally mercers and woollen-drapers would in twenty-four hours raise their cloths and silks to above a double price, and if the mourning continued long, then come whining with petitions to the court, that they were ready to starve, and their fineries lay upon their hands.

I could wish our shopkeepers would immediately think on this proposal, addressing it to all persons of quality and others; but, first, be sure to get somebody who can write sense, to put it into form.

I think it needless to exhort the clergy to follow this good example;

because, in a little time, those among them who are so unfortunate as to have had their birth and education in this country, will think themselves abundantly happy when they can afford Irish crape, and an Athlone hat; and as to the others, I shall not presume to direct them. I have, indeed, seen the present Archbishop of Dublin clad from head to foot in our own manufacture; and yet, under the rose be it spoken, his Grace deserves as good a gown as if he had not been born among us.

I have not courage enough to offer one syllable on this subject to their honours of the army; neither have I sufficiently considered the great importance of scarlet and gold lace.

The fable in Ovid of Arachne and Pallas is to this purpose. — The goddess had heard of one Arachne, a young virgin, very famous for spinning and weaving. They both met upon a trial of skill; and Pallas, finding herself almost equalled in her own art, stung with rage and envy, knocked her rival down, and turned her into a spider; enjoining her to spin and weave for ever out of her own bowels, and in a very narrow compass.

I confess, that, from a boy, I always pitied poor Arachne, and could never heartily love the goddess, on account of so cruel and unjust a sentence; which, however, is fully executed upon us by England, with farther additions of rigour and severity; for the greatest part of our bowels and vitals is extracted, without allowing us the liberty of spinning and weaving them.

The Scripture tells us, that "oppression makes a wise man mad;" therefore, consequently speaking, the reason why some men are not mad is because they are not wise. However it were to be wished, that oppression would in time teach a little wisdom to fools.

I was much delighted with a person, who has a great estate in this kingdom, upon his complaints to me, how grievously poor England suffers by impositions from Ireland: — That we convey our wool to France, in spite of all the harpies at the custom-house; that Mr. Shuttleworth and others, on the Cheshire coast, are such fools to sell us their bark at a good price for tanning our own hides into leather; with other enormities of the like weight and kind. To which I will venture to add more: — That the mayoralty of this city is always executed by an inhabitant, and often by a native, which might as well be done by a deputy with a moderate salary, whereby poor England loses at least one thousand pounds a-year upon the balance; that the governing of this kingdom costs the Lord-Lieutenant three thousand six hundred pounds a year — so much net loss to poor England; that the people of Ireland presume to dig for coals on their own grounds; and the farmers in the county of Wicklow send their turf to the very market of Dublin, to the great discouragement of the coal trade of Mostyn and Whitehaven; that the revenues of the post-office here, so righteously belonging to the English treasury, as arising chiefly from our commerce with each other, should be remitted to London clogged with that grievous burden of exchange; and the pensions paid out of the Irish revenues to English favourites, should lie under the same disadvantage, to the

great loss of the grantees. When a divine is sent over to a bishopric here, with the hopes of five-and-twenty hundred pounds a year, and, upon his arrival, he finds, alas! a dreadful discount of ten or twelve per cent.; a judge, or a commissioner of the revenue, has the same cause of complaint.... These are a few among the many hardships we put upon that poor kingdom of England, for which, I am confident, every honest man wishes a remedy. And I hear there is a project on foot for transporting our best wheaten straw, by sea and land carriage, to Dunstable, and obliging us, by a law, to take off yearly so many ton of straw hats, for the use of our women; which will be a great encouragement to the manufacture of that industrious town.

I should be glad to learn among the divines, whether a law to bind men without their own consent be obligatory *in foro conscientiæ*; because I find Scripture, Sanderson, and Suarez, are wholly silent on the matter. The oracle of reason, the great law of nature, and general opinion of civilians, wherever they treat of limited governments, are indeed decisive enough.

It is wonderful to observe the bias among our people in favour of things, persons, and wares of all kinds, that come from England. The printer tells his hawkers, that he has got an excellent new song just brought from London. I have somewhat of a tendency that way myself; and, upon hearing a coxcomb from thence displaying himself, with great volubility, upon the park, the playhouse, the opera, the gaming ordinaries, it was apt to beget in me a kind of veneration for his parts and accomplishments. It is not many years since I remember a person, who, by his style and literature, seems to have been the corrector of a hedge-press in some blind alley about Little Britain, proceed gradually to be an author, at least a translator of a lower rate, although somewhat of a larger bulk, than any that now flourishes in Grub Street; and, upon the strength of this foundation, come over here, erect himself up into an orator and politician, and lead a kingdom after him. This, I am told, was the very motive that prevailed on the author of a play, called "Love in a Hollow Tree," to do us the honour of a visit; presuming, with very good reason, that he was a writer of a superior class. I know another, who, for thirty years past, has been the common standard of stupidity in England, where he was never heard a minute in any assembly, or by any party, with common Christian treatment; yet, upon his arrival here, could put on a face of importance and authority, talk more than six, without either gracefulness, propriety, or meaning, and, at the same time, be admired and followed as the pattern of eloquence and wisdom.

.....

I would now expostulate a little with our country landlords; who, by immeasurable screwing and racking their tenants all over the kingdom, have already reduced the miserable people to a worse condition than the peasants in France, or the vassals in Germany and Poland; so that the whole species of

what we call substantial farmers, will, in a very few years, be utterly at an end. It was pleasant to observe these gentlemen labouring, with all their might, for preventing the bishops from letting their revenues at a moderate half value (whereby the whole order would, in an age, have been reduced to manifest beggary), at the very instant when they were everywhere canting their own land upon short leases, and sacrificing their oldest tenants for a penny an acre advance.... I have heard great divines affirm, that nothing is so likely to call down a universal judgment from Heaven upon a nation as universal oppression; and whether this be not already verified in part, their worships the landlords, are now at full leisure to consider. Whoever travels this country, and observes the face of nature, or the faces, and habits, and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed. I cannot forbear saying one word upon a thing they call a bank, which, I fear, is projecting in this town. I never saw the proposals, nor understood any one particular of their scheme. What I wish for at present, is only a sufficient provision of hemp, and caps and bells, to distribute according to the several degrees of honesty and prudence in some persons. I hear only of a monstrous sum already named; and if others do not soon hear of it too, and hear with a vengeance, then I am a gentleman of less sagacity than myself, and very few beside myself, take me to be. And the jest will be still the better if it be true, as judicious persons have assured me, that one half of this money will be real, and the other half altogether imaginary. The matter will be likewise much mended, if the merchants continue to carry off our gold, and our goldsmiths to melt down our heavy silver.

ON DOING GOOD

A Sermon on the Occasion of Wood's Project.
(WRITTEN IN 1724.)

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." (Galatians vi. 10.)

Nature directs every one of us, and God permits us, to consult our own private good, before the private good of any other person whatsoever. We are, indeed, commanded to love our neighbour as ourselves, but not as well as ourselves. The love we have for ourselves, is to be the pattern of that love we ought to have toward our neighbour; but as the copy doth not equal the original, so my neighbour cannot think it hard, if I prefer myself, who am the original, before him, who is only the copy. Thus, if any matter equally concern the life, the reputation, the profit of my neighbour and my own; the law of nature, which is the law of God, obligeth me to take care of myself first, and afterward of him. And this I need not be at much pains in persuading you to; for the want of self-love, with regard to things of this world, is not among the faults of mankind. But then, on the other side, if, by a small hurt and loss to myself, I can procure a great good to my neighbour, in that case his interest is to be preferred. For example, if I can be sure of saving his life, without great danger to my own; if I can preserve him from being undone without ruining myself; or recover his reputation without blasting mine; all this I am obliged to do, and if I sincerely perform it, I do then obey the command of God, in loving my neighbour as myself.

But, besides this love we owe to every man in his particular capacity, under the title of our neighbour, there is yet a duty of a more large extensive nature incumbent on us; our love to our neighbour in his public capacity, as he is a member of that great body the commonwealth, under the same government with ourselves; and this is usually called love of the public, and is a duty to which we are more strictly obliged, than even that of loving ourselves; because therein ourselves are also contained, as well as all our neighbours, in one great body. This love of the public, or of the commonwealth, or love of our country, was in ancient times properly known by the name of virtue, because it was the greatest of all virtues, and was supposed to contain all virtues in it; and many great examples of this virtue are left us on record, scarcely to be believed or even conceived, in such a base, corrupted, wicked age as this we live in. In those times it was common for men to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country, although they had neither hope nor belief of future rewards; whereas, in our days, very few make

the least scruple of sacrificing a whole nation, as well as their own souls, for a little present gain; which often hath been known to end in their own ruin in this world; as it certainly must in that to come. Have we not seen men, for the sake of some petty employment, give up the very natural rights and liberties of their country, and of mankind, in the ruin of which themselves must at last be involved? Are not these corruptions gotten among the meanest of our people, who, for a piece of money, will give their votes at a venture, for the disposal of their own lives and fortunes, without considering whether it be to those who are most likely to betray or defend them? But, if I were to produce only one instance of a hundred, wherein we fail in this duty of loving our country, it would be an endless labour, and therefore I shall not attempt it.

But here I would not be misunderstood; by the love of our country, I do not mean loyalty to our King, for that is a duty of another nature; and a man may be very loyal, in the common sense of the word, without one grain of public good at his heart.

Witness this very kingdom we live in. I verily believe, that since the beginning of the world, no nation upon earth ever showed (all circumstances considered) such high constant marks of loyalty, in all their actions and behaviour, as we have done; and, at the same time, no people ever appeared more utterly void of what is called a public spirit. When I say the people, I mean the bulk or mass of the people, for I have nothing to do with those in power. Therefore I shall think my time not ill-spent, if I can persuade most or all of you who hear me, to show the love you have for your country, by endeavouring, in your several situations, to do all the public good you are able.

For I am certainly persuaded, that all our misfortunes arise from no other original cause than that general disregard among us to the public welfare. I therefore undertake to show you three things: —

First, That there are few people so weak or mean, who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public.

Secondly, That it is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public.

And, *lastly*, That all wilful injuries done to the public, are very great and aggravated sins in the sight of God.

First, There are few people so weak or mean, who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public.

Solomon tells us of a poor wise man, who saved a city by his counsel. It hath often happened that a private soldier, by some unexpected brave attempt, hath been instrumental in obtaining a great victory. How many obscure men have been authors of very useful inventions, whereof the world now reaps the benefit. The very example of honesty and industry in a poor tradesman, will sometimes spread through a neighbourhood, when others see how successful he is; and thus so many useful members are gained, for which the whole body of the public is the better. Whoever is blessed with a true public spirit, God

will certainly put it in his way to make use of that blessing, for the ends it was given him, by some means or other: and therefore it hath been observed, in most ages that the greatest actions for the benefit of the commonwealth, have been performed by the wisdom or courage, the contrivance or industry, of particular men, and not of numbers, and that the safety of a kingdom hath often been owing to those hands whence it was least expected.

But, *secondly*, It is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public, and hence arise most of those miseries with which the states and kingdoms of the earth are infested. How many great princes have been murdered by the meanest ruffians!

The weakest hand can open a flood-gate to drown a country, which a thousand of the strongest cannot stop. Those who have thrown off all regard for public good, will often have it in their way to do public evil, and will not fail to exercise that power whenever they can.

The greatest blow given of late to this kingdom, was by the dishonesty of a few manufacturers; by imposing bad wares at foreign markets, in almost the only traffic permitted to us, did half ruin that trade; by which this poor unhappy kingdom still suffers in the midst of sufferings. I speak not here of persons in high stations who ought to be free from all reflection, and are supposed always to intend the welfare of the community: but we now find by experience, that the meanest instrument may, by the concurrence of accidents, have it in his power to bring a whole kingdom to the very brink of destruction, and is at this present endeavouring to finish his work; and hath agents among ourselves who are contented to see their own country undone, to be small sharers in that iniquitous gain, which at last must end in their own ruin, as well as ours. I confess it was chiefly the consideration of that great danger we are in, which engaged me to discourse to you on this subject, to exhort you to a love of your country, and a public spirit, when all you have is at stake; to prefer the interest of your prince and your fellow-subjects, before that of one destructive impostor, and a few of his adherents.

Perhaps it may be thought by some, that this way of discoursing is not so proper from the pulpit. But, surely, when an open attempt is made, and far carried on, to make a great kingdom one large poorhouse, to deprive us of all means to exercise hospitality or charity, to turn our cities and churches into ruins, to make the country a desert for wild beasts and robbers, to destroy all arts and sciences, all trades and manufactures, and the very tillage of the ground, only to enrich one obscure, ill-designing projector and his followers; it is time for the pastor to cry out, "that the wolf is getting into his flock," to warn them to stand together, and all to consult the common safety. And God be praised for His infinite goodness in raising such a spirit of union among us, at least in this point, in the midst of all our former divisions; which union, if it continue, will in all probability defeat the pernicious design of this pestilent enemy to the nation!

But hence it clearly follows how necessary the love of our country, or a

public spirit, is, in every particular man, since the wicked have so many opportunities of doing public mischief. Every man is upon his guard for his private advantage; but where the public is concerned, he is apt to be negligent, considering himself as only one among two or three millions, among whom the loss is equally shared; and thus, he thinks, he can be no great sufferer. Meanwhile the trader, the farmer, and the shopkeeper, complain of the hardness and deadness of the times, and wonder whence it comes; while it is in a great measure owing to their own folly, for want of that love of their country, and public spirit and firm union among themselves, which are so necessary to the prosperity of every nation.

Another method, by which the meanest wicked man may have it in his power to injure the public, is false accusation; whereof this kingdom hath afforded too many examples; neither is it long since no man, whose opinions were thought to differ from those in fashion could safely converse beyond his nearest friends, for fear of being sworn against, as a traitor, by those who made a traffic of perjury and subornation; by which the very peace of the nation was disturbed, and men fled from each other as they would from a lion or a bear got loose. And it is very remarkable, that the pernicious project now in hand, to reduce us to beggary, was forwarded by one of these false accusers, who had been convicted of endeavouring, by perjury and subornation, to take away the lives of several innocent persons here among us; and, indeed, there could not be a more proper instrument for such a work.

Another method, by which the meanest people may do injury to the public, is the spreading of lies and false rumours; thus raising a distrust among the people of a nation, causing them to mistake their true interest, and their enemies for their friends; and this hath been likewise too successful a practice among us, where we have known the whole kingdom misled by the grossest lies, raised upon occasion to serve some particular turn. As it hath also happened in the case I lately mentioned, where one obscure man, by representing our wants where they were least, and concealing them where they were greatest, had almost succeeded in a project of utterly ruining this whole kingdom; and may still succeed, if God doth not continue that public spirit, which He hath almost miraculously kindled in us upon this occasion.

Thus we see the public is many times, as it were, at the mercy of the meanest instrument, who can be wicked enough to watch opportunities of doing it mischief, upon the principles of avarice or malice, which I am afraid are deeply rooted in too many breasts, and against which there can be no defence, but a firm resolution in all honest men, to be closely united and active in showing their love to their country, by preferring the public interest to their present private advantage. If a passenger, in a great storm at sea, should hide his goods, that they might not be thrown overboard to lighten the ship, what would be the consequence? The ship is cast away, and he loses his life and goods together.

We have heard of men, who, through greediness of gain, have brought

infected goods into a nation; which bred a plague, whereof the owners and their families perished first. Let those among us consider this and tremble, whose houses are privately stored with those materials of beggary and desolation, lately brought over to be scattered like a pestilence among their countrymen, which may probably first seize upon themselves and their families, until their houses shall be made a dunghill.

I shall mention one practice more, by which the meanest instruments often succeed in doing public mischief; and this is, by deceiving us with plausible arguments, to make us believe that the most ruinous project they can offer is intended for our good, as it happened in the case so often mentioned. For the poor ignorant people, allured by the appearing convenience in their small dealings, did not discover the serpent in the brass, but were ready, like the Israelites, to offer incense to it; neither could the wisdom of the nation convince them, until some, of good intentions, made the cheat so plain to their sight, that those who run may read. And thus the design was to treat us, in every point, as the Philistines treated Samson (I mean when he was betrayed by Delilah), first to put out our eyes, and then to bind us with fetters of brass.

I proceed to the last thing I proposed, which was to show you that all wilful injuries done to the public, are very great and aggravating in the sight of God.

First, It is apparent from Scripture, and most agreeable to reason, that the safety and welfare of nations are under the most peculiar care of God's providence. Thus He promised Abraham to save Sodom, if only ten righteous men could be found in it. Thus the reason which God gave to Jonah for not destroying Nineveh was, because there were six score thousand men in that city.

All government is from God, who is the God of order; and therefore whoever attempts to breed confusion or disturbances among a people, doth his utmost to take the government of the world out of God's hands, and to put it into the hands of the devil, who is the author of confusion. By which it is plain, that no crime, how heinous soever, committed against particular persons, can equal the guilt of him who does injury to the public.

Secondly, All offenders against their country lie under this grievous difficulty: that it is impossible to obtain a pardon or make restitution. The bulk of mankind are very quick at resenting injuries, and very slow at forgiving them: and how shall one man be able to obtain the pardon of millions, or repair the injury he hath done to millions? How shall those, who, by a most destructive fraud, got the whole wealth of our neighbouring kingdom into their hands, be ever able to make a recompense? How will the authors and promoters of that villainous project, for the ruin of this poor country, be able to account with us for the injuries they have already done, although they should no farther succeed? The deplorable care of such wretches must entirely be left to the unfathomable mercies of God: for those who know the least in religion are not ignorant, that without our utmost endeavours to make

restitution to the person injured, and to obtain his pardon, added to a sincere repentance, there is no hope of salvation given in the Gospel.

Lastly, All offences against our own country have this aggravation, that they are ungrateful and unnatural. It is to our country we owe those laws, which protect us in our lives, our liberties, our properties, and our religion. Our country produced us into the world, and continues to nourish us, so that it is usually called our mother; and there have been examples of great magistrates, who have put their own children to death for endeavouring to betray their country, as if they had attempted the life of their natural parent.

Thus I have briefly shown you how terrible a sin it is to be an enemy to our country, in order to incite you to the contrary virtue, which at this juncture is so highly necessary, when every man's endeavour will be of use. We have hitherto been just able to support ourselves under many hardships; but now the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and nothing but a firm union among us can prevent our utter undoing. This we are obliged to, in duty to our gracious King, as well as to ourselves. Let us therefore preserve that public spirit, which God hath raised in us, for our own temporal interest. For, if this wicked project should succeed, which it cannot do but by our own folly; if we sell ourselves for nought, the merchant, the shopkeeper, the artificer, must fly to the desert with their miserable families, there to starve, or live upon rapine, or at least exchange their country for one more hospitable than that where they were born.

Thus much I thought it my duty to say to you who are under my care, to warn you against those temporal evils which may draw the worst of spiritual evils after them; such as heart-burnings, murmurings, discontents, and all manner of wickedness, which a desperate condition of life may tempt men to.

I am sensible that what I have now said will not go very far, being confined to this assembly; but I hope it may stir up others of my brethren to exhort their several congregations, after a more effectual manner, to show their love for their country on this important occasion. And this, I am sure, cannot be called meddling in affairs of state.

I pray God protect his most gracious Majesty, and his kingdom long under his government; and defend us from all ruinous projectors, deceivers, suborners perjurers, false accusers, and oppressors; from the virulence of party and faction; and unite us in loyalty to our King, love to our country, and charity to each other.

The Historical Works

Jonathan Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin from 1713 to 1745.

THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS OF THE QUEEN

This publishing history of this work is remarkably complex, as Swift wished to publish it, but was opposed by some of his friends, mainly because of the controversial conflict between the Earl of Oxford and Viscount Bolingbroke that the history concerns.

A manuscript was taken to London for printing in 1737, but the project did not go ahead and the manuscript was left with Lord Orrery. Faulkner, who wanted the manuscript and seems to have had permission from Swift's executors to publish the work, finally obtained it from Orrery in 1751, but he then gave the manuscript to the Archbishop of Dublin who in turn lodged it with Lord Chief Justice Singleton. In 1758 Faulkner found out that Andrew Millar in London was having an edition of the *Four Last Years* printed. He protested both about the London edition and the printing of a Dublin version of that edition by the Ewings. Millar seems to have come to a financial understanding with the Ewings; he was sending over his sheets for them to reprint.

Bolingbroke pictured alongside the earl of Oxford, together with a portrait of Francis Atterbury.

CONTENTS

ADVERTISEMENT PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1758.
THE AUTHOR’S PREFACE.
BOOK I.
BOOK II.
BOOK III.
BOOK IV.

ADVERTISEMENT PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1758.

Thus, the long wished for History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign *is at length brought to light, in spite of all attempts to suppress it*!

As this publication is not made under the sanction of the name, or names, which the author and the world had a right to expect; it is fit some account of the works appearing in this manner should be here given.

Long before the Dean's apparent decline, some of his intimate friends, with concern, foresaw the impending fate of his fortune and his works. To this it is owing, that these sheets, which the world now despaired of ever seeing, are rescued from obscurity, perhaps from destruction.

For this, the public is indebted to a gentleman, now in Ireland, of the greatest probity and worth, with whom the Dean long lived in perfect intimacy. To this gentleman's hands the Dean entrusted a copy of his History, desiring him to peruse and give his judgment of it, with the last corrections and amendments the author had given it, in his own hand.

His friend read, admired, and approved. And from a dread of so valuable and so interesting a work's being by any accident lost or effaced, as was probable by its not being intended to be published in the author's lifetime; he resolved to keep this copy, till the author should press him for it; but with a determined purpose, it should never see the light, while there was any hopes of the author's own copy being published, or even preserved.

This resolution he inviolably kept, till he and the world had full assurance, that the Dean's executors, or those into whose hands the original copy fell, were so far from intending to publish it, that it was actually suppressed, perhaps destroyed.

Then, he thought himself not only at liberty, but judged it his duty to his departed friend, and to the public, to let this copy, which he had now kept many years most secretly, see the light.

Thus it has at length fallen into the hands of a person, who publishes it for the satisfaction of the public, abstracted from all private regards; which are never to be permitted to come in competition with the common good.

Every judicious eye will see, that the author of these sheets wrote with strong passions, but with stronger prepossessions and prejudices in favour of a party. These, it may be imagined, the editor, in some measure, may have adopted, and published this work as a kind of support of that party, or some surviving remnant thereof.

It is but just to undeceive the reader, and inform him from what kind of hand he has received this work. A man may regard a good piece of painting, while he despises the subject; if the subject be ever so despicable, the masterly

strokes of the painter may demand our admiration, while he, in other respects, is entitled to no portion of our regard.

In poetry, we carry our admiration still farther; and like the poet, while we actually contemn the man. Historians share the like fate; hence some, who have no regard to propriety or truth, are yet admired for diction, style, manner, and the like.

The editor considers this work in another light. He long knew the author, and was no stranger to his politics, connections, tendencies, passions, and the whole economy of his life. He has long been hardily singular in condemning this great man's conduct amid the admiring multitude, nor ever could have thought of making an interest in a man, *whose principles and manners he could by no rule of reason or honour approve, however he might have admired his parts and wit*.

Such was judged the disposition of the man, whose history of the most interesting period of time in the annals of Britain are now, herein, offered to the reader. He may well ask from what motives? The answer is easily, simply given.

The causes assigned for delaying the publication of this history were principally these: That the manuscript fell into the hands of men, who, whatever they might have been by the generality deemed, were by the Dean believed to be of his party, though they did not, after his death, judge it prudent to avow his principles, more than to deny them in his lifetime. These men, having got their beavers, tobacco-boxes, and other trifling remembrances of former friendship, by the Dean's will, did not choose publicly to avow principles, that had marred their friend's promotion, and might probably put a stop to theirs. Therefore, they gave the inquisitive world to understand, that there was something too strong against many great men, as well as the succeeding system of public affairs in general, in the Dean's History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign, *to admit of a publication, in our times; and, with this poor insinuation, excused themselves, and satisfied the weakly well-affected, in suppressing the manifestation of displeasing truths, of however great importance to society*.

This manuscript has now fallen into the hands of a man, who never could associate with, or even approve, any of the parties or factions, that have differently distracted, it might be said disgraced, these kingdoms; because he has as yet known none, whose motives or rules of action were truth and the public good alone; of one, who judges, that perjured magistrates of all denominations, and their most exalted minions, may be exposed, deprived, or cut off, by the fundamental laws of his country; and who, upon these principles, from his heart approves and glories in the virtues of his predecessors, who revived the true spirit of the British polity, in laying aside a priest-ridden, an hen-pecked, tyrannical tool, who had overturned the political constitution of his country, and in reinstituting the dissolved body politic, by a revolution supported by the laws of nature and the realm, as the

only means of preserving the natural and legal, the civil and religious liberties of the members of the commonwealth.

Truth, in this man's estimation, can hurt no good cause. And falsehood and fraud, in religion and politics, are ever to be detected, to be exploded.

Insinuations, that this History contained something injurious to the present establishment, and therefore necessary to be suppressed, serve better the purposes of mistaken or insidious malcontents than the real publication can. And, if any thing were by this, or any other, History to be shown essentially erroneous in our politics, who, that calls himself a Briton, can be deemed such an impious slave, as to conceal the destructive evil? The editor of this work disdains and abhors the servile thought, and wishes to live no longer than he dares to think, speak, write, and, in all things, to act worthy of a Briton.

From this regard to truth and to his country, the editor of this History was glad of an opportunity of rescuing such a writing from those who meant to suppress it. The common cause, in his estimation, required and demanded it should be done; and the sooner it is published, he judged, the better: for, if the conduct of the Queen and her ministers does not deserve the obloquy that has been long industriously cast upon it, what is more just than to vindicate it? What more reasonable than that this should be done, while living witnesses may yet be called, to prove or disprove the several allegations and assertions; since, in a few years more, such witnesses may be as much wanting as to prevent a canonization, which is therefore prudently procrastinated for above an age? Let us then coolly hear what is to be said on this side the question, and judge like Britons.

The editor would not be thought to justify the author of this History, in all points, or even to attempt to acquit him of unbecoming prejudices and partiality. Without being deeply versed in history or politics, he can see his author, in many instances, blinded with passions that disgrace the historian; and blending, with phrases worthy of a Caesar or a Cicero, expressions not to be justified by truth, reason, or common sense, yet think him a most powerful orator, and a great historian.

No unprejudiced person will blame the Dean for doing all that is consistent with truth and decency to vindicate the government of the Queen, and to exculpate the conduct of her ministers and her last general; all good men would rejoice at such a vindication. But, if he meant no more than this, his work would ill deserve the title of an History. That he generally tells truths, and founds his most material assertions upon fact, will, I think be found very evident. But there is room to suspect, that, while he tells no more than the truth, he does not tell the whole truth. However, he makes it very clear, that the Queen's allies, especially our worthy friends the Dutch, were much to blame for the now generally condemned conduct of the Queen, with regard to the prosecution of the war and the bringing about the peace.

The authors drawings of characters are confessedly partial: for he tells

us openly, he means not to give characters entire, but such parts of each man's particular passions, acquirements, and habits, as he was most likely to transfer into his political schemes. What writing, what sentence, what character, can stand this torture? — What extreme perversion may not, let me say, does not, this produce? Yet thus does he choose to treat all men, that were not favourers of the latest measures of the Queen, when the best that has been said for her, shows no more than that she was blindfolded and held in leading-strings by her ministers.

He does not spare a man, confessed by all the world to have discharged the duties of his function like a soldier, like an hero. But charges Prince Eugene with raising and keeping up a most horrible mob, with intent to assassinate Harley. For all which odious charges he offers not one individual point of proof.

He is not content with laying open again the many faults already publicly proved upon the late Duke of Marlborough, but insinuates a new crime, by seeming to attempt to acquit him of aspiring at the throne. But this is done in a manner peculiar to this author.

On the other hand, he extols the ministers, and minions of the Queen, in the highest terms; and while he robs their antagonists of every good quality, generally gives those wisdom and every virtue that can adorn human nature.

He is not ashamed to attempt to justify, what all thinking good men must condemn, the Queen's making twelve peers at once, to serve a particular turn.

All these may be ascribed to the strength of his passions, and to the prejudices, early imbibed, in favour of his indulgent royal mistress and her favourites and servants. The judicious will look through the elegant clothing, and dispassionately consider these as mere human errors, to which no well-informed mind can assent. The editor thinks himself bound to protest against them.

He makes a few lapses on the other side, without being as clear as an impartial historian would choose to appear. He more than hints at the Queen's displeasure at its being moved in Parliament, that the Prince Elector should be invited to reside in England, to whose crown he was by law declared presumptive heir, but is always open upon the Queen's insisting on the Pretender's being sent out of France. — It is easy to see how incompatible these things appear. Nothing could tend more to secure the Hanover succession, and to enlarge its benefits to Britain, than the bringing over the successor, who should, in every country, be well instructed in the language, customs, manners, religion, and laws of his future subjects, before he comes to hold the reins of government. And our author does not take the proper care to inform us how far the French thought fit to comply with banishing the Pretender their dominions, since many still live in doubt, that if he was sent out of France, he was sent into England.

But there is one expression of our author too perverse, too grossly abused, to admit of any apology, of any palliation. It is not to be supposed,

that he was ignorant of any word in the English language. And least of all can he be supposed ignorant of the meaning of a word, which, had it been ever so doubtful before, had a certain meaning impressed upon it by the authority of Parliament, of which no sensible subject can be ignorant.

Notwithstanding this, where our author speaks of the late King James, he calls him the abdicated King, *and gives the same epithet even to his family. Though this weak, ill-advised, and ill-fated prince, in every sense of the word, with Romans and English, and to all intents and purposes*, abdicated, *yet can he, in no sense, be called* abdicated; *unless the people's asserting their rights, and defending themselves against a king, who broke his compact with his subjects, and overturned their government, can be called* abdication *in them; which no man in his senses can be hardy enough to support upon any principle of reason or the laws of England. Let the reader judge which this is most likely to be, error or design.*

These exceptions the editor thought himself bound to make to some parts of this work, to keep clear of the disagreeable imputations of being of a party, of whatsoever denomination, in opposition to truth and the rights and liberties of the subject.

These laid aside, the work will be found to have many beauties, many excellencies. Some have of late affected to depreciate this History, from an insinuation, made only since the author's death, to wit, that he was never admitted into the secrets of the administration, but made to believe he was a confident, only to engage him in the list of the ministerial writers of that reign.

The falsehood of this will readily appear upon perusal of the work. This shows he knew the most secret springs of every movement in the whole complicated machine. That he states facts, too well known to be contested, in elegant simplicity, and reasons upon them with the talents of the greatest historian. And thus makes an History, composed rather of negotiations than actions, most entertaining, affecting, and interesting, instead of being, as might be expected, heavy, dull, and disagreeable.

It is now fit to apologize for some errors, which the judicious must discover upon a perusal of this work. It is for this, among other reasons, much to be lamented, that this History was not published under the author's own inspection. It is next to impossible to copy or print any work without faults, and most so where the author's eye is wanting.

It is not to be imagined, that even our author, however accurate, however great, was yet strictly and perfectly correct in his writings. Yet, where some seeming inaccuracies in style or expression have been discovered, the deference due to the author made any alteration too presumptuous a task for the editor. These are, therefore, left to the amending hand of every sensible and polite reader; while the editor hopes it will suffice, that he should point out some of those errors, which are to be ascribed either to transcribers or the press, and which may be rectified in the manner following, in reading the work.

And thus; with these and perhaps some few such like corrections, it is hoped this work will be found completely correct.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Having written the following History at Windsor, in the happy reign of Her Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, blessed, and immortal memory; I resolved to publish it, for the satisfaction of my fellow-subjects, in the year 1713; but, being under a necessity of going to Ireland, to take possession of the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, I left the original with the ministers; and having stayed in that kingdom not above a fortnight, I found, at my return, that my Lord Treasurer Oxford, and the secretary my Lord Bolingbroke, who were then unhappily upon very ill terms with each other, could not agree upon publishing it, without some alterations which I would not submit to. Whereupon I kept it by me until Her Majesty's death, which happened about a year after.

I have ever since preserved the original very safely; too well knowing what a turn the world would take upon the German family's succeeding to the crown; which indeed was their undoubted right, having been established solemnly by the act of an undisputed Parliament, brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Harley, who was then Speaker.

But, as I have said in another discourse, it was very well understood, some years before Her Majesty's death, how the new King would act, immediately upon his entrance, in the choice of those (and those alone) whom he resolved to trust; and consequently what reports would industriously be raised, as well as spread, to expose the proceedings of Her Majesty herself, as well as of her servants; who have been ever since blasted as enemies to the present establishment, by the most ignorant and malicious among mankind.

Therefore, as it was my lot to have been daily conversant with the persons then in power; never absent in times of business or conversation, until a few weeks before Her Majesty's death; and a witness of almost every step they made in the course of their administration; I must have been very unfortunate not to be better informed than those miserable pamphleteers, or their patrons, could pretend to. At the same time, I freely confess, it appeared necessary, as well as natural, upon such a mighty change as the death of a sovereign, that those who were to be in power upon the succession, and resolved to act in every part by a direct contrary system of politics, should load their predecessors with as much infamy as the most inveterate malice and envy could suggest, or the most stupid ignorance and credulity in their underlings could swallow.

Therefore, as I pretend to write with the utmost impartiality, the following History of the Four Last Years of her Majesty's Reign, in order to undeceive prejudiced persons at present, as well as posterity; I am persuaded in my own mind, as likewise by the advice of my oldest and wisest friends, that I am

doing my duty to God and man, by endeavouring to set future ages right in their judgment of that happy reign; and, as a faithful historian, I cannot suffer falsehoods to run on any longer, not only against all appearance of truth as well as probability, but even against those happy events, which owe their success to the very measures then fixed in the general peace.

The materials for this History, besides what I have already mentioned, I mean the confidence reposed in me for those four years, by the chief persons in power, were extracted out of many hundred letters written by our ambassadors abroad, and from the answers as well as instructions sent them by our secretaries of state, or by the first minister the Earl of Oxford. The former were all originals, and the latter copies entered into books in the secretaries' office, out of both which I collected all that I thought convenient; not to mention several Memorials given me by the ministers at home. Further, I was a constant witness and observer of all that passed; and entered every particular of any consequence upon paper.

I was so far from having any obligation to the crown, that, on the contrary, Her Majesty issued a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a certain short treatise, which the Queen well knew to have been written by me. I never received one shilling from the minister, or any other present, except that of a few books; nor did I want their assistance to support me. I very often dined indeed with the treasurer and secretary; but, in those days, that was not reckoned a bribe, whatever it may have been at any time since. I absolutely refused to be chaplain to the Lord Treasurer; because I thought it would ill become me to be in a state of dependence.

I say this, to shew that I had no other bias than my own opinion of persons and affairs. I preserved several of the opposite party in their employments, who were persons of wit and learning, particularly Mr. Addison and Mr. Congreve, neither of whom were ever in any danger from the treasurer, who much esteemed them both; and, by his lordship's commands, I brought the latter to dine with him. Mr. Steele might have been safe enough, if his continually repeated indiscretions, and a zeal mingled with scurrilities, had not forfeited all title to lenity.

I know very well the numberless prejudices of weak and deceived people, as well as the malice of those, who, to serve their own interest or ambition, have cast off all religion, morality, justice, and common decency. However, although perhaps I may not be believed in the present age, yet I hope to be so in the next, by all who will bear any regard for the honour and liberty of England, if either of these shall then subsist or not.

I have no interest or inclination to palliate the mistakes, or omissions, or want of steadiness, or unhappy misunderstandings, among a few of those who then presided in affairs.

Nothing is more common than the virulence of superficial and ill informed writers, against the conduct of those who are now called prime

ministers: And, since factions appear at present to be at a greater height than in any former times, although perhaps not so equally poised; it may probably concern those who are now in their height, if they have any regard for their own memories in future ages, to be less warm against others, who humbly differ from them in some state opinions. Old persons remember, at least by tradition, the horrible prejudices that prevailed against the first Earl of Clarendon, whose character, as it now stands, might be a pattern for all ministers; although even Bishop Burnet of Sarum, whose principles, veracity, and manner of writing, are so little esteemed upon many accounts, hath been at the pains to vindicate him.

Upon that irreparable breach between the treasurer and secretary Bolingbroke, after my utmost endeavours, for above two years, to reconcile them, I retired to a friend in Berkshire, where I stayed until Her Majesty's death; and then immediately returned to my station in Dublin, where I continued about twelve years without once seeing England. I there often reviewed the following Memoirs; neither changing nor adding, further than by correcting the style: And, if I have been guilty of any mistakes, they must be of small moment; for it was hardly possible I could be wrong informed, with all the advantages I have already mentioned.

I shall not be very uneasy under the obloquy that may, perhaps, be cast upon me by the violent leaders and followers of the present prevailing party. And yet I cannot find the least inconsistence with conscience or honour, upon the death of so excellent a princess as her late Majesty, for a wise and good man to submit, with a true and loyal heart, to her lawful Protestant successor; whose hereditary title was confirmed by the Queen and both Houses of Parliament, with the greatest unanimity, after it had been made an article in the treaty, that every prince in our alliance should be a guarantee of that succession. Nay, I will venture to go one step farther; that, if the negotiators of that peace had been chosen out of the most professed zealots for the interests of the Hanover family, they could not have bound up the French king, or the Hollanders, more strictly than the Queen's plenipotentiaries did, in confirming the present succession; which was in them so much a greater mark of virtue and loyalty, because they perfectly well knew, that they should never receive the least mark of favour, when the succession had taken place.

BOOK I.

I propose give the public an account of the most important affairs at home, during the last session of Parliament, as well as of our negotiations of peace abroad, not only during that period, but some time before and since. I shall relate the chief matters transacted by both Houses in that session, and discover the designs carried on by the heads of a discontented party, not only against the ministry, but, in some manner, against the crown itself. I likewise shall state the debts of the nation, show by what mismanagement, and to serve what purposes, they were at first contracted, by what negligence or corruption they have so prodigiously grown, and what methods have since been taken to provide not only for their payment, but to prevent the like mischief for the time to come. Although, in an age like ours, I can expect very few impartial readers, yet I shall strictly follow truth, or what reasonably appeared to me to be such, after the most impartial inquiries I could make, and the best opportunities of being informed, by those who were the principal actors or advisers.

Neither shall I mingle panegyric or satire with an history intended to inform posterity, as well as to instruct those of the present age, who may be ignorant or misled; since facts, truly related, are the best applauses, or most lasting reproaches.

Discourses upon subjects relating to the public usually seem to be calculated for London only, and some few miles about it; while the authors suppose their readers to be informed of several particulars, to which those that live remote are, for the generality, utter strangers. Most people, who frequent this town, acquire a sort of smattering (such as it is), which qualifies them for reading a pamphlet, and finding out what is meant by innuendoes, or hints at facts or persons, and initial letters of names, wherein gentlemen at a distance, although perhaps of much better understandings, are wholly in the dark. Wherefore, that these Memoirs may be rendered more generally intelligible and useful, it will be convenient to give the reader a short view of the state and disposition of affairs, when the last session of Parliament began. And because the party-leaders, who had lost their power and places, were, upon that juncture, employing all their engines, in an attempt to re-establish themselves, I shall venture one step further, and represent so much of their characters as may be supposed to have influenced their politics.

On the seventh day of December, one thousand seven hundred and eleven, began the second session of Parliament. It was now above a year since the Queen had thought fit to put the great offices of state, and of her own household, into other hands; however, three of the discontented lords were still in possession of their places, for the Duke of Marlborough continued

general, the Duke of Somerset master of the horse, and the Earl of Cholmondeley treasurer of Her Majesty's household; likewise great numbers of the same party still kept employments of value and importance, which had not been usual of late years upon any changes of ministry. The Queen, who judged the temper of her people by this House of Commons, which a landed interest had freely chosen, found them very desirous of a secure and honourable peace, and disposed to leave the management of it to her own wisdom, and that of her own council. She had, therefore, several months before the session began, sent to inform the States General of some overtures which had been made her by the enemy; and, during that summer, Her Majesty took several farther steps in that great affair, until at length, after many difficulties, a congress at Utrecht, for a general peace, was agreed upon, the whole proceedings of which previous negotiations, between our court and that of France, I shall, in its proper place, very particularly relate.

The nation was already upon a better foot, with respect to its debts; for the Earl of Oxford, lord treasurer, had, in the preceeding session, proposed and effected ways and means, in the House of Commons (where he was then a member), for providing a parliamentary fund, to clear the heavy arrear of ten millions (whereof the greatest part lay upon the navy), without any new burthen (at least after a very few years) to the kingdom; and, at the same time, he took care to prevent farther incumbrances upon that article, by finding ready money for naval provisions, which has saved the public somewhat more than *cent. per cent*. in that mighty branch of our expenses.

The clergy were altogether in the interests and the measures of the present ministry, which had appeared so boldly in their defence, during a prosecution against one of their members, where the whole sacred order was understood to be concerned. The zeal shown for that most religious bill, to settle a fund for building fifty new churches in and about the city of London, was a fresh obligation; and they were farther highly gratified, by Her Majesty's choosing one of their body to be a great officer of state.

By this time likewise, all disputes about these principles, which used originally to divide Whig and Tory, were wholly dropped; and those fantastical words ought in justice to have been so too, provided we could have found out more convenient names, whereby to distinguish lovers of peace from lovers of war; or those who would leave Her Majesty some degree of freedom in the choice of her ministers, from others, who could not be satisfied with her choosing any, except such as she was most averse from. But, where a nation is once divided, interest and animosity will keep open the breach, without being supported by any other principles; or, at worst, a body of discontented people can change, and take up what principles they please.

As to the disposition of the opposite party, we all remember, that the removal of the last ministry was brought about by several degrees; through which means it happened, that they and their friends were hardly recovered out of one astonishment, before they fell into another. This scene lasted for

some months, and was followed by a period of rage and despair, natural to those who reflect that they have lost a secure game, by their own rashness, folly, and want of common management, when, at the same time, they knew by experience, that a watchful and dexterous adversary lay ready to take the advantage. However, some time before the session, the heads of that party began to recollect themselves, and rally their forces, like an enemy who hath been beaten out of the field, but finds he is not pursued; for although the chiefs of this faction were thought to have but little esteem or friendship for each other, yet they perfectly agreed in one general end, of distressing, by all possible methods, the new administration, wherein if they could succeed so far as to put the Queen under any great necessity, another Parliament must be called, and perhaps the power devolve again into their own hands.

The issue and event of that grand confederacy appearing in both Houses, although under a different form, upon the very first day the Parliament met, I cannot better begin the relation of affairs, commencing from that period, than by a thorough detection of the whole intrigue, carried on with the greatest privacy and application, which must be acknowledged to have for several days disconcerted some of the ministry, as well as dispirited their friends; and the consequences thereof, which have in reality been so very pernicious to the kingdom.

But because the principal leaders in this design are the same persons to whom, since the loss of their power, all the opposition has been owing which the court received, either in treaties abroad, or the administration at home; it may not be improper to describe those qualities in each of them, which few of their admirers will deny, and which appear chiefly to have influenced them in acting their several parts upon the public stage. For I do not intend to draw their characters entire, which would be tedious, and little to the purpose, but shall only single out those passions, acquirements, and habits, which the owners were most likely to transfer into their political schemes, and which were most subservient to the designs they seemed to have in view.

The Lord Somers may very deservedly be reputed the head and oracle of that party; he hath raised himself, by the concurrence of many circumstances, to the greatest employments of the state, without the least support from birth or fortune; he hath constantly, and with great steadiness, cultivated those principles under which he grew. That accident which first produced him into the world, of pleading for the bishops whom King James had sent to the Tower, might have proved a piece of merit, as honourable as it was fortunate, but the old republican spirit, which the Revolution had restored, began to teach other lessons — That since we had accepted a new King, from a Calvinistical commonwealth, we must also admit new maxims in religion and government. But, since the nobility and gentry would probably adhere to the established Church, and to the rights of monarchy, as delivered down from their ancestors, it was the practice of those politicians to introduce such men as were perfectly indifferent to any or no religion, and who were not likely to

inherit much loyalty from those to whom they owed their birth. Of this number was the person I am now describing. I have hardly known any man, with talents more proper to acquire and preserve the favour of a prince; never offending in word or gesture; in the highest degree courteous and complaisant; wherein he set an excellent example to his colleagues, which they did not think fit to follow. But this extreme civility is universal and undistinguished, and in private conversation, where he observeth it as inviolably as if he were in the greatest assembly, it is sometimes censured as formal. Two reasons are assigned for this behaviour: first, from the consciousness of his humble original, he keepeth all familiarity at the utmost distance, which otherwise might be apt to intrude; the second, that being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, he avoideth all incitements to them, by teaching those he converses with, from his own example, to keep a great way within the bounds of decency and respect. And it is indeed true, that no man is more apt to take fire, upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue, with the utmost violence upon himself: so that his breast has been seen to heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage, in those very moments when his words, and the cadence of his voice, were in the humblest and softest manner: perhaps that force upon his nature may cause that insatiable love of revenge, which his detractors lay to his charge, who consequently reckon dissimulation among his chief perfections. Avarice he hath none; and his ambition is gratified, by being the uncontested head of his party. With an excellent understanding, adorned by all the polite parts of learning, he hath very little taste for conversation, to which he prefers the pleasure of reading and thinking; and in the intervals of his time amuseth himself with an illiterate chaplain, an humble companion, or a favourite servant.

These are some few distinguishing marks in the character of that person, who now presideth over the discontented party, although he be not answerable for all their mistakes; and if his precepts had been more strictly followed, perhaps their power would not have been so easily shaken. I have been assured, and heard him profess, that he was against engaging in that foolish prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, as what he foresaw was likely to end in their ruin; that he blamed the rough demeanour of some persons to the Queen, as a great failure in prudence; and that, when it appeared Her Majesty was firmly resolved upon a treaty of peace, he advised his friends not to oppose it in its progress, but find fault with it after it was made; which would be a copy of the like usage themselves had met with, after the treaty of Ryswick; and the safest, as well as the most probable, way of disgracing the promoters and advisers. I have been the larger in representing to the reader some idea of this extraordinary genius, because, whatever attempt hath hitherto been made, with any appearance of conduct, or probability of success, to restore the dominion of that party, was infallibly contrived by him; and I prophesy the same for the future, as long as his age and infirmities will leave him capable of business.

The Duke of Marlborough's character hath been so variously drawn, and is indeed of so mixed a nature in itself, that it is hard to pronounce on either side, without the suspicion of flattery or detraction. I shall say nothing of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports, of his friends and enemies among the soldiers, have rendered problematical: but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed to be not for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners who deny him personal valour, seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture; since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed, to form any judgment in the matter: and that fear, which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than for himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle; and continued with a strong bias that way, till the other party had bid higher for him than his friends could afford to give. His want of literature is in some sort supplied by a good understanding, a degree of natural elocution, and that knowledge of the world which is learned in armies and courts. We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be general for life: I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites, by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intentions of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before. He is noted to be master of great temper, able to govern or very well to disguise his passions, which are all melted down, or extinguished, in his love of wealth. That liberality which nature has denied him, with respect of money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises: but this perfection, so necessary in courts, is not very successful in camps among soldiers, who are not refined enough to understand or to relish it.

His wife, the Duchess, may justly challenge her place in this list. It is to her the Duke is chiefly indebted for his greatness and his fall; for above twenty years she possessed, without a rival, the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way of improving it to her own advantage. She hath preserved a tolerable court reputation, with respect to love and gallantry; but three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid Avarice, disdainful Pride, and ungovernable Rage; by the last of these often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind, before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and hath in her time affected the character of it, by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, is capable of acting or attempting; and then I have said enough.

The next in order to be mentioned is the Earl of Godolphin. It is said, he was originally intended for a trade, before his friends preferred him to be a page at court; which some have very unjustly objected as a reproach. He hath risen gradually in four reigns, and was much more constant to his second

master King James than some others, who had received much greater obligations; for he attended the abdicated King to the sea-side, and kept constant correspondence with him till the day of his death. He always professed a sort of passion for the Queen at St. Germain's; and his letters were to her in the style of what the French call *double entendre*. In a mixture of love and respect, he used frequently to send her from hence little presents of those things which are agreeable to ladies, for which he always asked King William's leave, as if without her privity; because, if she had known that circumstance, it was to be supposed she would not accept them. Physiognomists would hardly discover, by consulting the aspect of this lord, that his predominant passions were love and play; that he could sometimes scratch out a song in praise of his mistress, with a pencil and card; or that he hath tears at command, like a woman, to be used either in an intrigue of gallantry or politics. His alliance with the Marlborough family, and his passion for the Duchess, were the cords which dragged him into a party, whose principles he naturally disliked, and whose leaders he personally hated, as they did him. He became a thorough convert by a perfect trifle; taking fire at a nickname delivered by Dr. Sacheverell, with great indiscretion, from the pulpit, which he applied to himself: and this is one among many instances given by his enemies, that magnanimity is none of his virtues.

The Earl of Sunderland is another of that alliance. It seems to have been this gentleman's fortune, to have learned his divinity from his uncle, and his politics from his tutor. It may be thought a blemish in his character, that he hath much fallen from the height of those republican principles with which he began; for in his father's lifetime, while he was a Member of the House of Commons, he would often, among his familiar friends, refuse the title of Lord (as he hath done to myself), swear he would never be called otherwise than Charles Spencer, and hoped to see the day when there should not be a peer in England. His understanding, at the best, is of the middling size; neither hath he much improved it, either in reality, or, which is very unfortunate, even in the opinion of the world, by an overgrown library. It is hard to decide, whether he learned that rough way of treating his sovereign from the lady he is allied to, or whether it be the result of his own nature. The sense of the injuries he hath done, renders him (as it is very natural) implacable towards those to whom he hath given greatest cause to complain; for which reason he will never forgive either the Queen or the present treasurer.

The Earl of Wharton hath filled the province allotted him by his colleagues, with sufficiency equal to the ablest of them all. He hath imbibed his father's principles in government; but dropped his religion, and took up no other in its stead: excepting that circumstance, he is a firm Presbyterian. He is perfectly skilled in all the arts of managing at elections, as well as in large baits of pleasure for making converts of young men of quality, upon their first appearance; in which public service he contracted such large debts, that his brethren were forced, out of mere justice, to leave Ireland at his mercy, where

he had only time to set himself right. Although the graver heads of his party think him too profligate and abandoned, yet they dare not be ashamed of him; for, beside his talents above mentioned, he is very useful in Parliament, being a ready speaker, and content to employ his gift upon such occasions, where those who conceive they have any remainder of reputation or modesty are ashamed to appear. In short, he is an uncontestable instance to discover the true nature of faction; since, being overrun with every quality which produceth contempt and hatred, in all other commerce of the world, he hath, notwithstanding, been able to make so considerable a figure.

The Lord Cowper, although his merits are later than the rest, deserveth a rank in this great council. He was considerable in the station of a practising lawyer; but, as he was raised to be a chancellor, and a peer, without passing through any of the intermediate steps, which in late times hath been the constant practice, and little skilled in the nature of government, or the true interests of princes, further than the municipal or common law of England; his abilities, as to foreign affairs, did not equally appear in the council. Some former passages of his life were thought to disqualify him for that office, by which he was to be the guardian of the Queen's conscience; but these difficulties were easily overruled by the authors of his promotion, who wanted a person that would be subservient to all their designs; wherein they were not disappointed. As to his other accomplishments, he was what we usually call a piece of a scholar, and a good logical reasoner; if this were not too often allayed, by a fallacious way of managing an argument, which made him apt to deceive the unwary, and sometimes to deceive himself.

The last to be spoken of in this list is the Earl of Nottingham, a convert and acquisition to that party since their fall, to which he contributed his assistance; I mean his words, and probably his wishes; for he had always lived under the constant visible profession of principles, directly opposite to those of his new friends. His vehement and frequent speeches against admitting the Prince of Orange to the throne are yet to be seen; and although a numerous family gave a specious pretence to his love of power and money, for taking an employment under that monarch, yet he was allowed to have always kept a reserve of allegiance to his exiled master; of which his friends produce several instances, and some while he was secretary of state to King William. His outward regularity of life, his appearance of religion, and seeming zeal for the Church, as they are an effect, so they are the excuse for that stiffness and formality with which his nature is fraught. His adust complexion disposeth him to rigour and severity, which his admirers palliate with the name of zeal. No man had ever a sincerer countenance, or more truly representing his mind and manners. He hath some knowledge in the law, very amply sufficient to defend his property at least. A facility of utterance, descended to him from his father, and improved by a few sprinklings of literature, hath brought himself, and some few admirers, into an opinion of his eloquence. He is every way inferior to his brother Guernsey, but chiefly in those talents which he most

values and pretends to; over whom, nevertheless, he preserveth an ascendant. His great ambition was to be the head of those who were called the Church party; and, indeed, his grave solemn deportment and countenance, seconded by abundance of professions for their service, had given many of them an opinion of his veracity, which he interpreted as their sense of his judgment and wisdom; and this mistake lasted till the time of his defection, of which it was partly the cause; but then it plainly appeared, that he had not credit to bring over one single proselyte, to keep himself in countenance.

These lineaments, however imperfectly drawn, may help the reader's imagination to conceive what sort of persons those were, who had the boldness to encounter the Queen and ministry, at the head of a great majority of the landed interest; and this upon a point where the quiet of Her Majesty's reign, the security, or at least the freedom, of her person, the lives of her most faithful friends, and the settling of the nation by a peace, were, in the consequences, deeply concerned.

During the dominion of the late men in power, addresses had been procured from both Houses to the Queen, representing their opinion, that no peace could be secure for Britain, while Spain or the West Indies remained in the possession of the Bourbon family. But Her Majesty having, for reasons which have been often told to the world, and which will not soon be forgotten, called a new Parliament, and chose a new set of servants, began to view things and persons in another light. She considered the necessities of her people, the distant prospect of a peace upon such an improbable condition, which was never mentioned or understood in the grand alliance; the unequal burthen she bore in the war, by the practices of the allies upon the corruption of some whom she most trusted, or perhaps by the practices of these upon the allies; and, lastly, by the changes which death had brought about in the Austrian and Bourbon families. Upon all which motives she was prevailed upon to receive some overtures from France, in behalf of herself and the whole confederacy. The several steps of this negotiation, from its first rise to the time I am now writing, shall be related in another part of this History. Let it suffice for the present to say, that such proposals were received from France as were thought sufficient by our court whereupon to appoint time and place for a general treaty; and soon after the opening of the session, the Bishop of Bristol, lord privy seal, was dispatched to Utrecht, where he and the Earl of Strafford were appointed plenipotentiaries for the Queen of Great Britain.

The managers of the discontented party, who, during the whole summer, had observed the motions of the court running fast towards a peace, began to gather up all their forces, in order to oppose Her Majesty's designs, when the Parliament should meet. Their only strength was in the House of Lords, where the Queen had a very crazy majority, made up by those whose hearts were in the other interest; but whose fears, expectations, or immediate dependence, had hitherto kept them within bounds. There were two lords upon whose abilities and influence, of a very different nature, the managers built their

strongest hopes. The first was the Duke of Somerset, master of the horse. This duke, as well as his duchess, was in a good degree of favour with the Queen, upon the score of some civilities and respects Her Majesty had received from them, while she was princess. For some years after the Revolution, he never appeared at court, but was looked upon as a favourer of the abdicated family; and it was the late Earl of Rochester who first presented him to King William. However, since the time he came into employment, which was towards the close of the last reign, he hath been a constant zealous member of the other party; but never failed in either attendance or respect towards the Queen's person, or, at most, only threatened sometimes, that he would serve no longer, while such or such men were employed; which, as things went then, was not reckoned any offence at all against duty or good behaviour. He had been much caressed and flattered by the Lords of the Junto, who sometimes went so far as to give him hopes of the crown, in reversion to his family, upon failure of the house of Hanover. All this worked so far upon his imagination, that he affected to appear the head of their party, to which his talents were no way proportioned; for they soon grew weary of his indigested schemes, and his imperious manner of obtruding them: they began to drop him at their meetings, or contradicted him, with little ceremony, when he happened to be there, which his haughty nature was not able to brook. Thus a mortal quarrel was kindled between him and the whole assembly of party leaders; so that, upon the Queen's first intentions of changing her ministry, soon after the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, he appointed several meetings with Mr. Harley alone, in the most private manner, in places and at times least liable to suspicion. He employed all his credit with the Queen to drive on the removal of my Lord Godolphin, and the rest; and, in the council, treated the small remainder, who continued some time longer in their places, with all possible marks of hatred or disdain. But when the question came for dissolving the Parliament, he stopped short: he had already satiated his resentments, which were not against things, but persons: he furiously opposed that counsel, and promised to undertake for the Parliament himself. When the Queen had declared her pleasure for the dissolution, he flew off in greater rage than ever; opposed the court in all elections, where he had influence or power; and made very humble advances to reconcile himself with the discarded lords, especially the Earl of Godolphin, who is reported to have treated him at Newmarket in a most contemptuous manner. But the sincerity of his repentance, which appeared manifestly in the first session of the new Parliament, and the use he might be of by his own remaining credit, or rather that of his duchess, with the Queen, at length begat a reconcilement. He still kept his employment, and place in the cabinet council; but had never appeared there, from an avowed dislike of all persons and proceedings. It happened about the end of summer, one thousand seven hundred and eleven, at Windsor, when the cabinet council was summoned, this duke, whether by directions from his teachers, or the instability of his nature, took a fancy to resume his place, and a chair was

brought accordingly; upon which Mr. Secretary St. John refused to assist, and gave his reasons, that he would never sit in council with a man who had so often betrayed them, and was openly engaged with a faction which endeavoured to obstruct all Her Majesty's measures. Thus the council was put off to next day, and the duke made no farther attempts to be there. But, upon this incident, he declared open war against the ministry; and, from that time to the session, employed himself in spiriting up several depending lords to adhere to their friends, when an occasion should offer. The arguments he made use of, were, that those in power designed to make an ignominious and insecure peace, without consulting the allies; that this could be no otherwise prevented than by an address from the Lords, to signify their opinion, that no peace could be honourable or secure, while Spain or the West Indies remained in any of the Bourbon family: upon which several farther resolutions and inquiries would naturally follow; that the differences between the two Houses, upon this point, must either be made up by the Commons agreeing with the Lords, or must end in a dissolution, which would be followed by a return of the old ministry, who, by the force of money and management, could easily get another Parliament to their wishes. He farther assured them boldly, that the Queen herself was at the bottom of this design, and had empowered him to desire their votes against the peace, as a point that would be for her service; and therefore they need not be in pain upon account of their pensions, or any farther marks of favour they expected. Thus, by reviving the old art of using Her Majesty's authority against her person, he prevailed over some, who were not otherwise in a station of life to oppose the crown; and his proselytes may pretend to some share of pity, since he offered for an argument his own example, who kept his place and favour, after all he had done to deserve the loss of both.

The other lord, in whom the discontented managers placed much of their hopes, was the Earl of Nottingham, already mentioned; than whom no man ever appeared to hate them more, or to be more pleased at their fall, partly from his avowed principles, but chiefly from the hopes he had of sharing in their spoils. But it fell out, that he was no way acceptable to the Queen or her new servants: these apprehended no little trouble and impediment to the public business, from his restless, talkative, overweening manner, if once he was suffered to have any part in affairs; and he stood very ill with the court, having made a motion in the House of Lords, and in Her Majesty's presence, that the Electoral Prince of Hanover might be invited to reside in England, although he had before declared to the Queen how much he was against that proposal, when it was first offered by the other party. However, some very considerable employments had been given to his nearest relations, and he had one or two offers for himself, which he thought fit to refuse, as not equal to his merits and character. Upon the Earl of Rochester's decease, he conceived that the crown would hardly overlook him for president of the council, and deeply resented that disappointment. But the Duke of Newcastle, lord privy seal,

dying some time after, he found that office was first designed for the Earl of Jersey, and, upon this lord's sudden death, was actually disposed of to the Bishop of Bristol by which he plainly saw, that the Queen was determined against giving him any opportunity of directing in affairs, or displaying his eloquence in the cabinet council. He had now shaken off all remains of patience or temper, and, from the contemplation of his own disappointments, fell, as it is natural, to find fault with the public management, and to assure his neighbours in the country, that the nation was in imminent danger of being ruined. The discontented lords were soon apprised of this great change, and the Duke of Roxburgh, the earl's son-in-law, was dispatched to Burleigh on the Hill, to cultivate his present dispositions, and offer him whatever terms he pleased to insist on. The Earl immediately agreed to fall in with any measures for distressing or destroying the ministry but, in order to preserve his reputation with the Church party, and perhaps bring them over to his interests, he proposed, that a bill should be brought into the House of Lords for preventing occasional conformity, and be unanimously agreed to by all the peers of the low-church principle, which would convince the world of their good intentions to the established religion, and that their oppositions to the court wholly proceeded from their care of the nation, and concern for its honour and safety.

These preparations were public enough, and the ministers had sufficient time to arm themselves; but they seem to have acted, in this juncture, like men who trusted to the goodness of their cause, and the general inclinations of the kingdom, rather than to those arts which our corruptions have too often made necessary. Calculations were indeed taken, by which it was computed, that there would be a majority of ten upon the side of the court. I remember to have told my Lord Harcourt and Mr. Prior, that a majority of ten was only a majority of five, because if their adversaries could bring off five, the number would be equal: and so it happened to prove; for the mistake lay in counting upon the bare promises of those who were wholly in the interest of the old ministry, and were only kept in awe by the fear of offending the crown, and losing their subsistence, wherein the Duke of Somerset had given them full satisfaction.

With these dispositions of both parties, and fears and hopes of the event, the Parliament met upon the seventh of December, one thousand seven hundred and eleven. The Queen's speech (excepting what related to supplies) was chiefly taken up in telling both Houses what progress she had made towards a general peace, and her hopes of bringing it to a speedy conclusion. As soon as Her Majesty was withdrawn, the House of Lords, in a committee, resolved upon an address of thanks; to which the Earl of Nottingham proposed an addition of the following clause.

"And we do beg leave to represent it to Your Majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of this House, that no peace can be safe or honourable to Great Britain and Europe, if Spain and the West Indies are to be allotted to

any branch of the house of Bourbon."

He was seconded by the Earl of Scarborough; and, after a debate of several hours, the question for the clause was carried, as I remember, by not above two voices. The next day the House agreed with the committee. The depending lords, having taken fresh courage from their principals, and some who professed themselves very humble servants to the present ministry, and enemies to the former, went along with the stream, pretending not to see the consequences that must visibly follow. The address was presented on the eleventh, to which Her Majesty's answer was short and dry. She distinguished their thanks from the rest of the piece; and, in return to Lord Nottingham's clause, said, She should be sorry that any body could think she would not do her utmost to recover Spain and the West Indies from the house of Bourbon.

Upon the fifteenth of December the Earl of Nottingham likewise brought in the bill to prevent occasional conformity (although under a disguised title), which met with no opposition; but was swallowed by those very lords, who always appeared with the utmost violence against the least advantage to the established Church.

But in the House of Commons there appeared a very different spirit; for when one Mr. Robert Walpole offered a clause of the same nature with that of the Earl of Nottingham, it was rejected with contempt by a very great majority. Their address was in the most dutiful manner, approving of what Her Majesty had done towards a peace, and trusting entirely to her wisdom in the future management of it. This address was presented to the Queen a day before that of the Lords, and received an answer distinguishedly gracious. But the other party was no ways discouraged by either answer, which they looked upon as only matter of course, and the sense of the ministry, contrary to that of the Queen.

The Parliament sat as long as the approaching festival would allow; and upon the twenty-second, the land-tax and occasional bills having received the royal assent, the House of Commons adjourned to the fourteenth of January following: but the adjournment of the Lords was only to the second, the prevailing party there being in haste to pursue the consequences of the Earl of Nottingham's clause, which they hoped would end in the ruin of the treasurer, and overthrow the ministry; and therefore took the advantage of this interval, that they might not be disturbed by the Commons.

When this address against any peace without Spain, &c. was carried in the House of Lords, it is not easy to describe the effects it had upon most men's passions. The partisans of the old ministry triumphed loudly, and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The Earl of Wharton was observed in the House to smile, and put his hands to his neck when any of the ministry was speaking, by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief justice, began already with great zeal and officiousness to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers, writ in defence of the administration: in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in

every countenance of that party.

On the other side, all well-wishers to the Queen, the Church, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark both of his enemies' fury, and the censure of his friends: among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others, to his unmeasurable public thrift: both parties agreed, that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the event: and some began to doubt, whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved: all this he knew well enough, and heard it with great phlegm; neither did it make any alteration in his countenance or humour. He told Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, two days before the Parliament sat, that he was sorry for what was like to pass, because the States would be the first sufferers, which he desired the envoy to remember: and to his nearest friends, who appeared in pain about the public or themselves, he only said that all would be well, and desired them not to be frighted.

It was, I conceive, upon these motives, that the treasurer advised Her Majesty to create twelve new lords, and thereby disable the sting of faction for the rest of her lifetime: this promotion was so ordered, that a third part were of those on whom, or their posterity, the peerage would naturally devolve; and the rest were such, whose merit, birth, and fortune, could admit of no exception.

The adverse party, being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did; that it was a pernicious example set for ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time an hundred as well as twelve, and by these means become masters of the House of Lords whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties. To this it was answered, that ill princes seldom trouble themselves to look for precedents; that men of great estates will not be less fond of preserving their liberties when they are created peers; that in such a government as this, where the Prince holds the balance between two great powers, the nobility and people, it is the very nature of his office to remove from one scale into the other, or sometimes put his own weight in the lightest, so as to bring both to an equilibrium; and lastly, that the other party had been above twenty years corrupting the nobility with republican principles, which nothing but the royal prerogative could hinder from overspreading us.

The conformity bill above mentioned was prepared by the Earl of Nottingham before the Parliament met, and brought in at the same time with the clause against peace, according to the bargain made between him and his new friends: this he hoped would not only save his credit with the Church party, but bring them over to his politics, since they must needs be convinced, that instead of changing his own principles, he had prevailed on the greatest enemies to the established religion to be the first movers in a law for the perpetual settlement of it. Here it was worth observing, with what resignation the Junto Lords (as they were then called) were submitted to by their

adherents and followers; for it is well known, that the chief among the dissenting teachers in town were consulted upon this affair, and such arguments used, as had power to convince them, that nothing could be of greater advantage to their cause than the passing this bill. I did, indeed, see a letter at that time from one of them to a great man, complaining, that they were betrayed and undone by their pretended friends; but they were in general very well satisfied upon promises that this law should soon be repealed, and others more in their favour enacted, as soon as their friends should be re-established.

But nothing seemed more extraordinary than the event of this refined management, by which the Earl of Nottingham was so far from bringing over proselytes (wherein his abilities fell very short even of the Duke of Somerset's); or preserving the reputation of a firm churchman, that very few people did so much as imagine he had any such design; only when he brought in the bill, they conceived it was some wonderful deep reach of politics, which they could not comprehend: however, they liked the thing, and without troubling themselves about the persons or motives from whence it rose, it had a very speedy passage through both Houses. It must be confessed, that some attempt of this nature was much more necessary to the leaders of that party, than is generally thought. The desire of power and revenge was common to them all; but several among them were also conscious that they stood in need of protection, whose safety was therefore concerned in the design of ruining the ministry, as well as their ambition. The Duke of Marlborough foresaw those examinations, which were afterwards made into some parts of his management, and was apprehensive of a great deal more; that the Parliament would perhaps enquire into the particulars of the negotiation at The Hague in one thousand seven hundred and nine; for what ends, and by whose advice the propositions of peace from France were rejected: besides, he dreaded lest that mysterious policy might be laid open to the world, of desiring the Queen to constitute him general for life, which was a very tender point, and would admit of much proof. It is true, indeed, that whilst the Duke's affair was under the consideration of the House of Commons, one of his creatures (whether by direction or otherwise) assured the Speaker, with a very serious countenance, that the world was mistaken in censuring his lord upon this article; for it was the Queen who pressed the Duke to accept that commission; and upon his humble refusal conceived her first displeasure against him. How such a defence would have passed, if it had been offered in form, is easier to be conceived, than how any person in his wits could have the confidence to affirm it; which last it would indeed be hard to believe, if there were any room left for doubt.

The Earl of Godolphin wanted protection, notwithstanding the act of general pardon, which had been procured by his credit, and was principally calculated for his own security. He knew that his long neglect of compelling the accomptants to pass their accompts, might be punished as a breach of

trust. He had run the kingdom into immense debts, by taking up stores for the navy upon a vast discount, without parliamentary security; for which he could be able to plead neither law nor necessity: and he had given way, at least, to some proceedings, not very justifiable, in relation to remittances of money, whereby the public had suffered considerable losses. The Barrier Treaty sat heavy upon the Lord Townshend's spirits, because if it should be laid before the House of Commons, whoever negotiated that affair, might be subject to the most severe animadversions: and the Earl of Wharton's administration in Ireland was looked upon as a sufficient ground to impeach him, at least, for high crimes and misdemeanours.

The managers in Holland were sufficiently apprised of all this; and Monsieur Buys, their minister here, took care to cultivate that good correspondence between his masters and their English friends, which became two confederates, pursuing the same end.

This man had been formerly employed in England from that republic, and understood a little of our language. His proficiency in learning has been such, as to furnish now and then a Latin quotation, of which he is as liberal as his stock will admit. His knowledge in government reaches no farther than that of his own country, by which he forms and cultivates matters of state for the rest of the world. His reasonings upon politics are with great profusion at all meetings; and he leaves the company with entire satisfaction that he hath fully convinced them. He is well provided with that inferior sort of cunning, which is the growth of his country, of a standard with the genius of the people, and capable of being transferred into every condition of life among them, from the boor to the burgomaster. He came into England with instructions, authorizing him to accommodate all differences between Her Majesty and the States; but having first advised with the confederate lords, he assured the ministry he had powers to hear their proposals, but none to conclude: and having represented to his masters what had been told him by the adverse party, he prevailed with them to revoke his powers. He found the interest of those who withstood the court, would exactly fall in with the designs of the States, which were to carry on the war as they could, at our expense, and to see themselves at the head of a treaty of peace, whenever they were disposed to apply to France, or to receive overtures from thence.

The Emperor, upon many powerful reasons, was utterly averse from all counsels which aimed at putting an end to the war, without delivering him the whole dominion of Spain; nay, the Elector of Hanover himself, although presumptive heir to the crown of England, and obliged by all sorts of ties to cultivate Her Majesty's friendship, was so far deceived by misrepresentations from hence, that he seemed to suffer Monsieur Bothmar, his envoy here, to print and publish a Memorial in English, directly disapproving all Her Majesty's proceedings; which Memorial, as appeareth by the style and manner of it, was all drawn up, or at least digested, by some party pen on this side of the water.

Cautious writers, in order to avoid offence or danger, and to preserve the respect even due to foreign princes, do usually charge the wrong steps in a court altogether upon the persons employed; but I should have taken a securer method, and have been wholly silent in this point, if I had not then conceived some hope, that his Electoral Highness might possibly have been a stranger to the Memorial of his resident: for, first, the manner of delivering it to the secretary of state was out of all form, and almost as extraordinary as the thing itself. Monsieur Bothmar having obtained an hour of Mr. Secretary St. John, talked much to him upon the subject of which that Memorial consists; and upon going away, desired he might leave a paper with the secretary, which he said contained the substance of what he had been discoursing. This paper Mr. St. John laid aside, among others of little consequence; and a few days saw a Memorial in print, which he found upon comparing to be the same with what Bothmar had left.

During this short recess of Parliament, and upon the fifth day of January, Prince Eugene, of Savoy, landed in England. Before he left his ship he asked a person who came to meet him, whether the new lords were made, and what was their number? He was attended through the streets with a mighty rabble of people to St. James's, where Mr. Secretary St. John introduced him to the Queen, who received him with great civility. His arrival had been long expected, and the project of his journey had as long been formed here by the party leaders, in concert with Monsieur Buys, and Monsieur Bothmar, the Dutch and Hanover envoys. This prince brought over credentials from the Emperor, with offers to continue the war upon a new foot, very advantageous to Britain; part of which, by Her Majesty's commands, Mr. St. John soon after produced to the House of Commons; where they were rejected, not without some indignation, by a great majority. The Emperor's proposals, as far as they related to Spain, were communicated to the House in the words following.

"His Imperial Majesty judges, that forty thousand men will be sufficient for this service, and that the whole expense of the war in Spain, may amount to four millions of crowns, towards which His Imperial Majesty offers to make up the troops, which he has in that country, to thirty thousand men, and to take one million of crowns upon himself".

On the other side the House of Commons voted a third part of those four millions as a sufficient quota for Her Majesty toward that service, for it was supposed the Emperor ought to bear the greatest proportion in a point that so nearly concerned him, or at least, that Britain contributing one third, the other two might be paid by his Imperial Majesty and the States, as they could settle it between them.

The design of Prince Eugene's journey, was to raise a spirit in the Parliament and people for continuing the war, for nothing was thought impossible to a prince of such high reputation in arms, in great favour with the Emperor, and empowered to make such proposals from his master, as the ministry durst not reject. It appeared by an intercepted letter from Count

Gallas, (formerly the Emperor's envoy here) that the prince was wholly left to his liberty of making what offers he pleased in the Emperor's name, for if the Parliament could once be brought to raise funds, and the war go on, the ministry here must be under a necessity of applying and expending those funds, and the Emperor could afterwards find twenty reasons and excuses, as he had hitherto done, for not furnishing his quota; therefore Prince Eugene, for some time, kept himself within generals, until being pressed to explain himself upon that particular of the war in Spain, which the house of Austria pretended to have most at heart, he made the offer above mentioned, as a most extraordinary effort, and so it was, considering how little they had ever done before, towards recovering that monarchy to themselves; but shameful as these proposals were, few believed the Emperor would observe them, or, indeed, that he ever intended to spare so many men, as would make up an army of thirty thousand men, to be employed in Spain.

Prince Eugene's visit to his friends in England continued longer than was expected; he was every day entertained magnificently by persons of quality of both parties; he went frequently to the treasurer, and sometimes affected to do it in private; he visited the other ministers and great officers of the court, but on all occasions publicly owned the character and appellation of a Whig; and in secret, held continual meetings with the Duke of Marlborough, and the other discontented lords, where M. Bothmar usually assisted. It is the great ambition of this prince to be perpetually engaged in war, without considering the cause or consequence; and to see himself at the head of an army, where only he can make any considerable figure. He is not without a natural tincture of that cruelty, sometimes charged upon the Italians; and being nursed in arms, hath so far extinguished pity and remorse, that he will at any time sacrifice a thousand men's lives, to a caprice of glory or revenge. He had conceived an incurable hatred for the treasurer, as the person who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war; said he had hopes of others, but that the treasurer was *un méchant diable*, not to be moved; therefore, since it was impossible for him or his friends to compass their designs, while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient, often practised by those of his country, that the treasurer (to use his own expression) should be taken off, *à la négligence*; that this might easily be done, and pass for an effect of chance, if it were preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small riots in the night: and in several parts of the town, a crew of obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who probably exceeded their commission; and mixing themselves with those disorderly people that often infest the streets at midnight, acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut and mangled in the face and arms, and other parts of the body, without any provocation; but an effectual stop was soon put to these enormities, which probably prevented the execution of the main design.

I am very sensible, that such an imputation ought not to be charged upon any person whatsoever, upon slight grounds or doubtful surmises; and that

those who think I am able to produce no better, will judge this passage to be fitter for a libel than a history; but as the account was given by more than one person who was at the meeting, so it was confirmed past all contradiction by several intercepted letters and papers: and it is most certain, that the rage of the defeated party, upon their frequent disappointments, was so far inflamed, as to make them capable of some counsels yet more violent and desperate than this, which, however, by the vigilance of those near the person of Her Majesty, were happily prevented.

On the thirtieth day of December, one thousand seven hundred and eleven, the Duke of Marlborough was removed from all his employments: the Duke of Ormonde succeeding him as general, both here and in Flanders. This proceeding of the court (as far as it related to the Duke of Marlborough) was much censured both at home and abroad, and by some who did not wish ill to the present situation of affairs. There were few examples of a commander being disgraced, after an uninterrupted course of success for many years against a formidable enemy, and this before a period was put to the war: those who had least esteem for his valour and conduct, thought it not prudent to remove a general, whose troops were perpetually victorious, while he was at their head; because this had infused into his soldiers an opinion that they should always conquer, and into the enemy that they should always be beaten; than which, nothing is to be held of greater moment, either in the progress of a war, or upon the day of battle; and I have good grounds to affirm, that these reasons had sufficient weight with the Queen and ministry to have kept the Duke of Marlborough in his post, if a way could have been found out to have done it with any assurance of safety to the nation. It is the misfortune of princes, that the effects of their displeasure make usually much more noise than the causes: thus, the sound of the Duke's fall was heard farther than many of the reasons which made it necessary; whereof, though some were visible enough, yet others lay more in the dark. Upon the Duke's last return from Flanders, he had fixed his arrival to town (whether by accident or otherwise) upon the seventeenth of November, called Queen Elizabeth's day, when great numbers of his creatures and admirers had thought fit to revive an old ceremony among the rabble, of burning the Pope in effigy; for the performance of which, with more solemnity, they had made extraordinary preparations. From the several circumstances of the expense of this intended pageantry, and of the persons who promoted it, the court, apprehensive of a design to inflame the common people, thought fit to order, that the several figures should be seized as popish trinkets; and guards were ordered to patrol, for preventing any tumultuous assemblies. Whether this frolic were only intended for an affront to the court, or whether it had a deeper meaning, I must leave undetermined. The Duke, in his own nature, is not much turned to be popular; and in his flourishing times, whenever he came back to England upon the close of a campaign, he rather affected to avoid any concourse of the *mobile*, if they had been disposed to attend him; therefore, so very contrary a

proceeding at this juncture, made it suspected as if he had a design to have placed himself at their head. "France," "Popery," "The Pretender," "Peace without Spain," were the words to be given about at this mock parade; and if what was confidently asserted be true, that a report was to have been spread at the same time of the Queen's death, no man can tell what might have been the event.

"The burning of a Pope in effigy," notes Scott — in his reprint of what Swift called "the Grub Street account of the tumult"—"upon the 17th November, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, was a favourite pastime with the mob of London, and often employed by their superiors as a means of working upon their passions and prejudices." A full account of this ceremony is given in his edition of Dryden's Works, 1808, vol. vi., p. 222. An account of the attempt "to revive an old ceremony," referred to by Swift, was published also in "The Post Boy" for November 20th, 1711. [T.S.]]

But this attempt, to whatever purposes intended, proving wholly abortive by the vigilance of those in power, the Duke's arrival was without any noise or consequence; and upon consulting with his friends, he soon fell in with their new scheme for preventing the peace. It was believed by many persons, that the ministers might, with little difficulty, have brought him over, if they had pleased to make a trial; for as he would probably have accepted any terms to continue in a station of such prodigious profit, so there was sufficient room to work upon his fears, of which he is seldom unprovided (I mean only in his political capacity) and his infirmity very much increased by his unmeasurable possessions, which have rendered him, *ipsique onerique timentem;* but reason, as well as the event, proved this to be a mistake: for the ministers being determined to bring the war to as speedy an issue as the honour and safety of their country would permit, could not possibly recompense the Duke for the mighty incomes he held by the continuance of it. Then the other party had calculated their numbers; and by the accession of the Earl of Nottingham, whose example they hoped would have many followers, and the successful solicitations of the Duke of Somerset, found they were sure of a majority in the House of Lords: so that in this view of circumstances, the Duke of Marlborough thought he acted with security, as well as advantage: he therefore boldly fell, with his whole weight, into the design of ruining the ministry, at the expense of his duty to his sovereign, and the welfare of his country, after the mighty obligations he had received from both. WHIG and TORY were now no longer the dispute, but THE QUEEN or THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: He was at the head of all the cabals and consults with Bothmar, Buys, and the discontented lords. He forgot that government of his passion, for which his admirers used to celebrate him, fell into all the impotencies of anger and violence upon every party debate: so that the Queen found herself under a necessity, either on the one side to sacrifice those friends, who had ventured their lives in rescuing her out of the power of some, whose former treatment she had little reason to be fond of, to put an end to the

progress she had made towards a peace, and dissolve her Parliament; or, on the other side, by removing one person from so great a trust, to get clear of all her difficulties at once: Her Majesty therefore determined upon the latter, as the shorter and safer course; and during the recess at Christmas, sent the Duke a letter, to tell him she had no farther occasion for his service.

There hath not perhaps in the present age been a clearer instance to shew the instability of greatness which is not founded upon virtue; and it may be an instruction to princes, who are well in the hearts of their people, that the overgrown power of any particular person, although supported by exorbitant wealth, can by a little resolution be reduced in a moment, without any dangerous consequences. This lord, who was, beyond all comparison, the greatest subject in Christendom, found his power, credit, and influence, crumble away on a sudden; and, except a few friends or followers, by inclination, the rest dropped off in course. From directing in some manner the affairs of Europe, he descended to be a member of a faction, and with little distinction even there: that virtue of subduing his resentments, for which he was so famed when he had little or no occasion to exert it, having now wholly forsaken him when he stood most in need of its assistance; and upon trial was found unable to bear a reverse of fortune, giving way to rage, impatience, envy, and discontent.

BOOK II.

The House of Lords met upon the second day of January, according to their adjournment; but before they could proceed to business, the twelve new-created peers were, in the usual form, admitted to their seats in that assembly, who, by their numbers, turned the balance on the side of the court, and voted an adjournment to the same day with the Commons. Upon the fourteenth of January the two Houses met; but the Queen, who intended to be there in person, sent a message to inform them, that she was prevented by a sudden return of the gout, and to desire they would adjourn for three days longer, when Her Majesty hoped she should be able to speak to them. However, her indisposition still continuing, Mr. Secretary St. John brought another message to the House of Commons from the Queen, containing the substance of what she intended to have spoken; "That she could now tell them, her plenipotentiaries were arrived at Utrecht; had begun, in pursuance of her instructions, to concert the most proper ways of procuring a just satisfaction to all powers in alliance with her, according to their several treaties, and particularly with relation to Spain and the West Indies; that she promised to communicate to them the conditions of peace, before the same should be concluded; that the world would now see how groundless those reports were, and without the least colour, that a separate peace had been treated; that her ministers were directed to propose, that a day might be fixed for the finishing, as was done for the commencement of this treaty; and that, in the mean time, all preparations were hastening for an early campaign," etc.

Her Majesty's endeavours towards this great work having been in such a forwardness at the time that her message was sent, I shall here, as in the most proper place, relate the several steps by which the intercourse between the courts of France and Britain was begun and carried on.

The Marquis de Torcy, sent by the Most Christian King to The Hague, had there, in the year one thousand seven hundred and nine, made very advantageous offers to the allies, in his master's name; which our ministers, as well as those of the States, thought fit to refuse, and advanced other proposals in their stead, but of such a nature as no prince could digest, who did not lie at the immediate mercy of his enemies. It was demanded, among other things, "That the French King should employ his own troops, in conjunction with those of the allies, to drive his grandson out of Spain." The proposers knew very well, that the enemy would never consent to this; and if it were possible they could at first have any such hopes, Mons. de Torcy assured them to the contrary, in a manner which might well be believed; for then the British and Dutch plenipotentiaries were drawing up their demands. They desired that minister to assist them in the style and expression; which he very readily did,

and made use of the strongest words he could find to please them. He then insisted to know their last resolution, whether these were the lowest terms the allies would accept; and having received a determinate answer in the affirmative, he spoke to this effect:

"That he thanked them heartily for giving him the happiest day he had ever seen in his life: that, in perfect obedience to his master, he had made concessions, in his own opinion, highly derogatory to the King's honour and interest: that he had not concealed the difficulties of his court, or the discontents of his country, by a long and unsuccessful war, which could only justify the large offers he had been empowered to make: that the conditions of peace, now delivered into his hands by the allies, would raise a new spirit in the nation, and remove the greatest difficulty the court lay under, putting it in his master's power to convince all his subjects how earnestly His Majesty desired to ease them from the burthen of the war; but that his enemies would not accept of any terms, which could consist either with their safety or his honour." Mons. Torcy assured the pensionary, in the strongest manner, and bid him count upon it, that the King his master would never sign those articles.

It soon appeared, that the Marquis de Torcy's predictions were true; for upon delivering to his master the last resolutions of the allies, that Prince took care to publish them all over his kingdom, as an appeal to his subjects against the unreasonableness and injustice of his enemies: which proceeding effectually answered the utmost he intended by it; for the French nation, extremely jealous of their monarch's glory, made universal offers of their lives and fortunes, rather than submit to such ignominious terms; and the clergy, in particular, promised to give the King their consecrated plate, towards continuing the war. Thus that mighty kingdom, generally thought to be wholly exhausted of its wealth, yet, when driven to a necessity by the imprudence of the allies, or by the corruption of particular men, who influenced their councils, recovered strength enough to support itself for three following campaigns: and in the last, by the fatal blindness or obstinacy of the Dutch (venturing to act without the assistance of Britain, which they had shamefully abandoned), was an overmatch for the whole confederate army.

Those who, in order to defend the proceedings of the allies, have given an account of this negotiation, do wholly omit the circumstance I have now related, and express the zeal of the British and Dutch ministers for a peace, by informing us how frequently they sent after Mons. de Torcy, and Mons. Rouille, for a farther conference. But in the mean time, Mr. Horatio Walpole, secretary to the Queen's plenipotentiaries, was dispatched over hither, to have those abortive articles signed and ratified by Her Majesty at a venture, which was accordingly done. A piece of management altogether absurd, and without example; contrived only to deceive our people into a belief that a peace was intended, and to shew what great things the ministry designed to do.

But this hope expiring, upon the news that France had refused to sign

those articles, all was solved by recourse to the old topic of the French perfidiousness. We loaded them plentifully with ignominious appellations; "they were a nation never to be trusted." The Parliament cheerfully continued their supplies, and the war went on. The winter following began the second and last session of the preceding Parliament, noted for the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, and the occasions thereby given to the people to discover and exert their dispositions, very opposite to the designs of those who were then in power. In the summer of one thousand seven hundred and ten, ensued a gradual change of the ministry; and in the beginning of that winter the present Parliament was called.

The King of France, whose real interests made him sincerely desirous of any tolerable peace, found it impossible to treat upon equal conditions with either of the two maritime powers engaged against him, because of the prevalency of factions in both, who acted in concert to their mutual private advantage, although directly against the general dispositions of the people in either, as well as against their several maxims of government. But upon the great turn of affairs and councils here in England, the new Parliament and ministers acting from other motives, and upon other principles, that Prince hoped an opportunity might arise of resuming his endeavours towards a peace.

There was at this time in England a French ecclesiastic, called the Abbé Gaultier, who had resided several years in London, under the protection of some foreign ministers, in whose families he used, upon occasion, to exercise his function of a priest. After the battle of Blenheim, this gentleman went down to Nottingham, where several French prisoners of quality were kept, to whom he rendered those offices of civility suitable to persons in their condition, which, upon their return to France, they reported to his advantage. Among the rest, the Chevalier de Croissy told his brother, the Marquis de Torcy, that whenever the French court would have a mind to make overtures of peace with England, Mons. Gaultier might be very usefully employed in handing them to the ministers here. This was no farther thought on at present. In the mean time the war went on, and the conferences at The Hague and Gertruydenberg miscarried, by the allies insisting upon such demands as they neither expected, nor perhaps desired, should be granted.

Some time in July, one thousand seven hundred and ten, Mons. Gaultier received a letter from the Marquis de Torcy, signifying, that a report being spread of Her Majesty's intentions to change her ministry, to take Mr. Harley into her councils, and to dissolve her Parliament, the Most Christian King thought it might be now a favourable conjuncture to offer new proposals of a treaty: Mons. Gaultier was therefore directed to apply himself, in the Marquis's name, either to the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Jersey, or Mr. Harley, and inform the French court how such a proposition would be relished. Gaultier chose to deliver his message to the second of those, who had been ambassador from the late king to France; but the Earl excused himself from entering into particulars with a stranger, and a private person,

who had no authority for what he said, more than a letter from Mons. de Torcy. Gaultier offered to procure another from that minister to the Earl himself; and did so, in a month after: but obtained no answer till December following, when the Queen had made all necessary changes, and summoned a free Parliament to her wishes. About the beginning of January, the abbé (after having procured his dismission from Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, at that time his protector) was sent to Paris, to inform Mons. Torcy, that Her Majesty would be willing his master should resume the treaty with Holland, provided the demands of England might be previously granted. Gaultier came back, after a short stay, with a return to his message, that the Dutch had used the Most Christian King and his ministers in such a manner, both at The Hague and Gertruydenberg, as made that Prince resolve not to expose himself any more to the like treatment; that he therefore chose to address himself to England, and was ready to make whatever offers Her Majesty could reasonably expect, for the advantage of her own kingdoms, and the satisfaction of her allies.

After this message had been duly considered by the Queen and her ministers, Mons. Gaultier was dispatched a second time to France, about the beginning of March, one thousand seven hundred and ten-eleven, with an answer to the following purpose: "That since France had their particular reasons for not beginning again to treat with Holland, England was willing to remove that difficulty, and proposed it should be done in this manner: That France should send over hither the propositions for a treaty, which should be transmitted by England to Holland, to be jointly treated on that side of the water; but it was to be understood, that the same proposition formerly offered to Holland, was to be made to England, or one not less advantageous to the allies; for although England would enter most sincerely into such a treaty, and shew, in the course of it, the clearness of their intentions; yet they could not, with honour, entertain a less beneficial proposal than what was offered to the States."

That Prince, as well as his minister, Mons. de Torcy, either felt, or affected, so much resentment of the usage the latter had met at The Hague and Gertruydenberg, that they appeared fully determined against making any application to the States, where the same persons continued still in power, of whose treatment they so heavily complained.

They seemed altogether to distrust the inclination of that republic towards a peace; but at the same time shewed a mighty complaisance to the English nation, and a desire to have Her Majesty at the head of a treaty. This appears by the first overture in form sent from that kingdom, and signed by Mons. de Torcy, on the twenty-second of April, N.S. one thousand seven hundred and eleven, to the following effect:

"That as it could not be doubted but the King was in a condition of continuing the war with honour, so it could not be looked on as a mark of weakness in His Majesty to break the silence he had kept since the

conferences at Gertruydenberg; and that, before the opening of the campaign, he now gives farther proof of the desire he always had to procure the repose of Europe. But after what he hath found, by experience, of the sentiments of those persons who now govern the republic of Holland, and of their industry in rendering all negotiations without effect, His Majesty will, for the public good, offer to the English nation those propositions, which he thinks fit to make for terminating the war, and for settling the tranquillity of Europe upon a solid foundation. It is with this view that he offers to enter into a treaty of peace, founded on the following conditions.

"First, The English nation shall have real securities for carrying on their trade in Spain, the Indies, and ports of the Mediterranean.

"Secondly, The King will consent to form a sufficient barrier in the Low Countries, for the security of the republic of Holland; and this barrier shall be such as England shall agree upon and approve; His Majesty promising, at the same time, an entire liberty and security to the trade of the Dutch.

"Thirdly, All reasonable methods shall be thought on, with sincerity and truth, for giving satisfaction to the allies of England and Holland.

"Fourthly, Whereas the affairs of the King of Spain are in so good a condition as to furnish new expedients for putting an end to the disputes about that monarchy, and for settling it to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned, all sincere endeavours shall be used for surmounting the difficulties arisen upon this occasion; and the trade and interest of all parties engaged in the present war shall be secured.

"Fifthly, The conferences, in order to treat of a peace upon these conditions, shall be immediately opened; and the plenipotentiaries, whom the King shall name to assist thereat, shall treat with those of England and Holland, either alone, or in conjunction with those of their allies, as England shall choose.

"Sixthly, His Majesty proposes the towns of Aix la Chapelle or Liège, for the place where the plenipotentiaries shall assemble, leaving the choice likewise to England of either of the said towns, wherein to treat a general peace."

These overtures, although expressing much confidence in the ministry here, great deference to the Queen, and displeasure against the Dutch, were immediately transmitted by Her Majesty's command to her ambassador in Holland, with orders, that they should be communicated to the pensionary. The Abbé Gaultier was desired to signify this proceeding to the Marquis de Torcy; at the same time to let that minister understand, that some of the above articles ought to be explained. The Lord Raby, now Earl of Stafford, was directed to tell the Pensionary, that Her Majesty being resolved, in making peace as in making war, to act in perfect concert with the States, would not lose a moment in transmitting to him a paper of this importance: that the Queen earnestly desired, that the secret might be kept among as few as possible; and that she hoped the Pensionary would advise upon this occasion

with no person whatsoever, except such, as by the constitution of that government, are unavoidably necessary: that the terms of the several propositions were indeed too general; but, however, they contained an offer to treat: and that, although there appeared an air of complaisance to England through the whole paper, and the contrary to Holland, yet this could have no ill consequences, as long as the Queen and the States took care to understand each other, and to act with as little reserve as became two powers, so nearly allied in interest; which rule, on the part of Britain, should be inviolably observed. It was signified likewise to the Pensionary, that the Duke of Marlborough had no communication of this affair from England, and that it was supposed he would have none from The Hague.

After these proposals had been considered in Holland, the ambassador was directed to send back the opinion of the Dutch ministers upon them. The court here was, indeed, apprehensive, that the Pensionary would be alarmed at the whole frame of Monsieur de Torcy's paper, and particularly at these expressions, "That the English shall have real securities for their trade, &c." and "that the barrier for the States-General shall be such as England shall agree upon and approve." It was natural to think, that the fear which the Dutch would conceive of our obtaining advantageous terms for Britain, might put them upon trying underhand for themselves, and endeavouring to overreach us in the management of the peace, as they had hitherto done in that of the war: the ambassador was therefore cautioned to be very watchful in discovering any workings, which might tend that way.

When the Lord Raby was first sent to The Hague, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Townshend, had, for very obvious reasons, used their utmost endeavours to involve him in as many difficulties as they could; upon which, and other accounts, needless to mention, it was thought proper, that his Grace, then in Flanders, should not be let into the secret of this affair.

The proposal of Aix or Liège for a place of treaty, was only a farther mark of their old discontent against Holland, to shew they would not name any town which belonged to the States.

The Pensionary having consulted those who had been formerly employed in the negotiations of peace, and enjoined them the utmost secrecy, to avoid the jealousy of the foreign ministers there, desired the ambassador to return Her Majesty thanks, for the obliging manner of communicating the French overtures, for the confidence she placed in the States, and for her promise of making no step towards a peace, but in concert with them, assuring her of the like on their part: that although the States endeavoured to hide it from the enemy, they were as weary of the war as we, and very heartily desirous of a good and lasting peace, as well as ready to join in any method, by which Her Majesty should think proper to obtain it: that the States looked upon these propositions as very dark and general; and they observed how the enemy would create jealousies between the Queen, their republic, and the other allies; but they were satisfied it would have no effect, and relied entirely on

the justness and prudence of Her Majesty, who they doubted not, would make the French explain themselves more particularly in the several points of their proposals, and send a plan of the particular conditions whereupon they would make a peace: after which, the States would be ready, either to join with Her Majesty, or to make their objections, and were prepared to bring with them all the facility imaginable, towards promoting so good a work.

This is the sum of the verbal answer made by the Pensionary, upon communicating to him the French proposals; and I have chosen to set it down, rather than transcribe the other given to the ambassador some days after, which was more in form, and to the same purpose, but shorter, and in my opinion not so well discovering the true disposition of the Dutch ministers.

For after the Queen had transmitted the French overtures to Holland, and the States found Her Majesty was bent in earnest upon the thoughts of a peace, they began to cast about how to get the negotiation into their own hands. They knew that whatever power received the first proposals, would be wise enough to stipulate something for themselves, as they had done in their own case, both at The Hague and Gertruydenberg, where they carved as they pleased, without any regard to the interests of their nearest allies. For this reason, while they endeavoured to amuse the British court with expostulations upon the several preliminaries sent from France, Monsieur Petecum, a forward meddling agent of Holstein, who had resided some years in Holland, negotiated with Heinsius, the Grand Pensionary, as well as with Vanderdussen and Buys, about restoring the conferences between France and that republic, broke off in Gertruydenberg. Pursuant to which, about the end of May, N.S. one thousand seven hundred and eleven, Petecum wrote to the Marquis de Torcy, with the privity of the Pensionary, and probably of the other two. The substance of his letter was to inform the Marquis, that things might easily be disposed, so as to settle a correspondence between that crown and the republic, in order to renew the treaty of peace. That this could be done with the greater secrecy, because Monsieur Heinsius, by virtue of his oath as Pensionary, might keep any affair private as long as he thought necessary, and was not obliged to communicate it, until he believed things were ripe; and as long as he concealed it from his masters, he was not bound to discover it, either to the ministers of the Emperor, or those of her British Majesty. That since England thought it proper for King Charles to continue the whole campaign in Catalonia, (though he should be chosen emperor) in order to support the war in Spain, it was necessary for France to treat in the most secret manner with the States, who were not now so violently, as formerly, against having Philip on the Spanish throne, upon certain conditions for securing their trade, but were jealous of England's design to fortify some trading towns in Spain for themselves. That Heinsius, extremely desired to get out of the war for some reasons, which he (Petecum) was not permitted to tell; and that Vanderdussen and Buys were impatient to have the negotiations with France once more set on foot, which, if Monsieur Torcy thought fit to consent

to, Petecum engaged that the States would determine to settle the preliminaries, in the midway between Paris and The Hague, with whatever ministers the Most Christian King should please to employ. But Monsieur Torcy refused this overture, and in his answer to Monsieur Petecum, assigned for the reason the treatment his master's former proposals had met with at The Hague and Gertruydenberg, from the ministers of Holland. Britain and Holland seemed pretty well agreed, that those proposals were too loose and imperfect to be a foundation for entering upon a general treaty; and Monsieur Gaultier was desired to signify to the French court, that it was expected they should explain themselves more particularly on the several articles.

But in the mean time the Queen was firmly resolved, that the interests of her own kingdoms should not be neglected at this juncture, as they had formerly twice been, while the Dutch were principal managers of a negotiation with France. Her Majesty had given frequent and early notice to the States, of the general disposition of her people towards a peace, of her own inability to continue the war upon the old foot, under the disadvantage of unequal quotas, and the universal backwardness of her allies. She had likewise informed them of several advances made to her on the side of France, which she had refused to hearken to, till she had consulted with those, her good friends and confederates, and heard their opinion on that subject: but the Dutch, who apprehended nothing more than to see Britain at the head of a treaty, were backward and sullen, disliked all proposals by the Queen's intervention, and said it was a piece of artifice of France to divide the allies; besides, they knew the ministry was young, and the opposite faction had given them assurances, that the people of England would never endure a peace without Spain, nor the men in power dare to attempt it, after the resolutions of one House of Parliament to the contrary. But, in the midst of this unwillingness to receive any overtures from France by the Queen's hands, the Dutch ministers were actually engaged in a correspondence with that court, where they urged our inability to begin a treaty, by reason of those factions which themselves had inflamed, and were ready to commence a negotiation upon much easier terms than what they supposed we demanded. For not to mention the Duke of Lorraine's interposition in behalf of Holland, which France absolutely refused to accept; the letters sent from the Dutch to that court, were shewn some months after to a British minister there, which gave much weight to Monsieur de Torcy's insinuations; that he knew where to meet with more compliance, if the necessity of affairs should force him to it, by our refusal. And the violence of the States against our entertaining of that correspondence, was only because they knew theirs would never be accepted, at least till ours were thrown off.

At the same time with Mr. Prior there arrived from France Mons. Mesnager, knight of the order of St. Michael, and one of the council of trade to the Most Christian King. His commission was, in general, empowering him to treat with the minister of any prince engaged in the war against his master.

In his first conferences with the Queen's ministers, he pretended orders to insist, that Her Majesty should enter upon particular engagements in several articles, which did not depend upon her, but concerned only the interest of the allies reciprocally with those of the Most Christian King; whereas the negotiation had begun upon this principle, that France should consent to adjust the interests of Great Britain in the first place, whereby Her Majesty would be afterwards enabled, by her good offices on all sides, to facilitate the general peace. The Queen resolved never to depart from this principle; but was absolutely determined to remit the particular interests of the allies to general conferences, where she would do the utmost in her power to procure the repose of Europe, and the satisfaction of all parties. It was plain, France could run no hazard by this proceeding, because the preliminary articles would have no force before a general peace was signed: therefore it was not doubted but Mons. Mesnager would have orders to waive this new pretension, and go on in treating upon that foot which was at first proposed. In short, the ministers required a positive and speedy answer to the articles in question, since they contained only such advantages and securities as Her Majesty thought she had a right to require from any prince whatsoever, to whom the dominions of Spain should happen to fall.

The particular demands of Britain were formed into eight articles; to which Mons. Mesnager, having transmitted them to his court and received new powers from thence, had orders to give his master's consent, by way of answers to the several points, to be obligatory only after a general peace. These demands, together with the answers of the French King, were drawn up and signed by Mons. Mesnager, and Her Majesty's two principal secretaries of state; whereof I shall here present an extract to the reader.

In the preamble the Most Christian King sets forth, "That being particularly informed by the last memorial which the British ministers delivered to Mons. Mesnager, of the dispositions of this crown to facilitate a general peace, to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned; and His Majesty finding, in effect, as the said memorial declares, that he runs no hazard by engaging himself in the manner there expressed, since the preliminary articles will be of no force, until the signing of the general peace; and being sincerely desirous to advance, to the utmost of his power, the repose of Europe, especially by a way so agreeable as the interposition of a Princess, whom so many ties of blood ought to unite to him, and whose sentiments for the public tranquillity cannot be doubted; His Majesty, moved by these considerations, hath ordered Mons. Mesnager, knight, &c. to give the following answers, in writing, to the articles contained in the memorial transmitted to him, intituled, 'Preliminary Demands for Great Britain in particular.'"

The articles were these that follow.

"First, The succession to the crown to be acknowledged, according to the present establishment.

"Secondly, A new treaty of commerce between Great Britain and France to be made, after the most just and reasonable manner.

"Thirdly, Dunkirk to be demolished.

"Fourthly, Gibraltar and Port-Mahon to continue in the hands of those who now possess them.

"Fifthly, The Assiento (or liberty of selling negroes to the Spanish West Indies) to be granted to the English, in as full a manner as the French possess it at present; and such places in the said West Indies to be assigned to the persons concerned in this trade, for the refreshment and sale of their negroes, as shall be found necessary and convenient.

"Sixthly, Whatever advantages, privileges, and rights are already, or may hereafter be, granted by Spain to the subjects of France, or any other nation, shall be equally granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"Seventhly, For better protecting their trade in the Spanish West Indies, the English shall be put into possession of such places as shall be named in the treaty of peace.

"Or, as an equivalent for this article, that the Assiento be granted to Britain for the term of thirty years.

"That the isle of St. Christopher's be likewise secured to the English.

"That the advantages and exemption from duties, promised by Monsieur Mesnager, which he affirms will amount to fifteen *per cent*. upon all goods of the growth and manufacture of Great Britain, be effectually allowed.

"That whereas, on the side of the river of Plate, the English are not in possession of any colony, a certain extent of territory be allowed them on the said river, for refreshing and keeping their negroes, till they are sold to the Spaniards; subject, nevertheless, to the inspection of an officer appointed by Spain.

"Eighthly, Newfoundland and the Bay and Straits of Hudson, shall be entirely restored to the English; and Great Britain and France shall respectively keep whatever dominions in North America each of them shall be in possession of, when the ratification of this treaty shall be published in those parts of the world."

The six first articles were allowed without any difficulty, except that about Dunkirk, where France was to have an equivalent, to be settled in a general treaty.

Difficulty arising upon the seventh article, the proposed equivalent was allowed instead thereof.

The last article was referred to the general treaty of peace, only the French insisted to have the power of fishing for cod, and drying them on the island of Newfoundland.

These articles were to be looked upon as conditions, which the Most Christian King consented to allow; and whenever a general peace should be

signed, they were to be digested into the usual form of a treaty, to the satisfaction of both crowns.

The Queen having thus provided for the security and advantage of her kingdoms, whenever a peace should be made, and upon terms no way interfering with the interest of her allies; the next thing in order, was to procure from France such preliminary articles, as might be a ground upon which to commence a general treaty. These were adjusted, and signed the same day with the former; and having been delivered to the several ministers residing here from the powers in alliance with England, were quickly made public. But the various constructions and censures which passed upon them, have made it necessary to give the reader the following transcript:

"The King being willing to contribute all that is in his power, to the re-establishing of the general peace. His Majesty declares,

"I. That he will acknowledge the Queen of Great Britain in that quality, as also the succession of that crown, according to the settlement,

"II. That he will freely, and *bonâ fide*, consent to the taking all just and reasonable measures, for hindering that the crowns of France and Spain may ever be united on the head of the same prince; His Majesty being persuaded, that this excess of power would be contrary to the good and quiet of Europe.

"III. The King's intention is, that all the parties engaged in the present war, without excepting any of them, may find their reasonable satisfaction in the treaty of peace, which shall be made: That commerce may be re-established and maintained for the future, to the advantage of Great Britain, of Holland, and of the other nations, who have been accustomed to exercise commerce.

"IV. As the King will likewise maintain exactly the observance of the peace, when it shall be concluded, and the object, the King proposes to himself, being to secure the frontiers of his kingdom, without disturbing in any manner whatever the neighbouring states, he promises to agree, by the treaty which shall be made, that the Dutch shall be put in possession of the fortified places, which shall be mentioned, in the Netherlands, to serve hereafter for a barrier; which may secure the quiet of the republic of Holland against any enterprise from the part of France.

"V. The King consents likewise, that a secure and convenient barrier should be formed for the empire, and for the house of Austria.

"VI. Notwithstanding Dunkirk cost the King very great sums, as well to purchase it, as to fortify it; and that it is further necessary to be at very considerable expense for razing the works. His Majesty is willing however to engage to cause them to be demolished, immediately after the conclusion of the peace, on condition, that, for the fortifications of that place, a proper equivalent, that may content him, be given him: And, as England cannot furnish that equivalent, the discussion of it shall be referred to the conferences to be held for the negotiation of the peace.

"VII. When the conferences for the negotiation of the peace shall be

formed, all the pretensions of the princes and states, engaged in the present war, shall be therein discussed *bonâ fide*, and amicably: And nothing shall be omitted to regulate and terminate them, to the satisfaction of all the parties.

"MESNAGER."

These overtures are founded upon the eighth article of the Grand Alliance, made in one thousand seven hundred and one; wherein are contained the conditions, without which a peace is not to be made; and whoever compares both, will find the preliminaries to reach every point proposed in that article, which those who censured them at home, if they spoke their thoughts, did not understand: for nothing can be plainer, than what the public hath often been told, that the recovery of Spain from the house of Bourbon was a thing never imagined, when the war began, but a just and reasonable satisfaction to the Emperor. Much less ought such a condition to be held necessary at present, not only because it is allowed on all hands to be impracticable, but likewise because, by the changes in the Austrian and Bourbon families, it would not be safe: neither did those, who were loudest in blaming the French preliminaries, know any thing of the advantages privately stipulated for Britain, whose interests, they assured us, were all made a sacrifice to the corruption or folly of the managers; and therefore, because the opposers of peace have been better informed by what they have since heard and seen, they have changed their battery, and accused the ministers for betraying the Dutch.

The Lord Raby, Her Majesty's ambassador at The Hague, having made a short journey to England, where he was created Earl of Strafford, went back to Holland about the beginning of October, one thousand seven hundred and eleven, with the above preliminaries, in order to communicate them to the Pensionary, and other ministers of the States. The Earl was instructed to let them know, "That the Queen had, according to their desire, returned an answer to the first propositions signed by Mons. Torcy, signifying, that the French offers were thought, both by Her Majesty and the States, neither so particular nor so full as they ought to be; and insisting to have a distinct project formed, of such a peace as the Most Christian King would be willing to conclude: that this affair having been for some time transacted by papers, and thereby subject to delays, Mons. Mesnager was at length sent over by France, and had signed those preliminaries now communicated to them: that the several articles did not, indeed, contain such particular concessions as France must and will make in the course of a treaty; but that, however, Her Majesty thought them a sufficient foundation whereon to open the general conferences.

"That Her Majesty was unwilling to be charged with determining the several interests of her allies, and therefore contented herself with such general offers as might include all the particular demands, proper to be made

during the treaty; where the confederates must resolve to adhere firmly together, in order to obtain from the enemy the utmost that could be hoped for, in the present circumstances of affairs; which rule, Her Majesty assured the States, she would, on her part, firmly observe."

If the ministers of Holland should express any uneasiness, that Her Majesty may have settled the interests of her own kingdoms, in a future peace, by any private agreement, the ambassador was ordered to say, "That the Queen had hitherto refused to have the treaty carried on in her own kingdom, and would continue to do so, unless they (the Dutch) constrained her to take another measure: That by these means the States, and the rest of the allies, would have the opportunity of treating and adjusting their different pretensions; which Her Majesty would promote with all the zeal she had shewn for the common good, and the particular advantage of that republic (as they must do her the justice to confess), in the whole course of her reign: That the Queen had made no stipulation for herself, which might clash with the interests of Holland; and that the articles to be inserted in a future treaty, for the benefit of Britain, were, for the most part, such as contained advantages, which must either be continued to the enemy, or be obtained by Her Majesty; but, however, that no concession should tempt her to hearken to a peace, unless her good friends and allies the States General had all reasonable satisfaction, as to their trade and barrier, as well as in all other respects."

After these assurances given in the Queen's name, the Earl was to insinuate, "That Her Majesty should have just reason to be offended, and to think the proceeding between her and the States very unequal, if they should pretend to have any further uneasiness upon this head: That being determined to accept no advantages to herself, repugnant to their interests, nor any peace, without their reasonable satisfaction, the figure she had made during the whole course of the war, and the part she had acted, superior to any of the allies, who were more concerned in danger and interest, might justly entitle her to settle the concerns of Great Britain, before she would consent to a general negotiation."

If the States should object the engagements the Queen was under, by treaties, of making no peace but in concert with them, or the particular obligations of the Barrier Treaty, the ambassador was to answer, "That, as to the former, Her Majesty had not in any sort acted contrary thereto; That she was so far from making a peace without their consent, as to declare her firm resolution not to make it without their satisfaction; and that what had passed between France and her, amounted to no more than an introduction to a general treaty." As to the latter, the Earl had orders to represent very earnestly, "How much it was even for the interest of Holland itself, rather to compound the advantage of the Barrier Treaty, than to insist upon the whole, which the house of Austria, and several other allies, would never consent to: That nothing could be more odious to the people of England than many parts of this treaty; which would have raised universal indignation, if the utmost

care had not been taken to quiet the minds of those who were acquainted with the terms of that guaranty, and to conceal them from those who were not: That it was absolutely necessary to maintain a good harmony between both nations, without which it would be impossible at any time to form a strength for reducing an exorbitant power, or preserving the balance of Europe: from whence it followed, that it could not be the true interest of either country to insist upon any conditions, which might give just apprehension to the other.

"That France had proposed Utrecht, Nimeguen, Aix, or Liège, wherein to hold the general treaty; and Her Majesty was ready to send her plenipotentiaries, to whichever of those towns the States should approve."

If the imperial ministers, or those of the other allies, should object against the preliminaries as no sufficient ground for opening the conferences, and insist that France should consent to such articles as were signed on the part of the allies in the year one thousand seven hundred and nine, the Earl of Strafford was in answer directed to insinuate, "That the French might have probably been brought to explain themselves more particularly, had they not perceived the uneasiness, impatience, and jealousy among the allies, during our transactions with that court." However, he should declare to them, in the Queen's name, "That if they were determined to accept of peace upon no terms inferior to what was formerly demanded, Her Majesty was ready to concur with them; but would no longer bear those disproportions of expense, yearly increased upon her, nor the deficiency of the confederates in every part of the war: That it was therefore incumbent upon them to furnish, for the future, such quotas of ships and forces as they were now wanting in, and to increase their expense, while Her Majesty reduced hers to a reasonable and just proportion."

That if the ministers of Vienna and Holland should urge their inability upon this head, the Queen insisted, "They ought to comply with her in war or in peace; Her Majesty desiring nothing, as to the first, but what they ought to perform, and what is absolutely necessary: and as to the latter, that she had done, and would continue to do, the utmost in her power towards obtaining such a peace as might be to the satisfaction of all her allies."

Some days after the Earl of Stafford's departure to Holland, Mons. Buys, pensionary of Amsterdam, arrived here from thence with instructions from his masters, to treat upon the subject of the French preliminaries, and the methods for carrying on the war. In his first conference with a committee of council, he objected against all the articles, as too general and uncertain; and against some of them, as prejudicial. He said, "The French promising that trade should be re-established and maintained for the future, was meant in order to deprive the Dutch of their tariff of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four; for the plenipotentiaries of that crown would certainly expound the word *rétablir*, to signify no more than restoring the trade of the States to the condition it was in immediately before the commencement of the present war." He said, "That in the article of Dunkirk, the destruction of the harbour

was not mentioned; and that the fortifications were only to be razed upon condition of an equivalent, which might occasion a difference between Her Majesty and the States, since Holland would think it hard to have a town less in their barrier for the demolition of Dunkirk; and England would complain to have this thorn continue in their side, for the sake of giving one town more to the Dutch."

Lastly, he objected, "That where the French promised effectual methods should be taken to prevent the union of France and Spain under the same king, they offered nothing at all for the cession of Spain, which was the most important point of the war.

"For these reasons, Mons. Buys hoped Her Majesty would alter her measures, and demand specific articles, upon which the allies might debate whether they would consent to a negotiation or no."

The Queen, who looked upon all these difficulties, raised about the method of treating, as endeavours to wrest the negotiation out of her hands, commanded the lords of the committee to let Mons. Buys know, "That the experience she formerly had of proceeding by particular preliminaries towards a general treaty, gave her no encouragement to repeat the same method any more: That such a preliminary treaty must be negotiated either by some particular allies, or by all. The first, Her Majesty could never suffer, since she would neither take upon her to settle the interests of others, nor submit that others should settle those of her own kingdoms. As to the second, it was liable to Mons. Buys's objection, because the ministers of France would have as fair an opportunity of sowing division among the allies, when they were all assembled upon a preliminary treaty, as when the conferences were open for a negotiation of peace: That this method could therefore have no other effect than to delay the treaty, without any advantage: That Her Majesty was heartily disposed, both then and during the negotiation, to insist on every thing necessary for securing the barrier and commerce of the States; and therefore hoped the conferences might be opened, without farther difficulties.

"That Her Majesty did not only consent, but desire to have a plan settled for carrying on the war, as soon as the negotiation of peace should begin; but expected to have the burthen more equally laid, and more agreeable to treaties; and would join with the States in pressing the allies to perform their parts, as she had endeavoured to animate them by her example."

Mons. Buys seemed to know little of his masters' mind, and pretended he had no power to conclude upon any thing. Her Majesty's minister proposed to him an alliance between the two nations, to subsist after a peace. To this he hearkened very readily, and offered to take the matter *ad referendum*, having authority to do no more. His intention was, that he might appear to negotiate, in order to gain time to pick out, if possible, the whole secret of the transactions between Britain and France; to disclose nothing himself, nor bind his masters to any conditions; to seek delays till the Parliament met, and then observe what turn it took, and what would be the issue of those frequent

cabals between himself and some other foreign ministers, in conjunction with the chief leaders of the discontented faction.

The Dutch hoped, that the clamours raised against the proceedings of the Queen's ministers towards a peace, would make the Parliament disapprove what had been done; whereby the States would be at the head of the negotiation, which the Queen did not think fit to have any more in their hands, where it had miscarried twice already; although Prince Eugene himself owned, "that France was then disposed to conclude a peace upon such conditions, as it was not worth the life of a grenadier to refuse them." As to insisting upon specific preliminaries, Her Majesty thought her own method much better, for each ally, in the course of the negotiation, to advance and manage his own pretensions, wherein she would support and assist them, rather than for two ministers of one ally to treat solely with the enemy, and report what they pleased to the rest, as was practised by the Dutch at Gertruydenberg.

One part of Mons. Buys's instructions was to desire the Queen not to be so far amused by a treaty of peace, as to neglect her preparation for war against the next campaign. Her Majesty, who was firmly resolved against submitting any longer to that unequal burthen of expense she had hitherto lain under, commanded Mr. Secretary St. John to debate the matter with that minister, who said he had no power to treat; only insisted, that his masters had fully done their part, and that nothing but exhortations could be used to prevail on the other allies to act with greater vigour.

On the other side, the Queen refused to concert any plan for the prosecution of the war, till the States would join with her in agreeing to open the conferences of peace; which therefore, by Mons. Buys's application to them, was accordingly done, by a resolution taken in Holland upon the twenty first of November, one thousand seven hundred and eleven, NS.

About this time the Count de Gallas was forbid the court, by order from the Queen, who sent him word, that she looked upon him no longer as a public minister.

This gentleman thought fit to act a very dishonourable part here in England, altogether inconsistent with the character he bore of envoy from the late and present emperors, two princes under the strictest ties of gratitude to the Queen, especially the latter, who had then the title of King of Spain. Count Gallas, about the end of August, one thousand seven hundred and eleven, with the utmost privacy, dispatched an Italian, one of his clerks, to Frankfort, where the Earl of Peterborough was then expected. This man was instructed to pass for a Spaniard, and insinuate himself into the Earl's service, which he accordingly did, and gave constant information to the last emperor's secretary at Frankfort of all he could gather up in his lordship's family, as well as copies of several letters he had transcribed. It was likewise discovered that Gallas had, in his dispatches to the present emperor, then in Spain, represented the Queen and her ministers as not to be confided in, that when

Her Majesty had dismissed the Earl of Sunderland, she promised to proceed no farther in the change of her servants, yet soon after turned them all out, and thereby ruined the public credit, as well as abandoned Spain, that the present ministers wanted the abilities and good dispositions of the former, were persons of ill designs, and enemies to the common cause, and he (Gallas) could not trust them. In his letters to Count Zinzendorf he said, "That Mr. Secretary St John complained of the house of Austria's backwardness, only to make the King of Spain odious to England, and the people here desirous of a peace, although it were ever so bad one," to prevent which, Count Gallas drew up a memorial which he intended to give the Queen, and transmitted a draught of it to Zinzendorf for his advice and approbation. This memorial, among other great promises to encourage the continuance of the war, proposed the detaching a good body of troops from Hungary to serve in Italy or Spain, as the Queen should think fit.

Zinzendorf thought this too bold a step, without consulting the Emperor: to which Gallas replied, that his design was only to engage the Queen to go on with the war; that Zinzendorf knew how earnestly the English and Dutch had pressed to have these troops from Hungary, and therefore they ought to be promised, in order to quiet those two nations, after which several ways might be found to elude that promise; and, in the mean time, the great point would be gained of bringing the English to declare for continuing the war: that the Emperor might afterwards excuse himself, by the apprehension of a war in Hungary, or of that between the Turks and Muscovites: that if these excuses should be at an end, a detachment of one or two regiments might be sent, and the rest deferred, by pretending want of money; by which the Queen would probably be brought to maintain some part of those troops, and perhaps the whole body. He added, that this way of management was very common among the allies; and gave for an example, the forces which the Dutch had promised for the service of Spain, but were never sent; with several other instances of the same kind, which he said might be produced.

Her Majesty, who had long suspected that Count Gallas was engaged in these and the like practices, having at last received authentic proofs of this whole intrigue, from original letters, and the voluntary confession of those who were principally concerned in carrying it on, thought it necessary to show her resentment, by refusing the count any more access to her person or her court.

Although the Queen, as it hath been already observed, was resolved to open the conferences upon the general preliminaries, yet she thought it would very much forward the peace to know what were the utmost concessions which France would make to the several allies, but especially to the States General and the Duke of Savoy: therefore, while Her Majesty was pressing the former to agree to a general treaty, the Abbé Gaultier was sent to France with a memorial, to desire that the Most Christian King would explain himself upon those preliminaries, particularly with relation to Savoy and Holland,

whose satisfaction the Queen had most at heart, as well from her friendship to both these powers, as because, if she might engage to them that their just pretensions would be allowed, few difficulties would remain, of any moment, to retard the general peace.

The French answer to this memorial contained several schemes and proposals for the satisfaction of each ally, coming up very near to what Her Majesty and her ministers thought reasonable. The greatest difficulties seemed to be about the Elector of Bavaria, for whose interests France appeared to be as much concerned, as the Queen was for those of the Duke of Savoy: however, those were judged not very hard to be surmounted.

The States having at length agreed to a general treaty, the following particulars were concerted between Her Majesty and that republic:

"That the congress should be held at Utrecht.

"That the opening of the congress should be upon the twelfth of January, N.S. one thousand seven hundred and eleven-twelve.

"That, for avoiding all inconveniences of ceremony, the ministers of the Queen and States, during the treaty, should only have the characters of plenipotentiaries, and not take that of ambassadors, till the day on which the peace should be signed.

"Lastly, The Queen and States insisted, that the ministers of the Duke of Anjou, and the late Electors of Bavaria and Cologne, should not appear at the congress, until the points relating to their masters were adjusted; and were firmly resolved not to send their passports for the ministers of France, till the Most Christian King declared, that the absence of the forementioned ministers should not delay the progress of the negotiation."

Pursuant to the three former articles, Her Majesty wrote circular letters to all the allies engaged with her in the present war: and France had notice, that as soon as the King declared his compliance with the last article, the blank passports should be filled up with the names of the Maréchal d'Uxelles, the Abbé de Polignac, and Mons. Mesnager, who were appointed plenipotentiaries for that crown.

From what I have hitherto deduced, the reader sees the plan which the Queen thought the most effectual for advancing a peace. As the conferences were to begin upon the general preliminaries, the Queen was to be empowered by France to offer separately to the allies what might be reasonable for each to accept; and her own interests being previously settled, she was to act as a general mediator: a figure that became her best, from the part she had in the war, and more useful to the great end at which she aimed, of giving a safe and honourable peace to Europe.

Besides, it was absolutely necessary, for the interests of Britain, that the Queen should be at the head of the negotiation, without which Her Majesty could find no expedient to redress the injuries her kingdoms were sure to

suffer by the Barrier Treaty. In order to settle this point with the States, the ministers here had a conference with Mons. Buys, a few days before the Parliament met. He was told, how necessary it was, by previous concert between the Emperor, the Queen, and the States, to prevent any difference which might arise in the course of the treaty at Utrecht: That, under pretence of a barrier for the States General, as their security against France, infinite prejudice might arise to the trade of Britain in the Spanish Netherlands; for, by the fifteenth article of the Barrier Treaty, in consequence of what was stipulated by that of Minister, the Queen was brought to engage that commerce shall not be rendered more easy, in point of duties, by the sea-ports of Flanders, than it is by the river Scheldt, and by the canals on the side of the Seven Provinces, which, as things now stood, was very unjust; for, while the towns in Flanders were in the hands of France or Spain, the Dutch and we traded to them upon equal foot; but now, since by the Barrier Treaty those towns were to be possessed by the States, that republic might lay what duties they pleased upon British goods, after passing by Ostend, and make their own custom-free, which would utterly ruin our whole trade with Flanders.

Upon this, the lords told Mons. Buys very frankly, "That if the States expected the Queen should support their barrier, as well as their demands from France and the house of Austria upon that head, they ought to agree, that the subjects of Britain should trade as freely to all the countries and places, which, by virtue of any former or future treaty, were to become the barrier of the States, as they did in the time of the late King Charles the Second of Spain; or as the subjects of the States General themselves shall do: and that it was hoped, their High Mightinesses would never scruple to rectify a mistake so injurious to that nation, without whose blood and treasure they would have had no barrier at all." Mons. Buys had nothing to answer against these objections, but said, he had already wrote to his masters for further instructions.

Greater difficulties occurred about settling what should be the barrier to the States after a peace: the envoy insisting to have all the towns that were named in the Treaty of Barrier and Succession; and the Queen's ministers excepting those towns, which, if they continued in the hands of the Dutch, would render the trade of Britain to Flanders precarious. At length it was agreed in general, that the States ought to have what is really essential to the security of their barrier against France; and that some amicable expedient should be found, for removing the fears both of Britain and Holland upon this point.

But at the same time Mons. Buys was told, "That although the Queen would certainly insist to obtain all those points from France, in behalf of her allies the States, yet she hoped his masters were too reasonable to break off the treaty, rather than not obtain the very utmost of their demands, which could not be settled here, unless he were fully instructed to speak and conclude upon that subject: That Her Majesty thought the best way of

securing the common interest, and preventing the division of the allies, by the artifices of France, in the course of a long negotiation, would be to concert between the Queen's ministers and those of the States, with a due regard to the other confederates, such a plan as might amount to a safe and honourable peace." After which the Abbé Polignac, who of the French plenipotentiaries was most in the secret of his court, might be told, "That it was in vain to amuse each other any longer; that on such terms the peace would be immediately concluded; and that the conferences must cease, if those conditions were not, without delay, and with expedition, granted."

A treaty between Her Majesty and the States, to subsist after a peace, was now signed, Mons. Buys having received full powers to that purpose. His masters were desirous to have a private article added, *sub spe rati*, concerning those terms of peace; without the granting of which, we should stipulate not to agree with the enemy. But neither the character of Buys, nor the manner in which he was empowered to treat, would allow the Queen to enter into such an engagement. The congress likewise approaching, there was not time to settle a point of so great importance. Neither, lastly, would Her Majesty be tied down by Holland, without previous satisfaction upon several articles in the Barrier Treaty, so inconsistent with her engagements to other powers in the alliance, and so injurious to her own kingdoms.

The lord privy seal, and the Earl of Stafford, having, about the time the Parliament met, been appointed Her Majesty's plenipotentiaries for treating a general peace, I shall here break off the account of any further progress made in that great affair, until I resume it in the last book of this History.

BOOK III.

The House of Commons seemed resolved, from the beginning of the session, to inquire strictly not only into all abuses relating to the accounts of the army, but likewise into the several treaties between us and our allies, upon what articles and conditions they were first agreed to, and how these had been since observed. In the first week of their sitting, they sent an address to the Queen, to desire that the treaty, whereby Her Majesty was obliged to furnish forty thousand men, to act in conjunction with the forces of her allies in the Low Countries, might be laid before the House. To which the secretary of state brought an answer, "That search had been made, but no footsteps could be found of any treaty or convention for that purpose." It was this unaccountable neglect in the former ministry, which first gave a pretence to the allies for lessening their quotas, so much to the disadvantage of Her Majesty, her kingdoms, and the common cause, in the course of the war. It had been stipulated by the Grand Alliance, between the Emperor, Britain, and the States, that those three powers should assist each other with their whole force, and that the several proportions should be specified in a particular convention. But if any such convention were made, it was never ratified; only the parties agreed, by common consent, to take each a certain share of the burthen upon themselves, which the late King William communicated to the House of Commons by his secretary of state; and which afterwards the other two powers, observing the mighty zeal in our ministry for prolonging the war, eluded as they pleased.

The commissioners for stating the public accounts of the kingdom, had, in executing their office the preceding summer, discovered several practices relating to the affairs of the army, which they drew up in a report, and delivered to the House.

The Commons began their examination of the report with a member of their own, Mr. Robert Walpole, already mentioned; who, during his being secretary at war, had received five hundred guineas, and taken a note for five hundred pounds more, on account of two contracts for forage of the queen's troops quartered in Scotland. He endeavoured to excuse the first contract; but had nothing to say about the second. The first appeared so plain and so scandalous to the Commons, that they voted the author of it guilty of a high breach of trust, and notorious corruption, committed him prisoner to the Tower, where he continued to the end of the session, and expelled him the House. He was a person much caressed by the opposers of the Queen and ministry, having been first drawn into their party by his indifference to any principles, and afterwards kept steady by the loss of his place. His bold, forward countenance, altogether a stranger to that infirmity which makes men

bashful, joined to a readiness of speaking in public, hath justly entitled him, among those of his faction, to be a sort of leader of the second form. The reader must excuse me for being so particular about one, who is otherwise altogether obscure.

Another part of the report concerned the Duke of Marlborough, who had received large sums of money, by way of gratuity, from those who were the undertakers for providing the army with bread. This the Duke excused, in a letter to the commissioners, from the like practice of other generals: but that excuse appeared to be of little weight, and the mischievous consequences of such a corruption were visible enough; since the money given by these undertakers were but bribes for connivance at their indirect dealings with the army. And as frauds, that begin at the top, are apt to spread through all the subordinate ranks of those who have any share in the management, and to increase as they circulate: so, in this case, for every thousand pounds given to the general, the soldiers at least suffered fourfold.

Another article of this report, relating to the Duke, was yet of more importance. The greatest part of Her Majesty's forces in Flanders were mercenary troops, hired from several princes of Europe. It was found that the Queen's general subtracted two and a half *per cent*, out of the pay of those troops, for his own use, which amounted to a great annual sum. The Duke of Marlborough, in his letter already mentioned, endeavouring to extenuate the matter, told the commissioners, "That this deduction was a free gift from the foreign troops, which he had negotiated with them by the late King's orders, and had obtained the Queen's warrant for reserving and receiving it: That it was intended for secret service, the ten thousand pounds a year given by Parliament not proving sufficient, and had all been laid out that way." The commissioners observed, in answer, "That the warrant was kept dormant for nine years, as indeed no entry of it appeared in the secretary of state's books, and the deduction of it concealed all that time from the knowledge of Parliament: That, if it had been a free gift from the foreign troops, it would not have been stipulated by agreement, as the Duke's letter confessed, and as his warrant declared, which latter affirmed this stoppage to be intended for defraying extraordinary contingent expenses of the troops, and therefore should not have been applied to secret services." They submitted to the House, whether the warrant itself were legal, or duly countersigned. The commissioners added, "That no receipt was ever given for this deducted money, nor was it mentioned in any receipts from the foreign troops, which were always taken in full. And lastly, That the whole sum, on computation, amounted to near three hundred thousand pounds."

The House, after a long debate, resolved, "That the taking several sums from the contractors for bread by the Duke of Marlborough, was unwarrantable and illegal; and that the two and a half *per cent*, deducted from the foreign troops, was public money, and ought to be accounted for:" which resolutions were laid before the Queen by the whole House, and Her Majesty

promised to do her part in redressing what was complained of. The Duke and his friends had, about the beginning of the war, by their credit with the Queen, procured a warrant from Her Majesty for this perquisite of two and a half *per cent*. The warrant was directed to the Duke of Marlborough, and countersigned by Sir Charles Hedges, then secretary of state; by virtue of which the paymaster-general of the army was to pay the said deducted money to the general, and take a receipt in full from the foreign troops.

It was observed, as very commendable and becoming the dignity of such an assembly, that this debate was managed with great temper, and with few personal reflections upon the Duke of Marlborough. They seemed only desirous to come at the truth, without which they could not answer the trust reposed in them by those whom they represented, and left the rest to Her Majesty's prudence. The attorney-general was ordered to commence an action against the Duke for the subtracted money, which would have amounted to a great sum, enough to ruin any private person, except himself. This process is still depending, although very moderately pursued, either by the Queen's indulgence to one whom she had formerly so much trusted, or perhaps to be revived or slackened, according to the future demeanour of the defendant.

Some time after, Mr. Cardonnell, a Member of Parliament, and secretary to the general in Flanders, was expelled the House, for the offence of receiving yearly bribes from those who had contracted to furnish bread for the army; and met with no further punishment for a practice, voted to be unwarrantable and corrupt.

These were all the censures of any moment which the Commons, under so great a weight of business, thought fit to make, upon the reports of their commissioners for inspecting the public accounts. But having promised, in the beginning of this History, to examine the state of the nation, with respect to its debts; by what negligence or corruption they first began, and in process of time made such a prodigious increase; and, lastly, what courses have been taken, under the present administration, to find out funds for answering so many unprovided incumbrances, as well as put a stop to new ones; I shall endeavour to satisfy the reader upon this important article.

By all I have yet read of the history of our own country, it appears to me, that the national debts, secured upon parliamentary funds of interest, were things unknown in England before the last Revolution under the Prince of Orange. It is true, that in the grand rebellion the king's enemies borrowed money of particular persons, upon what they called the public faith; but this was only for short periods, and the sums no more than what they could pay at once, as they constantly did. Some of our kings have been very profuse in peace and war, and are blamed in history for their oppressions of the people by severe taxes, and for borrowing money which they never paid: but national debts was a style, which, I doubt, would hardly then be understood. When the Prince of Orange was raised to the throne, and a general war began in these parts of Europe, the King and his counsellors thought it would be ill policy to

commence his reign with heavy taxes upon the people, who had lived long in ease and plenty, and might be apt to think their deliverance too dearly bought: wherefore one of the first actions of the new government was to take off the tax upon chimneys, as a burthen very ungrateful to the commonalty. But money being wanted to support the war (which even the convention-parliament, that put the crown upon his head, were very unwilling he should engage in), the present Bishop of Salisbury is said to have found out that expedient (which he had learned in Holland) of raising money upon the security of taxes, that were only sufficient to pay a large interest. The motives which prevailed on people to fall in with this project were many, and plausible; for supposing, as the ministers industriously gave out, that the war could not last above one or two campaigns at most, it might be carried on with very moderate taxes; and the debts accruing would, in process of time, be easily cleared after a peace. Then the bait of large interest would draw in a great number of those whose money, by the dangers and difficulties of trade, lay dead upon their hands; and whoever were lenders to the government, would, by surest principle, be obliged to support it. Besides, the men of estates could not be persuaded, without time and difficulty, to have those taxes laid on their lands, which custom hath since made so familiar; and it was the business of such as were then in power to cultivate a moneyed interest; because the gentry of the kingdom did not very much relish those new notions in government, to which the King, who had imbibed his politics in his own country, was thought to give too much way. Neither perhaps did that Prince think national incumbrances to be any evil at all, since the flourishing republic, where he was born, is thought to owe more than ever it will be able or willing to pay. And I remember, when I mentioned to Mons. Buys the many millions we owed, he would advance it as a maxim, that it was for the interest of the public to be in debt: which perhaps may be true in a commonwealth so crazily instituted, where the governors cannot have too many pledges of their subjects' fidelity, and where a great majority must inevitably be undone by any revolution, however brought about: but to prescribe the same rules to a monarchy, whose wealth ariseth from the rents and improvements of lands, as well as trade and manufactures, is the mark of a confined and cramped understanding.

I was moved to speak thus, because I am very well satisfied, that the pernicious counsels of borrowing money upon public funds of interest, as well as some other state lessons, were taken indigested from the like practices among the Dutch, without allowing in the least for any difference in government, religion, law, custom, extent of country, or manners and dispositions of the people.

But when this expedient of anticipations and mortgages was first put in practice, artful men, in office and credit, began to consider what uses it might be applied to; and soon found it was likely to prove the most fruitful seminary, not only to establish a faction they intended to set up for their own

support, but likewise to raise vast wealth for themselves in particular, who were to be the managers and directors in it. It was manifest, that nothing could promote these two designs so much, as burthening the nation with debts, and giving encouragement to lenders: for, as to the first, it was not to be doubted, that moneyed men would be always firm to the party of those who advised the borrowing upon such good security, and with such exorbitant premiums and interest; and every new sum that was lent, took away as much power from the landed men, as it added to theirs: so that the deeper the kingdom was engaged, it was still the better for them. Thus a new estate and property sprung up in the hands of mortgagees, to whom every house and foot of land in England paid a rent-charge, free of all taxes and defalcations, and purchased at less than half value. So that the gentlemen of estates were, in effect, but tenants to these new landlords; many of whom were able, in time, to force the election of boroughs out of the hands of those who had been the old proprietors and inhabitants. This was arrived at such a height, that a very few years more of war and funds would have clearly cast the balance on the moneyed side.

As to the second, this project of borrowing upon funds, was of mighty advantage to those who were in the management of it, as well as to their friends and dependants; for, funds proving often deficient, the government was obliged to strike tallies for making up the rest, which tallies were sometimes (to speak in the merchants' phrase) at above forty *per cent*, discount. At this price those who were in the secret bought them up, and then took care to have that deficiency supplied in the next session of Parliament, by which they doubled their principal in a few months; and, for the encouragement of lenders, every new project of lotteries or annuities proposed some farther advantage, either as to interest or premium.

In the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven, a general mortgage was made of certain revenues and taxes already settled, which amounted to near a million a year. This mortgage was to continue till one thousand seven hundred and six, to be a fund for the payment of about five millions one hundred thousand pounds. In the first Parliament of the Queen, the said mortgage was continued till one thousand seven hundred and ten, to supply a deficiency of two millions three hundred thousand pounds, and interest of above a million; and in the intermediate years a great part of that fund was branched out into annuities for ninety-nine years; so that the late ministry raised all their money to one thousand seven hundred and ten, only by continuing funds which were already granted to their hands. This deceived the people in general, who were satisfied to continue the payments they had been accustomed to, and made the administration seem easy, since the war went on without any new taxes raised, except the very last year they were in power; not considering what a mighty fund was exhausted, and must be perpetuated, although extremely injurious to trade, and to the true interest of the nation.

This great fund of the general mortgage was not only loaded, year after

year, by mighty sums borrowed upon it, but with the interests due upon those sums; for which the treasury was forced to strike tallies, payable out of that fund, after all the money already borrowed upon it, there being no other provision of interest for three or four years: till at last the fund was so overloaded, that it could neither pay principal nor interest, and tallies were struck for both, which occasioned their great discount.

But to avoid mistakes upon a subject, where I am not very well versed either in the style or matter, I will transcribe an account sent me by a person who is thoroughly instructed in these affairs.

"In the year one thousand seven hundred and seven, the sum of eight hundred twenty-two thousand three hundred and eighty one pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence, was raised, by continuing part of the general mortgage from one thousand seven hundred and ten to one thousand seven hundred and twelve; but with no provision of interest till August the first, one thousand seven hundred and ten, otherwise than by striking tallies for it on that fund, payable after all the other money borrowed.

"In one thousand seven hundred and eight, the same funds were continued from one thousand seven hundred and twelve to one thousand seven hundred and fourteen, to raise seven hundred twenty-nine thousand sixty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence; but no provision for interest till August the first, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, otherwise than as before, by striking tallies for it on the same fund, payable after all the rest of the money borrowed. And the discount of tallies then beginning to rise, great part of that money remains still unraised; and there is nothing to pay interest for the money lent, till August the first, one thousand seven hundred and twelve. But the late lord treasurer struck tallies for the full sum directed by the act to be borrowed, great part of which have been delivered in payment to the navy and victualling offices, and some are still in the hands of the government.

"In one thousand seven hundred and nine, part of the same fund was continued from August the first, one thousand seven hundred and fourteen, to August the first, one thousand seven hundred and sixteen, to raise six hundred and forty-five thousand pounds; and no provision for interest till August the first, one thousand seven hundred and fourteen (which was about five years), but by borrowing money on the same fund, payable after the sums before lent; so that little of that money was lent But the tallies were struck for what was unlent, some of which were given out for the payment of the navy and victualling, and some still remain in the hands of the government.

"In one thousand seven hundred and ten, the sums which were before given from one thousand seven hundred and fourteen, to one thousand seven hundred and sixteen, were continued from thence to one thousand seven hundred and twenty, to raise one million two hundred and ninety-six thousand five hundred and fifty-two pounds nine shillings and elevenpence three farthings; and no immediate provision for interest till August the first, one thousand seven hundred and sixteen; only, after the duty of one shilling *per*

bushel on salt should be cleared from the money it was then charged with, and which was not so cleared till Midsummer one thousand seven hundred and twelve last, then that fund was to be applied to pay the interest till August the first, one thousand seven hundred and sixteen, which interest amounted to about seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-three pounds *per annum*: and the said salt fund produceth but about fifty-five thousand pounds *per annum*; so that no money was borrowed upon the general mortgage in one thousand seven hundred and ten, except one hundred and fifty thousand pounds lent by the Swiss cantons; but tallies were struck for the whole sum. These all remained in the late treasurer's hands at the time of his removal, yet the money was expended, which occasioned those great demands upon the commissioners of the treasury who succeeded him, and were forced to pawn those tallies to the bank, or to remitters, rather than sell them at twenty or twenty-five *per cent*. discount, as the price then was. About two hundred thousand pounds of them they paid to clothiers of the army, and others; and all the rest, being above ninety thousand pounds, have been subscribed into the South Sea Company for the use of the public."

When the Earl of Godolphin was removed from his employment, he left a debt upon the navy of —— millions, all contracted under his administration, which had no Parliament-security, and was daily increased. Neither could I ever learn, whether that lord had the smallest prospect of clearing this incumbrance, or whether there were policy, negligence, or despair at the bottom of this unaccountable management. But the consequences were visible and ruinous; for by this means navy-bills grew to be forty *per cent*. discount, and upwards; and almost every kind of stores, bought by the navy and victualling offices, cost the government double rates, and sometimes more: so that the public hath directly lost several millions upon this one article, without any sort of necessity, that I could ever hear assigned by the ablest vindicators of that party.

In this oppressed and entangled state was the kingdom, with relation to its debts, when the Queen removed the Earl of Godolphin from his office, and put it into commission, of which the present treasurer was one. This person had been chosen speaker successively to three Parliaments, was afterwards secretary of state, and always in great esteem with the Queen for his wisdom and fidelity. The late ministry, about two years before their fall, had prevailed with Her Majesty, much against her inclination, to dismiss him from her service; for which they cannot be justly blamed, since he had endeavoured the same thing against them, and very narrowly failed; which makes it the more extraordinary that he should succeed in a second attempt against those very adversaries, who had such fair warning by the first. He is firm and steady in his resolutions, not easily diverted from them after he hath once possessed himself of an opinion that they are right, nor very communicative where he can act by himself, being taught by experience, that a secret is seldom safe in more than one breast. That which occurs to other men after mature

deliberation, offers to him as his first thoughts; so that he decides immediately what is best to be done, and therefore is seldom at a loss upon sudden exigencies. He thinks it a more easy and safe rule in politics to watch incidents as they come, and then turn them to the advantage of what he pursues, than pretend to foresee them at a great distance. Fear, cruelty, avarice, and pride, are wholly strangers to his nature; but he is not without ambition. There is one thing peculiar in his temper, which I altogether disapprove, and do not remember to have heard or met with in any other man's character: I mean, an easiness and indifference under any imputation, although he be never so innocent, and although the strongest probabilities and appearance are against him; so that I have known him often suspected by his nearest friends, for some months, in points of the highest importance, to a degree, that they were ready to break with him, and only undeceived by time and accident. His detractors, who charge him with cunning, are but ill acquainted with his character; for, in the sense they take the word, and as it is usually understood, I know no man to whom that mean talent could be with less justice applied, as the conduct of affairs, while he hath been at the helm, doth clearly demonstrate, very contrary to the nature and principles of cunning, which is always employed in serving little turns, proposing little ends, and supplying daily exigencies by little shifts and expedients. But to rescue a prince out of the hands of insolent subjects, bent upon such designs as must probably end in the ruin of the government; to find out means for paying such exorbitant debts as this nation hath been involved in, and reduce it to a better management; to make a potent enemy offer advantageous terms of peace, and deliver up the most important fortress of his kingdom, as a security; and this against all the opposition, mutually raised and inflamed by parties and allies; such performances can only be called cunning by those whose want of understanding, or of candour, puts them upon finding ill names for great qualities of the mind, which themselves do neither possess, nor can form any just conception of. However, it must be allowed, that an obstinate love of secrecy in this minister seems, at distance, to have some resemblance of cunning; for he is not only very retentive of secrets, but appears to be so too, which I number amongst his defects. He hath been blamed by his friends for refusing to discover his intentions, even in those points where the wisest man may have need of advice and assistance, and some have censured him, upon that account, as if he were jealous of power but he hath been heard to answer, "That he seldom did otherwise, without cause to repent"

However, so undistinguished a caution cannot, in my opinion, be justified, by which the owner loseth many advantages, and whereof all men, who deserved to be confided in, may with some reason complain. His love of procrastination (wherein doubtless nature hath her share) may probably be increased by the same means, but this is an imputation laid upon many other great ministers, who, like men under too heavy a load, let fall that which is of the least consequence, and go back to fetch it when their shoulders are free,

for time is often gained, as well as lost, by delay, which at worst is a fault on the securer side. Neither probably is this minister answerable for half the clamour raised against him upon that article: his endeavours are wholly turned upon the general welfare of his country, but perhaps with too little regard to that of particular persons, which renders him less amiable, than he would otherwise have been from the goodness of his humour, and agreeable conversation in a private capacity, and with few dependers. Yet some allowance may perhaps be given to this failing, which is one of the greatest he hath, since he cannot be more careless of other men's fortunes than he is of his own. He is master of a very great and faithful memory, which is of mighty use in the management of public affairs; and I believe there are few examples to be produced in any age, of a person who hath passed through so many employments in the state, endowed with a great share, both of divine and human learning.

I am persuaded that foreigners, as well as those at home, who live too remote from the scene of business to be rightly informed, will not be displeased with this account of a person, who in the space of two years, hath been so highly instrumental in changing the face of affairs in Europe, and hath deserved so well of his own Prince and country.

In that perplexed condition of the public debts, which I have already described, this minister was brought into the treasury and exchequer, and had the chief direction of affairs. His first regulation was that of exchequer bills, which, to the great discouragement of public credit, and scandal to the crown, were three *per cent.* less in value than the sums specified in them. The present treasurer, being then chancellor of the exchequer, procured an Act of Parliament, by which the Bank of England should be obliged, in consideration of forty-five thousand pounds, to accept and circulate those bills without any discount. He then proceeded to stop the depredations of those who dealt in remittances of money to the army, who, by unheard of exactions in that kind of traffic, had amassed prodigious wealth at the public cost, to which the Earl of Godolphin had given too much way, *possibly by neglect; for I think he cannot be accused of corruption*.

But the new treasurer's chief concern was to restore the credit of the nation, by finding some settlement for unprovided debts, amounting in the whole to ten millions, which hung on the public as a load equally heavy and disgraceful, without any prospect of being removed, and which former ministers never had the care or courage to inspect. He resolved to go at once to the bottom of this evil; and having computed and summed up the debt of the navy, and victualling, ordnance, and transport of the army, and transport debentures made out for the service of the last war, of the general mortgage tallies for the year one thousand seven hundred and ten, and some other deficiencies, he then found out a fund of interest sufficient to answer all this, which, being applied to other uses, could not raise present money for the war, but in a very few years would clear the debt it was engaged for. The

intermediate accruing interest was to be paid by the treasurer of the navy; and, as a farther advantage to the creditors, they should be erected into a company for trading to the South Seas, and for encouragement of fishery. When all this was fully prepared and digested, he made a motion in the House of Commons (who deferred extremely to his judgment and abilities) for paying the debts of the navy, and other unprovided deficiencies, without entering into particulars, which was immediately voted. But a sudden stop was put to this affair by an unforeseen accident. The chancellor of the exchequer (which was then his title) being stabbed with a penknife, the following day, at the Cockpit, in the midst of a dozen lords of the council, by the Sieur de Guiscard, a French papist; the circumstances of which fact being not within the compass of this History, I shall only observe, that after two months' confinement, and frequent danger of his life, he returned to his seat in Parliament.

The overtures made by this minister, of paying so vast a debt, under the pressures of a long war, and the difficulty of finding supplies for continuing it, was, during the time of his illness, ridiculed by his enemies as an impracticable and visionary project: and when, upon his return to the House, he had explained his proposal, the very proprietors of the debt were, many of them, prevailed on to oppose it; although the obtaining this trade, either through Old Spain, or directly to the Spanish West Indies, had been one principal end we aimed at by this war. However, the bill passed; and, as an immediate consequence, the naval bills rose to about twenty *per cent*., nor ever fell within ten of their discount. Another good effect of this work appeared by the parliamentary lotteries, which have been since erected. The last of that kind, under the former ministry, was eleven weeks in filling; whereas the first, under the present, was filled in a very few hours, although it cost the government less; and the others, which followed, were full before the Acts concerning them could pass. And to prevent incumbrances of this kind from growing for the future, he took care, by the utmost parsimony, or by suspending payments, where they seemed less to press, that all stores for the navy should be bought with ready money; by which *cent. per cent.* hath been saved in that mighty article of our expense, as will appear from an account taken at the victualling office on the 9th of August, one thousand seven hundred and twelve. And the payment of the interest was less a burthen upon the navy, by the stores being bought at so cheap a rate.

It might look invidious to enter into farther particulars upon this head, but of smaller moment. What I have above related, may serve to shew in how ill a condition the kingdom stood, with relation to its debts, by the corruption as well as negligence of former management; and what prudent, effectual measures have since been taken to provide for old incumbrances, and hinder the running into new. This may be sufficient for the information of the reader, perhaps already tired with a subject so little entertaining as that of accounts: I shall therefore now return to relate some of the principal matters that passed in Parliament, during this session.

Upon the eighteenth of January the House of Lords sent down a bill to the Commons, for fixing the precedence of the Hanover family, which probably had been forgot in the Acts for settling the succession of the crown. That of Henry VIII. which gives the rank to princes of the blood, carries it no farther than to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren of the crown, by virtue of which the Princess Sophia is a princess of the blood, as niece to King Charles I of England, and precedes accordingly, but this privilege doth not descend to her son the Elector, or the electoral prince. To supply which defect, and pay a compliment to the presumptive heirs of the crown, this bill, as appeareth by the preamble, was recommended by Her Majesty to the House of Lords, which the Commons, to shew their zeal for every thing that might be thought to concern the interest or honour of that illustrious family, ordered to be read thrice, passed *nemine contradicente* and returned to the Lords, without any amendment, on the very day it was sent down.

But the House seemed to have nothing more at heart than a strict inquiry into the state of the nation, with respect to foreign alliances. Some discourses had been published in print, about the beginning of the session, boldly complaining of certain articles in the Barrier Treaty, concluded about three years since by the Lord Viscount Townshend, between Great Britain and the States General, and shewing, in many particulars, the unequal conduct of these powers in our alliance, in furnishing their quotas and supplies. It was asserted by the same writers, "That these hardships, put upon England, had been countenanced and encouraged by a party here at home, in order to preserve their power, which could be no otherwise maintained than by continuing the war, as well as by Her Majesty's general abroad, upon account of his own peculiar interest and grandeur." These loud accusations spreading themselves throughout the kingdom, delivered in facts directly charged, and thought, whether true or not, to be but weakly confuted, had sufficiently prepared the minds of the people, and, by putting arguments into every body's mouth, had filled the town and country with controversies, both in writing and discourse. The point appeared to be of great consequence, whether the war continued or not for, in the former case, it was necessary that the allies should be brought to a more equal regulation, and that the States in particular, for whom Her Majesty had done such great things, should explain and correct those articles in the Barrier Treaty which were prejudicial to Britain, and, in either case, it was fit the people should have at least the satisfaction of knowing by whose counsels, and for what designs, they had been so hardly treated.

In order to this great inquiry, the Barrier Treaty, with all other treaties and agreements entered into between Her Majesty and her allies, during the present war, for the raising and augmenting the proportions for the service thereof, were, by the Queen's directions, laid before the House.

Several resolutions were drawn up, and reported at different times, upon the deficiencies of the allies in furnishing their quotas, upon certain articles in

the Barrier Treaty, and upon the state of the war; by all which it appeared, that whatever had been charged by public discourses in print against the late ministry, and the conduct of the allies, was much less than the truth. Upon these resolutions (by one of which the Lord Viscount Townshend, who negotiated and signed the Barrier Treaty, was declared an enemy to the Queen and kingdom), and upon some farther directions to the committee, a Representation was formed; and soon after the Commons in a body presented it to the Queen, the endeavours of the adverse party not prevailing to have it re-committed.

This Representation (supposed to be the work of Sir Thomas Hanmer's pen) is written with much energy and spirit, and will be a very useful authentic record, for the assistance of those who at any time shall undertake to write the history of the present times.

I did intend, for brevity sake, to have given the reader only an abstract of it; but, upon trial, found myself unequal to such a task, without injuring so excellent a piece. And although I think historical relations are but ill patched up with long transcripts already printed, which, upon that account, I have hitherto avoided; yet this being the sum of all debates and resolutions of the House of Commons in that great affair of the war, I conceived it could not well be omitted.

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, having nothing so much at heart, as to enable your Majesty to bring this long and expensive war to an honourable and happy conclusion, have taken it into our most serious consideration, how the necessary supplies to be provided by us may be best applied, and the common cause may in the most effectual manner be carried on, by the united force of the whole confederacy; we have thought ourselves obliged, in duty to your Majesty, and in discharge of the trust reposed in us, to inquire into the true state of the war, in all its parts; we have examined what stipulations have been entered into between your Majesty and your allies; and how far such engagements have on each side been made good. We have considered the different interests which the confederates have in the success of this war, and the different shares they have contributed to its support: we have with our utmost care and diligence endeavoured to discover the nature, extent, and charge of it, to the end, that by comparing the weight thereof with our own strength, we might adapt the one to the other in such measure, as neither to continue your Majesty's subjects under a heavier burden, than in reason and justice they ought to bear; nor deceive your Majesty, your allies, and ourselves, by undertaking more than the nation in its present circumstances is able to perform.

"Your Majesty has been graciously pleased, upon our humble applications, to order such materials to be laid before us, as have furnished us with the necessary information upon the particulars we have inquired into;

and when we shall have laid before your Majesty our observations, and humble advice upon this subject, we promise to ourselves this happy fruit from it, that if your Majesty's generous and good purposes, for the procuring a safe and lasting peace, should, through the obstinacy of the enemy, or by any other means, be unhappily defeated, a true knowledge and understanding of the past conduct of the war will be the best foundation for a more frugal and equal management of it for the time to come.

"In order to take the more perfect view of what we proposed, and that we might be able to set the whole before your Majesty in a true light, we have thought it necessary to go back to the beginning of the war, and beg leave to observe the motives and reasons, upon which his late Majesty King William engaged first in it. The treaty of the Grand Alliance, explains those reasons to be for the supporting the pretensions of his Imperial Majesty, then actually engaged in a war with the French King, who had usurped the entire Spanish monarchy for his grandson the Duke of Anjou; and for the assisting the States General, who, by the loss of their barrier against France, were then in the same, or a more dangerous condition, than if they were actually invaded. As these were the just and necessary motives for undertaking this war, so the ends proposed to be obtained by it, were equally wise and honourable; for as they are set forth in the eighth article of the same treaty, they appear to have been *the procuring an equitable and reasonable satisfaction to his Imperial Majesty, and sufficient securities for the dominions, provinces, navigation, and commerce of the King of Great Britain, and the States General, and the making effectual provision, that the two kingdoms of France and Spain should never be united under the same government;* and particularly, that the French should never get into the possession of the Spanish West Indies, or be permitted to sail thither, upon the account of traffic, under any pretence whatsoever; and lastly, the securing to the subjects of the King of Great Britain, and the States General, all the same privileges, and rights of commerce, throughout the whole dominions of Spain, as they enjoyed before the death of Charles the Second King of Spain, by virtue of any treaty, agreement, or custom, or any other way whatsoever. For the obtaining these ends, the three confederated powers engaged to assist one another with their whole force, according to such proportions as should be specified in a particular convention, afterwards to be made for that purpose: we do not find that any such convention was ever ratified; but it appears, that there was an agreement concluded, which, by common consent, was understood to be binding upon each party respectively, and according to which the proportions of Great Britain were from the beginning regulated and founded. The terms of that agreement were, That for the service at land, his Imperial Majesty should furnish ninety thousand men, the King of Great Britain forty thousand, and the States General one hundred and two thousand, of which there were forty-two thousand intended to supply their garrisons, and sixty thousand to act against the common enemy in the field; and with regard to the operations of the war at

sea, they were agreed to be performed jointly by Great Britain and the States General, the quota of ships to be furnished for that service being five-eighths on the part of Great Britain, and three-eighths on the part of the States General.

"Upon this foot, the war began in the year one thousand seven hundred and two, at which time the whole yearly expense of it to England amounted to three millions, seven hundred and six thousand four hundred ninety-four pounds; a very great charge, as it was then thought by your Majesty's subjects, after the short interval of ease they had enjoyed from the burden of the former war, but yet a very moderate proportion, in comparison with the load which hath since been laid upon them: for it appears, by estimates given in to your Commons, that the sums necessary to carry on the service for this present year, in the same manner as it was performed the last year, amount to more than six millions nine hundred and sixty thousand pounds, besides interest for the public debts, and the deficiencies accruing the last year, which two articles require one million one hundred and forty-three thousand pounds more: so that the whole demands upon your Commons are arisen to more than eight millions for the present annual supply. We know your Majesty's tender regard for the welfare of your people, will make it uneasy to you to hear of so great a pressure as this upon them; and as we are assured, it will fully convince your Majesty of the necessity of our present inquiry; so we beg leave to represent to you, from what causes, and by what steps, this immense charge appears to have grown upon us.

"The service at sea, as it has been very large and extensive in itself, so it has been carried on, through the whole course of the war, in a manner highly disadvantageous to your Majesty and your kingdom: for the necessity of affairs requiring that great fleets should be fitted out every year, as well for the maintaining a superiority in the Mediterranean, as for opposing any force which the enemy might prepare, either at Dunkirk, or in the ports of West France, your Majesty's example and readiness in fitting out your proportion of ships, for all parts of that service, have been so far from prevailing with the States General to keep pace with you, that they have been deficient every year to a great degree, in proportion to what your Majesty hath furnished; sometimes no less than two-thirds, and generally more than half of their quota: from hence your Majesty has been obliged, for the preventing disappointments in the most pressing services, to supply those deficiencies by additional reinforcements of your own ships; nor hath the single increase of such a charge been the only ill consequence that attended it; for by this means the debt of the navy hath been enhanced, so that the discounts arising upon the credit of it have affected all other parts of the service. From the same cause, your Majesty's ships of war have been forced in greater numbers to continue in remote seas, and at unseasonable times of the year, to the great damage and decay of the British navy. This also hath been the occasion that your Majesty hath been straitened in your convoys for trade; your coasts have been

exposed, for want of a sufficient number of cruisers to guard them; and you have been disabled from annoying the enemy, in their most beneficial commerce with the West Indies, from whence they received those vast supplies of treasure, without which they could not have supported the expenses of this war.

"That part of the war which hath been carried on in Flanders, was at first immediately necessary to the security of the States General, and hath since brought them great acquisitions, both of revenue and dominion; yet even there the original proportions have been departed from, and, during the course of the war, have been sinking by degrees on the part of Holland; so that in this last year, we find the number in which they fell short of their three-fifths, to your Majesty's two-fifths, have been twenty thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven men: we are not unmindful, that in the year one thousand seven hundred and three, a treaty was made between the two nations, for a joint augmentation of twenty thousand men, wherein the proportions were varied, and England consented to take half upon itself. But it having been annexed as an express condition to the grant of the said augmentation in Parliament, that the States General should prohibit all trade and commerce with France, and that condition having not been performed by them, the Commons think it reasonable, that the first rule of three to two ought to have taken place again, as well in that as in other subsequent augmentations, more especially when they consider, that the revenues of those rich provinces which have been conquered, would, if they were duly applied, maintain a great number of new additional forces against the common enemy; notwithstanding which, the States General have raised none upon that account, but make use of those fresh supplies of money, only to ease themselves in the charge of their first established quota.

"As in the progress of the war in Flanders, a disproportion was soon created to the prejudice of England; so the very beginning of the war in Portugal, brought an unequal share of burden upon us; for although the Emperor and the States General were equally parties with your Majesty in the treaty with the King of Portugal, yet the Emperor neither furnishing his third part of the troops and subsidies stipulated for, nor the Dutch consenting to take an equal share of his Imperial Majesty's defect upon themselves, your Majesty hath been obliged to furnish two-thirds of the entire expense created by that service. Nor has the inequality stopped there; for ever since the year one thousand seven hundred and six, when the English and Dutch forces marched out of Portugal into Castile, the States General have entirely abandoned the war in Portugal, and left your Majesty to prosecute it singly at your own charge, which you have accordingly done, by replacing a greater number of troops there, than even at first you took upon you to provide. At the same time your Majesty's generous endeavours for the support and defence of the King of Portugal, have been but ill seconded by that Prince himself; for notwithstanding that by his treaty he had obliged himself to furnish twelve

thousand foot, and three thousand horse, upon his own account, besides eleven thousand foot, and two thousand horse more, in consideration of a subsidy paid him; yet, according to the best information your Commons can procure, it appears, that he hath scarce at any time furnished thirteen thousand men in the whole.

"In Spain the war hath been yet more unequal, and burdensome to your Majesty, than in any other branch of it; for being commenced without any treaty whatsoever, the allies have almost wholly declined taking any part of it upon themselves. A small body of English and Dutch troops were sent thither in the year one thousand seven hundred and five, not as being thought sufficient to support a regular war, or to make the conquest of so large a country; but with a view only of assisting the Spaniards to set King Charles upon the throne; occasioned by the great assurances which were given of their inclinations to the House of Austria: but this expectation failing, England was insensibly drawn into an established war, under all the disadvantages of the distance of the place, and the feeble efforts of the other allies. The account we have to lay before your Majesty, upon this head, is, that although the undertaking was entered upon at the particular and earnest request of the imperial court, and for a cause of no less importance and concern to them, than the reducing the Spanish monarchy to the House of Austria; yet neither the late emperors, nor his present Imperial Majesty, have ever had any forces there on their own account, till the last year; and then, only one regiment of foot, consisting of two thousand men. Though the States General have contributed something more to this service, yet their share also hath been inconsiderable; for in the space of four years, from one thousand seven hundred and five, to one thousand seven hundred and eight, both inclusive, all the forces they have sent into that country have not exceeded twelve thousand two hundred men; and from the year one thousand seven hundred and eight to this time, they have not sent any forces or recruits whatsoever. To your Majesty's care and charge the recovery of that kingdom hath been in a manner wholly left, as if none else were interested or concerned in it. And the forces which your Majesty hath sent into Spain, in the space of seven years, from one thousand seven hundred and five to one thousand seven hundred and eleven, both inclusive, have amounted to no less than fifty-seven thousand nine hundred seventy-three men; besides thirteen battalions and eighteen squadrons, for which your Majesty hath paid a subsidy to the Emperor.

"How great the established expense of such a number of men hath been, your Majesty very well knows, and your Commons very sensibly feel; but the weight will be found much greater, when it is considered how many heavy articles of unusual and extraordinary charge have attended this remote and difficult service, all which have been entirely defrayed by your Majesty, except that one of transporting the few forces, which were sent by the States General, and the victualling of them during their transportation only. The accounts delivered to your Commons shew, that the charge of your Majesty's

ships and vessels, employed in the service of the war in Spain and Portugal, reckoned after the rate of four pounds a man *per* month, from the time they sailed from hence, till they returned, were lost, or put upon other services, hath amounted to six millions five hundred and forty thousand nine hundred and sixty-six pounds fourteen shillings: the charge of transports on the part of Great Britain, for carrying on the war in Spain and Portugal, from the beginning of it till this time, hath amounted to one million three hundred thirty-six thousand seven hundred and nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and elevenpence; that of victualling land forces for the same service, to five hundred eighty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy pounds, eight shillings, and sixpence; and that of contingencies, and other extraordinaries for the same service, to one million eight hundred and forty thousand three hundred and fifty-three pounds.

"We should take notice to your Majesty of several sums paid upon account of contingencies, and extraordinaries in Flanders, making together the sum of one million one hundred and seven thousand and ninety-six pounds: but we are not able to make any comparison of them, with what the States General have expended upon the same head, having no such state of their extraordinary charge before us. There remains therefore but one particular more for your Majesty's observation, which arises from the subsidies paid to foreign princes. These, at the beginning of the war, were borne in equal proportion by your Majesty, and the States General; but in this instance also, the balance hath been cast in prejudice of your Majesty: for it appears, that your Majesty hath since advanced more than your equal proportion, three millions one hundred and fifty-five thousand crowns, besides extraordinaries paid in Italy, and not included in any of the foregoing articles, which arise to five hundred thirty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-three pounds.

"We have laid these several particulars before your Majesty in the shortest manner we have been able; and by an estimate grounded on the preceding facts, it does appear, that over and above the quotas on the part of Great Britain, answering to those contributed by your allies, more than nineteen millions have been expended by your Majesty, during the course of this war, by way of surplusage, or exceeding in balance, of which none of the confederates have furnished any thing whatsoever.

"It is with very great concern, that we find so much occasion given us, to represent how ill an use hath been made of your Majesty's and your subjects' zeal for the common cause; that the interest of that cause hath not been proportionably promoted by it, but others only have been eased at your Majesty's and your subjects' costs, and have been connived at, in laying their part of the burden upon this kingdom, although they have upon all accounts been equally, and in most respects, much more nearly concerned than Britain in the issue of the war. We are persuaded your Majesty will think it pardonable in us, with some resentment to complain of the little regard, which some of those, whom your Majesty of late years intrusted, have shewn to the

interests of their country, in giving way, at least, to such unreasonable impositions upon it, if not in some measure contriving them. The course of which impositions hath been so singular and extraordinary, that the more the wealth of this nation hath been exhausted, and the more your Majesty's arms have been attended with success, the heavier hath been the burden laid upon us; whilst on the other hand, the more vigorous your Majesty's efforts have been, and the greater the advantages which have redounded thence to your allies, the more those allies have abated in their share of the expense.

"At the first entrance into this war, the Commons were induced to exert themselves in the extraordinary manner they did, and to grant such large supplies, as had been unknown to former ages, in hopes thereby to prevent the mischiefs of a lingering war, and to bring that, in which they were necessarily engaged, to a speedy conclusion; but they have been very unhappy in the event, whilst they have so much reason to suspect, that what was intended to shorten the war, hath proved the very cause of its long continuance; for those, to whom the profits of it have accrued, have been disposed not easily to forgo them. And your Majesty will from thence discern *the true reason, why so many have delighted in a war, which brought in so rich an harvest yearly from Great Britain.*

"We are as far from desiring, as we know your Majesty will be from concluding any peace, but upon safe and honourable terms; and we are far from intending to excuse ourselves from raising all necessary and possible supplies, for an effectual prosecution of the war, till such a peace can be obtained: all that your faithful Commons aim at, all that they wish, is an equal concurrence from the other powers, engaged in alliance with your Majesty; and a just application of what hath been already gained from the enemy, towards promoting the common cause. Several large countries and territories have been restored to the house of Austria, such as the kingdom of Naples, the duchy of Milan, and other places in Italy; others have been conquered, and added to their dominions, as the two electorates of Bavaria and Cologne, the duchy of Mantua, and the bishopric of Liège; these having been reduced in great measure by our blood and treasure, may, we humbly conceive, with great reason, be claimed to come in aid towards carrying on the war in Spain. And therefore we make it our earnest request to your Majesty, that you will give instructions to your ministers, to insist with the Emperor, that the revenues of those several places, excepting only such a portion thereof as is necessary for their defence, be actually so applied: and as to the other parts of the war, to which your Majesty hath obliged yourself by particular treaties to contribute, we humbly beseech your Majesty, that you will be pleased to take effectual care, that your allies do perform their parts stipulated by those treaties; and that your Majesty will, for the future, no otherwise furnish troops, or pay subsidies, than in proportion to what your allies shall actually furnish and pay. When this justice is done to your Majesty, and to your people, there is nothing which your Commons will not cheerfully grant,

towards supporting your Majesty in the cause in which you are engaged. And whatever farther shall appear to be necessary for carrying on the war, either at sea or land, we will effectually enable your Majesty to bear your reasonable share of any such expense, and will spare no supplies which your subjects are able, with their utmost efforts to afford.

"After having enquired into, and considered the state of the war, in which the part your Majesty has borne, appears to have been, not only superior to that of any one ally, but even equal to that of the whole confederacy; your Commons naturally inclined to hope, that they should find care had been taken of securing some particular advantages to Britain, in the terms of a future peace; such as might afford a prospect of making the nation amends, in time, for that immense treasure which has been expended, and those heavy debts which have been contracted, in the course of so long and burdensome a war. This reasonable expectation could no way have been better answered, than by some provision made for the further security, and the greater improvement of the commerce of Great Britain; but we find ourselves so very far disappointed in these hopes, that in a treaty not long since concluded between your Majesty and the States General, under colour of a mutual guarantee, given for two points of the greatest importance to both nations, the Succession, and the Barrier; it appears, the interest of Great Britain hath been not only neglected, but sacrificed; and that several articles in the said treaty, are destructive to the trade and welfare of this kingdom, and therefore highly dishonourable to your Majesty.

"Your Commons observe, in the first place, that several towns and places are, by virtue of this treaty, to be put into the hands of the States General, particularly Nieuport, Dendermonde, and the castle of Ghent, which can in no sense be looked upon as part of a barrier against France, but being the keys of the Netherlands towards Britain, must make the trade of your Majesty's subjects in those parts precarious, and whenever the States think fit, totally exclude them from it. The pretended necessity of putting these places into the hands of the States General, in order to secure to them a communication with their barrier, must appear vain and groundless; for the sovereignty of the Low Countries being not to remain to an enemy, but to a friend and an ally, that communication must be always secure and uninterrupted; besides that, in case of a rupture, or any attack, the States have full liberty allowed them to take possession of all the Spanish Netherlands, and therefore needed no particular stipulation for the towns above mentioned.

"Having taken notice of this concession made to the States General, for seizing upon the whole ten provinces; we cannot but observe to your Majesty, that in the manner this article is framed, it is another dangerous circumstance which attends this treaty; for had such a provision been confined to the case of an apparent attack from France only, the avowed design of this treaty had been fulfilled, and your Majesty's instructions to your ambassador had been pursued: but this necessary restriction hath been omitted, and the same liberty

is granted to the States, to take possession of all the Netherlands, whenever they shall think themselves attacked by any other neighbouring nation, as when they shall be in danger from France; so that if it should at any time happen (which your Commons are very unwilling to suppose) that they should quarrel, even with your Majesty, the riches, strength, and advantageous situation of these countries, may be made use of against yourself, without whose generous and powerful assistance they had never been conquered.

"To return to those ill consequences which relate to the trade of your kingdoms, we beg leave to observe to your Majesty, that though this treaty revives, and renders your Majesty a party to the fourteenth and fifteenth articles of the Treaty of Munster, by virtue of which, the impositions upon all goods and merchandises brought into the Spanish Low Countries by the sea, are to equal those laid on goods and merchandises imported by the Scheldt, and the canals of Sass and Swyn, and other mouths of the sea adjoining; yet no care is taken to preserve that equality upon the exportation of those goods out of the Spanish provinces, into those countries and places, which, by virtue of this treaty, are to be in the possession of the States; the consequence of which must in time be, and your Commons are informed, that in some instances it has already proved to be the case, that the impositions upon goods carried into those countries and places, by the subjects of the States General, will be taken off, while those upon the goods imported by your Majesty's subjects remain: by which means, Great Britain will entirely lose this most beneficial branch of trade, which it has in all ages been possessed of, even from the time when those countries were governed by the house of Burgundy, one of the most ancient, as well as the most useful allies to the crown of England.

"With regard to the other dominions and territories of Spain, your Majesty's subjects have always been distinguished in their commerce with them, and both by ancient treaties, and an uninterrupted custom, have enjoyed greater privileges and immunities of trade, than either the Hollanders, or any other nation whatsoever. And that wise and excellent treaty of the Grand Alliance, provides effectually for the security and continuance of these valuable privileges to Britain, in such a manner, as that each nation might be left, at the end of war, upon the same foot as it stood at the commencement of it: but this treaty we now complain of, instead of confirming your subjects' rights, surrenders and destroys them; for although by the sixteenth and seventeenth articles of the Treaty of Munster, made between his Catholic Majesty and the States General, all advantages of trade are stipulated for, and granted to the Hollanders, equal to what the English enjoyed; yet the crown of England not being a party to that treaty, the subjects of England have never submitted to those articles of it, nor even the Spaniards themselves ever observed them; but this treaty revives those articles in prejudice of Great Britain, and makes your Majesty a party to them, and even a guarantee to the States General, for privileges against your own people.

"In how deliberate and extraordinary a manner your Majesty's ambassador consented to deprive your subjects of their ancient rights, and your Majesty of the power of procuring to them any new advantage, most evidently appears from his own letters, which, by your Majesty's directions, have been laid before your Commons: for when matters of advantage to your Majesty, and to your kingdom, had been offered, as proper to be made parts of this treaty, they were refused to be admitted by the States General, upon this reason and principle, that nothing foreign to the guaranties of the Succession, and of the Barrier, should be mingled with them; notwithstanding which, the States General had no sooner received notice of a treaty of commerce concluded between your Majesty and the present Emperor, but they departed from the rule proposed before, and insisted upon the article, of which your Commons now complain; which article your Majesty's ambassador allowed of, although equally foreign to the Succession, or the Barrier; and although he had for that reason departed from other articles, which would have been for the service of his own country.

"We have forborne to trouble your Majesty with general observations upon this treaty, as it relates to and affects the empire, and other parts of Europe. The mischiefs which arise from it to Great Britain, are what only we have presumed humbly to represent to you, as they are very evident, and very great: and as it appears, that the Lord Viscount Townshend had not any orders, or authority, for concluding several of those articles, which are most prejudicial to your Majesty's subjects; we have thought we could do no less than declare your said ambassador, who negotiated and signed, and all others who advised the ratifying of this treaty, enemies to your Majesty and to your kingdom.

"Upon these faithful informations, and advices from your Commons, we assure ourselves your Majesty, in your great goodness to your people, will rescue them from those evils, which the private counsels of ill-designing men have exposed them to; and that in your great wisdom you will find some means for the explaining, and amending, the several articles of this treaty, so as that they may consist with the interest of Great Britain, and with real and lasting friendship between your Majesty and the States General."

Between the Representation and the first debates upon the subject of it, several weeks had passed; during which time the Parliament had other matters likewise before them, that deserve to be mentioned. For on the ninth of February was repealed the Act for Naturalizing Foreign Protestants, which had been passed under the last ministry, and, as many people thought, to very ill purposes. By this Act any foreigner, who would take the oaths to the government, and profess himself a Protestant, of whatever denomination, was immediately naturalized, and had all the privileges of an English born subject, at the expense of a shilling. Most Protestants abroad differ from us in the points of church government; so that all the acquisitions by this Act would increase the number of Dissenters; and therefore the proposal, that such

foreigners should be obliged to conform to the established worship, was rejected. But because several persons were fond of this project, as a thing that would be of mighty advantage to the kingdom, I shall say a few words upon it.

The maxim, "That people are the riches of a nation," hath been crudely understood by many writers and reasoners upon that subject. There are several ways by which people are brought into a country. Sometimes a nation is invaded and subdued; and the conquerors seize the lands, and make the natives their under-tenants or servants. Colonies have been always planted where the natives were driven out or destroyed, or the land uncultivated and waste. In those countries where the lord of the soil is master of the labour and liberty of his tenants, or of slaves bought by his money, men's riches are reckoned by the number of their vassals. And sometimes, in governments newly instituted, where there are not people to till the ground, many laws have been made to encourage and allure numbers from the neighbouring countries. And, in all these cases, the new comers have either lands allotted them, or are slaves to the proprietors. But to invite helpless families, by thousands, into a kingdom inhabited like ours, without lands to give them, and where the laws will not allow that they should be part of the property as servants, is a wrong application of the maxim, and the same thing, in great, as infants dropped at the doors, which are only a burthen and charge to the parish. The true way of multiplying mankind to public advantage, in such a country as England, is to invite from abroad only able handicraftsmen and artificers, or such who bring over a sufficient share of property to secure them from want; to enact and enforce sumptuary laws against luxury, and all excesses in clothing, furniture, and the like; to encourage matrimony, and reward, as the Romans did, those who have a certain number of children. Whether bringing over the Palatines were a mere consequence of this law for a general naturalization; or whether, as many surmised, it had some other meaning, it appeared manifestly, by the issue, that the public was a loser by every individual among them; and that a kingdom can no more be the richer by such an importation, than a man can be fatter by a wen, which is unsightly and troublesome, at best, and intercepts that nourishment, which would otherwise diffuse itself through the whole body.

About a fortnight after, the Commons sent up a bill for securing the freedom of Parliaments, by limiting the number of Members in that House who should be allowed to possess employments under the crown. Bills to the same effect, promoted by both parties, had, after making the like progress, been rejected in former Parliaments; the court and ministry, who will ever be against such a law, having usually a greater influence in the House of Lords, and so it happened now. Although that influence were less, I am apt to think that such a law would be too thorough a reformation in one point, while we have so many corruptions in the rest; and perhaps the regulations, already made on that article, are sufficient, by which several employments

incapacitate a man from being chosen a Member, and all of them bring it to a new election.

For my own part, when I consider the temper of particular persons, and by what maxims they have acted (almost without exception) in their private capacities, I cannot conceive how such a bill should obtain a majority, unless every man expected to be one of the fifty, which, I think, was the limitation intended.

About the same time, likewise, the House of Commons advanced one considerable step towards securing us against farther impositions from our allies, resolving that the additional forces should be continued; but with a condition, that the Dutch should make good their proportion of three-fifths to two-fifths, which those confederates had so long, and in so great degree, neglected. The Duke of Marlborough's deduction of two and a half *per cent.*, from the pay of the foreign troops, was also applied for carrying on the war.

Lastly, within this period is to be included the Act passed to prevent the disturbing those of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland in the exercise of their religious worship, and in the use of the liturgy of the Church of England. It is known enough, that the most considerable of the nobility and gentry there, as well as great numbers of the people, dread the tyrannical discipline of those synods and presbyteries; and at the same time have the utmost contempt for the abilities and tenets of their teachers. It was besides thought an inequality, beyond all appearance of reason or justice, that Dissenters of every denomination here, who are the meanest and most illiterate part amongst us, should possess a toleration by law, under colour of which they might, upon occasion, be bold enough to insult the religion established, while those of the Episcopal Church in Scotland groaned under a real persecution. The only specious objection against this bill was, that it set the religion by law, in both parts of the island, upon a different foot, directly contrary to the Union; because, by an Act passed this very session against occasional conformity, our Dissenters were shut out from all employments. A petition from Carstares, and other Scotch professors, against this bill, was offered to the House, but not accepted; and a motion made by the other party, to receive a clause that should restrain all persons, who have any office in Scotland, from going to episcopal meetings, passed in the negative. It is manifest, that the promoters of this clause were not moved by any regard for Scotland, which is by no means their favourite at present; only they hoped, that, if it were made part of a law, it might occasion such a choice of representatives in both Houses, from Scotland, as would be a considerable strength to their faction here. But the proposition was in itself extremely absurd, that so many lords, and other persons of distinction, who have great employments, pensions, posts in the army, and other places of profit, many of whom are in frequent or constant attendance at the court, and utterly dislike their national way of worship, should be deprived of their liberty of conscience at home; not to mention those who are sent thither from hence to take care of the revenue, and

other affairs, who would ill digest the changing of their religion for that of Scotland.

With a farther view of favour towards the episcopal clergy of Scotland, three Members of that country were directed to bring in a bill for restoring the patrons to their ancient rights of presenting ministers to the vacant churches there, which the kirk, during the height of their power, had obtained for themselves And, to conclude this subject at once, the Queen, at the close of the session, commanded Mr Secretary St John to acquaint the House, "That, pursuant to their address, the profits arising from the bishops' estates in Scotland, which remained in the crown, should be applied to the support of such of the episcopal clergy there, as would take the oaths to Her Majesty."

The Church of Scotland viewed the bills for restoring to the gentry the right of patronage, and for tolerating the exercise of the Episcopal persuasion, with great jealousy. The Reverend Mr William Carstares, who had been secretary to King William, and was Principal of the College of Edinburgh, was deputed to go to London at the head of a commission of the church, to oppose the bills while in dependence. His biographer has justly remarked, that these enactments considered at the time as fatal to the interests of Presbytery in Scotland, have, upon experience, proved her best security.

"Upon the one hand, the Act of Toleration, by taking the weapon of offence out of the hands of the Presbyterians, removed the chief grounds of those resentments which the friends of prelacy entertained against them, and in a few years almost annihilated Episcopacy in Scotland Upon the other hand, the Act restoring Patronages, by restoring the nobility and gentlemen of property to then wonted influence in the settlement of the clergy, reconciled numbers of them to the established church, who had conceived the most violent prejudices against that mode of election, and against the Presbyterian clergy, who were settled upon it. It is likewise an incontestable fact, that, from the date of these two Acts, the Church of Scotland has enjoyed a state of tranquillity to which she was an utter stranger before." (Life of Carstares, prefixed to Carstares's "State Papers," 1774, p 85) [S]]

Nothing could more amply justify the proceedings of the Queen and her ministers, for two years past, than that famous Representation above at large recited, the unbiassed wisdom of the nation, after the strictest inquiry, confirming those facts upon which Her Majesty's counsels were grounded and many persons, who were before inclined to believe that the allies and the late ministry had been too much loaded by the malice, misrepresentations, or ignorance of writers, were now fully convinced of their mistake by so great an authority. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear doing justice to Mr. St. John, who had been secretary of war, for several years, under the former administration, where he had the advantage of observing how affairs were managed both at home and abroad. He was one of those who shared in the present treasurer's fortune, resigning his employment at the same time; and upon that minister's being again taken into favour, this gentleman was some

time after made secretary of state. There he began afresh, by the opportunities of his station, to look into past miscarriages; and, by the force of an extraordinary genius, and application to public affairs, joined with an invincible eloquence, laid open the scene of miscarriages and corruptions through the whole course of the war, in so evident a manner, that the House of Commons seemed principally directed in their resolutions, upon this inquiry, by his information and advice. In a short time after the Representation was published, there appeared a memorial in the Dutch "Gazette," as by order of the States, reflecting very much upon the said Representation, as well as the resolutions on which it was founded, pretending to deny some of the facts, and to extenuate others. This memorial, translated into English, a common writer of news had the boldness to insert in one of his papers. A complaint being made thereof to the House of Commons, they voted the pretended memorial to be a false, scandalous, malicious libel, and ordered the printer to be taken into custody.

It was the misfortune of the ministers, that while they were baited by their professed adversaries of the discontented faction, acting in confederacy with emissaries of foreign powers, to break the measures Her Majesty had taken towards a peace, they met at the same time with frequent difficulties from those who agreed and engaged with them to pursue the same general end; but sometimes disapproved the methods as too slack and remiss, or, in appearance, now and then perhaps a little dubious. In the first session of this Parliament, a considerable number of gentlemen, all members of the House of Commons, began to meet by themselves, and consult what course they ought to steer in this new world. They intended to revive a new country party in Parliament, which might, as in former times, oppose the court in any proceedings they disliked. The whole body was of such who profess what is commonly called high-church principles, upon which account they were irreconcilable enemies to the late ministry and all its adherents. On the other side, considering the temper of the new men in power, that they were persons who had formerly moved between the two extremes, those gentlemen, who were impatient for an entire change, and to see all their adversaries laid at once as low as the dust, began to be apprehensive that the work would be done by halves. But the juncture of affairs at that time, both at home and abroad, would by no means admit of the least precipitation, although the Queen and her first minister had been disposed to it, which certainly they were not. Neither did the court seem at all uneasy at this league, formed in appearance against it, but composed of honest gentlemen who wished well to their country, in which both were entirely agreed, although they might differ about the means; or if such a society should begin to grow resty, nothing was easier than to divide them, and render all their endeavours ineffectual.

But in the course of that first session, many of this society became gradually reconciled to the new ministry, whom they found to be greater objects of the common enemy's hatred than themselves; and the attempt of

Guiscard, as it gained farther time for deferring the disposal of employments, so it much endeared that person to the kingdom, who was so near falling a sacrifice to the safety of his country. Upon the last session of which I am now writing, this October Club (as it was called) renewed their usual meetings, but were now very much altered from their original institution, and seemed to have wholly dropped the design, as of no further use. They saw a point carried in the House of Lords against the court, that would end in the ruin of the kingdom; and they observed the enemy's whole artillery directly levelled at the treasurer's head. In short, the majority of the club had so good an understanding with the great men at court, that two of the latter, to shew to the world how fair a correspondence there was between the court and country party, consented to be at one of their dinners; but this intercourse had an event very different from what was expected: for immediately the more zealous members of that society broke off from the rest, and composed a new one, made up of gentlemen, who seemed to expect little of the court; and perhaps, with a mixture of others who thought themselves disappointed, or too long delayed. Many of these were observed to retain an incurable jealousy of the treasurer, and to interpret all delays, which they could not comprehend, as a reserve of favour in this minister to the persons and principles of the abandoned party.

Upon an occasion offered about this time, some persons, out of distrust to the treasurer, endeavoured to obtain a point, which could not have been carried without putting all into confusion. A Bill was brought into the House of Commons, appointing commissioners to examine into the value of all lands, and other interests granted by the crown since the thirteenth day of February, one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, and upon what considerations such grants had been made. The united country interest in the House was extremely set upon passing this Bill. They had conceived an opinion from former precedents, that the court would certainly oppose all steps towards a resumption of grants; and those who were apprehensive that the treasurer inclined the same way, proposed the Bill should be tacked to another, for raising a fund by duties upon soap and paper, which hath been always imputed, whether justly or no, as a favourite expedient of those called the Tory party. At the same time it was very well known, that the House of Lords had made a fixed and unanimous resolution against giving their concurrence to the passing such united bills: so that the consequences of this project must have been to bring the ministry under difficulties, to stop the necessary supplies, and endanger the good correspondence between both Houses; notwithstanding all which the majority carried it for a tack; and the committee was instructed accordingly to make the two Bills into one, whereby the worst that could happen would have followed, if the treasurer had not convinced the warm leaders in this affair, by undeniable reasons, that the means they were using would certainly disappoint the end; that neither himself, nor any other of the Queen's servants, were at all against this

enquiry; and he promised his utmost credit to help forward the bill in the House of Lords. He prevailed at last to have it sent up single; but their lordships gave it another kind of reception. Those who were of the side opposite to the court, withstood it to a man, as in a party case: among the rest, some very personally concerned, and others by friends and relations, which they supposed a sufficient excuse to be absent, or dissent. Even those, whose grants were antecedent to this intended inspection, began to be alarmed as men, whose neighbours' houses are on fire. A shew of zeal for the late king's honour, occasioned many reflections upon the date of this enquiry, which was to commence with his reign: and the Earl of Nottingham, who had now flung away the mask which he had lately pulled off, like one who had no other view but that of vengeance against the Queen and her friends, acted consistently enough with his design, by voting as a lord against the Bill, after he had directed his son in the House of Commons to vote for the tack.

Thus miscarried this popular Bill for appointing commissioners to examine into royal grants; but whether those chiefly concerned did rightly consult their own interest, hath been made a question, which perhaps time will resolve. It was agreed that the Queen, by her own authority, might have issued out a commission for such an enquiry, and every body believed, that the intention of the Parliament was only to tax the grants with about three years' purchase, and at the same time establish the proprietors in possession of the remainder for ever; so that, upon the whole, the grantees would have been great gainers by such an Act, since the titles of those lands, as they stood then, were hardly of half value with others either for sale or settlement. Besides, the examples of the Irish forfeitures might have taught these precarious owners, that when the House of Commons hath once engaged in a pursuit, which they think is right, although it be stopped or suspended for a while, they will be sure to renew it upon every opportunity that offers, and seldom fail of success: for instance, if the resumption should happen to be made part of a supply, which can be easily done without the objection of a tack, the grantees might possibly then have much harder conditions given them; and I do not see how they could prevent it. Whether the resuming of royal grants be consistent with good policy or justice, would be too long a disquisition: besides, the profusion of kings is not like to be a grievance for the future, because there have been laws since made to provide against that evil, or, indeed, rather because the crown has nothing left to give away. But the objection made against the date of the intended enquiry was invidious and trifling; for King James II. made very few grants: he was a better manager, and squandering was none of his faults; whereas the late king, who came over here a perfect stranger to our laws, and to our people, regardless of posterity, wherein he was not likely to survive, thought he could no way better strengthen a new title, than by purchasing friends at the expense of every thing which was in his power to part with.

The reasonableness of uniting to a money bill one of a different nature,

which is usually called *tacking* hath been likewise much debated, and will admit of argument enough. In ancient times, when a Parliament was held, the Commons first proposed their grievances to be redressed, and then gave their aids; so that it was a perfect bargain between the king and the subject. This fully answered the ends of tacking. Aids were then demanded upon occasions which would hardly pass at present; such, for instance, as those for making the king's son a knight, marrying his eldest daughter, and some others of the like sort. Most of the money went into the king's coffers for his private use; neither was he accountable for any part of it. Hence arose the form of the king's thanking his subjects for their benevolence, when any subsidies, tenths, or fifteenths were given him: but the supplies now granted are of another nature, and cannot be properly called a particular benefit to the crown, because they are all appropriated to their several uses: so that when the House of Commons tack to a money bill what is foreign and hard to be digested, if it be not passed, they put themselves and their country in as great difficulties as the prince. On the other side, there have been several regulations made, through the course of time, in parliamentary proceedings; among which it is grown a rule, that a Bill once rejected shall not be brought up again the same session; whereby the Commons seem to have lost the advantage of purchasing a redress of their grievances, by granting supplies, which, upon some emergencies, hath put them upon this expedient of tacking: so that there is more to be said on each side of the case, than is convenient for me to trouble the reader or myself in deducing.

Among the matters of importance during this session, we may justly number the proceedings of the House of Commons with relation to the press, since Her Majesty's message to the House, of January the seventeenth, concludes with a paragraph, representing the great licences taken in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any government; and recommending to them to find a remedy equal to the mischief. The meaning of these words in the message, seems to be confined to these weekly and daily papers and pamphlets, reflecting upon the persons and the management of the ministry. But the House of Commons, in their address, which answers this message, makes an addition of the blasphemies against God and religion; and it is certain, that nothing would be more for the honour of the legislature, than some effectual law for putting a stop to this universal mischief: but as the person, who advised the Queen in that part of her message, had only then in his thoughts the redressing of the political and factious libels, I think he ought to have taken care, by his great credit in the House, to have proposed some ways by which that evil might be removed; the law for taxing single papers having produced a quite contrary effect, as was then foreseen by many persons, and hath since been found true by experience, For the adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in defence of their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius

levelled to the generality of readers; while those who would draw their pens on the side of their prince and country, are discouraged by this tax, which exceeds the intrinsic value both of the materials and the work; a thing, if I be not mistaken, without example.

It must be acknowledged, that the bad practices of printers have been such, as to deserve the severest animadversions of the public; and it is to be wished, the party quarrels of the pen were always managed with decency and truth: but in the mean time, to open the mouths of our enemies and shut our own, is a turn of politics that wants a little to be explained. Perhaps the ministry now in possession, because they are in possession, may despise such trifles as this; and it is not to be denied, that acting as they do upon a national interest, they may seem to stand in less need of such supports, or may safely fling them down as no longer necessary. But if the leaders of the other party had proceeded by this maxim, their power would have been none at all, or of very short duration: and had not some active pens fallen in to improve the good dispositions of the people, upon the late change, and continued since to overthrow the falsehood, plentifully, and sometimes not unplausibly, scattered by the adversaries, I am very much in doubt, whether those at the helm would now have reason to be pleased with their success. A particular person may, with more safety, despise the opinion of the vulgar, because it does a wise man no real harm or good, but the administration a great deal; and whatever side has the sole management of the pen, will soon find hands enough to write down their enemies as low as they please. If the people had no other idea of those whom Her Majesty trusts in her greatest affairs, than what is conveyed by the passions of such as would compass sea and land for their destruction, what could they expect, but to be torn in pieces by the rage of the multitude? How necessary therefore was it, that the world should, from time to time, be undeceived by true representations of persons and facts, which have kept the kingdom steady to its interest, against all the attacks of a cunning and virulent faction.

However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured, by such a remedy as a tax upon the smaller papers; and a Bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the House of Commons, but so late in the session, that there was no time to pass it: for there hath hitherto always appeared, an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press, whether from the inconveniencies apprehended from doing too much, or too little; or whether the benefit proposed by each party to themselves, from the service of their writers, towards recovering or preserving of power, be thought to outweigh the disadvantages. However it came about, this affair was put off from one week to another, and the Bill not brought into the House till the eighth of June. It was committed three days, and then heard of no more. In this Bill there was a clause inserted, (whether industriously with design to overthrow it) that the author's name, and place of abode, should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper; which I believe no man, who hath the

least regard to learning, would give his consent to: for, besides the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who, in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion, have chosen, out of an humble Christian spirit, to conceal their names; it is certain, that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves, upon their first sending their thoughts into the world; and that those who are dull or superficial, void of all-taste and judgment, have dispositions directly contrary: so that if this clause had made part of a law, there would have been an end, in all likelihood, of any valuable production for the future, either in wit or learning: and that insufferable race of stupid people, who are now every day loading the press, would then reign alone, in time destroy our very first principles of reason, and introduce barbarity amongst us, which is already kept out with so much difficulty by so few hands.

Having given an account of the several steps made towards a peace, from the first overtures begun by France, to the commencement of the second session, I shall in the Fourth Book relate the particulars of this great negotiation, from the period last mentioned to the present time; and because there happened some passages in both Houses, occasioned by the treaty, I shall take notice of them under that head. There only remains to be mentioned one affair of another nature, which the Lords and Commons took into their cognizance, after a very different manner, wherewith I shall close this part of my subject.

The sect of Quakers amongst us, whose system of religion, first founded upon enthusiasm, hath been many years growing into a craft, held it an unlawful action to take an oath to a magistrate. This doctrine was taught them by the author of their sect, from a literal application of the text, "Swear not at all;" but being a body of people, wholly turned to trade and commerce of all kinds, they found themselves on many occasions deprived of the benefit of the law, as well as of voting at elections, by a foolish scruple, which their obstinacy would not suffer them to get over. To prevent this inconvenience, these people had credit enough in the late reign to have an Act passed, that their solemn affirmation and declaration should be accepted, instead of an oath in the usual form. The great concern in those times, was to lay all religion upon a level; in order to which, this maxim was advanced, "That no man ought to be denied the liberty of serving his country upon account of a different belief in speculative opinions," under which term some people were apt to include every doctrine of Christianity: however, this Act, in favour of the Quakers, was only temporary, in order to keep them in constant dependence, and expired of course after a certain term, if it were not continued. Those people had, therefore, very early in the session, offered a petition to the House of Commons for a continuance of the Act, which was not suffered to be brought up; upon this they applied themselves to the Lords, who passed a Bill accordingly, and sent it down to the Commons, where it was not so much as allowed a first reading.

And indeed it is not easy to conceive upon what motives the legislature of so great a kingdom could descend so low, as to be ministerial and subservient to the caprices of the most absurd heresy that ever appeared in the world; and this in a point, where those deluding or deluded people stand singular from all the rest of mankind who live under civil government: but the designs of an aspiring party, at that time were not otherwise to be compassed, than by undertaking any thing that would humble and mortify the Church; and I am fully convinced, that if a sect of sceptic philosophers (who profess to doubt of every thing) had been then among us, and mingled their tenets with some corruptions of Christianity, they might have obtained the same privilege; and that a law would have been enacted, whereby the solemn doubt of the people called sceptics, should have been accepted instead of an oath in the usual form; so absurd are all maxims formed upon the inconsistent principles of faction, when once they are brought to be examined by the standard of truth and reason.

BOOK IV.

We left the plenipotentiaries of the allies, and those of the enemy, preparing to assemble at Utrecht on the first of January, N.S., in order to form a congress for negotiating a general peace; wherein although the Dutch had made a mighty merit of their compliance with the Queen, yet they set all their instruments at work to inflame both Houses against Her Majesty's measures. Mons. Bothmar, the Hanover envoy, took care to print and disperse his Memorial, of which I have formerly spoken: Hoffman, the Emperor's resident, was soliciting for a yacht and convoys to bring over Prince Eugene at this juncture, fortified, as it was given out, with great proposals from the Imperial court: the Earl of Nottingham became a convert, for reasons already mentioned: money was distributed where occasion required; and the Dukes of Somerset and Marlborough, together with the Earl of Godolphin, had put themselves at the head of the junto, and their adherents, in order to attack the court.

Some days after the vote passed the House of Lords for admitting into the address the Earl of Nottingham's clause, against any peace without Spain; Mons. Buys, the Dutch envoy, who had been deep in all the consultations with the discontented party for carrying that point, was desired to meet with the lord privy seal, the Earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. Secretary St. John, in order to sign a treaty between the Queen and the States, to subsist after a peace. There the envoy took occasion to expostulate upon the advantages stipulated for Britain with France; said "It was his opinion, that those ministers ought, in respect of the friendship between both nations, to acquaint him what these advantages were; and that he looked upon his country to be entitled, by treaty, to share them equally with us: That there was now another reason why we should be more disposed to comply with him upon this head; for since the late resolution of the House of Lords, he took it for granted, it would be a dangerous step in us to give Spain to a prince of the house of Bourbon; and therefore, that we should do well to induce the States, by such a concession, to help us out of this difficulty."

Mr. St. John made answer, "That there was not a man in the Queen's council capable of so base a thought: That if Buys had any thing to complain of, which was injurious to Holland, or justly tending to hurt the good correspondence between us and the States, he was confident Her Majesty would at all times be ready to give it up; but that the ministers scorned to screen themselves at the expense of their country: That the resolution Buys mentioned, was chiefly owing to foreign ministers intermeddling in our affairs, and would perhaps have an effect the projectors did not foresee: That, if the peace became impracticable, the House of Commons would certainly

put the war upon another foot, and reduce the public expense within such a compass as our treaties required in the strictest sense, and as our present condition would admit, leaving the partisans for war to supply the rest."

Although the secretary believed this answer would put an end to such infamous proposals, it fell out otherwise; for shortly after, Mons. Buys applied himself to the treasurer, promising to undertake, "That his masters should give up the article of Spain, provided they might share with us in the Assiento for negroes." To which the treasurer's answer was short, "That he would rather lose his head than consent to such an offer."

It is manifest, by this proceeding, that whatever schemes were forming here at home, in this juncture, by the enemies to the peace, the Dutch only designed to fall in with it as far as it would answer their own account; and, by a strain of the lower politics, wherein they must be allowed to excel every country in Christendom, lay upon the watch for a good bargain, by taking advantage of the distress they themselves had brought upon their nearest neighbour and ally.

But the Queen highly resented this indignity from a republic, upon whom she had conferred so many obligations. She could not endure that the Dutch should employ their instruments to act in confederacy with a cabal of factious people, who were prepared to sacrifice the safety of their prince and country to the recovery of that power they had so long possessed and abused. Her Majesty knew very well, that whatever were the mistaken or affected opinion of some people at home, upon the article of Spain, it was a point the States had long given up, who had very openly told our ministry, "That the war in that country was only our concern, and what their republic had nothing to do with." It is true, the party-leaders were equally convinced, that the recovery of Spain was impracticable; but many things may be excused in a professed adversary, fallen under disgrace, which are highly criminal in an ally, upon whom we are that very instant conferring new favours. Her Majesty therefore thought it high time to exert herself, and at length put a stop to foreign influence upon British counsels; so that, after the Earl of Nottingham's clause against any peace, without Spain, was carried in the House of Lords, directions were immediately sent to the Earl of Strafford at The Hague, to inform the Dutch, "That it was obtained by a trick, and would consequently turn to the disappointment and confusion of the contrivers and the actors." He was likewise instructed to be very dry and reserved to the pensionary and Dutch ministers; to let them know, "The Queen thought herself ill treated; and that they would soon hear what effects those measures would have upon a mild and good temper, wrought up to resentment by repeated provocations: That the States might have the war continued, if they pleased; but that the Queen would not be forced to carry it on after their manner, nor would suffer them to make her peace, or to settle the interests of her kingdoms."

To others in Holland, who appeared to be more moderate, the Earl was directed to say, "That the States were upon a wrong scent: That their minister

here mistook every thing that we had promised: That we would perform all they could reasonably ask from us, in relation to their barrier and their trade; and that Mons. Buys dealt very unfairly, if he had not told them as much. But that Britain proceeded, in some respects, upon a new scheme of politics; would no longer struggle for impossibilities, nor be amused by words: That our people came more and more to their senses; and that the single dispute now was, whether the Dutch would join with a faction, against the Queen, or with the nation, for her?"

The court likewise resolved to discourage Prince Eugene from his journey to England, which he was about this time undertaking, and of which I have spoken before. He was told, "That the Queen wanted no exhortations to carry on the war; but the project of it should be agreed abroad, upon which Her Majesty's resolutions might soon be signified: but until she saw what the Emperor and allies were ready to do, she would neither promise nor engage for any thing." At the same time Mr. St. John told Hoffman, the Emperor's resident here, "That if the Prince had a mind to divert himself in London, the ministers would do their part to entertain him, and be sure to trouble him with no manner of business."

This coldness retarded the Prince's journey for some days; but did not prevent it, although he had a second message by the Queen's order, with this farther addition, "That his name had lately been made use of, on many occasions, to create a ferment, and stir up sedition; and that Her Majesty judged it would be neither safe for him, nor convenient for her, that he should come over at this time." But all would not do: it was enough that the Queen did not absolutely forbid him, and the party-confederates, both foreign and domestic, thought his presence would be highly necessary for their service.

Towards the end of December, the lord privy seal set out for Holland. He was ordered to stop at The Hague, and, in conjunction with the Earl of Stafford, to declare to the States, in Her Majesty's name, "Her resolutions to conclude no peace, wherein the allies in general, and each confederate in particular, might not find their ample security, and their reasonable satisfaction: That she was ready to insist upon their barrier, and advantages in their trade, in the manner the States themselves should desire; and to concert with them such a plan of treaty, as both powers might be under mutual engagements never to recede from: That nothing could be of greater importance, than for the ministers of Great Britain and Holland to enter the congress under the strictest ties of confidence, and entirely to concur throughout the course of these negotiations: To which purpose, it was Her Majesty's pleasure, that their lordships should adjust with the Dutch ministers, the best manner and method for opening and carrying on the conferences, and declare themselves instructed to communicate freely their thoughts and measures to the plenipotentiaries of the States, who, they hoped, had received the same instructions."

Lastly, the two lords were to signify to the pensionary, and the other

ministers, "That Her Majesty's preparations for the next campaign were carried on with all the dispatch and vigour, which the present circumstances would allow; and to insist, that the same might be done by the States; and that both powers should join in pressing the Emperor, and other allies, to make greater efforts than they had hitherto done; without which the war must languish, and the terms of peace become every day more disadvantageous."

The two British plenipotentiaries went to Utrecht with very large instructions, and, after the usual manner, were to make much higher demands from France (at least in behalf of the allies) than they could have any hope to obtain. The sum of what they had in charge, besides matter of form, was, to concert with the ministers of the several powers engaged against France, "That all differences arising among them should be accommodated between themselves, without suffering the French to interfere: That whatever were proposed to France by a minister of the alliance, should be backed by the whole confederacy: That a time might be fixed for the conclusion, as there had been for the commencement, of the treaty." Spain was to be demanded out of the hands of the Bourbon family, as the most effectual means for preventing the union of that kingdom with France; and whatever conditions the allies could agree upon for hindering that union, their lordships were peremptorily to insist on.

As to the interests of each ally in particular, the plenipotentiaries of Britain were to demand "Strasbourg, the fort of Kehl, with its dependencies, and the town of Brisach, with its territory, for the Emperor: That France should possess Alsatia, according to the Treaty of Westphalia, with the right of the prefecture only over the ten imperial cities in that country: That the fortifications of the said ten cities be put into the condition they were in at the time of the said treaty, except Landau, which was to be demanded for the Emperor and empire, with liberty of demolishing the fortifications: That the French King should at a certain time, and at his own expense, demolish the fortresses of Huningen, New Brisach, and Fort Lewis, never to be rebuilt.

"That the town and fortress of Rhinfels should be demanded for the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, until that matter be otherwise settled.

"That the clause relating to religion, in the fourth article of the Treaty of Ryswyck, and contrary to that of Westphalia, should be annulled, and the state of religion in Germany restored to the tenor of the Treaty of Westphalia.

"That France should acknowledge the King of Prussia, and give him no disturbance in Neufchatel and Vallengin.

"That the principality of Orange, and other estates belonging to the late King William, should be restored, as law should direct.

"That the Duke of Hanover should be acknowledged elector.

"That the King of Portugal should enjoy all the advantages stipulated between him and the allies.

"That the States should have for their barrier Furnes, Fort Knokke, Menin, Ypres, Lille, Tournay, Condé, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Douay,

Bethune, Aire, St. Venant, and Bouchain, with their cannon, &c. That the French King should restore all the places belonging to Spain, now or during this war in his possession, in the Netherlands: That such part of them as should be thought fit, might be allowed likewise for a barrier to the States: That France should grant the tariff of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four to the States, and exemption of fifty pence *per* tun upon Dutch goods trading to that kingdom. But that these articles in favour of the States should not be concluded, till the Barrier Treaty were explained to the Queen's satisfaction.

"That the Duke of Savoy should be put in possession of all taken from him in this war, and enjoy the places yielded to him by the Emperor, and other allies: That France should likewise yield to him Exilles, Fenestrelle, Chaumont, the valley of Pragelas, and the land lying between Piedmont and Mount Genu.

"That the article about demolishing of Dunkirk should be explained."

As to Britain, the plenipotentiaries were to insist, "That Nieuport, Dendermonde, Ghent, and all places which appear to be a barrier rather against England than France, should either not be given to the Dutch, or at least in such a manner, as not to hinder the Queen's subjects free passage to and from the Low Countries.

"That the seventh article of the Barrier Treaty, which empowers the States, in case of an attack, to put troops at discretion in all the places of the Low Countries, should be so explained as to be understood only of an attack from France.

"That Britain should trade to the Low Countries with the same privileges as the States themselves.

"That the Most Christian King should acknowledge the succession of Hanover, and immediately oblige the Pretender to leave France; and that the said King should promise, for himself and his heirs, never to acknowledge any person for King or Queen of England, otherwise than according to the settlements now in force.

"That a treaty of commerce should be commenced, as soon as possible, between France and Britain; and in the mean time, the necessary points relating to it be settled.

"That the Isle of St. Christopher's should be surrendered to the Queen, Hudson's Bay restored, Placentia and the whole island of Newfoundland yielded to Britain by the Most Christian King; who was likewise to quit all claim to Nova Scotia and Annapolis Royal.

"That Gibraltar and Minorca should be annexed to the British crown.

"That the Assiento should be granted to Britain for thirty years, with the same advantage as to France; with an extent of ground on the river of Plata, for keeping and refreshing the negroes.

"That Spain should grant to the subjects of Britain as large privileges as to any other nation whatsoever; as likewise an exemption of duties, amounting to an advantage of at least fifteen *per cent*.

"That satisfaction should be demanded for what should appear to be justly due to Her Majesty, from the Emperor and the States.

"Lastly, That the plenipotentiaries should consult with those of the Protestant allies, the most effectual methods for restoring the Protestants of France to their religious and civil liberties, and for the immediate release of those who are now in the galleys."

What part of these demands were to be insisted on, and what were to be given up, will appear by the sequel of this negotiation. But there was no difficulty of moment enough to retard the peace, except a method for preventing the union of France and Spain under one prince, and the settling the barrier for Holland; which last, as claimed by the States, could, in prudence and safety, be no more allowed by us than by France.

The States General having appointed Mons. Buys to be one of their plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, that minister left England a few days after the lord privy seal. In his last conference with the lords of the council, he absolutely declared, "That his masters had done their utmost, both by sea and land: That it was unreasonable to expect more: That they had exceeded their proportion, even beyond Britain; and that as to the Emperor, and other allies, he knew no expedient left for making them act with more vigour, than to pursue them with pathetical exhortations."

This minister was sent over hither, instructed and empowered by halves. The ferment raised by the united endeavours of our party leaders, among whom he was a constant fellow-labourer to the utmost of his skill, had wholly confounded him; and thinking to take the advantage of negotiating well for Holland at the expense of Britain, he acted but ill for his own country, and worse for the common cause. However, the Queen's ministers and he parted with the greatest civility; and Her Majesty's present was double the value of what is usual to the character he bore.

As the Queen was determined to alter her measures in making war, so she thought nothing would so much convince the States of the necessity of a peace, as to have them frequently put in mind of this resolution, which her ambassador Strafford, then at The Hague, was accordingly directed to do: and if they should object, of what ill consequence it would be for the enemy to know Her Majesty designed to lessen her expenses, he might answer, "That the ministers here were sorry for it; but the Dutch could only blame themselves, for forcing into such a necessity a princess, to whose friendship they owed the preservation and grandeur of their republic, and choosing to lean on a broken faction, rather than place their confidence in the Queen."

It was Her Majesty's earnest desire, that there should be a perfect agreement at this treaty between the ministers of all the allies, than which nothing could be more effectual to make France comply with their just demands: above all, she directed her plenipotentiaries to enter into the strictest

confidence with those of Holland; and that, after the States had consented to explain the Barrier Treaty to her reasonable satisfaction, both powers should form between them a plan of general peace, from which they would not recede, and such as might secure the quiet of Europe, as well as the particular interests of each confederate.

The Dutch were accordingly pressed, before the congress opened, to come to some temperament upon that famous treaty; because the ministers here expected it would be soon laid before the House of Commons, by which the resentment of the nation would probably appear against those who had been actors and advisers in it: but Mons. Buys, who usually spoke for his colleagues, was full of opposition, began to expostulate upon the advantages Britain had stipulated with France; and to insist, that his masters ought to share equally in them all, but especially the Assiento contract: so that no progress was made in fixing a previous good correspondence between Britain and the States, which Her Majesty had so earnestly recommended.

Certain regulations having been agreed upon, for avoiding of ceremony and other inconveniencies, the conferences began at Utrecht, upon the twenty-ninth of January, N.S. one thousand seven hundred and eleven-twelve, at ten in the morning. The ministers of the allies going into the town-house at one door, and those of France, at the same instant, at another, they all took their seats without distinction; and the Bishop of Bristol, lord privy seal, first plenipotentiary of Britain, opened the assembly with a short speech, directed to the ministers of France, in words to the following effect:

"MESSIEURS,

"We are here to meet to-day, in the name of God, to enter upon a treaty of general peace, between the high allies and the King your master. We bring sincere intentions, and express orders from our superiors, to concur, on their part, with whatever may advance and perfect so salutary and Christian a work. On the other side, we hope you have the same disposition; and that your orders will be so full, as to be able, without loss of time, to answer the expectation of the high allies, by explaining yourselves clearly and roundly upon the points we shall have to settle in these conferences; and that you will perform this in so plain and specific a manner, as every prince and state in the confederacy may find a just and reasonable satisfaction."

The French began, by promising to explain the overtures which Mons. Mesnager had delivered to the Queen some months before, and to give in a specific project of what their master would yield, provided the allies would each give a specific answer, by making their several demands; which method, after many difficulties, and affected delays in the Dutch, was at length agreed to.

But the States, who had, with the utmost discontent, seen Her Majesty at the head of this negotiation, where they intended to have placed themselves, began to discover their ill-humour upon every occasion; they raised endless difficulties about settling the Barrier Treaty, as the Queen desired; and in one

of the first general conferences, they would not suffer the British secretary to take the minutes, but nominated some Dutch professor for that office, which the Queen refused, and resented their behaviour as an useless cavil, intended only to shew their want of respect. The British plenipotentiaries had great reason to suspect, that the Dutch were, at this time, privately endeavouring to engage in some separate measures with France, by the intervention of one Molo, a busy factious agent at Amsterdam, who had been often employed in such intrigues: that this was the cause which made them so litigious and slow in all their steps, in hopes to break the congress, and find better terms for their trade and barrier, from the French, than we ever could think fit to allow them. The Dutch ministers did also apply themselves with industry, to cultivate the imperial plenipotentiary's favour, in order to secure all advantages of commerce with Spain and the West Indies, in case those dominions could be procured for the Emperor: for this reason they avoided settling any general plan of peace, in concert with the plenipotentiaries of Britain, which Her Majesty desired; and Mons. Buys plainly told their lordships, that it was a point, which neither he nor his colleagues could consent to, before the States were admitted equal sharers with Britain in the trade of Spain.

The court having notice of this untractable temper in the Dutch, gave direct orders to the plenipotentiaries of Britain, for pressing those of the States to adjust the gross in equalities of the Barrier Treaty, since nothing was more usual or agreeable to reason than for princes, who find themselves aggrieved by prejudicial contracts, to expect they should be modified and explained. And since it now appeared by votes in the House of Commons, that the sense of the nation agreed with what Her Majesty desired, if the Dutch ministers would not be brought to any moderate terms upon this demand, their lordships were directed to improve and amend the particular concessions made to Britain by France, and form them into a treaty, for the Queen was determined never to allow the States any share in the Assiento, Gibraltar, and Port Mahon, nor could think it reasonable, that they should be upon an equal foot with her in the trade of Spain, to the conquest whereof they had contributed so little.

Nor was the conduct of the imperial minister at this time less perplexing than that of the States, both those powers appearing fully bent, either upon breaking off the negotiation, or, upon forcing from the Queen those advantages she expected by it for her own kingdoms. Her Majesty therefore thought fit, about the beginning of March, to send Mr. Thomas Harley, a near relation of the treasurer's, to Utrecht, fully informed of her mind, which he was directed to communicate to the plenipotentiaries of Britain.

Mr. Harley stopped in his way to Utrecht at The Hague, and there told the pensionary, "That nothing had happened lately in England but what was long ago foretold him, as well as the other ministers of the allies. That the proceedings of the House of Commons, particularly about the Barrier Treaty, must chiefly be ascribed to the manner in which the Queen and the nation had been treated by Mons. Bothmar, Count Gallas, Buys, and other foreign

ministers. That if the States would yet enter into a strict union with the Queen, give her satisfaction in the said treaty, and join in concert with her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, a safe and advantageous peace might be obtained for the whole alliance; otherwise Her Majesty must save her own country, and join with such of her allies as would join with her.

"As to the war, that the conduct of the allies, and their opposition to the Queen, by private intrigues carried on among her own subjects, as well as by open remonstrances, had made the House of Commons take that matter out of the hands of the ministers.

"Lastly, that in case the present treaty were broken off by the Dutch refusing to comply, Her Majesty thought it reasonable to insist, that some cautionary places be put into her hands as pledges, that no other negotiation should be entered into by the States General, without her participation."

Mr. Harley's instructions to the Queen's plenipotentiaries were, "That they should press those of France, to open themselves as far as possible, in concerting such a plan of a general peace, as might give reasonable satisfaction to all the confederates, and such as her Parliament would approve: That the people of England believed France would consent to such a plan; wherein if they found themselves deceived, they would be as eager for prosecuting the war as ever."

Their lordships were to declare openly to the Dutch, "That no extremity should make Her Majesty depart from insisting to have the Assiento for her own subjects, and to keep Gibraltar and Port Mahon; but if the States would agree with her upon these three heads, she would be content to reduce the trade of Spain and the West Indies, to the condition it was in under the late Catholic King Charles II."

The French were farther to be pressed, "That the Pretender should be immediately sent out of that kingdom; and that the most effectual method should be taken, for preventing the union of France and Spain under one prince."

About this time Her Majesty's ministers, and those of the allies at Utrecht, delivered in the several *postulata* or demands of their masters to the French plenipotentiaries, which having been since made public, and all of them, except those of Britain, very much varying in the course of the negotiation, the reader would be but ill entertained with a transcript of them here.

Upon intelligence of the last dauphin's death, the father, son, and grandson, all of that title, dying within the compass of a year, Mons. Gaultier went to France with letters to the Marquis de Torcy, to propose Her Majesty's expedient for preventing the union of that kingdom with Spain; which, as it was the most important article to be settled, in order to secure peace for Europe, so it was a point that required to be speedily adjusted under the present circumstances and situation of the Bourbon family, there being only left a child of two years old to stand between the Duke of Anjou and his

succeeding to the crown of France.

Her Majesty likewise pressed France by the same dispatches, to send full instructions to their plenipotentiaries, empowering them to offer to the allies such a plan of peace, as might give reasonable satisfaction to all her allies.

The Queen's proposal for preventing an union between France and Spain was, "that Philip should formally renounce the kingdom of France for himself and his posterity; and that this renunciation should be confirmed by the Cortes or states of Spain, who, without question, would heartily concur against such an union, by which their country must become a province to France." In like manner, the French princes of the blood were severally to renounce all title to Spain.

The French raised many difficulties upon several particulars of this expedient; but the Queen persisted to refuse any plan of peace before this weighty point were settled in the manner she proposed, which was afterwards submitted to, as in proper place we shall observe. In the mean time, the negotiation at Utrecht proceeded with a very slow pace; the Dutch interposing all obstructions they could contrive, refusing to come to any reasonable temper upon the Barrier Treaty, or to offer a plan, in concert with the Queen, for a general peace. Nothing less would satisfy them, than the partaking in those advantages we had stipulated for ourselves, and which did no ways interfere with their trade or security. They still expected some turn in England; their friends on this side had ventured to assure them, that the Queen could not live many months, which, indeed, from the bad state of Her Majesty's health, was reasonable to expect. The British plenipotentiaries daily discovered new endeavours of Holland to treat privately with France; and, lastly, those among the States, who desired the war should continue, strove to gain time, until the campaign should open; and by resolving to enter into action with the first opportunity, render all things desperate, and break up the congress.

This scheme did exactly fall in with Prince Eugene's dispositions, whom the States had chosen for their general, and of whose conduct, in this conjuncture, the Queen had too much reason to be jealous; but Her Majesty, who was resolved to do her utmost towards putting a good and speedy end to this war, having placed the Duke of Ormonde at the head of her forces in Flanders, whither he was now arrived, directed him to keep all the troops in British pay, whether subjects or foreigners, immediately under his own command; and to be cautious, for a while, in engaging in any action of importance, unless upon a very apparent advantage. At the same time the Queen determined to make one thorough trial of the disposition of the States, by allowing them the utmost concessions that could any way suit either with her safety or honour. She therefore directed her ministers at Utrecht, to tell the Dutch, "That, in order to shew how desirous she was to live in perfect amity with that republic, she would resign up the fifteen *per cent.*, advantage upon English goods sent to the Spanish dominions, which the French King had

offered her by a power from his grandson, and be content to reduce that trade to the state in which it was under the late King of Spain. She would accept of any tolerable softening of these words in the seventh article of the Barrier Treaty, where it is said, 'The States shall have power, in case of an apparent attack, to put as many troops as they please into all the places of the Netherlands,' without specifying an attack from the side of France, as ought to have been done; otherwise, the Queen might justly think they were preparing themselves for a rupture with Britain. Her Majesty likewise consented, that the States should keep Nieuport, Dendermonde, and the Castle of Ghent, as an addition to their barrier, although she were sensible how injurious those concessions would be to the trade of her subjects; and would waive the demand of Ostend being delivered into her hands, which she might with justice insist on. In return for all this, that the Queen only desired the ministers of the States would enter into a close correspondence with hers, and settle between them some plan of a general peace, which might give reasonable content to all her allies, and which Her Majesty would endeavour to bring France to consent to. She desired the trade of her kingdoms to the Netherlands, and to the towns of their barrier, might be upon as good a foot as it was before the war began: That the Dutch would not insist to have share in the Assiento, to which they had not the least pretensions, and that they would no longer encourage the intrigues of a faction against her government. Her Majesty assured them in plain terms, that her own future measures, and the conduct of her plenipotentiaries, should be wholly governed by their behaviour in these points; and that her offers were only conditional, in case of their compliance with what she desired."

But all these proofs of the Queen's kindness and sincerity could not avail. The Dutch ministers pleaded, they had no power to concert the plan of general peace with those of Britain: however, they assured the latter, that the Assiento was the only difficulty which stuck with their masters. Whereupon, at their desire, a contract for that traffic was twice read to them; after which they appeared very well satisfied, and said they would go to The Hague for further instructions. Thither they went, and, after a week's absence, returned the same answer, "That they had no power to settle a scheme of peace; but could only discourse of it, when the difficulties of the Barrier Treaty were over." And Mons. Buys took a journey to Amsterdam, on purpose to stir up that city, where he was pensionary, against yielding the Assiento to Britain; but was unsuccessful in his negotiation; the point being yielded up there, and in most other towns in Holland.

It will have an odd sound in history, and appear hardly credible, that in several petty republics of single towns, which make up the States General, it should be formally debated, whether the Queen of Great Britain, who preserved the commonwealth at the charge of so many millions, should be suffered to enjoy, after a peace, the liberty granted her by Spain of selling African slaves in the Spanish dominions of America! But there was a

prevailing faction at The Hague, violently bent against any peace, where the Queen must act that part which they had intended for themselves. These politicians, who held constant correspondence with their old dejected friends in England, were daily fed with the vain hopes of the Queen's death, or the party's restoration. They likewise endeavoured to spin out the time, till Prince Eugene's activity had pushed on some great event, which might govern or perplex the conditions of peace. Therefore the Dutch plenipotentiaries, who proceeded by the instructions of those mistaken patriots, acted in every point with a spirit of litigiousness, than which nothing could give greater advantage to the enemy; a strict union between the allies, but especially Britain and Holland, being doubtless the only means for procuring safe and honourable terms from France.

But neither was this the worst; for the Queen received undoubted intelligence from Utrecht, that the Dutch were again attempting a separate correspondence with France. And by letters, intercepted here, from Vienna, it was found, that the imperial court, whose ministers were in the utmost confidence with those of Holland, expressed the most furious rage against Her Majesty, for the steps she had taken to advance a peace.

This unjustifiable treatment, the Queen could not digest from an ally, upon whom she had conferred so many signal obligations, whom she had used with so much indulgence and sincerity during the whole course of the negotiation, and had so often invited to go along with her in every motion towards a peace. She apprehended likewise, that the negotiation might be taken out of her hands, if France could be secure of easier conditions in Holland, or might think that Britain wanted power to influence the whole confederacy. She resolved therefore, on this occasion, to exert herself with vigour, steadiness, and dispatch; and, in the beginning of May, sent her commands to the Earl of Strafford to repair immediately to England, in order to consult with her ministers what was proper to be done.

The proposal above mentioned, for preventing the union of France and Spain, met with many difficulties; Mons. de Torcy raising objections against several parts of it. But the Queen refused to proceed any farther with France, until this weighty point were fully settled to her satisfaction; after which, she promised to grant a suspension of arms, provided the town and citadel of Dunkirk might be delivered as a pledge into her hands: and proposed that Ypres might be surrendered to the Dutch, if they would consent to come into the suspension. France absolutely refused the latter; and the States General having acted in perpetual contradiction to Her Majesty, she pressed that matter no farther; because she doubted they would not agree to a cessation of arms. However, she resolved to put a speedy end, or at least intermission, to her own share in the war: and the French having declared themselves ready to agree to her expedients, for preventing the union of the two crowns, and consented to the delivery of Dunkirk; positive orders were sent to the Duke of Ormonde to avoid engaging in any battle or siege, until he had further

instructions; but he was directed to conceal his orders, and to find the best excuses he could, if any pressing occasion should offer.

The reasons for this unusual proceeding, which made a mighty noise, were of sufficient weight to justify it; for, pursuant to the agreement made between us and France, a courier was then dispatched from Fontainebleau to Madrid, with the offer of an alternative to Philip, either of resigning Spain immediately to the Duke of Savoy, upon the hopes of succeeding to France, and some present advantage, which, not having been accepted, is needless to dilate on; or of adhering to Spain, and renouncing all future claim to France for himself and his posterity.

Until it could be known which part Philip would accept, the Queen would not take possession of Dunkirk, nor suffer an armistice to be declared. But, however, since the Most Christian King had agreed that his grandson should be forced, in case of a refusal, to make his choice immediately, Her Majesty could not endure to think, that perhaps some thousands of lives of her own subjects and allies might be sacrificed, without necessity, if an occasion should be found or sought for fighting a battle; which, she very well knew, Prince Eugene would eagerly attempt, and put all into confusion, to gratify his own ambition, the enmity of his new masters the Dutch, and the rage of his court.

But the Duke of Ormonde, who, with every other quality that can accomplish or adorn a great man, inherits all the valour and loyalty of his ancestors, found it very difficult to acquit himself of his commission; for Prince Eugene, and all the field deputies of the States, had begun already to talk either of attacking the enemy, or besieging Quesnoy, the confederate army being now all joined by the troops they expected; and accordingly, about three days after the Duke had received those orders from court, it was proposed to his grace, at a meeting with the prince and deputies, that the French army should be attacked, their camp having been viewed, and a great opportunity offering to do it with success; for the Marechal de Villars, who had notice sent him by Mons. de Torcy of what was passing, and had signified the same by a trumpet to the Duke, shewed less vigilance than was usual to that general, taking no precautions to secure his camp, or observe the motions of the allies, probably on purpose to provoke them, the Duke said, “That the Earl of Strafford’s sudden departure for England, made him believe there was something of consequence now transacting, which would be known in four or five days; and therefore desired they would defer this or any other undertaking, until he could receive fresh letters from England.” Whereupon the prince and deputies immediately told the Duke, “That they looked for such an answer as he had given them: That they had suspected our measures for some time, and their suspicions were confirmed by the express his grace had so lately received, as well as by the negligence of Mons. Villars”. They appeared extremely dissatisfied; and the deputies told the Duke, that they would immediately send an account of his answer to their masters, which they

accordingly did; and soon after, by order from the States, wrote him an expostulating letter, in a style less respectful than became them; desiring him, among other things, to explain himself, whether he had positive orders not to fight the French; and afterwards told him, "They were sure he had such orders, otherwise he could not answer what he had done." But the Duke still waived the question, saying, "he would be glad to have letters from England, before he entered upon action, and that he expected them daily."

Upon this incident, the ministers and generals of the allies immediately took the alarm, venting their fury in violent expressions against the Queen, and those she employed in her councils: said, they were betrayed by Britain, and assumed the countenance of those who think they have received an injury, and are disposed to return it.

The Duke of Ormonde's army consisted of eighteen thousand of Her Majesty's subjects, and about thirty thousand hired from other princes, either wholly by the Queen, or jointly by her and the States. The Duke immediately informed the court of the dispositions he found among the foreign generals upon this occasion; and that, upon an exigency, he could only depend on the British troops adhering to him; those of Hanover having already determined to desert to the Dutch, and tempted the Danes to do the like, and that he had reason to suppose the same of the rest.

Upon the news arriving at Utrecht, that the Duke of Ormonde had refused to engage in any action against the enemy, the Dutch ministers there went immediately to make their complaints to the lord privy seal; aggravating the strangeness of this proceeding, together with the consequence of it, in the loss of a most favourable opportunity for ruining the French army, and the discontent it must needs create in the whole body of the confederates. Adding, how hard it was that they should be kept in the dark, and have no communication of what was done in a point which so nearly concerned them. They concluded, that the Duke must needs have acted by orders; and desired his lordship to write both to court, and to his grace, what they had now said.

The bishop answered, "That he knew nothing of this fact, but what they had told him; and therefore was not prepared with a reply to their representations: only, in general, he could venture to say, that this case appeared very like the conduct of their field-deputies upon former occasions: That if such orders were given, they were certainly built upon very justifiable foundations, and would soon be so explained as to convince the States, and all the world, that the common interest would be better provided for another way, than by a battle or siege: That the want of communication which they complained of, could not make the States so uneasy as their declining to receive it had made the Queen, who had used her utmost endeavours to persuade them to concur with her in concerting every step towards a general peace, and settling such a plan as both sides might approve and adhere to; but, to this day, the States had not thought fit to accept those offers, or to authorize any of their ministers to treat with Her Majesty's plenipotentiaries upon that

affair, although they had been pressed to it ever since the negotiation began: That his lordship, to shew that he did not speak his private sense alone, took this opportunity to execute the orders he had received the evening before, by declaring to them, that all Her Majesty's offers for adjusting the differences between her and the States were founded upon this express condition, That they should come immediately into the Queen's measures, and act openly and sincerely with her; and that, from their conduct, so directly contrary, she now looked upon herself to be under no obligation to them."

Mons. Buys and his colleagues were stunned with this declaration, made to them at a time when they pretended to think the right of complaining to be on their side, and had come to the bishop upon that errand. But after their surprise was abated, and Buys's long reasonings at an end, they began to think how matters might be retrieved; and were of opinion, that the States should immediately dispatch a minister to England, unless his lordship were empowered to treat with them; which, without new commands, he said he was not. They afterwards desired to know of the bishop, what the meaning was of the last words in his declaration, "That Her Majesty looked upon herself to be under no obligation to them." He told them his opinion, "That as the Queen was bound by treaty to concert with the States the conditions of a peace, so, upon their declining the concert so frequently offered, she was acquitted of that obligation: but that he verily believed, whatever measures Her Majesty should take, she would always have a friendly regard to the interest of their commonwealth; and that as their unkindness had been very unexpected and disagreeable to Her Majesty, so their compliance would be equally pleasing."

I have been the more circumstantial in relating this affair, because it furnished abundance of discourse, and gave rise to many wild conjectures and misrepresentations, as well here as in Holland, especially that part which concerned the Duke of Ormonde; for the angry faction in the House of Commons, upon the first intelligence, that the Duke had declined to act offensively against France, in concurrence with the allies, moved for an address, wherein the Queen should be informed of "the deep concern of her Commons for the dangerous consequences to the common cause, which must arise from this proceeding of her general; and to beseech her, that speedy instructions might be given to the Duke to prosecute the war with vigour, in order to quiet the minds of her people, &c." But a great majority was against this motion, and a resolution drawn up and presented to the Queen by the whole House of a quite contrary tenor, "That they had an entire confidence in Her Majesty's most gracious promise, to communicate to her Parliament the terms of the peace, before the same should be concluded; and that they would support Her Majesty, in obtaining an honourable and safe peace, against all such persons, either at home or abroad, who have endeavoured, or shall endeavour, to obstruct the same."

The courier sent with the alternative to Spain was now returned, with an account that Philip had chosen to renounce France for himself and his

posterity, whereof the Queen having received notice, Her Majesty, upon the sixth of June, in a long speech to both Houses of Parliament, laid before them the terms of a general peace, stipulated between her and France. This speech, being the plan whereby both France and the allies have been obliged to proceed in the subsequent course of the treaty, I shall desire the reader's leave to insert it at length, although I believe it hath been already in most hands.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"The making peace and war is the undoubted prerogative of the crown; yet such is the just confidence I place in you, that at the opening of this session, I acquainted you that a negotiation for a general peace was begun; and afterwards, by messages, I promised to communicate to you the terms of peace, before the same should be concluded.

"In pursuance of that promise, I now come to let you know upon what terms a general peace may be made.

"I need not mention the difficulties which arise from the very nature of this affair; and it is but too apparent, that these difficulties have been increased by other obstructions, artfully contrived to hinder this great and good work.

"Nothing, however, has moved me from steadily pursuing, in the first place, the true interests of my own kingdoms, and I have not omitted any thing, which might procure to all our allies what is due to them by treaties, and what is necessary for their security.

"The assuring of the Protestant succession, as by law established in the House of Hanover, to these kingdoms; being what I have nearest at heart, particular care is taken not only to have that acknowledged in the strongest terms, but to have an additional security, by the removal of that person out of the dominions of France, who has pretended to disturb this settlement.

"The apprehension that Spain and the West Indies might be united to France, was the chief inducement to begin this war; and the effectual preventing of such an union, was the principle I laid down at the commencement of this treaty. Former examples, and the late negotiations, sufficiently shew how difficult it is to find means to accomplish this work. I would not content myself with such as are speculative, or depend on treaties only: I insisted on what was solid, and to have at hand the power of executing what should be agreed.

"I can therefore now tell you, that France at last is brought to offer, that the Duke of Anjou shall, for himself and his descendants, renounce for ever all claim to the crown of France; and that this important article may be exposed to no hazard, the performance is to accompany the promise.

"At the same time the succession to the crown of France is to be declared, after the death of the present dauphin and his sons, to be in the Duke of Berry and his sons, in the Duke of Orleans and his sons, and so on to the rest of the House of Bourbon.

"As to Spain and the Indies, the succession to those dominions, after the Duke of Anjou and his children, is to descend to such prince as shall be

agreed upon at the treaty, for ever excluding the rest of the House of Bourbon.

"For confirming the renunciations and settlements before mentioned, it is further offered, that they should be ratified in the most strong and solemn manner, both in France and Spain; and that those kingdoms, as well as all the other powers engaged in the present war, shall be guarantees to the same.

"The nature of this proposal is such, that it executes itself: the interest of Spain is to support it; and in France, the persons to whom that succession is to belong, will be ready and powerful enough to vindicate their own right.

"France and Spain are now more effectually divided than ever. And thus, by the blessing of God, will a real balance of power be fixed in Europe, and remain liable to as few accidents as human affairs can be exempted from.

"A treaty of commerce between these kingdoms and France has been entered upon; but the excessive duties laid on some goods, and the prohibitions of others, make it impossible to finish this work so soon as were to be desired. Care is however taken to establish a method of settling this matter; and in the mean time provision is made, that the same privileges and advantages, as shall be granted to any other nation by France, shall be granted in like manner to us.

"The division of the Island of St. Christopher, between us and the French, having been the cause of great inconveniency and damage to my subjects, I have demanded to have an absolute cession made to me of that whole island, and France agrees to this demand.

"Our interest is so deeply concerned in the trade of North America, that I have used my utmost endeavours to adjust that article in the most beneficial manner. France consents to restore to us the whole Bay and Straits of Hudson, to deliver up the Island of Newfoundland, with Placentia; and to make an absolute cession of Annapolis, with the rest of Nova Scotia, or Acadie.

"The safety of our home trade will be better provided for, by the demolition of Dunkirk.

"Our Mediterranean trade, and the British interest and influence in those parts, will be secured by the possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, with the whole island of Minorca, which are offered to remain in my hands.

"The trade to Spain and to the West Indies may in general be settled, as it was in the time of the late King of Spain, Charles the Second; and a particular provision be made, that all advantages, rights, or privileges, which have been granted, or which may hereafter be granted, by Spain to any other nation, shall be in like manner granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"But the part which we have borne in the prosecution of this war, entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, I have insisted, and obtained, that the Assiento, or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes, shall be made with us for the term of thirty years, in the same manner as it has been enjoyed by the French for ten years past.

"I have not taken upon me to determine the interests of our confederates; these must be adjusted in the congress at Utrecht, where my best endeavours

shall be employed, as they have hitherto constantly been, to procure to every one of them all just and reasonable satisfaction. In the mean time, I think it proper to acquaint you, that France offers to make the Rhine the barrier of the empire; to yield Brissac, the fort of Kehl, and Landau, and to raze all the fortresses, both on the other side of the Rhine, and in that river.

"As to the Protestant interest in Germany, there will be on the part of France no objection to the resettling thereof, on the foot of the treaty of Westphalia.

"The Spanish Low Countries may go to his Imperial Majesty: the kingdoms of Naples and Sardinia, the duchy of Milan, and the places belonging to Spain on the coast of Tuscany, may likewise be yielded by the treaty of peace to the Emperor.

"As to the kingdom of Sicily, though there remains no dispute concerning the cession of it by the Duke of Anjou, yet the disposition thereof is not yet determined.

"The interests of the States General, with respect to commerce, are agreed to, as they have been demanded by their own ministers, with the exception only of some very few species of merchandise; and the entire barrier, as demanded by the States in one thousand seven hundred and nine from France, except two or three places at most.

"As to these exceptions, several expedients are proposed; and I make no doubt but this barrier may be so settled, as to render that republic perfectly secure against any enterprise on the part of France; which is the foundation of all my engagements upon this head with the States.

"The demands of Portugal depending on the disposition of Spain, and that article having been long in dispute, it has not been yet possible to make any considerable progress therein; but my plenipotentiaries will now have an opportunity to assist that king in his pretensions.

"Those of the King of Prussia are such as, I hope, will admit of little difficulty on the part of France; and my utmost endeavours shall not be wanting to procure all I am able to so good an ally.

"The difference between the barrier demanded for the Duke of Savoy in one thousand seven hundred and nine, and the offers now made by France, is very inconsiderable: but that prince having so signally distinguished himself in the service of the common cause, I am endeavouring to procure for him still farther advantages.

"France has consented, that the Elector Palatine shall continue his present rank among the electors, and remain in possession of the Upper Palatinate.

"The electoral dignity is likewise acknowledged in the House of Hanover, according to the article inserted at that prince's desire in my demands.

"And as to the rest of the allies, I make no doubt of being able to secure their several interests.

* * * * *

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I have now communicated to you, not only the terms of peace, which may, by the future treaty, be obtained for my own subjects; but likewise the proposals of France, for satisfying our allies.

“The former are such as I have reason to expect, to make my people some amends for that great and unequal burden which they have lain under, through the whole course of this war; and I am willing to hope, that none of our confederates, and especially those to whom so great accessions of dominion and power are to accrue by this peace, will envy Britain her share in the glory and advantage of it.

“The latter are not yet so perfectly adjusted, as a little more time might have rendered them; but the season of the year making it necessary to put an end to this session, I resolved no longer to defer communicating these matters to you.

“I can make no doubt but you are all fully persuaded, that nothing will be neglected on my part, in the progress of this negotiation, to bring the peace to an happy and speedy issue; and I depend on your entire confidence in me, and your cheerful concurrence with me.”

The discontented party in the House of Commons, finding the torrent against them not to be stemmed, suspended their opposition; by which means an address was voted, *nemine contradicente*, to acknowledge Her Majesty’s condescension, to express their satisfaction in what she had already done, and to desire she would please to proceed with the present negotiations for obtaining a speedy peace.

During these transactions at home, the Duke of Ormonde was in a very uneasy situation at the army, employed in practising those arts which perhaps are fitter for a subtle negotiator than a great commander. But as he had always proved his obedience, where courage or conduct could be of use; so the duty he professed to his prince, made him submit to continue in a state of inactivity at the head of his troops, however contrary to his nature, if it were for Her Majesty’s service. He had sent early notice to the ministers, that he could not depend upon the foreign forces in the Queen’s pay, and he now found some attempts were already begun to seduce them.

While the courier was expected from Madrid, the Duke had orders to inform the Maréchal de Villars of the true state of this affair; and that his grace would have decisive orders in three or four days. In the mean time, he desired the marechal would not oblige him to come to any action, either to defend himself, or to join with Prince Eugene’s army; which he must necessarily do, if the prince were attacked.

When the courier was arrived with the account, that Philip had chosen to accept of Spain, Her Majesty had proposed to France a suspension of arms for two months (to be prolonged to three or four), between the armies now in Flanders, upon the following conditions:

"That, during the suspension, endeavours should be used for concluding a general peace; or, at least, the article for preventing the union of France and Spain, should be punctually executed by Philip's renouncing France, for himself and his posterity; and the princes of Bourbon, in like manner, renouncing Spain: and that the town, citadel, and forts of Dunkirk, should be immediately delivered into the Queen's hands." Her Majesty at the same time endeavoured to get Cambray for the Dutch, provided they would come into the suspension. But this was absolutely rejected by France; which that court would never have ventured to do, if those allies could have been prevailed on to have acted with sincerity and openness in concert with Her Majesty, as her plenipotentiaries had always desired. However, the Queen promised, that, if the States would yield to a suspension of arms, they should have some valuable pledge put into their possession.

But now fresh intelligence daily arrived, both from Utrecht and the army, of attempts to make the troops in Her Majesty's pay desert her service; and a design even of seizing the British forces, was whispered about, and with reason suspected.

When the Queen's speech was published in Holland, the lord privy seal told the Dutch ministers at Utrecht, "That what Her Majesty had laid before her Parliament could not, according to the rules of treaty, be looked on as the utmost of what France would yield in the course of a negotiation; but only the utmost of what that crown would propose, in order to form the plan of a peace: That these conditions would certainly have been better, if the States had thought fit to have gone hand in hand with Her Majesty, as she had so frequently exhorted them to do: That nothing but the want of harmony among the allies had spirited the French to stand out so long: That the Queen would do them all the good offices in her power, if they thought fit to comply; and did not doubt of getting them reasonable satisfaction, both in relation to their barrier and their trade." But this reasoning made no impression: the Dutch ministers said, the Queen's speech had deprived them of the fruits of the war. They were in pain, lest Lille and Tournay might be two of the towns to be excepted out of their barrier. The rest of the allies grew angry, by the example of the Dutch. The populace in Holland began to be inflamed: they publicly talked, that Britain had betrayed them. Sermons were preached in several towns of their provinces, whether by direction or connivance, filled with the highest instances of disrespect to Her Britannic Majesty, whom they charged as a papist, and an enemy to their country. The lord privy seal himself believed something extraordinary was in agitation, and that his own person was in danger from the fury of the people.

It is certain, that the States appeared but a few days before very much disposed to comply with the measures the Queen had taken, and would have consented to a general armistice, if Count Zinzendorf, one of the plenipotentiaries for the Emperor, had not, by direct orders from his court, employed himself in sowing jealousies between Britain and the States; and at

the same time made prodigious offers to the latter, as well as to the ministers of Prussia, the Palatinate, and Hanover, for continuing the war. That those three electors, who contributed nothing, except bodies of men in return of pay and subsidies, should readily accept the proposals of the Emperor, is easy to be accounted for. What appears hardly credible is, that a grave republic, usually cautious enough in making their bargains, should venture to reject the thoughts of a peace upon the promises of the House of Austria, the little validity whereof they had so long experienced; and especially when they counted upon losing the support of Britain, their most powerful ally; but the false hopes given them by their friends in England of some new change in their favour, or an imagination of bringing France to better terms by the appearance of resolution, added to the weakness or corruption of some, who administered their affairs, were the true causes which first created, and afterwards inflamed, this untractable temper among them.

The Dutch ministers were wholly disconcerted and surprised, when the lord privy seal told them, "That a suspension of arms in the Netherlands would be necessary; and that the Duke of Ormonde intended very soon to declare it after he had taken possession of Dunkirk." But his lordship endeavoured to convince them, that this incident ought rather to be a motive for hastening the States into a compliance with Her Majesty. He likewise communicated to the ministers of the allies the offers made by France, as delivered in the speech from the throne, which Her Majesty thought to be satisfactory, and hoped their masters would concur with her in bringing the peace to a speedy conclusion, wherein each, in particular, might be assured of her best offices for advancing their just pretensions.

In the mean time the Duke of Ormonde was directed to send a body of troops to take possession of Dunkirk, as soon as he should have notice from the Maréchal de Villars, that the commandant of the town had received orders from his court to deliver it; but the Duke foresaw many difficulties in the executing of this commission. He could trust such an enterprise to no forces, except those of Her Majesty's own subjects. He considered the temper of the States in this conjuncture, and was loth to divide a small body of men, upon whose faithfulness alone he could depend. He thought it not prudent to expose them to march through the enemy's country, with whom there was yet neither peace nor truce; and he had sufficient reasons to apprehend, that the Dutch would either not permit such a detachment to pass through their towns (as themselves had more than hinted to him) or would seize them as they passed: besides, the Duke had very fairly signified to Maréchal de Villars, that he expected to be deserted by all the foreign troops in Her Majesty's pay, as soon as the armistice should be declared; at which the maréchal appearing extremely disappointed, said, "The King his master reckoned, that all the troops under his grace's command should yield to the cessation; and wondered how it should come to pass, that those who might be paid for lying still, would rather choose, after a ten years' war, to enter into the service of

new masters, under whom they must fight on for nothing." In short, the opinion of Mons. Villars was, that this difficulty cancelled the promise of surrendering Dunkirk; which therefore he opposed as much as possible, in the letters he writ to his court.

Upon the Duke of Ormonde's representing those difficulties, the Queen altered her measures, and ordered forces to be sent from England to take possession of Dunkirk. The Duke was likewise commanded to tell the foreign generals in Her Majesty's service, how highly she would resent their desertion; after which, their masters must give up all thoughts of any arrears, either of pay or subsidy. The lord privy seal spoke the same language at Utrecht, to the several ministers of the allies; as Mr. Secretary St. John did to those who resided here; adding, "That the proceeding of the foreign troops would be looked upon as a declaration for or against Her Majesty: and that, in case they desert her service, she would look on herself as justified, before God and man, to continue her negotiation at Utrecht, or any other place, whether the allies concur or not." And particularly the Dutch were assured, "That if their masters seduced the forces hired by the Queen, they must take the whole pay, arrears, and subsidies on themselves."

The Earl of Strafford, preparing about this time to return to Utrecht, with instructions proper to the present situation of affairs, went first to the army, and there informed the Duke of Ormonde of Her Majesty's intentions. He also acquainted the States deputies with the Queen's uneasiness, lest, by the measures they were taking, they should drive her to extremities, which she desired so much to avoid. He farther represented to them, in the plainest terms, the provocations Her Majesty had received, and the grounds and reasons for her present conduct. He likewise declared to the commanders in chief of the foreign troops, in the Queen's pay, and in the joint pay of Britain and the States, with how much surprise Her Majesty had heard, "That there was the least doubt of their obeying the orders of the Duke of Ormonde; which if they refused, Her Majesty would esteem it not only as an indignity and affront, but as a declaration against her; and, in such a case, they must look on themselves as no farther entitled either to any arrear, or future pay or subsidies."

Six regiments, under the command of Mr. Hill, were now preparing to embark, in order to take possession of Dunkirk; and the Duke of Ormonde, upon the first intelligence sent him, that the French were ready to deliver the town, was to declare he could act no longer against France. The Queen gave notice immediately of her proceedings to the States. She let them plainly know, "That their perpetual caballing with her factious subjects, against her authority, had forced her into such measures, as otherwise she would not have engaged in. However, Her Majesty was willing yet to forget all that had passed, and to unite with them in the strictest ties of amity, which she hoped they would now do; since they could not but be convinced, by the late dutiful addresses of both Houses, how far their High Mightinesses had been deluded,

and drawn in as instruments to serve the turn, and gratify the passions, of a disaffected party: That their opposition, and want of concert with Her Majesty's ministers, which she had so often invited them to, had encouraged France to except towns out of their barrier, which otherwise might have been yielded: That, however, she had not precluded them, or any other ally, from demanding more; and even her own terms were but conditional, upon supposition of a general peace to ensue: That Her Majesty resolved to act upon the plan laid down in her speech;" and she repeated the promise of her best offices to promote the interest of the States, if they would deal sincerely with her.

Some days before the Duke of Ormonde had notice, that orders were given for the surrender of Dunkirk, Prince Eugene of Savoy sent for the generals of the allies, and asked them severally, whether, in case the armies separated, they would march with him, or stay with the Duke? All of them, except two, who commanded but small bodies, agreed to join with the prince; who thereupon, about three days after, sent the Duke word, that he intended to march the following day (as it was supposed) to besiege Landrecies. The Duke returned an answer, "That he was surprised at the prince's message, there having been not the least previous concert with him, nor any mention in the message, which way, or upon what design, the march was intended: therefore, that the Duke could not resolve to march with him; much less could the prince expect assistance from the Queen's army, in any design undertaken after this manner." The Duke told this beforehand, that he (the prince) might take his measures accordingly, and not attribute to Her Majesty's general any misfortune that might happen.

On the sixteenth of July, N.S. the several generals of the allies joined Prince Eugene's army, and began their march, after taking leave of the Duke and the Earl of Strafford, whose expostulations could not prevail on them to stay; although the latter assured them, that the Queen had made neither peace nor truce with France, and that her forces would now be left exposed to the enemy.

The next day after this famous desertion, the Duke of Ormonde received a letter from Mons. de Villars, with an account, that the town and citadel of Dunkirk should be delivered to Mr. Hill. Whereupon a cessation of arms was declared, by sound of trumpet, at the head of the British army; which now consisted only of about eighteen thousand men, all of Her Majesty's subjects, except the Holsteiners, and Count Wallis's dragoons. With this small body of men the general began his march; and, pursuant to orders from court, retired towards the sea, in the manner he thought most convenient for the Queen's service. When he came as far as Flines, he was told by some of his officers, that the commandants of Bouchain, Douay, Lille, and Tournay, had refused them passage through those towns, or even liberty of entrance, and said it was by order of their masters. The Duke immediately recollected, that when the deputies first heard of his resolution to withdraw his troops, they told him,

they hoped he did not intend to march through any of their towns. This made him conclude, that the orders must be general, and that his army would certainly meet with the same treatment which his officers had done. He had likewise, before the armies separated, received information of some designs that concerned the safety, or at least the freedom of his own person, and (which he much more valued) that of those few British troops entrusted to his care. No general was ever more truly or deservedly beloved by his soldiers, who, to a man, were prepared to sacrifice their lives in his service; and whose resentments were raised to the utmost, by the ingratitude, as they termed it, of their deserters.

Upon these provocations, he laid aside all thoughts of returning to Dunkirk, and began to consider how he might perform, in so difficult a conjuncture, something important to the Queen, and at the same time find a secure retreat for his forces. He formed his plan without communicating it to any person whatsoever; and the disposition of the army being to march towards Warneton, in the way to Dunkirk, he gave sudden orders to Lieutenant-General Cadogan to change his route, according to the military phrase, and move towards Orchies, a town leading directly to Ghent.

When Prince Eugene and the States deputies received news of the Duke's motions, they were alarmed to the utmost degree, and sent Count Nassau, of Woudenbourg, to the general's camp near Orchies, to excuse what had been done, and to assure his grace, that those commandants, who had refused passage to his officers, had acted wholly without orders. Count Hompesch, one of the Dutch generals, came likewise to the Duke with the same story; but all this made little impression on the general, who held on his march, and on the twenty-third of July, N.S., entered Ghent, where he was received with great submission by the inhabitants, and took possession of the town, as he likewise did of Bruges, a few days after.

The Duke of Ormonde thought, that considering the present disposition of the States towards Britain, it might be necessary for the Queen to have some pledge from that republic in her hands, as well as from France, by which means Her Majesty would be empowered to act the part that best became her, of being mediator at least; and that while Ghent was in the Queen's hands, no provisions could pass the Scheldt or the Lys without her permission, by which he had it in his power to starve their army. The possession of these towns might likewise teach the Dutch and Imperialists, to preserve a degree of decency and civility to Her Majesty, which both of them were upon some occasions too apt to forget: and besides, there was already in the town of Ghent, a battalion of British troops and a detachment of five hundred men in the citadel, together with a great quantity of ammunition stores for the service of the war, which would certainly have been seized or embezzled; so that no service could be more seasonable or useful in the present juncture than this, which the Queen highly approved, and left the Duke a discretionary power to act as he thought fit on any future emergency.

I have a little interrupted the order of time, in relating the Duke of Ormonde's proceedings, who, after having placed a garrison at Bruges, and sent a supply of men and ammunition to Dunkirk, retired to Ghent, where he continued some months, till he had leave to return to England.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Disney at court, with an account that Mr. Hill had taken possession of Dunkirk, an universal joy spread over the kingdom, this event being looked on as the certain forerunner of a peace: besides, the French faith was in so ill a reputation among us, that many persons, otherwise sanguine enough, could never bring themselves to believe, that the town would be delivered, till certain intelligence came that it was actually in our hands. Neither were the ministers themselves altogether at ease, or free from suspicion, whatever countenance they made; for they knew very well, that the French King had many plausible reasons to elude his promise, if he found cause to repent it. One condition of surrendering Dunkirk, being a general armistice of all the troops in the British pay, which Her Majesty was not able to perform; and upon this failure, the Maréchal de Villars (as we have before related) endeavoured to dissuade his court from accepting the conditions: and in the very interval, while those difficulties were adjusting, the Maréchal d'Uxelles, one of the French plenipotentiaries at Utrecht (whose inclinations, as well as those of his colleague Mons. Mesnager, led him to favour the States more than Britain) assured the lord privy seal, that the Dutch were then pressing to enter into separate measures with his master: and his lordship, in a visit to the Abbé de Polignac, observing a person to withdraw as he entered the abbé's chamber, was told by this minister, that the person he saw was one Molo, of Amsterdam, mentioned before, a famous agent for the States with France, who had been entertaining him (the abbé) upon the same subject, but that he had refused to treat with Molo, without the privity of England.

Mr. Harley, whom we mentioned above to have been sent early in the spring to Utrecht, continued longer in Holland than was at first expected; but having received Her Majesty's farther instructions, was about this time arrived at Hanover. It was the misfortune of his Electoral Highness, to be very ill served by Mons. Bothmar, his envoy here, who assisted at all the factious meetings of the discontented party, and deceived his master by a false representation of the kingdom, drawn from the opinion of those to whom he confined his conversation. There was likewise at the Elector's court a little Frenchman, without any merit or consequence, called Robethon, who, by the assistance and encouragement of the last ministry, had insinuated himself into some degree of that prince's favour, which he used in giving his master the worst impressions he was able, of those whom the Queen employed in her service; insinuating, that the present ministers were not in the interest of his Highness's family; that their views were towards the Pretender; that they were making an unsecure and dishonourable peace; that the weight of the nation was against them; and that it was impossible for them to preserve much longer their credit or power.

The Earl Rivers had, in the foregoing year, been sent to Hanover, in order to undeceive the Elector, and remove whatever prejudices might be infused into his Highness against Her Majesty's proceedings; but it should seem that he had no very great success in his negotiation: for soon after his return to England, Mons. Bothmar's "Memorial" appeared in the manner I have already related, which discovered the sentiments of his electoral Highness (if they were truly represented in that "Memorial") to differ not a little from those of the Queen. Mr. Harley was therefore directed to take the first opportunity of speaking to the Elector in private, to assure him, "That although Her Majesty had thought herself justly provoked by the conduct of his minister, yet such was her affection for his Highness, and concern for the interests of his family, that instead of showing the least mark of resentment, she had chosen to send him (Mr. Harley) fully instructed to open her designs, and shew his Highness the real interest of Britain in the present conjuncture." Mr. Harley was to give the Elector a true account of what had passed in England, during the first part of this session of Parliament; to expose to his Highness the weakness of those with whom his minister had consulted, and under whose directions he had acted; to convince him how much lower that faction must become, when a peace should be concluded, and when the natural strength of the kingdom, disencumbered from the burthen of the war, should be at liberty to exert itself; to shew him how his interest in the succession was sacrificed to that of a party: that his Highness had been hitherto a friend to both sides, but that the measures taken by his ministers, had tended only to set him at the head of one in opposition to the other: to explain to the Elector, how fully the safety of Europe was provided for by the plan of peace in Her Majesty's speech; and how little reason those would appear to have, who complained the loudest of this plan, if it were compared either with our engagements to them when we began the war, or with their performances in the course of it.

Upon this occasion Mr, Harley was to observe to the Elector, "That it should rather be wondered at, how the Queen had brought France to offer so much, than yet to offer no more; because, as soon as ever it appeared, that Her Majesty would be at the head of this treaty, and that the interests of Britain were to be provided for, such endeavours were used to break off the negotiation, as are hardly to be paralleled; and the disunion thereby created among the allies, had given more opportunities to the enemy, of being slow in their concessions, than any other measures might possibly have done: That this want of concert among the allies, could not in any sort be imputed to the Queen, who had all along invited them to it with the greatest earnestness, as the surest means to bring France to reason: That she had always, in a particular manner, pressed the States General to come into the strictest union with her, and opened to them her intentions with the greatest freedom; but finding, that instead of concurring with Her Majesty, they were daily carrying on intrigues to break off the negotiation, and thereby deprive her of the advantages she might justly expect from the ensuing peace, having no other

way left, she was forced to act with France as she did, by herself: That, however, the Queen had not taken upon herself to determine the interests of the allies, who were at liberty of insisting on farther pretensions, wherein Her Majesty would not be wanting to support them as far as she was able, and improve the concessions already made by France; in which case, a good understanding and harmony among the confederates, would yet be of the greatest use for making the enemy more tractable and easy."

I have been more particular in reciting the substance of Mr. Harley's instructions, because it will serve as a recapitulation of what I have already said upon this subject, and seems to set Her Majesty's intentions, and proceedings at this time, in the clearest light.

After the cessation of arms declared by the Duke of Ormonde, upon the delivery of Dunkirk, the British plenipotentiaries very earnestly pressed those of Holland to come into a general armistice; for if the whole confederacy acted in conjunction, this would certainly be the best means for bringing the common enemy to reasonable terms of peace: but the States, deluded by the boundless promises of Count Zinzendorf, and the undertaking talent of Prince Eugene, who dreaded the conclusion of the war, as the period of his glory, would not hear of a cessation. The loss of eighteen thousand Britons was not a diminution of weight in the balance of such an ally as the Emperor, and such a general as the Prince. Besides, they looked upon themselves to be still superior to France in the field; and although their computation was certainly right in point of number, yet, in my opinion, the conclusion drawn from it, was grounded upon a great mistake. I have been assured by several persons of our own country, and some foreigners of the first rank, both for skill and station in arms, that in most victories obtained in the present war, the British troops were ever employed in the post of danger and honour, and usually began the attack (being allowed to be naturally more fearless than the people of any other country), by which they were not only an example of courage to the rest, but must be acknowledged, without partiality, to have governed the fortune of the day; since it is known enough, how small a part of an army is generally engaged in any battle. It may likewise be added, that nothing is of greater moment in war than opinion. The French, by their frequent losses, which they chiefly attributed to the courage of our men, believed that a British general, at the head of British troops, was not to be overcome; and the Maréchal de Villars was quickly sensible of the advantage he had got; for, in a very few days after the desertion of the allies, happened the Earl of Albemarle's disgrace at Denain, by a feint of the Maréchal's, and a manifest failure somewhere or other, both of courage and conduct on the side of the confederates. The blame of which was equally shared between Prince Eugene and the Earl; although it is certain, the Duke of Ormonde gave the latter timely warning of his danger, observing he was neither intrenched as he ought, nor provided with bridges sufficient for the situation he was in, and at such a distance from the main army.

The Marquis de Torcy had likewise the same sentiments, of what mighty consequence those few British battalions were to the confederate army; since he advised his master to deliver up Dunkirk, although the Queen could not perform the condition understood, which was a cessation of arms of all the foreign forces in her pay.

It must be owned, that Mons. de Torcy made great merit of this confidence that his master placed in the Queen; and observing Her Majesty's displeasure against the Dutch, on account of their late proceedings, endeavoured to inflame it with aggravations enough; insinuating, "That, since the States had acted so ungratefully, the Queen should let her forces join with those of France, in order to compel the confederates to a peace." But although this overture were very tenderly hinted from the French court, Her Majesty heard it with the utmost abhorrence; and ordered her secretary, Mr. St. John (created about this time Viscount Bolingbroke), to tell Mons. de Torcy, "That no provocations whatever should tempt her to distress her allies; but she would endeavour to bring them to reason by fair means, or leave them to their own conduct: That if the former should be found impracticable, she would then make her own peace, and content herself with doing the office of a mediator between both parties: but if the States should at any time come to a better mind, and suffer their ministers to act in conjunction with hers, she would assert their just interests to the utmost, and make no farther progress in any treaty with France, until those allies received all reasonable satisfaction, both as to their barrier and their trade." The British plenipotentiaries were directed to give the same assurances to the Dutch ministers at Utrecht, and withal to let them know, "That the Queen was determined, by their late conduct, to make peace either with or without them; but would much rather choose the former."

There was, however, one advantage which Her Majesty resolved to make by this defection of her foreigners. She had been led, by the mistaken politics of some years past, to involve herself in several guaranties with the princes of the north, which were, in some sort, contradictory to one another; but this conduct of theirs wholly annulled all such engagements, and left her at liberty to interpose in the affairs of those parts of Europe, in such a manner as would best serve the interests of her own kingdoms, as well as that of the Protestant religion, and settle a due balance of power in the north.

The grand article for preventing the union of France and Spain, was to be executed during a cessation of arms. But many difficulties arising about that, and some other points of great importance to the common cause, which could not easily be adjusted either between the French and British plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, or by correspondence between Mons. de Torcy and the ministry here; the Queen took the resolution of sending the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke immediately to France, fully instructed in all her intentions, and authorized to negotiate every thing necessary for settling the treaty of peace in such a course, as might bring it to a happy and speedy conclusion. He was

empowered to agree to a general suspension of arms, by sea and land, between Great Britain, France and Spain, to continue for four months, or until the conclusion of the peace; provided France and Spain would previously give positive assurances to make good the terms demanded by Her Majesty for the Duke of Savoy, and would likewise adjust and determine the forms of the several renunciations to be made by both those crowns, in order to prevent their being ever united. The Lord Bolingbroke was likewise authorized to settle some differences relating to the Elector of Bavaria, for whose interests France was as much concerned as Her Majesty was for those of the Duke of Savoy; to explain all doubtful articles which particularly related to the advantages of Britain; to know the real *ultimatum*, as it is termed, of France upon the general plan of peace; and lastly, to cut off all hopes from that court of ever bringing the Queen to force her allies to a disadvantageous peace; Her Majesty resolving to impose no scheme at all upon them, or to debar them from the liberty of endeavouring to obtain the best conditions they could.

The Lord Bolingbroke went to France in the beginning of August, was received at court with particular marks of distinction and respect; and in a very few days, by his usual address and ability, performed every part of his commission, extremely to the Queen's content and his own honour. He returned to England before the end of the month; but Mr. Prior, who went along with him, was left behind, to adjust whatever differences might remain or arise between the two crowns.

In the mean time the general conferences at Utrecht, which for several weeks had been let fall, since the delivery of Dunkirk, were now resumed. But the Dutch still declaring against a suspension of arms, and refusing to accept the Queen's speech as a plan to negotiate upon, there was no progress made for some time in the great work of the peace. Whereupon the British plenipotentiaries told those of the States, "That if the Queen's endeavours could not procure more than the contents of her speech, or if the French should ever fall short of what was there offered, the Dutch could blame none but themselves, who, by their conduct, had rendered things difficult, that would otherwise have been easy." However, Her Majesty thought it prudent to keep the States still in hopes of her good offices, to prevent them from taking the desperate course of leaving themselves wholly at the mercy of France; which was an expedient they formerly practised, and which a party among them was now inclined to advise.

Whilst the congress at Utrecht remained in this inactive state, the Queen proceeded to perfect that important article for preventing the union of France and Spain. It was proposed and accepted, that Philip should renounce France, for himself and his posterity; and that the Most Christian King, and all the princes of his blood, should, in the like manner, renounce Spain.

It must be confessed, that this project of renunciation lay under a great disrepute, by the former practices of this very King, Lewis XIV. pursuant to an absurd notion among many in that kingdom, of a divine right, annexed to

proximity of blood, not to be controlled by any human law.

But it is plain, the French themselves had recourse to this method, after all their infractions of it, since the Pyrenean treaty; for the first dauphin, in whom the original claim was vested, renounced, for himself and his eldest son, which opened the way to Philip Duke of Anjou; who would however hardly have succeeded, if it had not been for the will made in his favour by the last King, Charles II.

It is indeed hard to reflect, with any patience, upon the unaccountable stupidity of the princes of Europe for some centuries past, who left a probability to France of succeeding in a few ages to all their dominions; whilst, at the same time, no alliance with that kingdom could be of advantage to any prince, by reason of the salique law. Should not common prudence have taught every sovereign in Christendom to enact a salique law, with respect to France; for want of which, it is almost a miracle, that the Bourbon family hath not possessed the universal monarchy by right of inheritance? When the French assert a proximity of blood gives a divine right, as some of their ministers, who ought to be more wise or honest, have lately advanced in this very case, to the title of Spain; do they not, by allowing a French succession, make their own kings usurpers? Or, if the salique law be divine, is it not of universal obligation, and consequently of force, to exclude France from inheriting by daughters? Or, lastly, if that law be of human institution, may it not be enacted in any state, with whatever extent or limitation the legislature shall think fit? For the notion of an unchangeable human law is an absurdity in government, to be believed only by ignorance, and supported by power. From hence it follows, that the children of the late Queen of France, although she had renounced, were as legally excluded from succeeding to Spain, as if the salique law had been fundamental in that kingdom; since that exclusion was established by every power in Spain, which could possibly give a sanction to any law there; and therefore the Duke of Anjou's title is wholly founded upon the bequest of his predecessor (which hath great authority in that monarchy, as it formerly had in ours), upon the confirmation of the Cortes, and the general consent of the people.

It is certain, the faith of princes is so frequently subservient to their ambition, that renunciations have little validity, otherwise than from the powers and parties whose interest it is to support them. But this renunciation, which the Queen hath exacted from the French King and his grandson, I take to be armed with all the essential circumstances that can fortify such an act. For as it is necessary, for the security of every prince in Europe, that those two great kingdoms should never be united; so the chief among them will readily consent to be guarantees for preventing such a misfortune.

Besides, this proposal (according to Her Majesty's expression in her speech) is of such a nature, that it executes itself; because the Spaniards, who dread such an union, for every reason that can have weight among men, took care that their king should not only renounce, in the most solemn manner; but

likewise, that the act should be framed in the strongest terms themselves could invent, or we could furnish them with. As to France, upon supposal of the young dauphin's dying in a few years, that kingdom will not be in a condition to engage in a long war against a powerful alliance, fortified with the addition of the Spaniards, and the party of the Duke of Berry, or whoever else shall be next claimer: and the longer the present dauphin lives, the weaker must Philip's interest be in France; because the princes, who are to succeed by this renunciation, will have most power and credit in the kingdom.

The mischiefs occasioned by the want of a good understanding between the allies, especially Britain and Holland, were raised every day; the French taking the advantage, and raising difficulties, not only upon the general plan of peace, but likewise upon the explanation of several articles in the projected treaty between them and Her Majesty: They insisted to have Lille, as the equivalent for Dunkirk; and demanded Tournay, Maubeuge, and Condé, for the two or three towns mentioned in the Queen's speech; which the British plenipotentiaries were so far from allowing, that they refused to confer with those of France upon that foot; although, at the same time, the former had fresh apprehensions that the Dutch, in a fit of despair, would accept whatever terms the enemy pleased to offer, and, by precipitating their own peace, prevent Her Majesty from obtaining any advantages, both for her allies and herself.

It is most certain, that the repeated losses suffered by the States, in little more than two months after they had withdrawn themselves from the Queen's assistance, did wholly disconcert their counsels; and their prudence (as it is usual) began to forsake them with their good fortune. They were so weak as to be still deluded by their friends in England, who continued to give them hopes of some mighty and immediate resource from hence; for when the Duke of Ormonde had been about a month in Ghent, he received a letter from the Maréchal de Villars, to inform him, that the Dutch generals, taken at Denain, had told the maréchal publicly, of a sudden revolution expected in Britain; that particularly the Earl of Albemarle and Mons. Hompesch discoursed very freely of it, and that nothing was more commonly talked of in Holland. It was then likewise confidently reported in Ghent, that the Queen was dead; and we all remember what rumour flew about here at the very same time, as if Her Majesty's health were in a bad condition.

Whether such vain hopes as these gave spirit to the Dutch; whether their frequent misfortunes made them angry and sullen; whether they still expected to overreach us by some private stipulations with France, through the mediation of the Elector of Bavaria, as that prince afterwards gave out; or whatever else was the cause, they utterly refused a cessation of arms; and made not the least return to all the advances and invitations made by Her Majesty, until the close of the campaign.

It was then the States first began to view their affairs in another light; to consider how little the vast promises of Count Zinzendorf were to be relied

on; to be convinced that France was not disposed to break with Her Majesty, only to gratify their ill humour, or unreasonable demands; to discover that their factious correspondents on this side the water had shamefully misled them; that some of their own principal towns grew heartily weary of the war, and backward in their loans; and, lastly, that Prince Eugene, their new general, whether his genius or fortune had left him, was not for their turn. They, therefore, directed their ministers at Utrecht to signify to the lord privy seal and the Earl of Strafford, "That the States were disposed to comply with Her Majesty, and to desire her good offices with France; particularly, that Tournay and Condé might be left to them as part of their barrier, without which they could not be safe: That the Elector of Bavaria might not be suffered to retain any town in the Netherlands, which would be as bad for Holland as if those places were in the hands of France: Therefore the States proposed, that Luxembourg, Namur, Charleroy, and Nieuport, might be delivered to the Emperor. Lastly, That the French might not insist on excepting the four species of goods out of the tariff of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four: That if Her Majesty could prevail with France to satisfy their masters on these articles, they would be ready to submit in all the rest."

When the Queen received an account of this good disposition in the States General, immediately orders were sent to Mr. Prior, to inform the ministers of the French court, "That Her Majesty had now some hopes of the Dutch complying with her measures; and therefore she resolved, as she had always declared, whenever those allies came to themselves, not to make the peace without their reasonable satisfaction." The difficulty that most pressed, was about the disposal of Tournay and Condé. The Dutch insisted strongly to have both, and the French were extremely unwilling to part with either.

The Queen judged the former would suffice, for completing the barrier of the States. Mr. Prior was therefore directed to press the Marquis de Torcy effectually on this head, and to terminate all that minister's objections, by assuring him of Her Majesty's resolutions to appear openly on the side of the Dutch, if this demand were refused. It was thought convenient to act in this resolute manner with France, whose late success, against Holland, had taught the ministers of the Most Christian King to resume their old imperious manner of treating with that republic; to which they were farther encouraged by the ill understanding between Her Majesty and the allies.

This appeared from the result of an idle quarrel that happened, about the end of August, at Utrecht, between a French and a Dutch plenipotentiary, Mons. Mesnager and Count Rechteren; wherein the court of France demanded such abject submissions, and with so much haughtiness, as plainly shewed they were pleased with any occasion of mortifying the Dutch.

Besides, the politics of the French ran at this time very opposite to those of Britain: They thought the ministers here durst not meet the Parliament without a peace; and that, therefore, Her Majesty would either force the States to comply with France, by delivering up Tournay, which was the principal

point in dispute, or would finish her own peace with France and Spain, leaving a fixed time for Holland to refuse or accept the terms imposed on them. But the Queen, who thought the demand of Tournay by the States to be very necessary and just, was determined to insist upon it, and to declare openly against France, rather than suffer her ally to want a place so useful for their barrier. And Mr. Prior was ordered to signify this resolution of Her Majesty to Mons. de Torcy, in case that minister could not be otherwise prevailed on.

The British plenipotentiaries did likewise, at the same time, express to those of Holland Her Majesty's great satisfaction, that the States were at last disposed to act in confidence with her: "That she wished this resolution had been sooner taken, since nobody had gained by the delay, but the French King; that, however, Her Majesty did not question the procuring a safe and honourable peace, by united counsels, reasonable demands, and prudent measures; that she would assist them in getting whatever was necessary to their barrier, and in settling, to their satisfaction, the exceptions made by France out of the tariff of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four; that no other difficulties remained of moment to retard the peace, since the Queen had obtained Sicily for the Duke of Savoy; and, in the settlement of the Low Countries, would adhere to what she delivered from the throne: That as to the empire, Her Majesty heartily wished their barrier as good as could be desired; but that we were not now in circumstances to expect every thing exactly according to the scheme of Holland: France had already offered a great part, and the Queen did not think the remainder worth the continuance of the war."

Her Majesty conceived the peace in so much forwardness, that she thought fit, about this time, to nominate the Duke of Hamilton and the Lord Lexington for ambassadors in France and Spain, to receive the renunciations in both courts, and adjust matters of commerce.

The duke was preparing for his journey, when he was challenged to a duel by the Lord Mohun, a person of infamous character. He killed his adversary upon the spot, though he himself received a wound; and, weakened by the loss of blood, as he was leaning in the arms of his second, was most barbarously stabbed in the breast by Lieutenant-General Macartney, who was second to Lord Mohun. He died a few minutes after in the field, and the murderer made his escape. I thought so surprising an event might deserve barely to be related, although it be something foreign to my subject.

The Earl of Strafford, who had come to England in May last, in order to give Her Majesty an account of the disposition of affairs in Holland, was now returning with her last instructions, to let the Dutch minister know, "That some points would probably meet with difficulties not to be overcome, which once might have been easily obtained: To shew what evil consequences had already flowed from their delay and irresolution, and to entreat them to fix on some proposition, reasonable in itself, as well as possible to be effected: That the Queen would insist upon the cession of Tournay by France, provided the

States would concur in finishing the peace, without starting new objections, or insisting upon farther points: That the French demands, in favour of the Elector of Bavaria, appeared to be such as, the Queen was of opinion, the States ought to agree to; which were, to leave the Elector in possession of Luxembourg, Namur, and Charleroy, subject to the terms of their barrier, until he should be restored to his electorate; and to give him the kingdom of Sardinia, to efface the stain of his degradation in the electoral college: That the earl had brought over a project of a new Treaty of Succession and Barrier, which Her Majesty insisted the States should sign, before the conclusion of the peace; the former treaty having been disadvantageous to her subjects, containing in it the seeds of future dissensions, and condemned by the sense of the nation. Lastly, That Her Majesty, notwithstanding all provocations, had, for the sake of the Dutch, and in hopes of their recovery from those false notions which had so long misled them, hitherto kept the negotiations open: That the offers now made them were her last, and this the last time she would apply to them: That they must either agree, or expect the Queen would proceed immediately to conclude her treaty with France and Spain, in conjunction with such of her allies as would think fit to adhere to her.

"As to Savoy, that the Queen expected the States would concur with her in making good the advantages stipulated for that duke, and in prevailing with the Emperor to consent to an absolute neutrality in Italy, until the peace should be concluded."

The governing party in Holland, however in appearance disposed to finish, affected new delays, and raised many difficulties about the four species of goods, which the French had excepted out of the tariff. Count Zinzendorf, the Emperor's plenipotentiary, did all that was possible to keep up this humour in the Dutch, in hopes to put them under a necessity of preparing for the next campaign; and some time after went so far in this pursuit, that he summoned the several ministers of the empire, and told them he had letters from his master, with orders to signify to them, "That his Imperial Majesty resolved to begin the campaign early, with all his forces united against France; of which he desired they would send notice to all their courts, that the several princes might be ready to furnish their contingents and recruits." At the same time Zinzendorf endeavoured to borrow two millions of florins upon the security of some imperial cities; but could not succeed either amongst the Jews or at Amsterdam.

When the Earl of Strafford arrived at Utrecht, the lord privy seal and he communicated to the Dutch ministers the new Treaty for a Succession and Barrier, as the Queen had ordered it to be prepared here in England, differing from the former in several points of the greatest moment, obvious to any who will be at the pains to compare them. This was strenuously opposed for several weeks by the plenipotentiaries of the States; but the province of Utrecht, where the congress was held, immediately sent orders to their representatives at The Hague, to declare their province thankful to the Queen;

that they agreed the peace should be made on the terms proposed by France, and consented to the new projected Treaty of Barrier and Succession: and about the close of the year, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, four of the seven provinces, had delivered their opinions for putting an end to the war.

This unusual precipitation in the States, so different from the whole tenor of their former conduct, was very much suspected by the British plenipotentiaries. Their Lordships had received intelligence, that the Dutch ministers held frequent conferences with those of France, and had offered to settle their interests with that crown, without the concurrence of Britain. Count Zinzendorf, and his colleagues, appeared likewise, all on the sudden, to have the same dispositions, and to be in great haste to settle their several differences with the States. The reasons for this proceeding were visible enough; many difficulties were yet undetermined in the treaty of commerce between Her Majesty and France, for the adjusting of which, and some other points, the Queen had lately dispatched the Duke of Shrewsbury to that court. Some of these were of hard digestion, with which the Most Christian King would not be under a necessity of complying, when he had no farther occasion for us, and might, upon that account, afford better terms to the other two powers. Besides, the Emperor and the States could very well spare Her Majesty the honour of being arbitrator of a general peace; and the latter hoped by this means, to avoid the new Treaty of Barrier and Succession, which we were now forcing on them.

To prevent the consequences of this evil, there fortunately fell out an incident, which the two lords at Utrecht knew well how to make use of: the quarrel between Mons. Mesnager and Count Rechteren (formerly mentioned) had not yet been made up. The French and Dutch differing in some circumstances, about the satisfaction to be given by the count for the affront he had offered, the British plenipotentiaries kept this dispute on foot for several days; and, in the mean time, pressed the Dutch to finish the new Treaty of Barrier and Succession between Her Majesty and them, which, about the middle of January, was concluded fully to the Queen's satisfaction.

But while these debates and differences continued at the congress, the Queen resolved to put a speedy end to her part in the war; she therefore sent orders to the lord privy seal, and the Earl of Stafford, to prepare every thing necessary for signing her own treaty with France. This she hoped might be done against the meeting of her Parliament, now prorogued to the third of February; in which time, those among the allies, who were really inclined towards a peace, might settle their several interests by the assistance and support of Her Majesty's plenipotentiaries; and as for the rest, who would either refuse to comply, or endeavour to protract the negotiation, the heads of their respective demands, which France had yielded by Her Majesty's intervention, and agreeable to the plan laid down in her speech, should be mentioned in the treaty, and a time limited for the several powers concerned

to receive or reject them.

The Pretender was not yet gone out of France, upon some difficulties alleged by the French, about procuring him a safe conduct to Bar-le-duc, in the Duke of Lorraine's dominions, where it was then proposed he should reside. The Queen, altogether bent upon quieting the minds of her subjects, declared, she would not sign the peace till that person were removed; although several wise men believed he could be no where less dangerous to Britain, than in the place where he was.

The argument which most prevailed on the States to sign the new Treaty of Barrier and Succession with Britain, was Her Majesty's promise to procure Tournay for them from France; after which, no more differences remained between us and that republic, and consequently they had no farther temptations to any separate transactions with the French, who thereupon began to renew their litigious and haughty manner of treating with the Dutch. The satisfaction they extorted for the affront given by Count Rechteren to Mons. Mesnager, although somewhat softened by the British ministers at Utrecht, was yet so rigorous, that Her Majesty could not forbear signifying her resentment of it to the Most Christian King. Mons. Mesnager, who seemed to have more the genius of a merchant than a minister, began, in his conferences with the plenipotentiaries of the States, to raise new disputes upon points which both we and they had reckoned upon as wholly settled. The Abbé de Polignac, a most accomplished person, of great generosity and universal understanding, was gone to France to receive the cardinal's cap; and the Maréchal d'Uxelles was wholly guided by his colleague, Mons. Mesnager, who kept up those brangles, that for a time obstructed the peace; some of which were against all justice, and others of small importance, both of very little advantage to his country, and less to the reputation of his master or himself. This low talent in business, which the Cardinal de Polignac used, in contempt, to call a "spirit of negotiating," made it impossible for the two lords plenipotentiaries, with all their abilities and experience, to bring Mesnager to reason, in several points both with us and the States: his concessions were few and constrained, serving only to render him more tenacious of what he refused. In several of the towns, which the States were to keep, he insisted that France should retain the chatellanies, or extent of country depending on them, particularly that of Tournay; a demand the more unjustifiable, because he knew his master had not only proceeded directly contrary, but had erected a court in his kingdom, where his own judges extended the territories about those towns he had taken, as far as he pleased to direct them. Mons. Mesnager showed equal obstinacy in what his master expected for the Elector of Bavaria, and in refusing the tariff of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four: so that the Queen's plenipotentiaries represented these difficulties as what might be of dangerous consequence, both to the peace in general, and to the States in particular, if they were not speedily prevented.

Upon these considerations Her Majesty thought it her shortest and safest

course to apply directly to France, where she had then so able a minister as the Duke of Shrewsbury.

The Marquis de Torcy, secretary to the Most Christian King, was the minister with whom the Duke was to treat, as having been the first who moved his master to apply to the Queen for a peace, in opposition to a violent faction in that kingdom, who were as eagerly bent to continue the war, as any other could be either here or in Holland.

It would be very unlike a historian, to refuse this great minister the praise he so justly deserveth, of having treated, through the whole course of so great a negotiation, with the utmost candour and integrity; never once failing in any promise he made, and tempering a firm zeal to his master's interest, with a ready compliance to what was reasonable and just. Mr. Prior, whom I have formerly mentioned, resided likewise now at Paris, with the character of minister plenipotentiary, and was very acceptable to that court, upon the score of his wit and humour.

The Duke of Shrewsbury was directed to press the French court upon the points yet unsettled in the treaty of commerce between both crowns; to make them drop their unreasonable demands for the Elector of Bavaria; to let them know, that the Queen was resolved not to forsake her allies who were now ready to come in; that she thought the best way of hastening the general peace, was to determine her own particular one with France, until which time she could not conveniently suffer her Parliament to meet.

The States were, by this time, so fully convinced of the Queen's sincerity and affection to their republic, and how much they had been deceived by the insinuations of the factious party in England, that they wrote a very humble letter to Her Majesty, to desire her assistance towards settling those points they had in dispute with France, and professing themselves ready to acquiesce in whatever explanation Her Majesty would please to make of the plan proposed in her speech to the Parliament.

But the Queen had already prevented their desires; and in the beginning of February, one thousand seven hundred and twelve-thirteen, directed the Duke of Shrewsbury to inform the French court, "That since she had prevailed on her allies, the Dutch, to drop the demand of Condé, and the other of the four species of goods, which the French had excepted out of the tariff of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four, she would not sign without them: That she approved of the Dutch insisting to have the chatellanies restored, with the towns, and was resolved to stand or fall with them, until they were satisfied in this point."

Her Majesty had some apprehensions, that the French created these difficulties on purpose to spin out the treaty, until the campaign should begin. They thought it absolutely necessary, that our Parliament should meet in a few weeks, which could not well be ventured, until the Queen were able to tell both Houses, that her own peace was signed: That this would not only facilitate what remained in difference between Britain and France, but leave

the Dutch entirely at the mercy of the latter.

The Queen, weary of these refined mistakes in the French politics, and fully resolved to be trifled with no longer, sent her determinate orders to the Duke of Shrewsbury, to let France know, "That Her Majesty had hitherto prorogued her Parliament, in hopes of accommodating the difficulties in her own treaties of peace and commerce with that crown, as well as settling the interests of her several allies; or, at least, that the differences in the former being removed, the Most Christian King would have made such offers for the latter, as might justify Her Majesty in signing her own peace, whether the confederates intended to sign theirs or no. But several points being yet unfinished between both crowns, and others between France and the rest of the allies, especially the States, to which the plenipotentiaries of that court at Utrecht had not thought fit to give satisfaction; the Queen was now come to a final determination, both with relation to her own kingdoms, and to the whole alliance: That the campaign approaching, she would not willingly be surprised in case the war was to go on: That she had transmitted to the Duke of Shrewsbury her last resolutions, and never would be prevailed on to reduce her own demands, or those of her allies, any lower than the scheme now sent over, as an explanation of the plan laid down in her speech: That Her Majesty had sent orders to her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, to assume the character of ambassadors, and sign the peace immediately with the ministers of the Most Christian King, as soon as the Duke of Shrewsbury should have sent them notice that the French had complied: That the Queen had therefore farther prorogued her Parliament to the third of March, in hopes to assure them, by that time, of her peace being agreed on; for if the two Houses should meet, while any uncertainty remained, supplies must be asked as for a war."

The Duke of Shrewsbury executed this important commission with that speed and success, which could only be expected from an able minister. The French King immediately yielded to the whole scheme Her Majesty proposed; whereupon directions were sent to the lord privy seal, and the Earl of Strafford, to sign a peace between Great Britain and France, without delay.

Upon the second day of March, the two British plenipotentiaries met those of the allies in the town-house at Utrecht; where the lord privy seal addressed himself to them in a short speech, "That the negotiation had now continued fourteen months with great slowness, which had proved very injurious to the interests of the allies: That the Queen had stayed thus long, and stopped the finishing of her own peace, rather than leave her allies in any uncertainty: That she hoped they would now be all prepared to put an end to this great work; and therefore had commanded her plenipotentiaries to tell those of the allies, That she found it necessary to conclude her own treaty immediately; and it was her opinion, that the confederates ought to finish theirs at the same time, to which they were now accordingly invited by Her Majesty's orders." And lastly, his lordship declared, in the Queen's name, "That whoever could not be ready on the day prefixed, should have a

convenient time allowed them to come in."

Although the orders sent by the Queen to her plenipotentiaries were very precise, yet their lordships did not precipitate the performance of them. They were directed to appoint as short a day for the signing as they conveniently could; but, however, the particular day was left to their discretion. They hoped to bring over the Dutch, and most of the other allies, to conclude at the same time with the Queen; which, as it would certainly be more popular to their country, so they conceived it would be more safe for themselves: besides, upon looking over their commission, a scruple sprang in their minds, that they could not sign a particular peace with France; their powers, as they apprehended, authorizing them only to sign a general one. Their lordships therefore sent to England to desire new powers, and, in the mean time, employed themselves with great industry, between the ministers of France and those of the several allies, to find some expedient for smoothing the way to an agreement among them.

The Earl of Strafford went for a few days to The Hague, to inform the States of Her Majesty's express commands to his colleague and himself, for signing the peace as soon as possible; and to desire they would be ready at the same time: which the pensionary promised; and that their plenipotentiaries should be empowered accordingly, to the great contentment of Mons. Buys, who was now so much altered, either in reality, or appearance, that he complained to the Earl of Mons. Heinsius's slowness; and charged all the delays and mismanagements of a twelvemonth past to that minister's account.

While the Earl of Strafford stayed at The Hague, he discovered that an emissary of the Duke of Marlborough's had been there some days before, sent by his grace to dissuade the Dutch from signing at the same time with the ministers of the Queen, which, in England, would at least have the appearance of a separate peace, and oblige their British friends, who knew how to turn so short a delay to very good account, as well as gratify the Emperor; on whom, it was alleged, they ought to rely much more than on Her Majesty. One of the States likewise told the Earl, "That the same person, employed by the Duke, was then in conference with the magistrates of Rotterdam (which town had declared for the continuance of the war), to assure them, if they would hold off a little, they should see an unexpected turn in the British Parliament: That the Duke of Marlborough had a list of the discontented members in both Houses, who were ready to turn against the court; and, to crown all, that his grace had certain intelligence of the Queen being in so ill a state of health, as made it impossible for her to live above six weeks." So restless and indefatigable is avarice and ambition, when inflamed by a desire of revenge.

But representations, which had been so often tried, were now offered too late. Most of the allies, except the Emperor, were willing to put an end to the war upon Her Majesty's plan; and the further delay of three weeks must be chiefly imputed to that litigious manner of treating, peculiar to the French; whose plenipotentiaries at Utrecht insisted with obstinacy upon many points,

which at Paris Mons. de Torcy had given up.

The Emperor expected to keep all he already possessed in Italy; that Port Longue, on the Tuscan coast, should be delivered to him by France; and, lastly, that he should not be obliged to renounce Spain. But the Queen, as well as France, thought that his Imperial Majesty ought to sit down contented with his partage of Naples and Milan; and to restore those territories in Italy, which he had taken from the rightful proprietors, and by the possession of which he was grown dangerous to the Italian princes, by reviving antiquated claims upon them.

This Prince had likewise objected to Her Majesty's expedient of suffering the Elector of Bavaria to retain Luxembourg, under certain conditions, by way of security, until his electorate were restored. But the Queen, supposing that these affected delays were intended only with a view of continuing the war, resolved to defer the peace no longer on the Emperor's account.

In the middle of March, one thousand seven hundred and twelve-thirteen, a courier arrived at Utrecht from France, with the plan of a general peace, as it had been agreed between the Duke of Shrewsbury and Mons. de Torcy; wherein every particular, relating to the interests and pretensions of the several allies, was brought so near to what each of them would accept, that the British plenipotentiaries hoped the peace would be general in ten or twelve days. The Portuguese and Dutch were already prepared, and others were daily coming in, by means of their lordships' good offices, who found Mons. Mesnager and his colleague very stubborn to the last. Another courier was dispatched to France, upon some disputes about inserting the titles of Her Majesty and the Most Christian King, and to bring a general plan for the interests of those allies, who should not be ready against the time prefixed. The French renunciations were now arrived at Utrecht, and it was agreed, that those, as well as that of the King of Spain, should be inserted at length in every treaty, by which means the whole confederacy would become guaranties of them.

The courier, last sent to France, returned to Utrecht on the twenty-seventh of March, with the concessions of that court upon every necessary point; so that, all things being ready for putting a period to this great and difficult work, the lord privy seal and the Earl of Strafford gave notice to the ministers of the several allies, "That their lordships had appointed Tuesday the thirty-first instant, wherein to sign a treaty of peace, and a treaty of commerce, between the Queen of Great Britain, their mistress, and the Most Christian King; and hoped the said allies would be prepared, at the same time, to follow their example." Accordingly their lordships employed the three intervening days, in smoothing the few difficulties that remained between the French ministers and those of the several confederate powers.

The important day being now come, the Lord Bishop of Bristol and the Earl of Strafford, having assumed the character of ambassadors extraordinary, gave a memorial in behalf of the French Protestants to the Maréchal d'Uxelles

and his colleague, who were to transmit it to their court; and these delivered to the British ambassadors a declaration in writing, that the Pretender was actually gone out of France.

The conditions of peace to be allowed the Emperor and the empire, as adjusted between Britain and France, were now likewise delivered to the Count Zinzendorf. These and some other previous matters of smaller consequence being finished, the treaties of peace and commerce between Her Majesty of Britain and the Most Christian King, were signed at the lord privy seal's house between two and three of the clock in the afternoon. The ministers of the Duke of Savoy signed about an hour after. Then the assembly adjourned to the Earl of Stafford's, where they all went to dinner; and about nine at night the peace was signed by the ministers of Portugal, by those of Prussia at eleven, and when it was near midnight by the States.

Thus after all the opposition raised by a strong party in France, and by a virulent faction in Britain; after all the artifices of those who presided at The Hague, and, for their private interest, endeavoured, in conjunction with their friends in England, to prolong the war; after the restless endeavours of the imperial court to render the treaty ineffectual; the firm steady conduct of the Queen, the wisdom and courage of her ministry, and the abilities of those whom she employed in her negotiations abroad, prevailed to have a peace signed in one day by every power concerned, except that of the Emperor and the empire; for his Imperial Majesty liked his situation too well to think of a peace, while the drudgery and expenses of the war lay upon other shoulders, and the advantages were to redound only to himself.

During this whole negotiation, the King of Spain, who was not acknowledged by any of the confederates, had consequently no minister at Utrecht; but the differences between Her Majesty and that prince were easily settled by the Lord Lexington at Madrid, and the Marquis of Monteleon here: so that upon the Duke d'Ossuna's arrival at the congress, some days after the peace, he was ready to conclude a treaty between the Queen and his master. Neither is it probable that the Dutch, or any other ally, except the Emperor, will encounter any difficulties of moment, to retard their several treaties with his Catholic Majesty.

The treaties of peace and commerce between Britain and France, were ratified here on the seventh of April; on the twenty-eighth the ratifications were exchanged; and on the fifth of May the peace was proclaimed in the usual manner; but with louder acclamations, and more extraordinary rejoicings of the people, than had ever been remembered on the like occasion.

[It need hardly be observed, that this history is left incomplete by the author. [S.] Sir Walter Scott's note hardly agrees with Swift's own statement to Stella. Writing under date May 16th, 1713, he says: "I have just finished my Treatise, and must be ten days correcting it." It is evident that Swift did not intend to write a "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign." A better title for this work would be the title originally given it, namely,

“History of the Peace of Utrecht.” In the letter already quoted from Erasmus Lewis, Swift’s account of the negotiations for the peace are thus remarked upon: “That part of it which relates to the negotiations of peace, whether at London or at Utrecht, they admire exceedingly, and declare they never yet saw that, or any other transaction, drawn up with so much perspicuity, or in a style so entertaining and instructive to the reader in every respect.” [T.S.]]

CONTENTS

AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CAESAR TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND
AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CAESAR TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.
THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE SECOND, SURNAMED RUFUS.
THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.
THE REIGN OF STEPHEN.
THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND A FRAGMENT
HENRY THE SECOND'S CHARACTER EXTRACTED FROM THE MONKS

AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CAESAR TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND

This historical works is a dry relation of events with no touch in the recital of any of those qualities which characterize Swift's writings. The facts were evidently obtained from the old chroniclers. What object Swift had in writing this Abstract is not known. If the dedication to the Count de Gyllenborg truly states his intention, it must be confessed that the "foreigners, and gentlemen of our own country" had not much upon which to congratulate themselves. Why Swift should have chosen the Count de Gyllenborg to whom to address the dedication must also remain a matter for conjecture. The Count had been sent out of the British Isles for instigating a conspiracy for a Jacobite insurrection in Great Britain. Swift wrote his dedication three years after the Count's expulsion. Knowing that the Count's master, Charles XII. of Sweden, had been a party to the plot, he yet writes in a most amiable tone of friendliness towards both, with a parenthetical sneer at "his present Britannic Majesty." Undoubtedly this dedication might easily and fairly be taken as strong presumptive evidence of a leaning on Swift's part towards the Pretender. It will, however, be more truly interpreted, if it be considered as an expression of contempt for the King of England and the ministry in power.

The text of the present reprint is that given by Deane Swift from his edition of his kinsman's works issued in 1765 and 1768 (4to edit, vols. viii. and xiii.). Deane Swift thought that the narratives of Rufus, Henry I. and Stephen, would "appear to be such a model of English history, as will make all men of taste, and especially foreigners, regret that he pursued his plan no further."

TO THE COUNT DE GYLLENBORG.

Dublin in Ireland, Nov. 2, 1719.

SIR,

It is now about sixteen years since I first entertained the design of writing a History of England, from the beginning of William Rufus to the end of Queen Elizabeth; such a History, I mean, as appears to be most wanted by foreigners, and gentlemen of our own country; not a voluminous work, nor properly an abridgement, but an exact relation of the most important affairs and events, without any regard to the rest. My intention was to inscribe it to the King your late master, for whose great virtues I had ever the highest veneration, as I shall continue to bear to his memory. I confess it is with some disdain that I observe great authors descending to write any dedications at all: and for my own part, when I looked round on all the princes of Europe, I could think of none who might deserve that distinction from me, besides the King your master; (for I say nothing of his present Britannic Majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and like to continue so) neither can I be suspected of flattery on this point, since it was some years after that I had the honour of an invitation to his court, before you were employed as his minister in England, which I heartily repent that I did not accept; whereby, as you can be my witness, I might have avoided some years' uneasiness and vexation, during the last four years of our late excellent Queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country, and among a most profligate and abandoned people.

I was diverted from pursuing this History, partly by the extreme difficulty, but chiefly by the indignation I conceived at the proceedings of a faction, which then prevailed; and the papers lay neglected in my cabinet until you saw me in England; when you know how far I was engaged in thoughts and business of another kind. Upon Her Majesty's lamented death, I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time there is not a northern curate among you who hath lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the commonest transactions of the world. It is but very lately that I found the following papers, which I had almost forgotten. I publish them now, for two reasons; first, for an encouragement to those who have more youth, and leisure, and good temper than I, towards pursuing the work as far as it was intended by me, or as much further as they please; the second reason is, to have an opportunity of declaring the profound respect I have for the memory of your royal master, and the sincere regard and friendship I bear to yourself; for I must bring to your mind how proud I was to distinguish you among all

the foreign ministers, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. I am a witness of the zeal you shewed not only for the honour and interest of your master, but for the advantage of the Protestant religion in Germany, and how knowingly and feelingly you often spoke to me upon that subject. We all loved you, as possessed of every quality that could adorn an English gentleman, and esteemed you as a faithful subject to your prince, and an able negotiator; neither shall any reverse of fortune have power to lessen you either in my friendship or esteem: and I must take leave to assure you further, that my affection towards persons hath not been at all diminished by the frown of power upon them. Those whom you and I once thought great and good men, continue still so in my eyes and my heart; only with a * * * .

Caetera desiderantur.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CAESAR TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Britons.
Heathens.

The most ancient account we have of Britain is, that the island was full of inhabitants, divided into several petty kingdoms, as most nations of the world appear to have been at first. The bodies of the Britons were painted with a sky-coloured blue, either as an ornament or else for terror to their enemies. In their religion they were heathens, as all the world was before Christ, except the Jews.

Druids.

Their priests were called Druids: These lived in hollow trees, and committed not their mysteries to writing, but delivered them down by tradition, whereby they were in time wholly lost.

The Britons had wives in common, so many to a particular tribe or society, and the children were in common to that society.

About fifty years before Christ, Julius Caesar, the first Roman Emperor, having conquered Gaul or France, invaded Britain rather to increase his glory than conquests; for having overcome the natives in one or two battles, he returned.

Claudius.
Nero.

The next invasion of Britain by the Romans (then masters of most of the known world) was in the reign of the Emperor Claudius; but it was not wholly subdued till that of Nero. It was governed by lieutenants, or deputies, sent from Rome, as Ireland is now by deputies from England; and continued thus under the Romans for about 460 years; till that empire being invaded by the Goths and Vandals, the Romans were forced not only to recall their own armies, but also to draw from hence the bravest of the Britons, for their assistance against those barbarians.

Picts.
Picts' Wall.

The Roman conquests in this island reached no further northward than to that part of Scotland where Stirling and Glasgow are seated: The region beyond was held not worth the conquering: It was inhabited by a barbarous people, called Caledonians and Picts; who, being a rough fierce nation, daily infested the British borders. Therefore the Emperor Severus built a wall, from Stirling to Glasgow, to prevent the invasions of the Picts: It is commonly called the Picts' Wall.

A.D. 455. Saxons.

These Picts and Caledonians, or Scots, encouraged by the departure of the Romans, do now cruelly infest and invade the Britons by sea and land: The Britons choose Vortigern for their king, who was forced to invite the Saxons (a fierce Northern people) to assist him against those barbarians. The Saxons came over, and beat the Picts in several battles; but, at last, pick quarrels with the Britons themselves; and, after a long war, drive them into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, and establish themselves in seven kingdoms in Britain, (by them now called England). These seven kingdoms are usually styled the Saxon Heptarchy.

A.D. 460. Arthur.

About this time lived King Arthur (if the whole story be not a fable) who was so famous for beating the Saxons in several battles.

A.D. 600. Austin.

The Britons received Christianity very early, and, as is reported, from some of the Disciples themselves: So that, when the Romans left Britain, the Britons were generally Christians. But the Saxons were heathens, till Pope Gregory the Great sent over hither Austin the monk, by whom Ethelbert king of the South-Saxons, and his subjects, were converted to Christianity; and the whole island soon followed the example.

A.D. 819. Egbert.

After many various revolutions in this island among the kingdoms of the Saxons, Egbert, descended from the West-Saxon kings, became sole monarch of England.

Angles.

The language in Britain was British, (now called Welsh) or Latin; but, with the Saxons, English came in (although extremely different from what it is now). The present names of towns, shires, &c. were given by them; and the whole kingdom was called England from the Angles, who were a branch of the Saxons.

Danes.

As soon as the Saxons were settled, the Danes began to trouble and invade them, as they (the Saxons) had before done the Britons.

These Danes came out of Germany, Denmark, and Norway, a rough warlike people, little different from the Saxons to whom they were nigh neighbours.

Edgar.

After many invasions from the Danes, Edgar King of England sets forth the first navy. He was entitled King of all Albion, (an old name of this island) and was the first absolute monarch.

He made peace with the Danes, and allowed them to live in his dominions mixed with the English.

In this prince's time there were five kings in Wales, who all did him homage for their country.

A.D. 978. Danes massacred.

These Danes began first to make their invasions here about the year 800, which they after renewed at several times, and under several leaders, and were as often repulsed. They used to come with vast numbers of ships, burn and ravage before them, as the cities of London, Winchester, &c. Encouraged by success and prey, they often wintered in England, fortifying themselves in the northern parts, from whence they cruelly infested the Saxon kings. In process of time they mixed with the English (as was said before) and lived under the Saxon government: But Ethelred, then King of England, growing weary of the Danish insolence, a conspiracy is formed, and the Danes are massacred in one day all over England.

Sweyn.

Four years after, Sweyn, King of Denmark, to revenge the death of his subjects, invades England; and, after battles fought and much cruelty exercised, he subdues the whole kingdom, forcing Ethelred to fly into Normandy.

Canutus.

Sweyn dying, his son Canutus succeeds in the kingdom; but Ethelred returning with an army, Canutus is forced to withdraw to Denmark for succour.

Ethelred dies, and his son Edmond Ironside succeeds; but, Canutus returning with fresh forces from Denmark, after several battles, the kingdom is parted between them both. Edmond dying, his sons are sent beyond sea by Canutus, who now is sole King of England.

King's evil.

Hardicanute, the last Danish king, dying without issue, Edward, son of Ethelred, is chosen king. For his great holiness, he was surnamed the Confessor, and sainted after his death. He was the first of our princes that attempted to cure the king's evil by touching. He first introduced what is now called the Common Law. In his time began the mode and humour among the English gentry, of using the French tongue and fashions, in compliance with the king, who had been bred up in Normandy.

The Danish government in England lasted but twenty-six years, under three kings.

Harold.

Edward the Confessor married the daughter of Earl Godwin, an English nobleman of great power, but of Danish extraction; but, wanting issue, he

appointed Edgar Atheling, grandson to his brother, to succeed him, and Harold, son of Earl Godwin, to be governor of the young prince. But, upon Edward's death, Harold neglected Edgar Atheling, and usurped the crown for himself.

Edward, while he was in Normandy, met so good reception, that it was said he made a promise to that duke, that, in case he recovered his kingdom, and died without issue, he would leave it to him. Edward dying, William Duke of Normandy sends to Harold to claim the crown; but Harold, now in possession, resolves to keep it. Upon which Duke William, having prepared a mighty fleet and army, invades England, lands at Hastings, and sets fire to his fleet, to cut off all hope from his men of returning. To Harold he sent his messenger, demanding the kingdom and his subjection: But Harold returned him this answer, "That, unless he departed his land, he would make him sensible of his just displeasure." So Harold advanced his forces into Sussex, within seven miles of his enemy. The Norman Duke, to save the effusion of blood, sent these offers to Harold; either wholly to resign the kingdom to him, or to try the quarrel with him in single combat. To this Harold did not agree.

A.D. 1066.

Then the battle joined. The Normans had gotten the worst, if it had not been for a stratagem they invented, which got them the day. In this engagement Harold was killed, and William Duke of Normandy became King of England, under the name of William the Conqueror.

THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE SECOND, SURNAMED RUFUS.

At the time of the Conqueror's death, his eldest son Robert, upon some discontent with his father, being absent in France, William, the second son, made use of this juncture, and without attending his father's funeral, hastened to England, where, pursuant to the will of the deceased prince, the nobility, although more inclined to favour Robert, were prevailed with to admit him King, partly by his promises to abate the rigour of the late reign, and restore the laws and liberties which had been then abolished, but chiefly by the credit and solicitations of Lanfranc; for that prelate had formerly a share in his education, and always a great affection for his person. At Winchester he took possession of his father's treasure, in obedience to whose command, as well as to ingratiate himself with the people, he distributed it among churches and religious houses, and applied it to the redeeming of prisoners, and other acts of popularity.

In the mean time Robert returned to Normandy, took possession of that duchy, with great applause and content of his people, and, spited at the indignity done him by his father, and the usurpation of his brother in consequence thereof, prepared a great fleet and army to invade England; nor did there want an occasion to promote his interest, if the slowness, the softness, and credulity of his nature, could have suffered him to make a right improvement of it.

Odo Bishop of Bayeux, of whom frequent mention is made in the preceding reign, a prelate of incurable ambition, either on account of his age or character being restored to his liberty and possessions in England, grew into envy and discontent, upon seeing Lanfranc preferred before him by the new King in his favour and ministry. He therefore formed a conspiracy with several nobles of Norman birth to depose the King, and sent an invitation to Robert to hasten over. Mean time the conspirators, in order to distract the King's forces, seized on several parts of England at once; Bristol, Norwich, Leicester, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Bath, and Durham, were secured by several noblemen: Odo himself seized Rochester, reduced the coasts of Kent, and sent messages to Robert to make all possible speed.

The King alarmed at these many and sudden defections, thought it his best course to begin his defence by securing the good will of the people. He redressed many grievances, eased them of certain oppressive taxes and tributes, gave liberty to hunt in his forest, with other marks of indulgence, which however forced from him by the necessity of the time, he had the skill or fortune so to order as they neither lost their good grace nor effect; for immediately after he raised great forces both by land and sea, marched into

Kent, where the chief body of his enemies was in arms, recovered Tunbridge and Pevensey, in the latter of which Odo himself was taken prisoner, and forced to accompany the King to Rochester. This city refusing to surrender at the King's summons, Odo undertook to prevail with the obstinacy of the inhabitants; but being admitted into the town, was there detained, either by a real or seeming force; however, the King provoked at their stubbornness and fraud, soon compelled them to yield, retook his prisoner, and forcing him for ever to abjure England, sent him into Normandy.

By these actions, performed with such great celerity and success, the preparations of Duke Robert were wholly disappointed, himself, by the necessity of his affairs, compelled to a treaty with his brother, upon the terms of a small pension, and a mutual promise of succeeding to each other's dominions on failure of issue, forced to resign his pretensions, and return with a shattered fleet to Normandy.

About this time died Archbishop Lanfranc; by whose death the King, loosed from that awe and constraint he was under, soon began to discover those irregularities of his nature, which till then he had suppressed and disguised, falling into those acts of oppression and extortion that have made his name and memory infamous. He kept the see of Canterbury four years vacant, and converted the revenues to his own use, together with those of several other bishoprics and abbeys, and disposed all church preferments to the highest bidder. Nor were his exactions less upon the laity, from whom he continually extorted exorbitant fines for pretended transgression of certain penal laws, and entertained informers to observe men's actions and bring him intelligence.

It is here worth observation, that these corrupt proceedings of the prince have, in the opinion of several learned men, given rise to two customs, which are a long time grown to have the force of laws. For, first the successors of this King, continuing the custom of seizing on the accruing rents in the vacancy of sees and abbeys, it grew in process of time to be exacted as a right, or acknowledgment to the King as founder; whence the revenues of vacant bishoprics belong at this day to the crown. The second custom had an original not unlike. Several persons, to avoid the persecutions of the King's informers, and other instruments of oppression, withdrew themselves and their effects to foreign countries; upon which the King issued a proclamation, forbidding all men to leave the kingdom without his licence; from whence, in the judgment of the same authors, the writ *ne exeat regno* had its beginning.

By these and the like arbitrary methods having amassed great treasures, and finding all things quiet at home, he raised a powerful army to invade his brother in Normandy; but upon what ground or pretext, the writers of that age are not very exact; whether it were from a principle frequent among unjust princes, That old oppressions are best justified by new; or, whether having a talent for sudden enterprises, and justly apprehending the resentments of Duke Robert, he thought it the wiser course to prevent injuries than to revenge

them. In this expedition he took several cities and castles from his brother, and would have proceeded further, if Robert had not desired and obtained the assistance of Philip King of France, who came with an army to his relief. King William not thinking it safe or prudent to proceed further against his enemy supported by so great an ally, yet loth to lose the fruits of his time and valour, fell upon a known and old expedient, which no prince ever practised oftener, or with greater success, and that was, to buy off the French King with a sum of money. This had its effect; for that prince not able to oppose such powerful arms, immediately withdrew himself and his forces, leaving the two brothers to concert the measures of a peace.

This was treated and agreed with great advantages on the side of King William; for he kept all the towns he had taken, obliged his brother to banish Edgar Atheling out of Normandy, and, for a further security, brought over with him to England the Duke himself to attend him in his expedition against Malcolm King of Scotland, who during his absence had invaded the borders. The King having raised great forces both by sea and land, went in person to repel the inroads of the Scots: but the enterprise was without success; for the greatest part of his fleet was destroyed by a tempest, and his army very much diminished by sickness and famine, which forced him to a peace of little honour; by which, upon the condition of homage from that prince, the King of England agreed to deliver him up those twelve towns (or manors) in England which Malcolm had held under William the Conqueror; together with a pension of twelve thousand marks.

At this time were sown the seeds of another quarrel between him and Duke Robert, who soliciting the King to perform some covenants of the last peace, and meeting with a repulse, withdrew in great discontent to Normandy.

King William, in his return from Scotland, fell dangerously sick at Gloucester, where, moved by the seasonable exhortations of his clergy, or rather by the fears of dying, he began to discover great marks of repentance, with many promises of amendment and retribution, particularly for his injuries to the Church. To give credit to which good resolutions, he immediately filled several vacant sees, giving that of Canterbury to Anselm, a foreigner of great fame for piety and learning. But as it is the disposition of men who derive their vices from their complexions, that their passions usually beat strong and weak with their pulses, so it fared with this prince, who upon recovery of his health soon forgot the vows he had made in his sickness, relapsing with greater violence into the same irregularities of injustice and oppression, whereof Anselm, the new archbishop, felt the first effects. This prelate, soon after his promotion, offered the King a sum of money by way of present; but took care it should be so small, that none might interpret it to be a consideration of his late preferment. The King rejected it with scorn; and as he

used but little ceremony in such matters, insisted in plain terms for more. Anselm would not comply; and the King enraged, sought all occasions to make him uneasy; until at length the poor archbishop, tired out with perpetual usurpations (or at least what was then understood to be such) upon his jurisdiction, privileges, and possessions, desired the King licence for a journey to Rome; and upon a refusal, went without it. As soon as he was withdrawn, the King seized on all his revenues, converting them to his own use, and the archbishop continued an exile until the succeeding reign.

The particulars of this quarrel between the King and archbishop are not, in my opinion, considerable enough to deserve a place in this brief collection, being of little use to posterity, and of less entertainment; neither should I have mentioned it at all, but for the occasion it gives me of making a general observation, which may afford some light into the nature and disposition of those ages. Not only this King's father and himself, but the princes for several successions, of the fairest character, have been severely taxed for violating the rights of the clergy, and perhaps not altogether without reason. It is true, this character hath made the lighter impression, as proceeding altogether from the party injured, the cotemporary writers being generally churchmen: and it must be confessed, that the usurpations of the Church and court of Rome were in those ages risen to such heights, as to be altogether inconsistent either with the legislature or administration of any independent state; the inferior clergy, both secular and regular, insisting upon such immunities as wholly exempted them from the civil power; and the bishops removing all controversies with the crown by appeal to Rome: for they reduced the matter to this short issue, That God was to be obeyed rather than men; and consequently the Bishop of Rome, who is Christ's representative, rather than an earthly prince. Neither doth it seem improbable that all Christendom would have been in utter vassalage, both temporal and spiritual, to the Roman see, if the Reformation had not put a stop to those exorbitancies, and in a good measure opened the eyes even of those princes and states who still adhere to the doctrines and discipline of that church.

While the King continued at Gloucester, Malcolm King of Scotland came to his court, with intentions to settle and confirm the late peace between them. It happened that a controversy arose about some circumstances relating to the homage which Malcolm was to pay, in the managing whereof King William discovered so much haughtiness and disdain, both in words and gestures, that the Scottish prince, provoked by such unworthy treatment, returned home with indignation; but soon came back at the head of a powerful army, and, entering Northumberland with fire and sword, laid all waste before him. But as all enterprises have in the progress of them a tincture of those passions by which they were spirited at first, so this invasion begun upon private revenge, which is a blind ungovernable passion, was carried on with equal precipitation, and proved to be ruinous in the event; for Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, to prevent the destruction of his own country, where he

had great possessions, gathering what forces he could suddenly raise, and without waiting any directions from the King, marched against the Scots, who were then set down before Alnwick Castle: there, by an ambush, Malcolm and his eldest son Edward were slain, and the army, discouraged by the loss of their princes, entirely defeated. This disaster was followed in a few days by the death of Queen Margaret, who, not able to survive her misfortunes, died for grief. Neither did the miseries of that kingdom end till, after two usurpations, the surviving son of Malcolm, who had fled to England for refuge, was restored to his crown by the assistance of King William.

About this time the hidden sparks of animosity between the two brothers, buried but not extinguished in the last peace, began to flame out into new dissensions. Duke Robert had often sent his complaints to the King for breach of articles, but without redress, which provoked him to expostulate in a rougher manner, till at length he charged the King in plain terms with injustice and perjury, but no men are found to endure reproaches with less temper than those who most deserve them, the King, at the same time filled with indignation, and stung with guilt, invaded Normandy a second time, resolving to reduce his brother to such terms as might stop all further complaints. He had already taken several strong holds, by force either of arms or of money, and intending entirely to subdue the duchy, gave orders to have twenty thousand men immediately raised in England, and sent over to him. The Duke, to defend himself against these formidable preparations, had recourse again to his old ally the King of France, who very readily advanced with an army to his assistance, as an action wherein he could every way find his own accounts, for, beside the appearance of glory and justice by protecting the injured, he fought indeed his own battle, by preserving his neighbouring state in the hands of a peaceful prince, from so powerful and restless an enemy as the King of England, and was largely paid for his trouble into the bargain, for King William, either loth to engage in a long and dangerous war, or hastened back by intelligence of some troubles from Wales, sent offers to his army, just ready to embark for Normandy, that upon payment of ten shillings a man they might have leave to return to their own homes. This bargain was generally accepted, the money was paid to the King of France, who immediately withdrew his troops, and King William, now master of the conditions, forced his brother to a peace upon much harder terms than before.

In this passage there are some circumstances which may appear odd and unaccountable to those who will not give due allowance for the difference of times and manners: that an absent prince, engaged in an unjust war with his own brother, and ill-beloved at home, should have so much power and credit, as by his commission to raise twenty thousand men on a sudden, only as a recruit to the army he had already with him; that he should have a fleet prepared ready, and large enough to transport so great a number; that upon the very point of embarking he should send them so disgraceful an offer; and that so great a number of common soldiers should be able and willing to pay such

a sum of money, equal to at least twelve time as much in our times; and that, after being thus deluded and spoiled at once, they should peaceably disband and retire to their several homes. But all this will be less difficult to comprehend, when we reflect on the method of raising and supporting armies, very different from ours, which was then in use, and so continued for many ages after. All men who had lands *in capite* were bound to attend the King in his wars with a proportioned number of soldiers, who were their tenants on easy rents in consideration of military service. This was but the work of a few days, and the troops consisted of such men as were able to maintain their own charges either at home or abroad: neither was there any reason to apprehend that soldiers would ever become instruments for introducing slavery, who held so great a share in the property.

The King, upon his return from Normandy, made an unsuccessful expedition against the Welsh, who upon the advantages of his absence had, according to their usual custom, made cruel inroads upon the adjoining counties of Chester, Shrewsbury, and Hereford. Upon the King's approach they fled into their fastnesses among the mountains, where he pursued them for some time with great rage and vexation, as well as the loss of great numbers of his men, to no purpose. From hence he was recalled by a more formidable enemy nearer home: for Robert Earl of Northumberland, overrating his late services against the Scots, as much perhaps and as unjustly as they were undervalued by the King, refused to come to his court, which, in those days, was looked on as the first usual mark of discontent in a nobleman; and was often charged by princes as a formal accusation. The earl having disobeyed the King's summons, and concerted matters with other accomplices, broke out into open rebellion, with intentions to depose King William, and set up Stephen Earl of Albemarle, son of a sister to William the Conqueror: but all was prevented by the celerity of this active prince; who, knowing that insurrections are best quelled in their beginnings, marched with incredible speed, and surprised the rebels at Newcastle, took the castles of Tynemouth and Bamburgh; where the obstinacy of the defendants provoked him, contrary to his nature, to commit cruelties upon their persons, by cutting off their hands and ears, and other the like inhumanities. The earl himself was taken prisoner as he endeavoured to make his escape; but suffered no other punishment than to be confined for the rest of his life.

About this time began the Holy War for recovering of Palestine; which having not been the enterprise of any one prince or state, but that wherein most in Christendom had a share, it cannot with justice be silently passed over in the history of any nation.

Pope Urban the Second, in a council at Clermont, made a pathetic exhortation, shewing with what danger and indignity to Christendom the Turks and Saracens had, for some ages, not only overrun all Asia and Africa, where Christianity had long flourished; but had also made encroachments into Europe, where they had entirely subdued Spain, and some other parts; that

Jerusalem, the holy city, where our Saviour did so many miracles, and where His sepulchre still remained, to the scandal of the Christian name, lay groaning under the tyranny of infidels; that the swords which Christian princes had drawn against each other, ought to be turned against the common enemy of their name and religion; that this should be reckoned an ample satisfaction for all their past sins; that those who died in this expedition should immediately go to Heaven, and the survivors would be blessed with the sight of our Lord's sepulchre.

Moved by these arguments, and the influence of the person who delivered them, several nobles and prelates immediately took upon them the cross; and the council dissolving in this high fit of zeal, the clergy, upon their return home, prevailed so far in their several countries, that in most parts of Europe some great prince or lord became a votary for the Holy Land; as Hugh the Great, brother to the King of France; Godfrey Duke of Lorraine; Reimond Count of Toulouse; Robert Duke of Normandy, and many others. Neither ought it to be forgotten, that most of these noble and generous princes, wanting money to maintain the forces they had raised, pawned their dominions to those very prelates who had first engaged them in this enterprise: doubtless a notable mark of the force of oratory in the churchmen of those ages, who were able to inspire that devotion into others, whereof they seemed so little sensible themselves.

But a great share in the honour of promoting this religious war, is attributed to the zeal and industry of a certain French priest, commonly called Peter the Hermit; who being at Jerusalem upon pilgrimage some time before, and entering often into private treaty with the patriarch of that city, came back fully instructed in all the measures necessary for such a war: to these was joined the artifice of certain dreams and visions that might pass for divine admonition: all which, added to the piety of his exhortations, gave him such credit with the Pope, and several princes of Christendom, that he became in his own person the leader of a great army against the infidels, and was very instrumental for engaging many others in the same design.

What a spirit was thus raised in Christendom among all sorts of men, cannot better be conceived than from the vast numbers of these warlike pilgrims; who, at the siege of Nice, are said to have consisted of 600,000 foot, and 100,000 horse: and the success at first was answerable to the greatness of their numbers, the valour of their leaders, and the universal opinion of such a cause; for, besides several famous victories in the field, not to mention the towns of less importance, they took Nice, Antioch, and at last Jerusalem, where Duke Godfrey was chosen king without competition. But zeal, with a mixture of enthusiasm, as I take this to have been, is a composition only fit for sudden enterprises, like a great ferment in the blood, giving double courage and strength for the time, until it sink and settle by nature into its old channel: for, in a few years the piety of these adventurers began to slacken, and give way to faction and envy, the natural corruptions of all confederacies:

however, to this spirit of devotion there succeeded a spirit of honour, which long continued the vein and humour of the times; and the Holy Land became either a school, wherein young princes went to learn the art of war, or a scene wherein they affected to shew their valour, and gain reputation, when they were weary of peace at home.

The Christians held possession of Jerusalem above eighty years, and continued their expeditions to the Holy Land almost as many more, with various events; and after they were entirely driven out of Asia, the popes have almost in every age endeavoured in vain to promote new crusades neither does this spirit seem quite extinct among us even to this day; the usual projects of sanguine men for uniting Christendom against the Turk, being without doubt a traditional way of talk derived to us from the same fountain.

Robert, in order to furnish himself out for this war, pawned his duchy to the King for 10,000 marks of gold; which sum was levied with so many circumstances of rigour and exaction, towards the Church and laity, as very much increased the discontents of both against the prince.

1099.

I shall record one act of this king's, which being chiefly personal, may pass rather for a part of his character, than a point of history.

As he was hunting one day in the New Forest, a messenger express from Normandy, brought him intelligence, that Hélie, Count de la Flèche, had laid close siege to Mans, and expected to carry the town in a few days; the King leaving his chase, commanded some about him to point whereabout Mans lay; and so rode straight on without reflection, until he came to the coast. His attendants advised him to wait until he had made preparations of men and money; to which he only returned; "They that love me, will follow me." He entered the ship in a violent storm; which the mariners beholding with astonishment, at length in great humility gave him warning of the danger; but the King commanded them instantly to put off to sea, and not be afraid; for he had never in his life heard of any King that was drowned. In a few days he drove the enemy from before the city, and took the count himself prisoner, who raging at his defeat and captivity, exclaimed, "That this blow was from Fortune; but Valour could make reprisals, as he should shew, if ever he regained his liberty." This being told the King, he sent for the count, let him understand that he had heard of his menaces, then gave him a fine horse, bid him begone immediately, and defied him to do his worst.

It would have been an injury to this prince's memory, to let pass an action, by which he acquired more honour than from any other in his life, and by which it appeared that he was not without some seeds of magnanimity, had they been better cultivated, or not overrun by the number or prevalency of his vices.

I have met with nothing else in this King's reign that deserved to be remembered; for, as to an unsuccessful expedition or two against Wales, either by himself or his generals; they were very inconsiderable both in action

and event, nor attended with any circumstances that might render a relation of them of any use to posterity, either for instruction or example.

His death was violent and unexpected, the effect of casualty; although this perhaps is the only misfortune of life to which the person of a prince is generally less subject than that of other men. Being at his beloved exercise of hunting in the New Forest in Hampshire, a large stag crossed the way before him, the King hot on his game, cried out in haste to Walter Tyrrel, a knight of his attendants, to shoot; Tyrrel, immediately let fly his arrow, which glancing against a tree, struck the King through the heart, who fell dead to the ground without speaking a word. Upon the surprise of this accident, all his attendants, and Tyrrel among the rest, fled different ways; until the fright being a little over, some of them returned, and causing the body to be laid in a collier's cart, for want of other conveniency, conveyed it in a very unbecoming contemptuous manner to Winchester, where it was buried the next day without solemnity, and which is worse, without grief.

I shall conclude the history of this prince's reign, with a description and character of his body and mind, impartially from the collections I have made; which method I shall observe likewise in all the succeeding reigns.

He was in stature somewhat below the usual size, and big-bellied, but he was well and strongly knit. His hair was yellow or sandy; his face red, which got him the name of Rufus; his forehead flat; his eyes were spotted, and appeared of different colours; he was apt to stutter in speaking, especially when he was angry; he was vigorous and active, and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good constitution of health, and the frequent exercise of hunting; in his dress he affected gaiety and expense, which having been first introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom, grew, in succeeding reigns, an intolerable grievance. He also first brought in among us the luxury and profusion of great tables. There was in him, as in all other men, a mixture of virtues and vices, and that in a pretty equal degree, only the misfortune was, that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For being entirely a man of pleasure, this made him sacrifice all his good qualities, and gave him too many occasions of producing his ill ones. He had one very singular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promise: he was of undoubted personal valour, whereof the writers in those ages produce several instances; nor did he want skill and conduct in the process of war. But, his peculiar excellency, was that of great dispatch, which, however usually decried, and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often answer all the ends of secrecy and counsel in a great commander, by surprising and daunting an enemy when he least expects it; as may appear by the greatest actions and events upon the records of every nation.

He was a man of sound natural sense, as well as of wit and humour, upon occasion. There were several tenets in the Romish Church he could not digest; particularly that of the saints' intercession; and living in an age overrun with

superstition, he went so far into the other extreme, as to be censured for an atheist. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream, which seemed to forebode him some misfortune, the King being told the matter, turned it into a jest; said, "The man was a monk, and dreamt like a monk, for lucre sake;" and therefore commanded Fitzhamon to give him an hundred shillings, that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpose.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body, than any original depravity of his mind; for being of a sanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleasures, and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expenses. To supply these, the people were perpetually oppressed with illegal taxes and exactions; but that sort of avarice which arises from prodigality and vice, as it is always needy, so it is much more ravenous and violent than the other, which put the King and his evil instruments (among whom Ralph, Bishop of Durham, is of special infamy) upon those pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagances by all manner of oppression; whereof some are already mentioned, and others are too foul to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for discovering a contempt of religion in his common discourse and behaviour; which I take to have risen from the same fountain, being a point of art, and a known expedient, for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at least to banish all reflections that may disturb them in the enjoyment, which must be done either by not thinking of religion at all; or, if it will obtrude, by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one instance that might shew him to have some sense of religion as well as justice. When two monks were outvying each other in canting the price of an abbey, he observed a third at some distance, who said never a word; the King demanded why he would not offer; the monk said, he was poor, and besides, would give nothing if he were ever so rich; the King replied, "Then you are the fittest person to have it," and immediately gave it him. But this is, perhaps with reason enough, assigned more to caprice than conscience; for he was under the power of every humour and passion that possessed him for the present; which made him obstinate in his resolves, and unsteady in the prosecution.

He had one vice or folly that seemed rooted in his mind, and of all others, most unbefitting a prince: This was, a proud disdainful manner, both in his words and gesture; and having already lost the love of his subjects by his avarice and oppression, this finished the work, by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his servants; so that few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill beloved, or so little lamented.

He never married, having an invincible abhorrence for the state, although not for the sex.

He died in the thirteenth year of his reign, the forty-third of his age, and of Christ 1100, August 2.

His works of piety were few, but in buildings he was very expensive,

exceeding any King of England before or since, among which Westminster Hall, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, and the whole city of Carlisle, remain lasting monuments of his magnificence.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

This prince was the youngest son of William the Conqueror, and bred to more learning than was usual in that age, or to his rank, which got him the surname of Beauclerk; the reputation whereof, together with his being born in England, and born son of a king, although of little weight in themselves, did very much strengthen his pretensions with the people. Besides, he had the same advantage of his brother Robert's absence, which had proved before so successful to Rufus, whose treasures he likewise seized on immediately at his death, after the same manner, and for the same end, as Rufus did those of his father the Conqueror. Robert had been now five years absent in the Holy War, where he acquitted himself with great glory; and although he was now in Apulia, upon his return homeward, yet the nobles pretending not to know what was become of him, and others giving out that he had been elected King of Jerusalem, Henry laid hold of the occasion, and calling together an assembly of the clergy, nobles, and people of the realm at London, upon his promises to restore King Edward's laws, and redress the grievances which had been introduced by his father and brother, they consented to elect him king. Immediately after his coronation, he proceeded upon reforming the abuses of the late reign: he banished dissolute persons from the court, who had long infested it under the protection and example of Rufus: he restored the people to the use of lights in the night, which the Conqueror had forbidden, after a certain hour, by the ringing of a bell. Then he published his charter, and ordered a copy thereof to be taken for every county in England. This charter was in substance; The freedom of Mother Church from former oppressions; leave to the heirs of nobles to succeed in the possession of their lands, without being obliged to redeem them, only paying to the king a moderate relief; abolition of fines for licence of marriage to their heiresses; a promise of not refusing such licence unless the match proposed be with the king's enemy, &c.; the next of kin to be guardians of the lands of orphans; punishments for coiners of false money; a confirmation of St. Edward's laws; and a general amnesty.

About the same time he performed two acts of justice, which, by gratifying the revenge and the love of the people, gained very much upon their affections to his person: the first was, to imprison Ralph Bishop of Durham, who having been raised by the late king from a mean and sordid birth to be his prime confidant and minister, became the chief instrument, as well as contriver, of all his oppressions: the second was, in recalling and restoring Archbishop Anselm, who having been forced by the continual persecutions of the same prince, to leave England, had lived ever since in banishment, and deprived of all his revenues.

The King had not been many months on his throne, when the news came that Duke Robert, returned from the Holy Land, was received by his subjects with great marks of joy and honour, and in universal reputation for his valour and success against the infidels: soon after which, Ralph Bishop of Durham, either by the negligence or corruption of his keepers, escaped out of prison, and fled over to the Duke; whom he stirred up to renew and solicit his pretensions to the crown of England, by writing to several nobles, who, either through old friendship, or new discontent, or an opinion of his title, gave him promises of their assistance, as soon as he should land in England: but the Duke having returned exceeding poor from the Holy Land, was not yet in a condition for such an undertaking, and therefore thought fit to defer it to a more seasonable opportunity.

As the King had hitherto, with great industry, sought all occasions to gratify his people, so he continued to do in the choice of a wife. This was Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the late King of Scots; a lady of great piety and virtue, who, by the power or persuasion of her friends, was prevailed with to leave her cloister for a crown, after she had, as some writers report, already taken the veil. Her mother was sister to Edgar Atheling, the last heir-male of the Saxon race; of whom frequent mention hath been made in the two preceding reigns: and thus the Saxon line, to the great contentment of the English nation, was again restored.

Duke Robert, having now with much difficulty and oppression of his subjects, raised great forces, and gotten ready a fleet to convey them, resolved once more to assert his title to the crown of England: to which end he had for some time held a secret correspondence with several nobles, and lately received fresh invitations. The King, on the other side, who had received timely intelligence of his brother's preparations, gave orders to his admirals to watch the sea-ports, and endeavour to hinder the enemy's landing: but the commanders of several ships, whether Robert had won them by his bribes, or his promises, instead of offering resistance, became his guides, and brought his fleet safe into Portsmouth, where he landed his men, and from thence marched to Winchester, his army hourly increasing by great numbers of people, who had either an affection for his person, an opinion of his title, or a hatred to the King. In the mean time Henry advanced with his forces, to be near the Duke, and observe his motions; but, like a wise general, forbore offering battle to an invader, until he might do it with manifest advantage. Besides, he knew very well that his brother was a person whose policy was much inferior to his valour, and therefore to be sooner overcome in a treaty than a fight: to this end, the nobles on both sides began to have frequent interviews; to make overtures; and at last concert the terms of a peace; but wholly to the advantage of the King, Robert renouncing his pretensions in consideration of a small pension, and of succeeding to the crown on default of male issue in his brother.

The defection of nobles and other people to the Duke was so great, that

men generally thought if it had come to a battle, the King would have lost both the victory and his crown. But Robert, upon his return to Normandy after this dishonourable peace, grew out of all reputation with the world, as well as into perfect hatred and contempt among his own subjects, which in a short time was the cause of his ruin.

The King having thus by his prudence got rid of a dangerous and troublesome rival, and soon after by his valour quelled the insurrections of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Mortaigne, whom he forced to fly into Normandy, found himself in full peace at home and abroad, and therefore thought he might venture a contention with the Church about the right of investing bishops; upon which subject many other princes at that time had controversy with their clergy: but, after long struggling in vain, were all forced to yield at last to the decree of a synod in Rome, and to the pertinacy of the bishops in the several countries. The form of investing a bishop, was by delivery of a ring and a pastoral staff; which, at Rome, was declared unlawful to be performed by any lay hand whatsoever; but the princes of Christendom pleaded immemorial custom to authorize them: and King Henry, having given the investiture to certain bishops, commanded Anselm to consecrate them. This the archbishop refused with great firmness, pursuant to what he understood to be his duty, and to several immediate commands of the Pope. Both sides adhering to their own sentiments, the matter was carried to Rome, where Anselm went in person, by the King's desire; who, at the same time, sent ambassadors thither to assert and defend his cause; but the Pope still insisting, Anselm was forbidden to return to England. The King seized on all his revenues, and would not restore him, until upon other concessions of the Pope, Henry was content to yield up his pretensions to the investiture; but, however, kept the right of electing still in his own hands.

Whatever might have been the method of electing bishops, in the more primitive ages, it seems plain to me that in these times, and somewhat before, although the election was made *per clerum et populum*, yet the king always nominated at first, or approved afterwards, and generally both, as may be seen by the style in which their elections ran, as well as by the persons chosen, who were usually Churchmen of the court, or in some employment near the King. But whether this were a gradual encroachment of the regal upon the spiritual power, I had rather leave others to dispute.

1104. 1105.

About this time Duke Robert came to England, upon a visit to the King, where he was received with much kindness and hospitality; but, at the same time, the Queen had private directions to manage his easy temper, and work him to a consent of remitting his pension: this was compassed without much difficulty; but, upon the Duke's return to Normandy, he was severely reproved for his weakness by Ralph Bishop of Durham, and the two Earls of Mortaigne and Shrewsbury. These three having fled from England for rebellion, and other treasons, lived exiles in Normandy; and, bearing an inveterate hatred to

the King, resolved to stir up the Duke to a resentment of the injury and fraud of his brother. Robert, who was various in his nature, and always under the power of the present persuader, easily yielded to their incitements: reproached the King in bitter terms, by letters and messages, that he had cozened and circumvented him; demanding satisfaction, and withal threatening revenge. At the same time, by the advice of the three nobles already mentioned, he began to arm himself as formidably as he could, with design to seize upon the King's possessions in Normandy: but as this resolution was rashly taken up, so it was as faintly pursued, and ended in his destruction: neither hath any prince reason to expect better fortune, that engages in a war against a powerful neighbour upon the counsel or instigation of exiles, who having no further view than to serve their private interest, or gratify their revenge, are sure to succeed in one or t'other, if they can embark princes in their quarrel, whom they fail not to incite by the falsest representations of their own strength, and the weakness of their enemy: for as the King was now settled in his throne too firm to be shaken, so Robert had wholly lost all credit and friendship in England; was sunk in reputation at home; and, by his unlimited profuseness, reduced so low, that, having pawned most of his dominions, he had offered Rouen, his capital city, in sale to the inhabitants. All this was very well known to the King, who, resolving to make his advantage thereof, pretended to be highly provoked at the disgraceful speeches and menaces of his brother; which he made the formal occasion of a quarrel: therefore he first sent over some forces to ravage his country; and, understanding that the Duke was coldly supported by his own subjects, many of whom came over to the King's army, he soon followed in person with more; took several towns; and, placing garrisons therein, came back to England, designing with the first pretext or opportunity to return with a more potent army, and wholly subdue the duchy to his obedience.

Robert, now grown sensible of his weakness, became wholly dispirited; and following his brother into England, in a most dejected manner begged for peace: but the King, now fully determined upon his ruin, turned away in disdain, muttering at the same time some threatening words. This indignity roused up once more the sinking courage of the Duke; who, with bitter words, detesting the pride and insolence of Henry, withdrew in a rage, and hasting back to Normandy, made what preparations he could for his own defence. The King observing his nobles very ready to engage with him in this expedition; and being assured that those in Normandy would, upon his approach, revolt from the Duke, soon followed with a mighty army, and the flower of his kingdom. Upon his arrival he was attended, according to his expectation, by several Norman lords; and, with this formidable force, sat down before Tinchebray: the Duke, accompanied by the two exiled earls, advanced with what strength he had, in hopes to draw the enemy from the siege of so important a place, although at the hazard of a battle. Both armies being drawn out in battalia, that of the King's, trusting to their numbers, began to charge

with great fury, but without any order.

1106.

The Duke, with forces far inferior, received the enemy with much firmness; and, finding they had spent their first heat, advanced very regularly against their main body, before they could recover themselves from the confusion they were in. He attacked them with so much courage, that he broke their whole body, and they began to fly on every side. The King believing all was lost, did what he could by threats and gentle words to stop the flight of his men, but found it impossible: then he commanded two bodies of horse, which were placed on either wing, to join, and, wheeling about, to attack the enemy in rear. The Duke, who thought himself so near a victory, was forced to stop his pursuit; and ordering his men to face about, began the fight anew; mean time the scattered parts of the main body, which had so lately fled, began to rally, and pour in upon the Normans behind, by which Duke Robert's army was almost encompassed; yet they kept their ground awhile, and made several charges, until at length, perfectly overborne by numbers, they were utterly defeated. There Duke Robert, doing all the parts of a great captain, was taken prisoner, together with the Earl of Mortaigne, and almost his whole army: for being hemmed in on all sides, few of them could make their escape. Thus, in the space of forty years; Normandy subdued England, and England Normandy; which are events perhaps hardly to be paralleled in any other ages or parts of the world.

1107.

The King, having stayed a while to settle the state of Normandy, returned with his brother into England, whom he sent prisoner to Cardiff Castle, with orders that he should be favourably used, which, for some time, were duly observed; until being accused of attempting to make his escape (whether it were real or feigned) he had his eyes put out with a burning basin, by the King's express commands; in which miserable condition he lived for six-and-twenty years.

It is believed the King would hardly have engaged in this unnatural and invidious war, with so little pretence or provocation, if the Pope had not openly approved and sanctified his cause, exhorting him to it as a meritorious action; which seems to have been but an ill return from the Vicar of CHRIST to a prince who had performed so many brave exploits for the service of the Church, to the hazard of his person, and ruin of his fortune. But the very bigoted monks, who have left us their accounts of those times, do generally agree in heavily taxing the Roman court for bribery and corruption. And the King had promised to remit his right of investing bishops, which he performed immediately after his reduction of Normandy, and was a matter of much more service to the Pope, than all the achievements of Duke Robert in the Holy Land, whose merits, as well as pretensions, were now antiquated and out of date.

1109.

About this time the Emperor Henry V. sent to desire Maud, the King's daughter in marriage, who was then a child about eight years old: that prince had lately been embroiled in a quarrel with the see of Rome, which began upon the same subject of investing bishops, but was carried to great extremities: for invading Italy with a mighty army, he took the Pope prisoner, forced him to yield to whatever terms he thought fit to impose, and to take an oath of fidelity to him between his hands: however, as soon as Henry had withdrawn his forces, the Pope assembling a council, revoked all his concessions, as extorted by compulsion, and raised great troubles in Germany against the Emperor, who, in order to secure himself, sought this alliance with the King.

About this time likewise died Archbishop Anselm, a prelate of great piety and learning, whose zeal for the see of Rome, as well as for his own rights and privileges, should in justice be imputed to the errors of the time, and not of the man. After his death, the King, following the steps of his brother, held the see vacant five years, contenting himself with an excuse, which looked like a jest, That he only waited until he could find another so good a man as Anselm.

In the fourteenth year of this King's reign, the Welsh, after their usual manner, invaded the Marches with great fury and destruction; but the King, hoping to put a final end to those perpetual troubles and vexations given to his kingdom by that unquiet people, went in person against them with a powerful army; and to prevent their usual stratagem of retreating to their woods and mountains, and other fastnesses, he ordered the woods to be cut down, beset all their places of security, and hunting them like wild beasts, made so terrible a slaughter, that at length observing them to fling down their arms, and beg for quarter, he commanded his soldiers to forbear; then receiving their submissions, and placing garrisons where he thought necessary, he returned, in great triumph and satisfaction, to London.

1114.

The Princess Maud being now marriageable, was delivered to the Emperor's ambassador; and for a portion to the young lady a tax was imposed of three shillings upon every hide of land in England, which grew afterwards into a custom, and was in succeeding times confirmed by Acts of Parliament, under the name of "Reasonable Aid for marrying the King's Daughter," although levied after a different manner.

As the institution of Parliaments in England is agreed by several writers to be owing to this King, so the date of the first hath been assigned by some to the fifteenth year of his reign; which however is not to be affirmed with any certainty: for great councils were convoked not only in the two preceding reigns, but for time immemorial by the Saxon princes, who first introduced them into this island, from the same original with the other Gothic forms of government in most parts of Europe. These councils or assemblies were composed according to the pleasure of the prince who convened them, generally of nobles and bishops, sometimes were added some considerable

commoners; but they seldom met, except in the beginning of a reign, or in times of war, until this King came to the crown; who being a wise and popular prince, called these great assemblies upon most important affairs of his reign, and ever followed their advice, which, if it proved successful, the honour and advantage redounded to him, and if otherwise, he was free from the blame: thus when he chose a wife for himself, and a husband for his daughter, when he designed his expedition against Robert, and even for the election of an archbishop to the see of Canterbury, he proceeded wholly by the advice of such general assemblies, summoned for the purpose. But the style of these conventions, as delivered by several authors, is very various; sometimes it is *comites, barones, et cleri*; his marriage was agreed on, *consilio majorum natu et magnatum terrae*. One author calls it *concilium principum, sacerdotum, et reliqui populi.* And for the election of an archbishop, the Saxon Chronicle says, That he commanded by letters all bishops, abbots, and thanes to meet him at Gloucester *ad procerum conventum*. Lastly, some affirm these assemblies to have been an imitation of the three estates in Normandy. I am very sensible how much time and pains have been employed by several learned men to search out the original of Parliaments in England, wherein I doubt they have little satisfied others or themselves. I know likewise that to engage in the same enquiry, would neither suit my abilities nor my subject. It may be sufficient for my purpose, if I be able to give some little light into this matter, for the curiosity of those who are less informed.

The institution of a state or commonwealth out of a mixture of the three forms of government received in the schools, however it be derided as a solecism and absurdity by some late writers on politics, hath been very ancient in the world, and is celebrated by the gravest authors of antiquity. For although the supreme power cannot properly be said to be divided, yet it may be so placed in three several hands, as each to be a check upon the other; or formed into a balance, which is held by him that has the executive power, with the nobility and people in counterpoise in each scale. Thus the kingdom of Media is represented by Xenophon before the reign of Cyrus; so Polybius tells us, the best government is a mixture of the three forms, *regno, optimatium, et populi imperio*: the same was that of Sparta in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, made up of *reges, seniores, et populus*; the like may be asserted of Rome, Carthage, and other states: and the Germans of old fell upon the same model, from whence the Goths their neighbours, with the rest of those northern people, did perhaps borrow it. But an assembly of the three estates is not properly of Gothic institution: for these fierce people, when upon the decline of the Roman Empire they first invaded Europe, and settled so many kingdoms in Italy, Spain, and other parts, were all Heathens; and when a body of them had fixed themselves in a tract of land left desolate by the flight or destruction of the natives, their military government by time and peace became civil; the general was king, his great officers were his nobles and ministers of state, and the common soldiers the body of the people; but

these were freemen, and had smaller portions of land assigned them. The remaining natives were all slaves; the nobles were a standing council; and upon affairs of great importance, the freemen were likewise called by their representatives to give their advice. By which it appears, that the Gothic frame of government consisted at first but of two states or assemblies, under the administration of a single person. But after the conversion of these princes and their people to the Christian faith, the Church became endowed with great possessions, as well by the bounty of kings, as the arts and industry of the clergy, winning upon the devotion of their new converts: and power, by the common maxim, always accompanying property, the ecclesiastics began soon to grow considerable, to form themselves into a body, and to call assemblies or synods by their own authority, or sometimes by the command of their princes, who in an ignorant age had a mighty veneration for their learning as well as piety. By such degrees the Church arrived at length, by very justifiable steps, to have her share in the commonwealth, and became a third estate in most kingdoms of Europe; but these assemblies, as we have already observed, were seldom called in England before the reign of this prince, nor even then were always composed after the same manner: neither does it appear from the writers who lived nearest to that age, that the people had any representative at all, beside the barons and other nobles, who did not sit in those assemblies by virtue of their birth or creation, but of the lands or baronies they held. So that the present constitution of the English Parliament hath, by many degrees and alterations, been modelled to the frame it is now in; which alterations I shall observe in the succeeding reigns as exactly as I can discover them by a diligent search into the histories of the several ages, without engaging in the controverted points of law about this matter, which would rather perplex the reader than inform him.

1116.

But to return, Louis the Gross King of France, a valiant and active prince, in the flower of his age, succeeding to that crown that Robert was deprived of, Normandy, grew jealous of the neighbourhood and power of King Henry, and begun early to entertain designs either of subduing that duchy to himself, or at least of making a considerable party against the King in favour of William son of Robert, whom for that end he had taken into his protection. Pursuant to these intentions, he soon found an occasion for a quarrel: expostulating with Henry, that he had broken his promise by not doing homage for the Duchy of Normandy, as well as by neglecting to raze the castle of Gisors, which was built on the French side of the river Epte, the common boundary between both dominions.

But an incident soon offered, which gave King Henry a pretext for retaliating almost in the same manner: for it happened that upon some offence taken against his nephew Theobald Count of Blois by the French King, Louis in great rage sent an army to invade and ravage the earl's territories. Theobald defended himself for a while with much valour; but at length in danger to be

overpowered, requested aid of his uncle the King of England, who supported him so effectually with men and money, that he was able not only to defend his own country, but very much to infest and annoy his enemy. Thus a war was kindled between the two kings; Louis now openly asserted the title of William the son of Robert, and entering into an alliance with the Earls of Flanders and Anjou, began to concert measures for driving King Henry out of Normandy.

The King having timely intelligence of his enemy's designs, began with great vigour and dispatch to prepare himself for war: he raised, with much difficulty and discontent of his people, the greatest tax that had ever been known in England; and passing over into Normandy with a mighty army, joined his nephew Theobald. The King of France, who had entertained hopes that he should overrun the duchy before his enemy could arrive, advanced with great security towards the frontiers of Normandy; but observing an enemy of equal number and force already prepared to engage him, he suddenly stopped his march. The two armies faced one another for some hours, neither side offering battle; the rest of the day was spent in light skirmishes begun by the French, and repeated for some days following with various success; but the remainder of the year passed without any considerable action.

1119.

At length the violence of the two princes brought it to a battle: for Louis, to give a reputation to his arms, advanced towards the frontiers of Normandy, and after a short siege took Gué Nicaise; there the King met him, and the fight began, which continued with great obstinacy on both sides for nine hours. The French army was divided into two bodies, and the English into three; by which means, that part where the King fought in person, being attacked by a superior number, began to give way; and William Crispin, a Norman baron, singling out the King of England (whose subject he had been, but banished for treason) struck him twice in the head with so much violence, that the blood gushed out of his mouth. The King inflamed with rage and indignation, dealt such furious blows, that he struck down several of his enemies, and Crispin among the rest, who was taken prisoner at his horse's feet. The soldiers encouraged by the valour of their prince, rallied and fell on with fresh vigour, and the victory seemed doubtful, when William the son of King Henry, to whom his father had entrusted the third body of his army, which had not yet engaged, fell on with this fresh reserve upon the enemy, who was already very much harassed with the toil of the day: this quickly decided the matter; for the French, though valiantly fighting, were overcome, with the slaughter of several thousand men; their King quitted the field, and withdrew to Andely; but the King of England recovering Gué Nicaise, returned triumphant to Rouen.

This important victory was followed by the defection of the Earl of Anjou to King Henry, and the Earl of Flanders fell in the battle; by which the King

of France was at once deprived of two powerful allies. However, by the intercession of the former, a peace was soon after made between both crowns. William the King's son did homage to Louis for the Dukedom of Normandy; and the other William, following the fortunes of his father, was left to his pretensions and complaints.

It is here observable, that from this time until Wales was subdued to the English crown, the eldest sons of England were called Dukes of Normandy, as they are now Princes of Wales.

1120.

The King having stayed some time in Normandy, for the settlement of his duchy after the calamities and confusions of a war, returned to England, to the very great satisfaction of his people and himself. He had enlarged his dominions by the conquest of Normandy; he had subdued all his competitors, and forced even the King of France, their great protector, after a glorious victory, to his own conditions of a peace; he was upon very good terms with the Pope, who had a great esteem and friendship for his person, and made him larger concessions than was usual from that see, and in those ages. At home he was respected by the clergy, reverenced by the nobles, and beloved by the people; in his family he was blessed with a son of much hopes, just growing to years of manhood, and his daughter was an empress; so that he seemed to possess as great a share of happiness as human life is capable to admit. But the felicity of man depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, which are all subject to various accidents, and every single accident is able to dissolve the whole contexture; which truth was never verified more than in this prince, who by one domestic misfortune, not to be prevented or foreseen, found all the pleasure and content he proposed to himself by his prudence, his industry, and his valour, wholly disappointed and destroyed: for William the young prince having embarked at Barfleur some time after his father, the mariners being all drunk, suffered the ship to run upon a rock, where it was dashed to pieces: the prince made a shift to get into the boat, and was making to the shore, until forced back by the cries of his sister, whom he received into the boat, so many others crowded in at the same time, that it was immediately overturned. There perished, beside the prince, a natural son and daughter of the King's, his niece, and many other persons of quality, together with all their attendants and servants, to the number of a hundred and forty, beside fifty mariners, but one person escaping.

Although the King survived this cruel misfortune many years, yet he could never recover his former humour, but grew melancholy and morose; however, in order to provide better for the peace and settlement of the kingdom after his death, about five months after the loss of his son, his former Queen having died three years before, he married Adeliza, a beautiful young lady of the family of Lorraine, in hopes of issue by her, but never had any.

1124.

The death of the prince gave occasion to some new troubles in

Normandy; for the Earls of Meulant and Evreux, Hugh de Montfort, and other associates, began to raise insurrections there, which were thought to be privately fomented by the French King, out of enmity to King Henry, and in favour of William the son of Robert, to whom the Earl of Anjou had lately given his daughter in marriage. But William of Tankerville, the King's lieutenant in Normandy, surprising the enemy's forces by an ambush, entirely routed them, took both the earls prisoners, and sent one of them (Meulant) to his master; but the Count d'Evreux made his escape.

1126.

King Henry having now lost hope of issue by his new Queen, brought with him, on his return to England, his daughter Maud, who by the Emperor's death had been lately left a widow and childless; and in a Parliament or general assembly which he had summoned at Windsor, he caused the crown to be settled on her and her children, and made all his nobles take a solemn oath to defend her title. This was performed by none with so much forwardness as Stephen Earl of Boulogne, who was observed to shew a more than ordinary zeal in the matter. This young lord was the King's nephew, being second son of the Earl of Blois by Adela the Conqueror's daughter: he was in high favour with the King his uncle, who had married him to the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Boulogne, given him great possessions in England, and made him indeed too powerful for a subject.

The King having thus fixed the succession of the crown in his daughter by an Act of Settlement and an oath of fealty, looked about to provide her with a second husband, and at length determined his choice in Geoffrey Plantagenet Earl of Anjou, the son of Fulk lately deceased.

This prince, whose dominions confined on France and Normandy, was usually courted for an ally by both Kings in their several quarrels; but having little faith or honour, he never scrupled to change sides as often as he saw or conceived it for his advantage. After the great victory over the French, he closed in with King Henry, and gave his daughter to the young prince William; yet at the same time, by the private encouragement of Louis, he prevailed on the King of England to be easy in the conditions of a peace. Upon the unfortunate loss of the prince, and the troubles in Normandy thereupon, he fell again from the King, gave his other daughter to William the son of Robert, and struck up with France to take that prince again into protection. But dying soon after, and leaving his son Geoffrey to succeed in that earldom, the King was of opinion he could not anywhere bestow his daughter with more advantage, both for the security and enlargement of his dominions, than by giving her to this earl; by which marriage Anjou would become an acquisition to Normandy, and this be a more equal match to so formidable a neighbour as France. In a short time the marriage was concluded; and this Earl Geoffrey had the honour to introduce into the royal family of England the surname of Plantagenet, borne by so many succeeding Kings, which began with Henry II. who was the eldest son of this marriage.

But the King of France was in great discontent at this match: he easily foresaw the dismal consequences to himself and his successors from such an increase of dominion united to the crown of England: he knew what impressions might be made in future times to the shaking of his throne by an aspiring and warlike king, if they should happen in a weak reign, or upon any great discontents in that kingdom. Which conjectures being highly reasonable (and since often verified by events) he cast about to find some way of driving the King of England entirely out of France; but having neither pretext nor stomach in the midst of a peace to begin an open and formal quarrel, there fell out an accident which gave him plausible occasion of pursuing his design.

Charles the Good Earl of Flanders having been lately murdered by some of his subjects, upon private revenge, the King of France went in person to take revenge of the assassins; which he performed with great justice and honour. But the late earl leaving no heir of his body, and several competitors appearing to dispute the succession, Louis rejected some others who seemed to have a fairer title, and adjudged it to William the son of Robert, the better to secure him to his interests upon any design he might engage in against the King of England. Not content with this, he assisted the Earl in person, subdued his rivals, and left him in peaceable possession of his new dominion.

King Henry, on the other side, was very apprehensive of his nephew's greatness, well knowing to what end it was directed; however, he seemed not to regard it, contenting himself to give the Earl employment at home by privately nourishing the discontents of his new subjects, and abetting underhand another pretender: for William had so entirely lost the hearts of his people, by his intolerable avarice and exactions, that the principal towns in Flanders revolted from him, and invited Thierri Earl of Alsace to be their governor. But the King of France generously resolved to appear once more in his defence, and took his third expedition into Flanders for that purpose. He had marched as far as Artois, when he was suddenly recalled to defend his own dominions from the fury of a powerful and provoked invader: for Henry King of England, moved with indignation to see the French King in the midst of a peace so frequently and openly supporting his most dangerous enemy, thought it the best way to divert Louis from kindling a fire against him abroad, by forcing him to extinguish one at home: he therefore entered into the bowels of France, ravaging and laying waste all before him, and quickly grew so formidable, that the French King to purchase a peace was forced to promise never more to assist or favour the Earl of Flanders; however, as it fell out, this article proved to be wholly needless; for the young Earl soon after gave battle to Thierri, and put his whole army to the rout; but pursuing his victory, he received a wound in his wrist, which, by the unskilfulness of a surgeon, cost him his life.

This one slight inconsiderable accident did, in all probability, put a stop to very great events; for if that young prince had survived his victory, it is hardly to be doubted but through the justness of his cause, the reputation of his

valour, and the assistance of the King of France, he would in a little time have recovered Normandy, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two designs he had in agitation; nor could he well have missed the crown of England after the King's death, who was now in his decline, when he had so fair a title, and no competitors in view but a woman and an infant.

1129.

Upon the King's return from Normandy, a great council of the clergy was held at London, for the punishing of priests who lived in concubinage, which was the great grievance of the Church in those ages, and had been condemned by several canons. This assembly thinking to take a more effectual course against that abomination, as it was called, decreed severe penalties upon those who should be guilty of breaking it, entreating the King to see the law put in execution; which he very readily undertook, but performed otherwise than was expected, eluding the force of the law by an evasion to his own advantage: for exacting fines of the delinquent priests, he suffered them to keep their concubines without further disturbance. A very unaccountable step in so wise a body for their own concernments, as the clergy of those times is looked upon to have been; and although perhaps the fact be not worth recording, it may serve as a lesson to all assemblies never to trust the execution of a law in the hands of those who will find it more to their interests to see it broken than observed.

1132.

The Empress Maud was now happily delivered of a son, who was afterwards King of England by the name of Henry the Second: and the King calling a Parliament, had the oath of fealty repeated by the nobles and clergy to her and her issue, which in the compass of three years they all broke or forgot.

1134.

I think it may deserve a place in this history to mention the last scene of Duke Robert's life, who, either through the poorness or greatness of spirit, having outlived the loss of his honour, his dominions, his liberty, his eyesight, and his only son, was at last forced to sink under the load of eighty years, and must be allowed for the greatest example either of insensibility or contempt of earthly things, that ever appeared in a sovereign or private person. He was a prince hardly equalled by any in his time for valour, conduct, and courtesy; but his ruin began from the easiness of his nature, which whoever knew how to manage, were sure to be refused nothing they could ask. By such profusion he was reduced to those unhappy expedients of remitting his rights for a pension, of pawning his towns, and multiplying taxes, which brought him into hatred and contempt with his subjects; neither do I think any virtue so little commendable in a sovereign as that of liberality, where it exceeds what his ordinary revenues can supply; where it passes those bounds, his subjects must all be oppressed to shew his bounty to a few flatterers, or he must sell his towns, or basely renounce his rights, by becoming pensioner to some

powerful prince in the neighbourhood; all which we have lived to see performed by a late monarch in our own time and country.

1135.

Since the reduction of Normandy to the King's obedience, he found it necessary for his affairs to spend in that duchy some part of his time almost every year, and a little before the death of Robert he made his last voyage there. It was observable in this prince, that having some years past very narrowly escaped shipwreck in his passage from Normandy into England, the sense of his danger had made very deep impressions on his mind, which he discovered by a great reformation in his life, by redressing several grievances, and doing many acts of piety; and to shew the steadiness of his resolutions, he kept them to the last, making a progress through most parts of Normandy, treating his subjects in all places with great familiarity and kindness, granting their petitions, easing their taxes, and, in a word, giving all possible marks of a religious, wise, and gracious prince.

Returning to St. Denys le Ferment from his progress a little indisposed, he there fell into a fever upon a surfeit of lamprey, which in a few days ended his life. His body was conveyed to England, and buried at Reading in the abbey-church himself had founded.

It is hard to affirm anything peculiar of this prince's character; those authors who have attempted it mentioning very little but what was common to him with thousands of other men; neither have they recorded any of those personal circumstances or passages, which only can discover such qualities of the mind as most distinguish one man from another. These defects may perhaps appear in the stories of many succeeding kings; which makes me hope I shall not be altogether blamed for sometimes disappointing the reader in a point wherein I could wish to be the most exact.

As to his person, he is described to be of middle stature; his body strong set and fleshy; his hair black; his eyes large; his countenance amiable, and very pleasant, especially when he was merry. He was temperate in meat and drink, and a hater of effeminacy, a vice or folly much complained of in his time, especially that circumstance of long artificial hair, which he forbade upon severe penalties. His three principal virtues were prudence, valour, and eloquence. These were counterbalanced by three great vices; avarice, cruelty, and lust; of which the first is proved by the frequency of his taxes; the second by his treatment of Duke Robert; and the last was notorious. But the proof of his virtues doth not depend on single instances, manifesting themselves through the whole course of a long reign, which was hardly attended by any misfortune that prudence, justice, or valour could prevent. He came to the crown at a ripe age, when he had passed thirty years, having learned, in his private life, to struggle with hardships, whereof he had his share, from the capriciousness and injustice of both his brothers; and by observing their failures, he had learned to avoid them in himself, being steady and uniform in

his whole conduct, which were qualities they both seemed chiefly to want. This likewise made him so very tenacious as he was observed to be in his love and hatred. He was a strict observer of justice, which he seems never to have violated, but in that particular case, which political casuists are pleased to dispense with, where the dispute is about a crown. In that he * * * * * *

Consider him as a private man, he was perhaps the most accomplished person of his age, having a facetious wit, cultivated by learning, and advanced with a great share of natural eloquence, which was his peculiar talent: and it was no doubt the sense he had of this last perfection in himself, that put him so often upon calling together the great councils of the nation, where natural oratory is of most figure as well as use.

THE REIGN OF STEPHEN.

The veneration which people are supposed naturally to pay to a right line, and a lawful title in their kings, must be upheld by a long uninterrupted succession, otherwise it quickly loses opinion, upon which the strength of it, although not the justice, is entirely founded: and where breaches have been already made in the lineal descent, there is little security in a good title (though confirmed by promises and oaths) where the lawful heir is absent, and a popular aspiring pretender near at hand. This, I think, may pass for a maxim, if any consequences drawn from history can pretend to be called so, having been verified successively three times in this kingdom, I mean by the two preceding kings, and by the prince whose reign we are now writing. Neither can this observation be justly controlled by any instances brought of future princes, who being absent at their predecessor's death, have peaceably succeeded, the circumstances being very different in every case, either by the weakness or justice of pretenders, or else by the long establishment of lineal succession.

1135.

Stephen Earl of Boulogne, whose descent hath been already shewn in the foregoing reign, was the second of three brothers, whereof the eldest was Theobald Earl of Blois, a sovereign prince, and Henry the youngest was Bishop of Winchester, and the Pope's legate in England. At the time of King Henry's death, his daughter the Empress was with her husband the Earl of Anjou, a grave and cautious prince, altogether unqualified for sudden enterprises: but Earl Stephen, who had attended the King in his last expedition, made so great dispatch for England, that the council had not time to meet and make any declaration about a successor. When the lords were assembled, the legate had already, by his credit and influence among them, brought over a great party to his brother's interests; and the Earl himself, knowing with what success the like methods were used by his two last predecessors, was very liberal of his promises to amend the laws, support the Church, and redress grievances: for all which the bishop undertook to be guarantee. And thus was Stephen elected by those very persons who had so lately, and in so solemn a manner, more than once sworn fealty to another.

The motives whereby the nobility was swayed to proceed after this manner, were obvious enough. There had been a perpetual struggle between them and their former kings in the defence of their liberties; for the security whereof, they thought a king elected without other title, would be readier to enter into any obligations, and being held in constant dependence, would be less tempted to break them: therefore, as at his coronation they obtained full security by his taking new and additional oaths in favour of their liberties,

their oath of fealty to him was but conditional, to be of force no longer than he should be true to those stipulations.

But other reasons were contrived and given out to satisfy the people: they were told it was an indignity for so noble a nation to be governed by a woman; that the late King had promised to marry his daughter within the realm, and by consent of Parliament, neither of which was observed: and lastly, Hugh Bigod, steward to King Henry, took a voluntary oath, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, that his master, in his last sickness, had, upon some displeasure, disinherited his daughter.

He received the crown with one great advantage that could best enable him to preserve it: this was the possession of his uncle's treasures, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, and reckoned as a prodigious sum in those days; by the help of which, without ever raising one tax upon the people, he defended an unjust title against the lawful heir during a perpetual contest of almost twenty years.

In order to defend himself against any sudden invasion, which he had cause enough to expect, he gave all men licence to build castles upon their lands, which proved a very mistaken piece of politics, although grounded upon some appearance of reason. The King supposed that no invader would venture to advance into the heart of his country without reducing every castle in his way, which must be a work of much time and difficulty, nor would be able to afford men to block them up, and secure his retreat: which way of arguing may be good enough to a prince of an undisputed title, and entirely in the hearts of his subjects: but numerous castles are ill defenders of an usurpation, being the common retreat of malcontents, where they can fly with security, and discover their affections as they please: by which means the enemy, although beaten in the field, may still preserve his footing in the bowels of a country; may wait supplies from abroad; and prolong a war for many years: nor, while he is master of any castles, can he ever be at mercy by any sudden misfortune; but may be always in a condition of demanding terms for himself. These, and many other effects of so pernicious a counsel, the King found through the whole course of his reign; which was entirely spent in sieges, revolts, surprises, and surrenders, with very few battles, but no decisive action: a period of much misery and confusion, which affords little that is memorable for events, or useful for the instruction of posterity.

1136.

The first considerable enemy that appeared against him was David King of Scots, who having taken the oath of fealty to Maud and her issue, being further engaged by the ties of blood, and stirred up through the persuasions of several English nobles, began to take up arms in her cause; and invading the northern parts, took Carlisle and Newcastle; but upon the King's speedy approach with his forces, a peace was presently made, and the towns restored. However, the Scottish prince would, by no means, renounce his fidelity to the Empress, by paying homage to Stephen; so that an expedient was found to

have it performed by his eldest son: in consideration of which the King gave, or rather restored, to him the Earldom of Huntingdon.

Upon his return to London from this expedition, he happened to fall sick of a lethargy, and it was confidently given out that he was dead. This report was, with great industry and artifice, dispersed by his enemies, which quickly discovered the ill inclination of several lords, who, although they never believed the thing, yet made use of it for an occasion or pretext to fortify their castles, which they refused to surrender to the King himself; but Stephen was resolved, as he said, to convince them that he was alive and well; for coming against them before he was expected, he recovered Exeter, Norwich, and other fortified places, although not without much difficulty.

It is obvious enough to wonder how a prince of so much valour, and other excellent endowments, elected by the Church and State, after a compliance with all conditions they could impose on him, and in an age when so little regard was had to the lineal descent, lastly confirmed by the Pope himself, should be soon deserted and opposed by those very persons who had been the most instrumental to promote him. But, beside his defective title, and the undistinguished liberty of building castles, there were three circumstances which very much contributed to those perpetual revolts of the nobles against him: first, that upon his coming to the crown he was very liberal in distributing lands and honours to several young gentlemen of noble birth, who came to make their court, whereby he hoped to get the reputation of a generous prince, and to strengthen his party against the Empress: but, by this encouragement, the number of pretenders quickly grew too fast upon him; and when he had granted all he was able, he was forced to dismiss the rest with promises and excuses, who, either out of envy or discontent, or else to mend their fortunes, never failed to become his enemies upon the first occasion that offered. Secondly, when he had reduced several castles and towns which had given the first example of disaffection from him, he hardly inflicted the least punishment on the authors; which unseasonable mercy, that in another prince and another age would have been called greatness of spirit, passed in him for pusillanimity and fear, and is reckoned, by the writers of those times to have been the cause of many succeeding revolts. The third circumstance was of a different kind: for, observing how little good effect he had found by his liberality and indulgence, he would needs try the other extreme, which was not his talent. He began to infringe the articles of his charter; to recall or disown the promises he had made; and to repulse petitioners with rough treatment, which was the more unacceptable by being new and unexpected.

1137.

Mean time the Earl of Anjou, who was not in a condition to assert his wife's title to England, hearing Stephen was employed at home, entered Normandy with small force, and found it no difficult matter to seize several towns. The Normans, in the present distraction of affairs, not well knowing what prince to obey, at last sent an invitation to Theobald Earl of Blois, King

Stephen's eldest brother, to accept their dukedom upon the condition of protecting them from the present insults of the Earl of Anjou. But before this matter could come to an issue, Stephen, who, upon reduction of the towns already mentioned, had found a short interval of quiet from his English subjects, arrived with unexpected speed into Normandy; where Geoffrey of Anjou soon fled before him, and the whole duchy came over to his obedience; for the further settlement whereof he made peace with the King of France; constituted his son Eustace Duke of Normandy; and made him swear fealty to that Prince, and do him homage. His brother Theobald, who began to expostulate upon this disappointment, he pacified with a pension of two thousand marks: and even the Earl of Anjou himself, who, in right of his wife, made demands of Stephen for the kingdom of England, finding he was no equal match at present, was persuaded to become his pensioner for five thousand more.

Stephen, upon his return to England, met with an account of new troubles from the north; for the King of Scots, under pretence of observing his oath of fealty to the Empress, infested the Borders, and frequently making cruel inroads, plundered and laid waste all before him.

1138.

In order to revenge this base and perfidious treatment, the King, in his march northward, sat down before Bedford, and took it after a siege of twenty days. This town was part of the Earldom of Huntingdon, given by Stephen in the late peace to the eldest son of the Scottish King, for which the young prince did homage to him; and it was upon that account defended by a garrison of Scots. Upon intelligence of this surrender, King David, overcome with fury, entered Northumberland, where, letting loose the rage of his soldiers, he permitted and encouraged them to commit all manner of inhumanities; which they performed in so execrable a manner as would scarce be credible, if it were not attested by almost the universal consent of writers: they ripped up women with child, drew out the infants, and tossed them upon the points of their lances: they murdered priests before the altars; then cutting the heads from off the crucifixes, in their stead put on the heads of those they had murdered: with many other instances of monstrous barbarity too foul to relate: but cruelty being usually attended with cowardice, this perfidious prince, upon the approach of King Stephen, fled into places of security. The King of England, finding no enemy on whom to employ his revenge, marched forward into the country, destroying with fire and sword all the southern parts; and would, in all probability, have made terrible impressions into the heart of Scotland, if he had not been suddenly recalled by a more dangerous fire at home, which had been kindled in his absence, and was now broken out into a flame.

Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late King, came into England some time after the advancement of Stephen to the crown; and, yielding to the necessity of the time, took the oath of fealty upon the same condition used by

the other nobles, to be of force so long as the King should keep his faith with him, and preserve his dignity inviolate: but, being in his heart wholly devoted to the interests of the Empress his sister, and moved by the persuasions of several religious men, he had, with great secrecy and application, so far practised upon the levity or discontents of several lords, as to gain them to his party: for the King had, of late, very much alienated the nobles against him; first, by seizing several of their persons, and dispossessing them of their lands; and, secondly, by taking into his favour William d'Ypres, a Flemish commander, of noble birth, but banished by his prince. This man, with many of his followers, the King employed chiefly both in his councils and his armies, and made him Earl of Kent, to the great envy and displeasure of his English subjects. The Earl of Gloucester, therefore, and his accomplices, having prepared all things necessary for an insurrection, it was agreed among them, that while the King was engaged against the Scots, each of them should secure what towns and castles they could, and openly declare for the Empress. Accordingly Earl Robert suddenly fortified himself in Bristol; the rest followed his example; Hereford, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Dover, and many other places, were seized by several lords, and the defection grew so formidable, that the King, to his great grief, was forced to leave his Scottish expedition unfinished, and return with all possible speed to suppress the rebellion begun by his subjects; having first left the care of the north to Thurstan Archbishop of York; with orders carefully to observe the motions of the Scots.

Whilst the King was employed in the south in reducing his discontented lords, and their castles, to his obedience, David, presuming upon the distance between them, reentered England with more numerous forces, and greater designs, than before: for, without losing more time than what was necessary to pillage and destroy the country as he marched, he resolved to besiege York, which, if he could force to surrender, would serve as a convenient frontier against the English. To this end, advancing near the city, and having pitched his tents, he sat down before it with his whole army. In the mean time Archbishop Thurstan, having already summoned the nobles and gentry of the shire and parts adjacent, had, by powerful persuasions incited them to defend their country against a treacherous, bloody, and restless enemy: so that before the King of Scotland could make any progress in the siege, the whole power of the north was united against him, under the Earl of Albemarle, and several other nobles. Archbishop Thurstan happening to fall sick, could not go in person to the army, but sent the Bishop of Durham in his stead; by whose encouragements the English, although in number far inferior, advanced boldly towards the enemy, and offered them battle, which was as readily accepted by the Scots, who, sending out a party of horse to secure the rising ground, were immediately attacked by the English, and, after a sharp dispute, entirely defeated. In the heat of the battle the King of Scots, and his son Henry Earl of Huntingdon, gave many proofs of great personal valour. The young prince fell with such fierceness upon a body of the English, that he utterly broke and

dispersed them; and was pursuing his victory, when a certain man, bearing aloft the head of an enemy he had cut off, cried out, It was the head of the Scottish King, which being heard and believed on both sides, the English, who had lately fled, rallied again, assaulting their enemies with new vigour; the Scots, on the other side, discouraged by the supposed death of their Prince, began to turn their backs: the King and his son used all endeavours to stop their flight, and made several brave stands against the enemy; but the greatest part of their army being fled, and themselves almost encompassed, they were forced to give way to fortune, and with much difficulty made their escape.

The loss on the English side was inconsiderable; but of Scots, by general consent of writers, ten thousand were slain. And thus ended the War of the Standard, as it was usually called by the authors of that age, because the English, upon a certain engine, raised the mast of a ship, on the top whereof, in a silver box, they put the consecrated wafer, and fastened the standards of St. Peter and other saints: this gave them courage, by remembering they were to fight in the presence of God; and served likewise for a mark where to reassemble when they should happen to be dispersed by any accident or misfortune.

1139

Mean time the King was equally successful against his rebellious lords at home, having taken most of their castles and strong-holds; and the Earl of Gloucester himself, no longer able to make any resistance, withdrew into Normandy, to concert new measures with the Empress his sister. Thus the King had leisure and opportunity for another expedition into Scotland, to pursue and improve his victory, where he met with no opposition: however, he was at length persuaded with much difficulty to accept his own conditions of a peace; and David delivered up to him his eldest son Henry, as hostage for performance of articles between them.

The King, in his return homeward, laid siege to Ludlow Castle, which had not been reduced with the rest: here Prince Henry of Scotland, boiling with youth and valour, and exposing his person upon all occasions, was lifted from his horse by an iron grapple let down from the wall, and would have been hoisted up into the castle, if the King had not immediately flown to his assistance, and brought him off with his own hands by main force from the enemy, whom he soon compelled to surrender the castle.

1140

Stephen having thus subdued his inveterate enemies the Scots, and reduced his rebellious nobles, began to entertain hopes of enjoying a little ease. But he was destined to the possession of a crown with perpetual disturbance; for he was hardly returned from his northern expedition, when he received intelligence that the Empress, accompanied by her brother the Earl of Gloucester, was preparing to come for England, in order to dispute her title to the kingdom. The King, who knew by experience what a powerful party she already had to espouse her interests, very reasonably concluded, the defection

from him would be much greater, when she appeared in person to countenance and reward it; he therefore began again to repent of the licence he had granted for building castles, which were now like to prove so many places of security for his enemies, and fortifications against himself; for he knew not whom to trust, vehemently suspecting his nobles ever since their last revolt. He therefore cast about for some artifice to get into his hands as many of their castles as he could: in the strength and magnificence of which kind of structures, the bishops had far outdone the rest, and were upon that, as well as other accounts, very much maligned and envied by the temporal lords, who were extreme jealous of the Church's increasing power, and glad upon all occasions to see the prelates humbled. The King, therefore, having formed his project, resolved to make trial where it would be least invidious, and where he could foresee least danger in the consequences. At a Parliament or assembly of nobles at Oxford, it was contrived to raise a quarrel between the servants of some bishops and those of Alan Count of Dinan in Bretagne, upon a contention of rooms in their inns. Stephen took hold of this advantage, sent for the bishops, taxed them with breaking his peace, and demanded the keys of their castles, adding threats of imprisonment if they dared to disobey. Those whom the King chiefly suspected, or rather who had built the most and strongest castles, were Roger Bishop of Salisbury, with his nephew and natural son the Bishops of Ely and Lincoln, whom the King, by many circumstances of rigour, compelled to surrender, going himself in person to seize the Devizes, then esteemed the noblest structure of Europe, and built by the forementioned Bishop Roger, whose treasure, to the value of forty thousand marks, there likewise deposited, fell, at the same time, into the King's hand, which in a few days broke the bishop's heart, already worn with age and infirmity.

It may, perhaps, not be thought a digression to say something of the fortunes of this prelate, who, from the lowest beginnings, came to be, without dispute, the greatest churchman of any subject in his age. It happened that the late King Henry, in the reign of his brother, being at a village in Normandy, wanted a priest to say mass before him and his train, when this man, who was a poor curate thereabouts, offered his service, and performed it with so much dexterity and speed, that the soldiers who attended the prince recommended him to their master, upon that account, as a very proper chaplain for military men; but it seems he had other talents; for having gotten into the prince's service, he soon discovered great application and address, much order and economy in the management of his master's fortunes, which were wholly left to his care. After Henry's advancement to the crown, this chaplain grew chief in his favour and confidence; was made Bishop of Salisbury, Chancellor of England, employed in all his most weighty affairs, and usually left vicegerent of the realm while the King was absent in Normandy. He was among the first that swore fealty to Maud and her issue; and among the first that revolted from her to Stephen, offering such reasons in council for setting her aside, as, by

the credit and opinion of his wisdom, were very prevalent. But the King, in a few years, forgot all obligations, and the bishop fell a sacrifice in his old age to those treasures he had been so long heaping up for its support. A just reward for his ingratitude towards the Prince that raised him, to be ruined by the ingratitude of another, whom he had been so very instrumental to raise.

But Henry Bishop of Winchester, the Pope's legate, not able to endure this violation of the Church, called a council of all the prelates to meet at Winchester, where the King being summoned, appeared by his advocate, who pleaded his cause with much learning; and the Archbishop of Rouen coming to the council, declared his opinion, That although the canons did allow the bishops to possess castles, yet in dangerous times they ought to deliver them up to the King. This opinion Stephen followed very steadily, not yielding a tittle, although the legate his brother used all means, both rough and gentle, to work upon him.

The council of bishops broke up without other effect than that of leaving in their minds an implacable hatred to the King, in a very opportune juncture for the interests of Maud, who, about this time, landed at Portsmouth with her brother Robert Earl of Gloucester. The whole force she brought over for this expedition consisted but of one hundred and forty knights; for she trusted altogether in her cause and her friends. With this slender attendance she went to Arundel, and was there received into the castle by the widow of the late King; while Earl Robert, accompanied only by twenty men, marched boldly to his own city of Gloucester, in order to raise forces for the Empress, where the townsmen turned out the King's garrison as soon as they heard of his approach.

King Stephen was not surprised at the news of the Empress's arrival, being a thing he had always counted upon, and was long preparing himself against. He was glad to hear how ill she was provided, and resolved to use the opportunity of her brother's absence; for, hasting down to Arundel with a sufficient strength, he laid siege to the castle, in hopes, by securing her person, to put a speedy end to the war.

But there wanted not some very near about the King, who, favouring the party of Maud, had credit enough to prevail with him not to venture time and reputation against an impregnable fortress, but rather, by withdrawing his forces, permit her to retire to some less fortified place, where she might more easily fall into his hands. This advice the King took against his own opinion; the Empress fled out of Arundel by night; and, after frequent shifting her stages through several towns, which had already declared in her favour, fixed herself at last at Lincoln; where, having all things provided necessary for her defence, she resolved to continue, and expect either a general revolt of the English to her side, or the decision of war between the King and her brother.

But Stephen, who had pursued the Empress from place to place, hearing she had shut herself up in Lincoln, resolved to give her no rest; and to help on his design, it fell out that the citizens in hatred to the Earl of Chester, who

commanded there for the Empress, sent a private invitation to the King, with promise to deliver the town and their governor into his hands. The King came accordingly, and possessed himself of the town; but Maud and the Earl made their escape a few days before. However, many great persons of Maud's party remained prisoners to the King, and among the rest the Earl of Chester's wife, who was daughter to the Earl of Gloucester. These two Earls resolving to attempt the relief of their friends, marched with all their forces near Lincoln, where they found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive them.

The next morning, after battle offered by the lords, and accepted by the King, both sides made ready to engage. The King having disposed his cavalry on each wing, placed himself at the head of his foot, in whom he reposed most confidence. The army of the lords was divided in three bodies; those whom King Stephen had banished were placed in the middle, the Earl of Chester led the van, and the Earl of Gloucester commanded the rear. The battle was fought at first with equal advantage, and great obstinacy on both sides; at length the right wing of the King's horse, pressed by the Earl of Chester, galloped away, not without suspicion of treachery; the left followed the example. The King beheld their flight, and encouraging those about him, fell with undaunted valour upon the enemy; and being for some time bravely seconded by his foot, did great execution. At length overpowered by numbers, his men began to disperse, and Stephen was left almost alone with his sword in his hand, wherewith he opposed his person against a whole victorious army, nor durst any be so hardy to approach him; the sword breaking, a citizen of Lincoln put into his hands a Danish battle-axe, with which he struck to the ground the Earl of Chester, who presumed to come within his reach. But this weapon likewise flying in pieces with the force of those furious blows he dealt on all sides, a bold knight of the Empress's party, named William de Keynes, laid hold on his helmet, and immediately cried out to his fellows, "I have got the King." Then the rest ran in, and he was taken prisoner.

The King being thus secured, was presented to the Empress, then at Gloucester, and by her orders conveyed to Bristol, where he continued in strict custody nine months, although with honourable treatment for some time, until either upon endeavouring to make his escape, or in malice to the Londoners, who had a great affection for their King, he was, by express command from the Empress, laid in irons, and used with other circumstances of severity.

This victory was followed by a general defection of almost the whole kingdom; and the Earl of Anjou, husband to the Empress, upon the fame of the King's defeat and imprisonment, reduced without any difficulty the whole Duchy of Normandy to his obedience.

The legate himself, although brother to King Stephen, received her at Winchester with great solemnity, accepted her oath for governing with justice, redressing grievances, and supporting the rights of the Church, and took the old conditional one of fealty to her; then in an assembly of bishops and clergy

convoked for the purpose, he displayed the miscarriages of his brother, and declared his approbation of the Empress to be Queen; to which they unanimously agreed. To complete all, he prevailed by his credit with the Londoners, who stood out the last of any, to acknowledge and receive her into the city, where she arrived at length in great pomp, and with general satisfaction.

But it was the misfortune of this Princess to possess many weaknesses that are charged to the sex, and very few of its commendable qualities: she was now in peaceable possession of the whole kingdom, except the county of Kent, where William d'Ypres pretended to keep up a small party for the King; when by her pride, wilfulness, indiscretion, and a disobliging behaviour, she soon turned the hearts of all men against her, and in a short time lost the fruits of that victory and success which had been so hardly gained by the prudence and valour of her excellent brother. The first occasion she took to discover the perverseness of her nature, was in the treatment of Maud, the wife of King Stephen, a lady of great virtue, and courage above her sex, who, coming to the Empress an humble suitor in behalf of her husband, offered, as a price of his liberty, that he should resign all pretensions to the crown, and pass the rest of his life in exile, or in a convent: but this request was rejected with scorn and reproaches; and the Queen finding all entreaties to no purpose, writ to her son Eustace to let him understand the ill success of her negotiation, that no relief was to be otherwise hoped for than by arms, and therefore advised him to raise immediately what forces he could for the relief of his father.

Her next miscarriage was towards the Londoners, who presented her a petition for redressing certain rigorous laws of her father, and restoring those of Edward the Confessor. The Empress put them off for a time with excuses, but at last discovered some displeasure at their importunity. The citizens, who had with much difficulty been persuaded to receive her against their inclinations, which stood wholly for the King, were moved with indignation at her unreasonable refusal of their just demands, and entered into a conspiracy to seize her person. But she had timely notice of their design, and leaving the city by night in disguise, fled to Oxford.

A third false step the Empress made, was in refusing her new powerful friend the legate a favour he desired in behalf of Eustace, the King's son, to grant him the lands and honours held by his father before he came to the crown. She had made large promises to this prelate, that she would be directed in all things by his advice, and to be refused upon his first application a small favour for his own nephew, stung him to the quick; however, he governed his resentments a while, but began at the same time to resume his affection for his brother. These thoughts were cultivated with great address by Queen Maud, who prevailed at last so far upon the legate, that private measures were agreed between them for restoring Stephen to his liberty and crown. The bishop took leave of the Empress, upon some plausible pretence, and retired to Winchester, where he gave directions for supplying with men and provisions

several strong castles he had built in his diocese, while the Queen with her son Eustace prevailed with the Londoners and men of Kent to rise in great numbers for the King; and a powerful army was quickly on foot, under the command of William d'Ypres Earl of Kent.

In the mean time the Empress began to be sensible of the errors she had committed; and in hope either to retrieve the friendship of the legate, or take him prisoner, marched with her army to Winchester, where being received and lodged in the castle, she sent immediately for the legate, spoke much in excuse of what was past, and used all endeavours to regain him to her interests. Bishop Henry, on the other side, amused her with dubious answers, and kept her in suspense for some days; but sent privately at the same time to the King's army, desiring them to advance with all possible speed; which was executed with so much diligence, that the Empress and her brother had only time with their troops to march a back way out of the town. They were pursued by the enemy so close in the rear, that the Empress had hardly time, by counterfeiting herself dead, to make her escape; in which posture she was carried as a corpse to Gloucester; but the Earl her brother, while he made what opposition he could, with design to stop her pursuers, was himself taken prisoner, with great slaughter of his men. After the battle, the Earl was in his turn presented to Queen Maud, and by her command sent to Rochester to be treated in the same manner with the King.

Thus the heads of both parties were each in the power of his enemy, and Fortune seemed to have dealt with great equality between them. Two factions divided the whole kingdom, and, as it usually happens, private animosities were inflamed by the quarrel of the public; which introduced a miserable face of things throughout the land, whereof the writers of our English story give melancholy descriptions, not to be repeated in this history; since the usual effects of civil war are obvious to conceive, and tiresome as well as useless to relate. However, as the quarrel between the King and Empress was grounded upon a cause that in its own nature little concerned the interests of the people, this was thought a convenient juncture for transacting a peace, to which there appeared an universal disposition. Several expedients were proposed; but Earl Robert would consent upon no other terms than the deposing of Stephen, and immediate delivery of the crown to his sister. These debates lasted for some months, until the two prisoners, weary of their long constraint, by mutual consent were exchanged for each other, and all thoughts of agreement laid aside.

The King, upon recovery of his freedom, hastened to London, to get supplies of men and money for renewing the war. He there found that his brother of Winchester had, in a council of bishops and abbots, renounced all obedience to the Empress, and persuaded the assembly to follow his example. The legate, in excuse for this proceeding, loaded her with infamy, produced several instances wherein she had broken the oath she took when he received her as Queen, and upon which his obedience was grounded; said, he had

received information that she had a design upon his life.

It must be confessed that oaths of fealty in this Prince's reign were feeble ties for binding the subject to any reasonable degree of obedience; and the warmest advocates for liberty cannot but allow, from those examples here produced, that it is very possible for people to run upon great extremes in this matter, that a monarch may be too much limited, and a subject too little; whereof the consequences have been fully as pernicious for the time as the worst that can be apprehended from arbitrary power in all its heights, although not perhaps so lasting or so hard to be remedied; since all the miseries of this kingdom, during the period we are treating of, were manifestly owing to that continual violation of such oaths of allegiance, as appear to have been contrived on purpose by ambitious men to be broken at pleasure, without the least apprehension of perjury, and in the mean time keep the prince in a continual slavish dependence.

The Earl of Gloucester, soon after his release, went over into Normandy, where he found the Earl of Anjou employed in completing the conquest of that duchy; there he delivered him the sons of several English noblemen, to be kept as hostages for their fathers' fidelity to the Empress, and used many arguments for persuading him to come over in person with an army to her assistance: but Geoffrey excused himself by the importance of other affairs, and the danger of exposing the dominions he had newly acquired to rebellions in his absence. However, he lent the Earl of Gloucester a supply of four hundred men, and sent along with him his eldest son Henry, to comfort his mother, and be shewn to the people.

During the short absence of the Earl of Gloucester, the Empress was closely besieged in Oxford by the King; and provisions beginning to fail, she was in cruel apprehensions of falling into his hands. This gave her occasion to put in practice the only talent wherein she seemed to excel, which was that of contriving some little shift or expedient to secure her person upon any sudden emergency. A long season of frost had made the Thames passable upon the ice, and much snow lay on the ground; Maud with some few attendants clad all in white, to avoid being discovered from the King's camp, crossed the river at midnight on foot, and travelling all night, got safe to Wallingford Castle, where her brother and young son Henry, newly returned from France, arrived soon after, to her great satisfaction: but Oxford, immediately upon the news of her flight, surrendered to the King.

However, this disgrace was fully compensated soon after by another of the same kind, which happened to King Stephen; for whilst he and his brother of Winchester were fortifying a nunnery at Wilton, to bridle his enemies at Salisbury, who very much harassed those parts by their frequent excursions, the Earl of Gloucester, who watched all opportunities, came unaware with a strong body of men, and set fire on the nunnery while the King himself was in it. Stephen, upon the sudden surprise of the thing, wholly lost or forgot his usual courage, and fled shamefully away, leaving his soldiers to be cut in

pieces by the Earl.

During the rest of the war, although it lasted nine years longer, there is little memorable recorded by any writer; whether the parties being pretty equal, and both sufficiently tired with so long a contention, wanted vigour and spirit to make a thorough conquest, and only endeavoured to keep what they had, or whether the multitude of strong castles, whose number daily increased, made it very difficult to end a war between two contending powers almost in balance; let the cause be what it will, the whole time passed in mutual sieges, surprises, revolts, surrenders of fortified places, without any decisive action, or other event of importance to be related. By which at length the very genius of the people became wholly bent upon a life of spoil, robbery, and plunder; many of the nobles, although pretending to hold their castles for the King or the Empress, lived like petty independent princes in a perpetual state of war against their neighbours; the fields lay uncultivated, all the arts of civil life were banished, no veneration left for sacred persons or things; in short, no law, truth, or religion among men, but a scene of universal misery, attended with all the consequences of an embroiled and distracted state.

About the eleventh year of the King's reign, young Henry, now growing towards a man, was sent for to France by a message from his father, who was desirous to see him; but left a considerable party in England, to adhere to his interests; and in a short time after (as some write) the Empress herself grown weary of contending any longer in a cause where she had met with nothing but misfortunes of her own procuring, left the kingdom likewise, and retired to her husband. Nor was this the only good fortune that befell Stephen; for before the year ended, the main prop and pillar of his enemies was taken away by death; this was Robert Earl of Gloucester, than whom there have been few private persons known in the world that deserve a fairer place and character in the registers of time, for his inviolable faith, disinterested friendship, indefatigable zeal, and firm constancy to the cause he espoused, and unparalleled generosity in the conduct thereof: he adhered to his sister in all her fortunes, to the ruin of his own; he placed a crown on her head; and when she had lost it by her folly and perverseness refused the greatest offers from a victorious enemy, who had him in his power, and chose to continue a prisoner rather than recover his liberty by any hazard to her pretensions: he bore up her sinking title in spite of her own frequent miscarriages, and at last died in her cause by a fever contracted with perpetual toils for her service. An example fit to be shewn the world, although few perhaps are like to follow it; but however, a small tribute of praise, justly due to extraordinary virtue, may prove no ill expedient to encourage imitation.

But the death of this lord, together with the absence of the Empress and her son in France, added very little to the quiet or security of the King. For the Earl of Gloucester, suspecting the fidelity of the lords, had, with great sagacity, delivered their sons to the Earl of Anjou, to be kept as pledges for their fathers' fidelity, as we have before related: by which means a powerful

party was still kept up against Stephen, too strong to be suddenly broken. Besides, he had, by an unusual strain of his conduct, lately lost much good-will, as well as reputation, in committing an act of violence and fraud on the person of the Earl of Chester, a principal adherent of the Empress. This nobleman, of great power and possessions, had newly reconciled himself to Stephen, and came to his court at Northampton, where, against all laws of hospitality, as well as common faith and justice, he was committed to prison, and forced to buy his liberty with the surrender of Lincoln, and all his other places, into the King's hands.

1149.

1150.

Affairs continued in this turbulent posture about two years, the nobles neither trusting the King nor each other. The number of castles still increased, which every man who had any possessions was forced to build, or else become a prey to his powerful neighbours. This was thought a convenient juncture, by the Empress and her friends, for sending young Prince Henry to try his fortune in England, where he landed at the head of a considerable number of horse and foot, although he was then but sixteen years old. Immediately after his arrival he went to Carlisle, where he met his cousin David King of Scots, by whom he was made knight, after the usual custom of young princes and noblemen in that age. The King of England, who had soon intelligence of Henry's landing and motions, marched down to secure York, against which he expected the first attempt of his enemy was designed. But, whatever the cause might be (wherein the writers of those ages are either silent or unsatisfactory) both armies remained at that secure distance for three months, after which Henry returned back to Normandy, leaving the kingdom in the state of confusion he found it at his coming.

The fortunes of this young prince Henry Fitz-Empress now began to advance by great and sudden steps, whereof it will be no digression to inform the reader, as well upon the connection they have with the affairs at home about this time, as because they concern the immediate successor to the crown.

1151.

Prince Henry's voyage to France was soon followed by the death of his father Geoffrey Earl of Anjou, whereby the son became possessed of that earldom, together with the Duchy of Normandy; but in a short time after he very much enlarged his dominions by a marriage, in which he consulted his reputation less than his advantage. For Louis the Young, King of France, was lately divorced from his wife Eleanor, who, as the French writers relate, bore a great contempt and hatred to her husband, and had long desired such a separation. Other authors give her not so fair a character: but whatever might be the real cause, the pretext was consanguinity in the fourth degree. Henry was content to accept this lady with all her faults, and in her right became Duke of Aquitaine, and Earl of Poitou, very considerable provinces, added to

his other dominions.

But the two Kings of France and England began to apprehend much danger from the sudden greatness of a young ambitious prince; and their interests were jointly concerned to check his growth. Duke Henry was now ready to sail for England, in a condition to assert his title upon more equal terms; when the King of France, in conjunction with Eustace, King Stephen's son, and Geoffrey, the Duke's own brother, suddenly entered into his dominions with a mighty army; took the Castle of Neufmarché by storm, and laid siege to that of Angers. The Duke, by this incident, was forced to lay aside his thoughts of England, and marching boldly towards the enemy, resolved to relieve the besieged; but finding they had already taken the castle, he thought it best to make a diversion, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, where he left all to the mercy of his soldiers, surprised and burnt several castles, and made great devastations wherever he came. This proceeding answered the end for which it was designed; the King of France thought he had already done enough for his honour, and began to grow weary of a ruinous war, which was likely to be protracted. The conditions of a peace, by the intervention of some religious men, were soon agreed. The Duke, after some time spent in settling his affairs, and preparing all things necessary for his intended expedition, set sail for England, where he landed the same year in the depth of winter, with a hundred and forty knights, and three thousand foot.

Some time before Henry landed, the King had conceived a project to disappoint his designs, by confirming the crown upon himself and his own posterity. He sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury, with several other prelates, and proposed that his son Eustace should be crowned King with all the usual solemnity: but the bishops absolutely refused to perform the office, by express orders from the Pope, who was an enemy to Stephen, partly upon account of his unjust or declining cause, but chiefly for his strict alliance with the King of France, who was then engaged in a quarrel against that See, upon a very tender point relating to the revenues of vacant churches. The King and his son were both enraged at the bishops' refusal, and kept them prisoners in the chamber where they assembled, with many threats to force them to a compliance, and some other circumstances of rigour; but all to no purpose, so that he was at length forced to desist. But the archbishop, to avoid further vexation, fled the realm.

This contrivance of crowning the son during the life and reign of the father, which appears so absurd in speculation, was actually performed in the succeeding reign, and seems to have been taken up by those two princes of French birth and extraction, in imitation of the like practice in their native country, where it was usual for kings grown old and infirm, or swayed by paternal indulgence, to receive their eldest son into a share of the administration, with the title of King; a custom borrowed, no doubt, from the later emperors of Rome, who adopted their Caesars after the like manner.

The King was employed in his usual exercise of besieging castles when the news was brought of Henry's arrival. He left the work he was about, and marched directly against the Duke, who was then sat down before Malmesbury. But Stephen forced him to raise the siege, and immediately offered him battle. The Duke, although his army was much increased by continual revolts, thought it best to gain time, being still in number far inferior to the King, and therefore kept himself strongly entrenched. There is some difference among writers about the particulars of this war: however, it is generally agreed, that in a short time after, the two armies met, and were prepared for battle, when the nobles on both sides, either dreading the consequences, or weary of a tedious war, prevailed with the King and Duke to agree to a truce for some days in order to a peace; which was violently opposed by Eustace, the King's son, a youth of great spirit and courage, because he knew very well it could not be built but upon the ruin of his interests; and therefore finding he could not prevail, he left the army in a rage, and, attended by some followers, endeavoured to satiate his fury, by destroying the country in his march: But in a few days, as he sat at dinner in a castle of his own, he fell suddenly dead, either through grief, madness, or poison.

The truce was now expired, and the Duke began to renew the war with fresh vigour; but the King was wholly dispirited upon this fatal accident, and now first began to entertain real thoughts of a peace. He had lost a son whom he dearly loved, and with him he likewise lost the alliance of the French King, to whose sister the young prince was married. He had indeed another son left, but little esteemed by the nobles and people; nor, as it appears, much regarded by his father. He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forsaken by his friends, who, since the death of Eustace, fell daily from him; and having no further care at heart for his posterity, he thought it high time to seek repose for his person. The nobles soon observed this disposition in their King, which was so agreeable to their own; therefore, by general consent, Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed mediator between both princes. All matters were soon agreed; an assembly of lords was convened at Winchester, where the King received the Duke with great marks of courtesy and kindness. There the peace was confirmed by the King's charter, wherein are expressed the terms of agreement. But I shall relate only the principal.

The King, by this charter, acknowledged Henry for lawful successor to the crown; in which capacity all the nobles paid him homage: and Henry himself, with his party, paid homage to Stephen. There is likewise a reservation for William, the King's son, of all the honours possessed by his father before he came to the crown. The King likewise acknowledges the obedience of his subjects to be no longer due to him than he shall observe the conditions of this charter. And for the performance of these articles, the archbishops and bishops were appointed guarantees. There were some other articles agreed on, which are not mentioned in the charter; as, a general

pardon; a restitution, to the right owners, of those lands and possessions, which had been usurped in the time of the troubles; that all castles built during the war should be razed to the ground, which are said to have been above eleven hundred; that the rights of the Church should be preserved; with other matters of less moment.

Thus, by the prudence of Archbishop Theobald, the moderation of the two princes engaged, and the universal inclination of the people, a happy period was put to this tedious and troublesome war: men began to have the prospect of a long peace; nor was it easy to foresee what could possibly arise to disturb it; when discovery was made, by accident, of a most horrible piece of treachery, which, if it had met with success, would have once more set the whole nation in a flame. The Duke, after the peace, attended the King to London, to be shewn to the people as the undoubted successor to the crown; and having made a progress together through some other parts of the kingdom, they came to Canterbury; where Henry received private notice of a design upon his life. It hath been already observed, that the King employed in his wars a body of Flemings, to the great discontent of his own subjects, with whom they were very ungracious. These foreigners were much discontented at the peace, whereby they were likely to become useless and burthensome to the present King, and hateful to the successor. To prevent which, the commanders among them began to practise upon the levity and ambition of William the King's son. They urged the indignity he had received in being deprived of his birthright; offered to support his title by their valour, as they had done that of his father; and, as an earnest of their intentions, to remove the chief impediment by dispatching his rival out of the world, The young prince was easily wrought upon to be at the head of this conspiracy; time and place were fixed; when, upon the day appointed, William broke his leg by a fall from his horse; and the conspirators wanting their leader immediately dispersed. This disappointment and delay, as it usually happens among conspirators, were soon followed by a discovery of the whole plot, whereof the Duke, with great discretion, made no other use than to consult his own safety; therefore, without any shew of suspicion or displeasure, he took leave of the King, and returned to Normandy.

1154.

Stephen lived not above a year to share the happiness of this peace with his people, in which time he made a progress through most parts of the kingdom, where he gained universal love and veneration, by a most affable and courteous behaviour to all men. A few months after his return he went to Dover, to have an interview with the Earl of Flanders; where, after a short sickness, he died of the iliac passion, together with his old distemper the hemorrhoids, upon the twenty-fifth day of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign.

He was a prince of wonderful endowments, both in body and mind: in his person tall and graceful, of great strength as well as vigour: he had a large

portion of most virtues that can be useful in a King towards the happiness of his subjects or himself; courtesy and valour, liberality and clemency, in an eminent degree; especially the last, which he carried to an extreme, though very pardonable, yet hardly consisting with prudence, or his own safety. If we except his usurpation of the crown, he must be allowed a prince of great justice, which most writers affirm to have been always unblemished, except in that single instance: for, as to his treatment of the bishops and the Earl of Chester, it seems very excusable by the necessity of the time; and it was the general opinion, if he had not used that proceeding with the latter, it would have cost him his crown. Perhaps his injustice to the Empress might likewise admit a little extenuation. Four kings successively had sat on the throne without any regard to lineal descent; a period beyond the memory of most men then alive; whereby the people had lost much of that devotion they were used to bear towards an established succession: besides, the government of a woman was then a thing unknown, and for that reason disliked by all who professed to hate innovations.

But the wisdom of this prince was by no means equal to the rest of his virtues. He came to the crown upon as fair a title as his predecessor, being elected by the general consent of the nobles, through the credit of his brother, and his own personal merit. He had no disturbance for some time, which he might easily have employed in settling the kingdom, and acquiring the love of his people. He had treasure enough to raise and pay armies, without burthening the subject. His competitor was a woman, whose sex was the least of her infirmities, and with whom he had already compounded for his quiet by a considerable pension: yet with all these advantages he seldom was master of above half the kingdom at once, and that by the force of perpetual struggling, and with frequent danger of losing the whole. The principal difficulties he had to encounter, appear to have been manifest consequences of several most imprudent steps in his conduct, whereof many instances have been produced in the history of his reign; such as, the unlimited permission of building castles; his raising the siege of a weak place where the Empress was shut up, and must, in a few days, have fallen into his hands; his employing the Flemings in his wars, and favouring them above his own subjects; and lastly, that abortive project of crowning his son, which procured him at once the hatred and contempt of the clergy, by discovering an inclination to violence and injustice that he durst not pursue: whereas, it was nothing else but an effect of that hasty and sudden disposition usually ascribed to those of his country, and in a peculiar manner charged to this prince: for authors give it as a part of his character, to be hot and violent in the beginning of an enterprise, but to slacken and grow cold in the prosecution.

He had a just sense of religion, and was frequent in attending the service of the Church, yet reported to be no great friend of the clergy; which, however, is a general imputation upon all the kings of this realm in that and some succeeding reigns, and by no means personal to this prince, who

deserved it as little as any.

I do not find any alterations during this reign in the meetings of general assemblies, further than that the Commons do not seem to have been represented in any of them; for which I can assign no other reason than the will of the King, or the disturbance of the time. I observed the word Parliament is used promiscuously among authors, for a general assembly of nobles, and for a council of bishops, or synod of the clergy; which renders this matter too perplexed to ascertain anything about it.

As for affairs of the Church, that deserve particular mention, I have not met with any; unless it should be worth relating, that Henry Bishop of Winchester, the Pope's legate, who held frequent synods during this reign, was the first introducer of appeals to Rome, in this kingdom, for which he is blamed by all the monkish historians who give us the account.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND A FRAGMENT

1154.

The spirit of war and contention, which had for a long time possessed the nation, became so effectually laid during the last year of King Stephen's reign, that no alteration or disturbance ensued upon his death, although the new King, after he had received intelligence of it, was detained six weeks by contrary winds: besides, the opinion of this prince's power and virtues, had already begotten so great an awe and reverence for him among the people, that upon his arrival he found the whole kingdom in a profound peace. He landed at Hostreham, about the beginning of December, was received at Winchester by a great number of the nobility, who came there to attend and swear fealty to him, and three weeks after was crowned at Westminster, about the twenty-third year of his age.

For the further settling of the kingdom, after the long distractions in the preceding reign, he seized on all the castles which remained undestroyed since the last peace between him and King Stephen; whereof some he demolished, and trusted others to the government of persons in whom he could confide.

But that which most contributed to the quiet of the realm, and the general satisfaction of his subjects, was a proclamation published, commanding all foreigners to leave England, enforced with a most effectual clause, whereby a day was fixed, after which it should be capital for any of them to appear; among these was William d'Ypres Earl of Kent, whose possessions the King seized into his own hands.

These foreigners, generally called Flemings by the writers of the English story, were a sort of vagabond soldiers of fortune, who in those ages, under several denominations, infested other parts of Europe as well as England: they were a mixed people, natives of Arragon, Navarre, Biscay, Brabant, and other parts of Spain and Flanders. They were ready to be hired to whatever prince thought fit to employ them, but always upon condition to have full liberty of plunder and spoil. Nor was it an easy matter to get rid of them, when there was no further need of their service. In England they were always hated by the people, and by this prince in particular, whose continual enemies they had been.

After the expulsion of these foreigners, and the forcing a few refractory lords to a surrender of their castles, King Henry, like a wise prince, began to consider that a time of settled peace was the fittest juncture to recover the rights of the crown, which had been lost by the war. He therefore resumed, by his royal authority, all crown lands that had been alienated by his predecessor; alleging that they were unalienable in themselves, and besides, that the grants

were void, as coming from an usurper. Whether such proceedings are agreeable with justice, I shall not examine; but certainly a prince cannot better consult his own safety than by disabling those whom he renders discontent, which is effectually done no other way but by depriving them of their possessions.

1156.

While the King was thus employed at home, intelligence came that his brother Geoffrey was endeavouring by force to possess himself of the Earldom of Anjou, to which he had fair pretensions; for their father considering what vast dominions would fall to his eldest son, bequeathed that earldom to the second in his last sickness, and commanded his nobles then about him, to take an oath that they would not suffer his body to be buried until Henry (who was then absent) should swear to observe his will. The Duke of Normandy, when he came to assist at his father's obsequies, and found that without his compliance he must draw upon himself the scandal of keeping a father unburied, took the oath that was exacted for observance of his will, though very much against his own. But after he was in possession of England, whether it were that his ambition enlarged with his dominions, or that from the beginning he had never intended to observe what he had sworn, he prevailed with Pope Adrian (of English birth) to dispense with his oath, and in the second year of his reign went over into Normandy, drove his brother entirely out of Anjou, and forced him to accept a pension for his maintenance. But the young prince, through the resentment of this unnatural dealing, in a short time died of grief.

Nor was his treatment more favourable to the King of Scots, whom, upon a slight pretence, he took occasion to dispossess of Carlisle, Newcastle, and other places granted by the Empress to that prince's father, for his services and assistance in her quarrel against Stephen.

Having thus recovered whatever he had any title to demand, he began to look out for new acquisitions. Ireland was in that age a country little known in the world. The legates sent sometimes thither from the Court of Rome, for urging the payment of annats, or directing other Church affairs, represented the inhabitants as a savage people, overrun with barbarism and superstition: for indeed no nation of Europe, where the Christian religion received so early and universal admittance, was ever so late or slow in feeling its effects upon their manners and civility. Instead of refining their manners by their faith, they had suffered their faith to be corrupted by their manners; true religion being almost defaced, both in doctrine and discipline, after a long course of time, among a people wholly sunk in ignorance and barbarity. There seem to have been two reasons why the inhabitants of that island continued so long uncultivated; first, their subjection or vassalage to so many petty kings, whereof a great number is mentioned by authors, besides those four or five usually assigned to the several provinces. These princes were engaged in perpetual quarrels, in doing or revenging injuries of violence, or lust, or

treachery, or injustice, which kept them all in a continual state of war. And indeed there is hardly any country, how renowned soever in ancient or modern story, which may not be traced from the like original. Neither can a nation come out from this state of confusion, until it is either reduced under one head at home, or by force or conquest becomes subject to a foreign administration.

The other reason why civility made such late entrances into that island, may be imputed to its natural situation, lying more out of the road of commerce or conquest than any other part of the known world. All the intercourse the inhabitants had, was only with the western coasts of Wales and Scotland, from whence, at least in those ages, they were not like to learn very much politeness.

1155.

The King, about the second year of his reign, sent ambassadors to Pope Adrian, with injunctions to desire his licence for reducing the savage people of Ireland from their brutish way of living, and subjecting them to the crown of England. The King proceeded thus, in order to set up a title to the island, wherein the Pope himself pretended to be lord of the see; for in his letter, which is an answer and grant to the King's requests, he insists upon it, that all islands, upon their admitting the Christian faith, become subject to the See of Rome; and the Irish themselves avowed the same thing to some of the first conquerors. In that forementioned letter, the Pope highly praises the King's generous design, and recommends to him the civilizing the natives, the protection of the Church, and the payment of Peter-pence. The ill success of all past endeavours to procure from a people so miserable and irreligious this revenue to the holy see was a main inducement with the Pope to be easy and liberal in his grant; for the King professed a design of securing its regular payment. However, this expedition was not undertaken until some years after, when there happened an incident to set it forward, as we shall relate in its place.

HENRY THE SECOND'S CHARACTER EXTRACTED FROM THE MONKS

Hard to gather his character from such bad authors.

A wise prince, to whom other princes referred their differences; and had ambassadors from both empires, east and west, as well as others, at once in his court.

Strong and brawny body, patient of cold and heat, big head, broad breast, broken voice, temperate in meat, using much exercise, just stature, *forma elegantissima, colore sub-rufo, oculis glaucis*, sharp wit, very great memory, constancy in adversity [and] in felicity, except at last he yielded, because almost forsaken of all; liberal, imposed few tributes, excellent soldier and fortunate, wise and not unlearned. His vices: mild and promising in adversity, fierce and hard, and a violator of faith in prosperity; covetous to his domestics and children, although liberal to soldiers and strangers, which turned the former from him; loved profit more than justice; very lustful, which likewise turned his sons and others from him. Rosamond and the labyrinth at Woodstock. Not very religious; *mortuos milites lugens plus quam vivos amans, largus in publico, parcus in privato*. Constant in love and hatred, false to his word, morose, a lover of ease. Oppressor of nobles, sullen, and a delayer of justice; *verbo varius et versutus* — Used churchmen well after Becket's death; charitable to the poor, levied few taxes, hated slaughter and cruelty. A great memory, and always knew those he once saw.

Very indefatigable in his travels backwards and forwards to Normandy, &c. of most endless desires to increase his dominions.

Caetera desiderantur.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE

FROM "MEMOIRS OF THE SECRET SERVICES OF JOHN MACKY, ESQ."

JOHN MACKY, the author of the "Characters," was, for many years, in the employ of the English government, as an agent for obtaining information as to the movements of the French. He published, in 1696, "A View of the Court of St. Germains from the Year 1690 to 1695." The information embodied in this work he obtained from personal observation while in Paris. About 1709, however, he aroused the government's suspicions, and was imprisoned. He was kept confined until the accession of George I. On his release he attempted to establish a packet-service between England and Ireland, to Dublin; but the venture failed. He died at Rotterdam in 1726. The "Characters" was first published in 1733, with the title:

"Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, Esq., during the Reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George I. Including also the true Secret History of the Rise, Promotions, etc., of the English and Scots Nobility; Officers, Civil, Military, Naval, and other Persons of distinction from the Revolution. In their respective Characters at large: drawn up by Mr. Macky pursuant to the direction of Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia. Published from his original manuscript, as attested by his son, Spring Macky, Esq. London, 1733." The work was prepared for the press by a Mr. Davis, an officer in the Customs.

It has been questioned whether Swift did really make the "remarks" attributed to him by his various editors; but there can be little doubt about their authenticity. Thomas Birch seems to have transcribed the "remarks" in 1753, if we are to believe a note in a copy of Macky's book in the British Museum, which says: "The MS. notes on the Characters in this Book were written by Dr. Swift, and transcribed by Tho. Birch. Aug. 15, 1753." Isaac Reed's copy is also in the British Museum, but his notes were transcribed from another copy in the possession of J. Putland, and Putland's copy, Reed notes, was "formerly in the possession of Philip Carteret Webb, Esq., now of Thomas Astle, Esq." J. Ritson's copy, which is at the South Kensington Museum, had the "remarks" transcribed to it from Reed's copy, but Ritson notes that Reed copied the "remarks" from J. Putland's transcript of the Dean's own original. Ritson, however, does not say how he knew that Putland had the "Dean's own original." In "Notes and Queries" (3, ii. 430) the Rev. J. Jebb, Rector of Peterstow, states he had (in 1862) a copy of the "Characters" with transcript of Swift's "remarks" by Bishop Jebb. Mr. Edward Solly has an

interesting paper on this matter in the "Bibliographer" for March, 1883. He suggests that Mr. Putland may have written them down himself from remarks made by Swift. "The Crypt" for December, 1829, published Swift's "remarks" from a copy in the possession of Mr. Pickering, the bookseller.

A careful collation of all the available copies has been made for this edition, and the text of Macky's work has been read with the first edition. Where neither Reed nor Birch give no remarks, they have been omitted from this reprint. "The Crypt" and Nichols in his quarto edition (vol. xiv.) often differ, but these differences have been adjusted.

It is almost needless to say that Sir Walter Scott's text and notes have been very much altered by this process.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Macky.

A tall, handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address; of a wonderful presence of mind, so as hardly ever to be discomposed; of a very clean head, and sound judgment; … every way capable of being a great man, if the great success of his arms, and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign, does not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned of 50 years of age. — *Swift*. Detestably covetous.

JAMES, DUKE OF ORMONDE.

Macky. He hath all the qualities of a great man, except that one of a statesman, hating business. … He is about 40 years old. — *Swift*. Fairly enough writ.

CHARLES, DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Macky. Is of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment. — *Swift*. Not a grain; hardly common sense.

JOHN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Macky. He is a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts, but of no principles. Violent for the high-church, yet seldom goes to it. Very proud, insolent, and covetous, and takes all advantages. In paying his debts, unwilling; and is neither esteemed nor beloved. — *Swift*. This character is the truest of any.

DANIEL, EARL OF NOTTINGHAM [AFTERWARDS EARL OF WINCHILSEA].

Macky. He hath the exterior air of business, and application enough to make him very capable. In his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard or Jew, about 50 years old. — *Swift*. He fell in with the Whigs, was an endless talker.

HENRY, EARL OF ROMNEY.

Macky. He was indeed the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled. — *Swift*. He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.

Macky. He is a gentleman that hath lived up [*Swift*, down] to the employments the King gave him; of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity. — *Swift*. None at all.

JOHN, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Macky. He hath one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe. — *Swift*. Now Countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.

CHARLES [LENNOX], DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Macky. He is a gentleman good-natured to a fault; very well bred, and hath many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business, very credulous, well shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles; not 30 years old. — *Swift*. A shallow coxcomb.

CHARLES, DUKE OF BOLTON.

Macky. Does not now make any figure at court. — *Swift*. Nor anywhere else. A great booby.

GEORGE, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Macky. He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts, and living well with his neighbours in the country; does not much care for the conversation of men of quality, or business. Is a tall black man, like his father the King, about 40 years old. — *Swift*. He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense.

CHARLES [FITZROY], DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Macky. Grandson to King Charles II.; … a very pretty gentleman, hath been abroad in the world; zealous for the constitution of his country. A tall black man, about 25 years old. — *Swift*. Almost a slobberer; without one good quality.

SIR NATHAN WRIGHT, LORD KEEPER.

Macky. Is son of a clergyman, a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and

no civilian. Chance more than choice brought him the seals. — *Swift*. Very covetous.

RALPH, DUKE OF MONTAGU.

Macky. He is a great supporter of the French, and other Protestants … an admirer of learning. — *Swift*. As arrant a knave as any in his time.

WILLIAM, MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON.

Macky. One of the best beloved gentlemen, by the country party, in England. — *Swift*. A very poor understanding.

JOHN, LORD SOMERS.

Macky. Of a creditable family, in the city of Worcester. — *Swift*. Very mean; his father was a noted rogue. — *Macky*. He is believed to be the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair. — *Swift*. I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue. He had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.

CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX [AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX].

Macky. He is a great encourager of learning and learned men, is the patron of the muses, of very agreeable conversation, a short fair man, not 40 years old. — *Swift*. His encouragements were only good words and dinners; I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.

CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.

Macky. One of the finest gentlemen, in England, in the reign of King Charles II.; of great learning [*Swift*. small, or none], extremely witty, and hath been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language, especially satire…. One of the pleasantest companions in the world [*Swift*. not of late years, but a very dull one], when he likes his company.

RICHARD, EARL RIVERS.

Macky. He was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days, but always a lover of the constitution of his country; is a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning. — *Swift*. An arrant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.

ARNOLD, EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

Macky. He was King William's constant companion in all his diversions and pleasures. — *Swift*. Very infamous pleasures.

ALGERNON, EARL OF ESSEX.

Macky. Is son to that earl whose throat was cut in the Tower. — *Swift*. Cut his own throat.

WILLIAM, EARL OF PORTLAND.

Macky. He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe, very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal and parsimonious in everything else; of a very lofty mien, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding. — *Swift*. As great a dunce as ever I knew.

JAMES, EARL OF DERBY.

Macky. On his brothers death he came to the House of Peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession; he is a fair-complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of honour. — *Swift*. As arrant a scoundrel as his brothers.

CHARLES, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Macky. He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses, and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; hath a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. — *Swift*. This character is for the most part true.

CHARLES, EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

Macky. This gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue [*Swift*, no], and good sense.

THOMAS, EARL OF STAMFORD.

Macky. Is one of the first branches of the Greys, a noble family in England…. He doth not want sense; but by reason of a defect in his speech, wants elocution. — *Swift*. He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well at council.

THOMAS [TUFTON], EARL OF THANET.

Macky. He is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the Church. — *Swift*. Of great piety and charity.

EDWARD [MONTAGU], EARL OF SANDWICH.

Macky. Of very ordinary parts; married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive. — *Swift*. As much a puppy as ever I saw; very ugly, and a fop.

ROBERT, LORD LUCAS.

Macky. He is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise; everybody pitied him when the Queen turned him out, for his seeming good nature, and real poverty. — *Swift*. A good plain humdrum.

CHARLES, EARL OF WINCHILSEA.

Macky. He hath neither genius nor gusto for business,… and is zealous for the monarchy and Church to the highest degree. He loves jests and puns, [*Swift*. I never observed it,] and that sort of low wit. — *Swift*. Being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated.

JOHN, LORD POULETT OF HINTON [AFTERWARDS EARL POULETT].

Macky. He is certainly one of the hopefullest gentlemen in England; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honour; much esteemed in the country, for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his charity to the poorest sort. — *Swift*. This character is fair enough.

CHARLES, LORD [VISCOUNT] TOWNSHEND.

Macky. Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by everybody that knows him. — *Swift*. I except one.

WILLIAM, LORD DARTMOUTH [AFTERWARDS EARL OF DARTMOUTH].

Macky. He sets up for a critic in conversation, makes jests, and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising

at court. — *Swift*. This is right enough, but he has little sincerity.

THOMAS, LORD WHARTON [AFTERWARDS EARL OF WHARTON].

Macky. One of the completest gentlemen in England, hath a very clear understanding, and manly expressions, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a middle stature, fair complexion, and 50 years old. — *Swift*. The most universal villain I ever knew.

CHARLES, LORD MOHUN.

Macky. He is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies, as fast as he can, the slips of his youth by acts of honesty; which he now glories in more, than he was formerly extravagant. — *Swift*. He was little better than a conceited talker in company.

HENRY, EARL OF KENT.

Macky. Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed, when Lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate; which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation. — *Swift*. He seems a good-natured man, but of very little consequence.

ROBERT, EARL OF LINDSEY [AFTERWARDS DUKE OF ANCASTER].

Macky. A fine gentleman, has both wit and learning. — *Swift*. I never observed a grain of either.

MONTAGU, EARL OF ABINGDON.

Macky. A gentleman of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckinghamshire:… is very high for the monarchy and Church. — *Swift*. Very covetous.

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Macky. He is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of King William, nor ever will, in all probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. — *Swift*. If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.

CHARLES, EARL OF BERKELEY.

Macky. A gentleman of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country; a short fat man. — *Swift*. Intolerably lazy and indolent, and somewhat covetous.

LOUIS, EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

Macky. A third son of the family of Duras in France; he came over with one of the Duke of York's family;… is a middle-statured brown man, turned of 50 years old. — *Swift*. He was a very dull old fellow.

HENRY, EARL OF GRANTHAM.

Macky. He is a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past 30 years old. — *Swift*. And good for nothing.

JOHN, LORD DE LA WARR.

Macky. A free jolly gentleman, turned of 40 years old. — *Swift*. Of very little sense; but formal, and well stocked with the low kind of lowest politics.

ROBERT, LORD LEXINTON.

Macky. He is of a good understanding, and very capable to be in the ministry; a well-bred gentleman, and an agreeable companion. — *Swift*. A very moderate degree of understanding.

RALPH, LORD GREY OF WERKE.

Macky. A sweet disposed gentleman; he joined King William at the Revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people. — *Swift*. Had very little in him.

JAMES, LORD CHANDOS.

Macky. Was warm against King William's reign, and doth not make any great figure in this; but, his son, Mr. Brydges does, being a member of the House of Commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman. — *Swift*. But a great compiler with every court.

FRANCIS, LORD GUILFORD.

Macky. Is son to the lord-keeper North, hath been abroad, does not want sense

nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. — *Swift*. A mighty silly fellow.

EDWARD, LORD GRIFFIN.

Macky. Having-followed King James's fortunes, is now in France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion, turned of 60 years old. — *Swift*. His son was a plain drunken fellow.

HUGH, LORD CHOLMONDELEY [AFTERWARDS EARL OF CHOLMONDELEY].

Macky. This lord is a great lover of country sports; is handsome in his person, and turned of 40 years old. — *Swift*. Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew.

CHARLES, LORD BUTLER OF WESTON.

Macky. Earl of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the Duke of Ormonde;… of very good sense, though seldom shows it. — *Swift*. This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.

MR. THOMAS MANSELL [AFTERWARDS LORD MANSELL].

Macky. He is a gentleman of a great deal of wit and good nature, a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion. — *Swift*. Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.

ROBERT HARLEY, ESQ. [AFTERWARDS EARL OF OXFORD], SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Macky. He is skilled in most things, and very eloquent, [*Swift*, a great lie;] was bred a Presbyterian, yet joins with the Church party in everything; and they do nothing without him. — *Swift*. He could not properly be called eloquent, but he knew how to prevail on the House with few words and strong reasons.

THE HON. HENRY BOYLE [AFTERWARDS LORD CARLETON], CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Macky. Is a good companion in conversation; agreeable amongst the ladies; serves the Queen very assiduously in council; makes a considerable figure in the House of Commons; by his prudent administration, obliges everybody in the exchequer; and in time may prove a great man. — *Swift*. He had some very scurvy qualities, particularly avarice.

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, POST-MASTER-GENERAL.

Macky. He is a gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable disposition; of good sense, extremely zealous for the constitution of his country, yet does not seem over forward; keeps an exact unity amongst the officers under him, and encourages them in their duty, through a peculiar familiarity, by which he obliges them, and keeps up the dignity of being master. — *Swift*. A fair character.

THE RT. HON. JOHN SMITH, ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY-COUNCIL.

Macky. A gentleman of much honour, a lover of the constitution of his country; a very agreeable companion in conversation, a bold orator in the House of Commons, when the interest of his country is at stake; of a good address. — *Swift*. I thought him a heavy man.

CHARLES D'AVENANT, LL.D.

Macky. He was very poor at the Revolution, had no business to support him all the reign of King William, yet made a good figure. He is a very cloudy-looked man, fat, of middle stature, about 50 years old. — *Swift*. He was used ill by most ministries; he ruined his own estate, which put him under a necessity to comply with the times.

MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ., COMMISSIONER OF TRADE.

Macky. On the Queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office, is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my Lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice. Is one of the best poets in England, but very factious in conversation; a thin hollow-looked man, turned of 40 years old. — *Swift*. This is near the truth.

THOMAS TENISON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Macky. A plain, good, heavy man, now much in years, and wearing out; very tall, of a fair complexion, and 70 years old. — *Swift*. The most good-for-nothing prelate I ever knew.

GILBERT BURNET. BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Macky. Of a very good family in Scotland, of the name of Burnet, his father was Lord [*Swift*, laird] of Cremont…. He is one of the greatest [*Swift*, Scotch]

orators of the age he lives in. His "History of the Reformation," and his "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles," show him to be a man of great learning; but several of his other works show him to be a man neither of prudence nor temper; his sometimes opposing, and sometimes favouring, the Dissenters, hath much exposed him to the generality of the people of England; yet he is very useful in the House of Peers, and proves a great pillar, both of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, against the encroachments of a party which would destroy both. — *Swift*. His true character would take up too much time for me (who knew him well) to describe it.

GEORGE STEPNEY, ESQ., ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE EMPEROR [OF AUSTRIA].

Macky. A gentleman of admirable natural parts, very learned, one of the best poets [*Swift*, scarce of a third rate] now in England.

MR. [AFTERWARDS SIR PAUL] METHUEN, AMBASSADOR TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

Macky. A man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in anything. In his complexion and manners, much of a Spaniard. — *Swift*. A profligate rogue, without religion or morals; but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind.

THOMAS, LORD RABY [AFTERWARDS EARL OF STRAFFORD], ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Macky. He is a young gentleman, *de bon naturel*, handsome, of fine understanding, [*Swift*, very bad, and can't spell,] and, with application, may prove a man of business. He is of low stature [*Swift*, he is tall].

MR. [RICHARD] HILL, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE DUKE OF SAVOY.

Macky. Is a gentleman of a good family in Shropshire. He was designed for the church, and took deacon's [*Swift*, priest's] orders; but having a genius for business, and falling into the acquaintance of my Lord Ranelagh, when tutor to my Lord Hyde, he was sent into Flanders as paymaster to the English troops there. … He is a gentleman of very clear parts, and affects plainness and simplicity [*Swift, au contraire*] in his dress, and conversation especially. He is a favourite to both parties [*Swift*, to neither]; and is beloved for his easy access, and affable way by those he has business to do with. He is a thin, tall man, [*Swift,* short, if I remember right,] taller than the ordinary stature, near

50 years old.

SIR LAMBERT BLACKWELL, ENVOY TO THE GREAT DUKE OF TUSCANY.

Macky. He affects much the gentleman in his dress, and the minister in his conversation: Is very lofty, yet courteous, when he knows his people; much envied by his fellow merchants. — *Swift*. He seemed to be a very good-natured man.

MR. *[Dr.]* AGLIONBY,
ENVOY TO THE SWISS CANTONS.

Macky. He hath abundance of wit, and understands most of the modern languages well; knows how to tell a story to the best advantage; but has an affected manner of conversation; is thin, splenetic, and tawny complexioned, turned of 60 years old. — *Swift*. He had been a Papist.

MR. D'AVENANT, AGENT AT FRANKFORT.

Macky. A very giddy-headed young fellow, with some wit; about 25 years old. — *Swift*. He is not worth mentioning.

JOHN, LORD CUTTS.

Macky. He hath abundance of wit, but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave; … towards 50 years old. — *Swift*. The vainest old fool alive.

HENRY, EARL OF GALWAY.

Macky. One of the finest gentlemen in the army, with a head fitted for the cabinet, as well as the camp; is very modest, vigilant, and sincere; a man of honour and honesty, [*Swift*, in all directly otherwise;] without pride or affectation; wears his own hair, is plain in his dress and manners, towards 60 years old. — *Swift*. A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave; a damnable hypocrite, of no religion.

GEORGE, EARL OF ORKNEY.

Macky. He is a very well-shaped black man; is brave; but, by reason of a hesitation in his speech wants expression. — *Swift*. An honest good-natured gentleman, and hath much distinguished himself as a soldier.

MR. JAMES STANHOPE [AFTERWARDS EARL STANHOPE], ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE STATES GENERAL.

Macky. He is a man of honour,… and pleases the Dutch. His son, Colonel Stanhope, is one of the finest young gentlemen we have; is very learned, with a great deal of wit. … A handsome [*Swift*, ugly] black man.

SIR CHARLES O'HARA [AFTERWARDS LORD TYRAWLEY], LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Macky. At the Revolution he had a company in the foot-guards; was afterwards lieutenant-colonel to that regiment; was made colonel to the fusileers, and gradually advanced to the post he now hath, which he well deserves, being of good understanding, and abundance of learning; fit to command, if not too covetous; he is a short, black man, 50 years old. — *Swift*. His father was a groom; he was a man of sense, without one grain of honesty.

COLONEL MATTHEW AYLMER [AFTERWARDS LORD AYLMER], VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

Macky. He hath a very good head, indefatigable and designing; is very zealous for the liberties of the people, makes a good figure in the Parliament, as well as the fleet. — *Swift*. A virulent party man, born in Ireland.

JAMES, DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Macky. On the Queen's accession to the throne, he made strong efforts to get into the administration, but hath not yet succeeded, though he is well received at court; he is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness; of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes; ambitious and haughty, a violent enemy; hath been very extravagant in his manner of living; but now grows covetous. — *Swift*. He was made master of the ordnance; a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding; he was murdered by that villain Macartney, an Irish Scot.

ARCHIBALD, DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Macky. Few of his years hath a better understanding, nor a more manly behaviour. He hath seen most of the courts of Europe, is very handsome in his person, fair complexioned; about 25 years old. — *Swift*. Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot; has no principle, but his own interest and greatness. A true Scot in his whole conduct.

JAMES, MARQUESS OF MONTROSE [AFTERWARDS DUKE OF MONTROSE].

Macky. Representative of the ancient and noble family of Graham; great-grandson to that famous Montrose, who was hanged and quartered for Charles I.; and grandson, by the mother, to the Duke of Rothes. He inherits all the great qualities of those two families, with a sweetness of behaviour, which charms all those who know him; hath improved himself in most foreign courts; is very beautiful in his person, and about 25 years old. — *Swift*. Now very homely, and makes a sorry appearance.

JOHN, EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

Macky. A very honest man, a great assertor of the liberties of the people; hath a good, rough sense; is open and free; a great lover of his bottle and his friend; brave in his person, which he hath shown in several duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it. — *Swift*. A blundering, rattle-pated, drunken sot.

SECRETARY [JAMES] JOHNSTOUN, NOW LORD-REGISTER.

Macky. Is a younger son of my Lord Warriston, who was beheaded. … He is very honest, [*Swift*, a treacherous knave,] yet something too credulous and suspicious; endued with a great deal of learning and virtue; is above little tricks, free from ceremony; and would not tell a lie for the world. — *Swift.* One of the greatest knaves even in Scotland.

MR. [WILLIAM] CARSTAIRS.

Macky. He is the cunningest, subtle dissembler in the world, with an air of sincerity, a dangerous enemy, because always hid. An instance of which was Secretary Johnstoun, to whom he pretended friendship, till the very morning he gave him a blow, though he had been worming him out of the King's favour for many months before; he is a fat, sanguine-complexioned fair man, always smiling, where he designs most mischief, a good friend when he is sincere; turned of 50 years old. — *Swift*. A true character; but not strong enough by a fiftieth part.

JOHN, EARL OF MAR.

Macky. He is a very good manager in his private affairs, which were in disorder when his father died, and is a stanch countryman, fair complexioned, low stature, and 30 years old. — *Swift*. He is crooked; he seemed to me to be a

gentleman of good sense and good nature,

ANDREW FLETCHER, OF SALTON.

Macky. A gentleman of a fair estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. … He hath written some excellent tracts, but not published in his name; and hath a very fine genius; is a low, thin man, brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and 50 years old. — *Swift*. A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics; cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes.

CHARLES, EARL OF MIDDLETON.

Macky. He is one of the politest gentlemen in Europe; hath a great deal of wit, mixed with a sound judgment, and a very clear understanding; of an easy, indifferent access, but a careless way of living. … He is a black man, of a middle stature, with a sanguine complexion; and one of the pleasantest companions in the world. Towards 60 years old. — *Swift*. Sir William Temple told me, he was a very valuable man, and a good scholar. I once saw him.

DAVID, EARL OF WEEMS.

Macky. He hath not yet been in the administration; is a fine personage, and very beautiful; hath good sense, and is a man of honour. About 30 years old. — *Swift*. He was a black man, and handsome for a Scot.

NOTE. — The characters on the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Ranelagh, and Rear-Admiral Byng, have been entirely omitted. The first is not given by Reed, and includes in Birch the single word “none”; the second is not given either by Birch or Reed, but appears only in “The Crypt”; the third is given only by Nichols; and the last is not given by Birch or Reed.

REMARKS ON LORD CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION"

The text of this edition of Swift's notes on Clarendon has been founded on the careful transcript made by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. This transcript is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Mr. Fitzgerald refers to Dr. Rowan's collation, but I have been unable to find the original of this. Rowan's additions, however, were noted by Mr. Fitzgerald, and they have been included here. Mr. Fitzgerald says: "Scott's notes, subject to the corrections just given [by himself], are correct, and would serve as the base of the new edition. The additions I have given and the few given by Dr. Rowan (which are given here a little further on) will have to be inserted in their proper places and will make the whole complete." This has been done, and the present reprint is a very careful following out of this suggestion.

After the following pages were in type, however, I have had the opportunity, through the kindness of Dr. Bernard, the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, of examining the original copy in the Marsh Library at Dublin. Assisted by the Rev. Newport J.D. White, the librarian of the Marsh Library, I have been able to correct several of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's transcripts, and to add some "remarks" omitted both by him and Scott.

Mr. White, in an article in "Hermathena" (No. xxvii., 1901), suggests that the successive perusals by Swift account "for the fact that some of the notes are in ink, though most are in pencil; while in one or two cases Swift seems to have retraced in ink a remark originally in pencil." Although Swift finished his fourth reading of the "History" in 1741, it is undoubted that he had already annotated the volumes at a much earlier date. The copy of the "History," now in the Marsh Library, was presented to it by Archbishop King, though the exact date of this presentation can only be guessed. "In the register of benefactions," writes Mr. White in "Hermathena," "the first list, which was evidently written at one time and by one hand, contains the names of all books presented by King. Two of these were published as late as 1723. The next entry is dated April 12th, 1726. It is probable, therefore, that these volumes came into their present abode between 1723 and 1726. As Dean of St. Patrick's, Swift was one of the governors of the library, and in that capacity attended many of the annual visitations between 1718 and 1736. It is natural to suppose that he was a constant reader." It follows, therefore, that Swift borrowed the volumes from the library for his re-perusal; and perhaps retraced his annotations at that time and added new ones.

It is worth while to reprint a sentence from Scott's note on these "Remarks" of Swift's, if only to continue a record of retort against Swift's intemperance of feeling against the Scottish nation: "The ludicrous virulence

of his execrations against the Scottish nation, go a great way to remove the effect of his censure; and a native of Scotland may be justified in retaining them, were it but for that reason."

PREFACE.

P. v. [p. xxi.] *Clarendon*. We might give instances … of those points … which have brought the prince, sometimes, under the disadvantageous suspicion of being inclined to the love of arbitrary power. — *Swift*. What king doth not love, and endeavour at it?

P, vi. [p. xxii.] *Clarendon*. The people may not always be restrained from attempting by force to do themselves right, though they ought not. — *Swift*. They *ought!*

BOOK I.

P. 9. [par. 12.] *Clarendon*. All men being inhibited, by the proclamation at the dissolution of the Parliament in the fourth year, so much as to mention or speak as if a Parliament should be called. — *Swift*. Great weakness.

P. 47. [par. 128.] *Clarendon*. He [the Earl of Montgomery] had not sat many years in that sunshine, when a new comet appeared in court, Robert Carr, a Scotsman, quickly after declared favourite. — *Swift*. A Scottish king makes a Scottish favourite.

P. 48. [par. 133.] *Clarendon*. The Earl of Carlisle … wrought himself into … greater affection and esteem with the whole English nation, than any other of that country; by choosing their friendships, and conversation, and really preferring it to any of his own — *Swift*. A miracle in a Scot!

P. 58. [par. 159.] *Clarendon*. During the whole time that these pressures were exercised, and those new, and extraordinary ways were run, that is, from the dissolution of the Parliament in the fourth year, to the beginning of this Parliament, which was above twelve years, this kingdom … enjoyed the greatest calm, and the fullest measure of felicity, that any people in any age, for so long time together, have been blessed with. — *Swift*. Partial.

P. 59. [par. 162.] *Clarendon*. The kingdoms, we now lament, were alone looked upon as the garden of the world; Scotland (which was but the wilderness of that garden), etc. — *Swift*. The *dunghill!*

Ibid, [par. 163.] *Clarendon*. Those rough courses, which made him [the King] perhaps less loved at home, made him more feared abroad; by how much the power of kingdoms is more reverenced than their justice by their neighbours: and it may be this consideration might not be the least motive, and may not be the worst excuse for those counsels. — *Swift* Too arbitrary.

P. 60. [par. 163.] *Clarendon*. Nerva was deified for uniting, *Imperium et Libertas*. — *Swift*. "Libertas" underlined and "*nego*" written in the margin.

Ibid. [par. 165.] *Clarendon*. Wise men knew that that which looked like pride in some, would, etc. [Swift places a condemnatory pencil mark beneath "that."]

P. 75. [par. 201.] *Clarendon*. A book so full of good learning, [*i e.,* Bp. John Williams (of Lincoln) against Innovations in Religion]. — *Swift*. Is that book to be bought or borrowed?

BOOK II.

P. 88. [par. 18.] *Clarendon*. There was so little curiosity either in the court, or the country, to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany, and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever enquired what was doing in

Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette. — *Swift*. Should Bridewell news be in any gazette?

P.88. [par 18.] *Clarendon*. The people [the Scotch] after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government. — *Swift*. Scottish scoundrels!

P. 94. [par. 38.] *Clarendon* in the address of the Scots to the King: — Lamenting "their ill fortune that their enemies had so great credit with the King, as to persuade him to believe that they were or could be disobedient to him, a thing that could never enter into their loyal hearts." — *Swift*. Scotch dogs!

Ibid. [par. 39.] *Clarendon*. Into Scotland … as far as a place called Dunce. — *Swift*. "Dunce" underlined.

P. 95. [par. 42.] *Clarendon*. The Covenanters … were very reasonably exalted with this success, [the retreat of the Earl of Holland from Dunse,] and scattered their letters abroad amongst the noblemen at court, according to the humours of the men to whom they writ. — *Swift*. Cursed Scots for ever!

P. 96. [par. 46.] *Clarendon*, speaking of the Marquess of Hamilton. — *Swift*. A cursed true Scot!

P. 100. [par. 55] *Clarendon* The Scots got so much benefit and advantage by it [the treaty of pacification], that they brought all their other mischievous devices to pass, with ease. — *Swift*. Confounded Scots!

P. 101. [par. 58.] Marginal note to Clarendon: The Earl of Argyle joins with the Covenanters, notwithstanding his great obligations to the King. — *Swift*. All Argyles, cursed Scottish hell-hounds for ever!

P. 103. [par. 60.] *Clarendon*, on the letter from the Scotch nobility to the French King, which was intercepted, and upon Lord Lowden, in his examination: — refusing to give any other answer, than that it was writ before the agreement … and never sent; that if he had committed any offence, he ought to be questioned for it in Scotland, and not in England. — *Swift*. Scottish traitors!

Ibid. [par. 61.] *Clarendon*. The opinion of the prejudice and general aversion over the whole kingdom to the Scots, and the indignation they had at their presumption in their design of invading England, made it believed that a Parliament would express a very sharp sense of their insolence and carriage towards the King. — *Swift*. Cursed hellish Scots for ever!

P. 104. [par. 62.] *Clarendon*, on the calling together of the Parliament in 1640: — The King … directed the lord-keeper to issue out writs for the meeting of a Parliament upon the third day of April then next ensuing. — *Swift*. April 3d for knaves; the 1st for fools!

P. 114. [par, 90.] *Clarendon*. The Scots army … were always beaten. — *Swift*. "Always beaten" trebly underlined.

P. 116. [par. 97.] *Clarendon* The convocation-house (the regular and legal

assembling of the clergy) customarily beginning and ending with Parliaments, was, after the determination of the last, by a new writ continued. — *Swift*. Convocations of the clergy are as legal and as necessary as those of the laity.

P. 122. [par 108.] *Clarendon*, on the commissioners who met at Ripon: — When these commissioners from the King arrived at Ripon, there came others from the Scots army of a quality much inferior — *Swift*. A cursed committee!

Ibid. [par. 108.] *Clarendon*. Alexander Henderson. — *Swift*. A cursed fanatic! (Written in pencil, and partially rubbed out.)

P. 123. [par. 109.] *Clarendon*. There was not a man of all the English, etc. — *Swift*. Cursed hellish Scots!

P. 124. [par. 111.] *Clarendon*. They brought them with them and presented them to the King [Swift underscores *them*.]

Ibid. [par. 113.] *Clarendon*. Three of the commissioners, and no more, were of the King's council, the Earls of Pembroke, Salisbury, and Holland. — *Swift*. Bad counsellors.

P. 125. [par. 116.] *Clarendon* The commissioners at Ripon quickly agreed upon the cessation; and were not unwilling to have allowed fifty thousand pounds a month for the support of the Scots army, when they did assign but thirty thousand pounds a month for the payment of the King's. — *Swift*. Greedy Scotch rebellious dogs.

P. 129. [par. 126.] *Clarendon*. It must not be doubted that there were many particular persons of honour of that nation who abhorred the outrages which were committed. — *Swift*. I doubt it; for they were Scots.

P. 130. [par. 128.] *Clarendon*. It can hardly be conceived, with what entire confidence in each other, the numerous and *not very rich* nobility of Scotland … concurred in the carrying on this rebellion. — *Swift*. Beggarly, beggarly!

BOOK III.

P. 148. [par. 32.] *Clarendon*. Mr. Saint-John … a natural son of the house of Bullingbrook. — *Swift*. A bastard.

P. 151. [par. 38.] *Clarendon*. The Earl of Rothes … was a man very well bred, of very good parts, and great address. — *Swift*. A Scotch freethinker.

P. 152. [par. 42.] *Clarendon*, on the order of the Houses of Parliament, to use the appellation of "our brethren of Scotland" towards the Scotch commissioners. — *Swift* Cursed Scots, brethren in iniquity.

P. 153 [par 44] *Clarendon* The allegation was, "That the charge against the Earl of Stafford was of an extraordinary nature, being to make a treason evident out of a complication of several ill acts, That he must be traced through many dark paths," etc. — *Swift.* As a boy.

Ibid [par 45] *Clarendon* It was alleged, "That at his coming from Ireland the Earl had said in council there, That if ever he returned to that sword again, he would not leave a Scottishman in that kingdom". — *Swift* And it was a

good resolution.

P 153 [par 45] *Clarendon* — —"And at his arrival in this kingdom, the lord mayor and some aldermen of London attending the board about the loan of moneys, and not giving that satisfaction was expected, that he should tell the King, That it would never be well till he hanged up a Lord Mayor of London in the City to terrify the rest". — *Swift* At worst, only a rash expression.

P 155 [par 50] *Clarendon* Hereupon, in one day, were sworn privy councillors, much to the public joy, the Earl of Hertford (whom the King afterwards made marquess), the Earl of Bedford, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Bristol, the Lord Say, the Lord Saville, and the Lord Kimbolton, and within two or three days after, the Earl of Warwick. — *Swift* All [*rogues,* perhaps,] but the first.

P 161 [par 67] *Clarendon*, on the method of procuring signatures to one petition, and then cutting them off, and affixing them to a petition of quite a different tendency. — *Swift* Dogs, villains, almost as bad as the cursed Scots.

P 366 [par 85] *Clarendon* The Earl of Bedford prevailed with the King … to make Oliver Saint-John … his solicitor-general, which His Majesty readily consented to: … being a gentleman of an honourable extraction (if he had been legitimate). — *Swift* The bastard before mentioned.

P 183 [par 140] *Clarendon*, trial of Strafford — Mr Solicitor Saint-John … argued for the space of near an hour the matter of law. Of the argument itself I shall say little, it being in print, and in many hands, I shall only remember two notable propositions, which are sufficient characters of the person and the time. — *Swift* Bp. A[tterbury]

P 187 [par 156] *Clarendon*, on the bill for extirpating bishops, deans, and chapters, etc. — Though the rejecting it, was earnestly urged by very many, … yet, all the other people, as violently pressed the reading it; and none so importunately, as Saint-John. — *Swift*. The bastard!

P. 195. [par. 179.] *Clarendon*. It being always their custom, when they found the heat and distemper of the House (which they endeavoured to keep up, by the sharp mention and remembrance of former grievances and pressures) in any degree allayed, by some gracious act, or gracious profession of the King's, to warm and inflame them again with a discovery, or promise of a discovery, of some notable plot and conspiracy against themselves. — *Swift.* King George I.'s reign.

P. 199. [par. 189.] *Clarendon*. Whereas some doubts, etc. — *Swift*.
True Popish evasion.

Ibid. Clarendon, on the explanation of the Protestation for the Church of England: — concerning the meaning of these words … "*viz* The true reformed Protestant religion, expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England, against all Popery and Popish innovations within this realm, contrary to the

same doctrine," This House doth declare, that by those words, was and is meant, only the public doctrine professed in the said Church, so far as it is opposite to Popery, etc. — *Swift*. Fanatic dogs!

P. 202. [par. 198.] *Clarendon*. The Archbishop of York. — *Swift*. Williams, before of Lincoln.

Ibid. [par. 200.] *Clarendon*, on the letter of Strafford to the King, persuading him no longer to delay the order for his execution. — *Swift*. Great magnanimity!

P. 203. [par. 201.] *Clarendon*. The delivery of this letter being quickly known, new arguments were applied; "that this free consent of his own, clearly absolved the King from any scruple that could remain with him." — *Swift*. Weak, and wrong.

Ibid. [par. 202.] *Clarendon*. There was reason enough to believe, their impious hands would be lifted up against his own person, and (which he much more apprehended) against the person of his royal consort. — *Swift*. A most unhappy marriage.

P. 204. [par. 206.] *Clarendon*. Together with that of attainder of the Earl of Strafford, another Bill was passed by the King, of almost as fatal a consequence both to the King and kingdom, … "the Act for the perpetual Parliament;" as it is since called. — *Swift*. Cursed stupidity! *Hinc illae lachrymae*.

P. 205. [par. 207.] *Clarendon*. No way could be thought of so sure, as an Act of Parliament, "that this Parliament should not be adjourned, prorogued, or dissolved, but by Act of Parliament, which, upon this occasion, His Majesty would never deny to pass." — *Swift*. The fatal stroke.

Ibid. [par. 210.] *Clarendon*, on the King's passing this Bill. — *Swift*. I wish the author had enlarged here upon what motives the King passed that Bill.

P 205 [par 210] *Clarendon*, on the same. — *Swift* The King by this act utterly ruined.

P 207 [par 217] *Clarendon*, on the passing of the tonnage and poundage bill — And so in expectation and confidence, that they would make glorious additions to the state and revenue of the crown, His Majesty suffered himself to be stripped of all that he had left. — *Swift* Great weakness in the King.

P 225 [par 271] *Clarendon* These Acts of Parliament, etc will be acknowledged, by an uncorrupted posterity, to be everlasting monuments of the King's princely and fatherly affection to his people. — *Swift* Rather of his weakness.

BOOK IV

P 237 [par 24] *Clarendon* A general insurrection of the Irish, spread itself

over the whole country, in such an inhumane and barbarous manner, that there were forty or fifty thousand of the English Protestants murdered. — *Swift* At least.

P 243 [par 43] *Clarendon* That which should have been an act of oblivion, was made a defence and justification of whatsoever they [the Scotch] had done. — *Swift* Scot, Scot, Scot, for ever Scot.

P 244 [par 47] *Clarendon* His Majesty having never received any considerable profit from Scotland, etc. — *Swift* How could he, from Scottish rebels and beggars?

P 245 [par 47] *Clarendon* Surely he had then very hard thoughts of a great part of the nation [the Scotch]. — *Swift* Who can doubt of it?

P 257 [par 87] *Clarendon* The propositions made from Scotland, "for the sending ten thousand men from thence, into Ulster, to be paid by the Parliament," were consented to, whereby some soldiers were dispatched thither, to defend their own plantation, and did in truth, at our charge, as much oppress the English that were there, as the rebels could have done. — *Swift* Send cursed rebel Scots, who oppressed the English in that kingdom as the Irish rebels did, and were governors of that province, etc.

P 271 [par 130] *Clarendon*, Doctor Williams, Archbishop of York — had himself published, by his own authority, a book against the using those ceremonies [which were countenanced by Laud], in which there was much good learning, and too little gravity for a bishop. — *Swift* Where is that book to be had?

P. 272. [par. 130.] *Clarendon*, Archbishop Williams: — appeared to be a man of a very corrupt nature, whose passions could have transported him into the most unjustifiable actions. — *Swift.* This character I think too severe.

P. 275. [par. 138.] *Clarendon*, the same: — The great hatred of this man's person and behaviour, was the greatest invitation to the House of Commons so irregularly to revive that Bill to remove the bishops. — *Swift*. How came he to be so hated by that faction he is so said to favour?

P. 277. [par. 140.] *Clarendon*, petition and protestation of the bishops. — *Swift*. I see no fault in this protestation.

P. 280. [par. 149.] *Clarendon*, on the articles of high treason against Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Haslerigg, and Strode. — *Swift*. It proved a long and vexatious affair.

P. 281. [par. 152.] *Clarendon*. The next day in the afternoon, the King … came to the House of Commons…. Himself, with his nephew, the Prince Elector, went into the House, to the great amazement of all. — *Swift.* Too rash and indiscreet; the second great and fatal error.

P. 282. [par. 152.] *Clarendon*. He assured them in the word of a King, etc. — *Swift*. Never to be relied upon.

P. 284. [par. 157.] *Clarendon*. The King … published, the next day, a

proclamation, for the apprehension of all those, whom he had accused of high treason, forbidding any person to harbour them; the articles of their charge being likewise printed, and dispersed. — *Swift*. A very weak and wrong proceeding in the King, which had very bad consequences.

Ibid. Clarendon, on the same proceeding. — *Swift*. What was their crime?

P. 322. [par. 264.] *Clarendon*. The humble petition of many thousands of poor people in and about the city of London. — *Swift.* Who was the author?

P. 334. [par. 302.] *Clarendon*, on the King's passing the bills against the bishops' votes, and about pressing. — *Swift*. Too great a weakness, and attended by a heap of gross follies.

P. 336. [par. 307.] *Clarendon*, on: — An Ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for the ordering of the Militia of the kingdom of England, and dominion of Wales. — *Swift*. The most ruinous consequence of the King's weakness and cowardice.

BOOK V.

P. 364. [par. 6.] *Clarendon,* in the King's Declaration, March 9, 164-1/2: — For the Lord Digby, he assured them in the word of a King, etc. — *Swift*. I cannot endure that phrase any more.

Written long ago by a minister in Lincolnshire, in answer to D. Coal, a judicious divine of Q. Marie's dayes. 1637. [S.]

P. 365. [par. 9.] *Clarendon*, in the same: — What greater earnest of his trust, and reliance on his Parliament could he give, than the passing the Bill for the continuance of this present Parliament? — *Swift*. Like a very weak prince.

Ibid. Clarendon, in the same: — The length of which [Parliament] he said, he hoped, would never alter the nature of Parliaments, and the constitution of this kingdom; or invite his subjects so much to abuse his confidence, as to esteem anything fit for this Parliament to do, which were not fit, if it were in his power to dissolve it to-morrow. — *Swift*. Yet, that was his ruin.

P. 366. [par. 11.] *Clarendon*. The factious party [persuaded the people] … that there was a design to send the prince beyond the seas, and to marry him to some Papist. — *Swift*. As it fell out.

P. 384. [par. 56.] *Clarendon*, in the King's answer to the petition to remove the magazine from Hull: — We have … most solemnly promised, in the word of a king, etc. — *Swift*. How long is that phrase to last?

P. 415. [par. 136] *Clarendon*. Whoever concurred, voted, and sided with them, in their extravagant conclusions, let the infamy of his former life, or present practice be what it would; his injustice and oppression never so scandalous, and notorious; he was received, countenanced, and protected with

marvellous demonstrations of affection. — *Swift*. King George's reign.

P. 419. [par. 148.] *Clarendon*, in the King's answer to the petition to dissolve his Guards: — He asked them, "when they had so many months together not contented themselves to rely for security, as their predecessors had done, upon the affection of the people, but by their own single authority had raised to themselves a guard … and yet all those pikes and protestations, that army, on one side, and that navy, on the other, had not persuaded His Majesty to command them to disband their forces," etc. — *Swift*. What are those pikes?

P. 427. [par. 162.] *Clarendon*, in the Declaration of the Lords and Commons, May 19, 1642 — That, in the word of a King, *etc.* — *Swift.* A frequent foolish word, battered as a phrase.

P. 472. [par. 269.] *Clarendon*. He divested himself of the power of dissolving this Parliament. — *Swift*. Proved his ruin.

P. 543. [par. 425.] *Clarendon*, on the deposition of Sir Richard Gurney, lord mayor. — *Swift* Dogs!

VOL. II. — BOOK VI.

P. 7. [par. 11.] *Clarendon*, Message of the King, Aug. 25th, 1642: —"Wherein, as we promise, in the word of a King, all safety and encouragement to such as shall be sent unto us … for the treaty." — *Swift*. Very weak.

P. 10. [par. 18.] *Clarendon*, answer of the Parliament to the King's message received the 5th of September, 1642. — *Swift.* I do not much dislike this answer.

P. 17. [par. 38.] *Clarendon.* The same rabble entered the house of the Countess of Rivers near Colchester; for no other ground, than that she was a Papist; and in few hours disfurnished it of all the goods. — *Swift.* As bad as Scots.

P. 18. [par. 40.] *Clarendon.* There are monuments enough in the seditious sermons at that time printed … of such wresting, and perverting of Scripture to the odious purposes of the preacher. — *Swift.* I wish I could find them.

P. 20. [par. 43.] *Clarendon.* Scottish officers. — *Swift.* Dogs.

P. 31 [par. 74.] *Clarendon.*. A thousand at the most. Most of the persons of quality, etc. [Swift underscores *most.*]

P. 33. [par. 78.] *Clarendon,* on the exemption of Prince Rupert from being under the command of the general, Lord Lindsey: — When the King at midnight, being in his bed, and receiving intelligence of the enemy's motion, commanded the Lord Falkland, his principal secretary of state, to direct Prince Rupert, what he should do, his Highness took it very ill, and expostulated with the Lord Falkland, for giving him orders. — *Swift.* A great mistake in the

King, by too much indulgence to Prince Rupert.

P. 40. [par. 90.] *Clarendon.* The King's preferring the Prince's [Rupert's] opinion in all matters relating to the war before his [Lord Lindsey's]. — *Swift.* I blame the King's Partiality.

P. 48, line 28. — *Swift.* Cursed Scots.

P. 50. [par. 109.] *Clarendon.* His Majesty had, from time to time, given his council of that kingdom [Scotland] full relations of all his differences with his Parliament. — *Swift.* Cursed Scots for ever.

P. 51. [par. 112.] *Clarendon.* The chief managers and governors in the first war, by their late intercourse, and communication of guilt, having a firm correspondence with the Marquess of Argyle, the Earl of Lowden, and that party. — *Swift.* Always a cursed family of Scots.

P. 59. [par. 142.] *Clarendon.* As the inviting the Scots, etc. — *Swift.* Too long a parenthesis.

P. 62. [par. 154.] *Clarendon.* For the better recruiting whereof [the Parliament's army], two of their most eminent chaplains, Dr. Downing and Mr. Marshal, publicly avowed, "that the soldiers lately taken prisoners at Brentford, and discharged, and released by the King upon their oaths that they would never again bear arms against him, were not obliged by that oath;" but, by their power, absolved them thereof. — *Swift.* Perfect Popery.

P. 65. [par. 161.] *Clarendon,* the King's message to the privy council of Scotland:—"Of all … the … indignities, which had been offered to him, he doubted not the duty and affection of his Scottish subjects would have so just a resentment, that they would express to the world the sense they had of his sufferings." — *Swift*. Cursed Scots; to trust them.

P. 66. [par. 163.] *Clarendon*, the same;—"There could not be a clearer argument to his subjects of Scotland that he had no such thought, [of bringing in foreign forces,] than that he had hitherto forborne to require the assistance of that his native kingdom; from whose obedience, duty, and affection, he should confidently expect it, if he thought his own strength here too weak to preserve him." — *Swift*. In vain. *Clarendon*. "And of whose courage, and loyalty, he should look to make use." — *Swift*. And never find.

Ibid. [par. 164.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"He could not doubt, a dutiful concurrence in his subjects of Scotland, in the care of his honour, and just rights, would draw down a blessing upon that nation too." — *Swift*. A Scot's blessing.

P. 67. [par. 165.] *Clarendon*. Other fruit of their [the Scots'] allegiance he [the King] expected not, than that they should not rebel. — *Swift*. But they did.

P. 81. [par. 204,] *Clarendon*, the King's declaration:—"These are the men who … at this time invite, and solicit our subjects of Scotland, to enter this land with an army against us." — *Swift*. Damnable Scots.

P. 91. [par. 231, sec. 4.] *Clarendon*, humble desires and propositions of the Lords and Commons:—"That your Majesty will be pleased to give your royal assent unto the Bill … for the utter abolishing, and taking away of all archbishops, bishops, their chancellors, and commissaries, deans, sub-deans, deans and chapters, archdeacons, canons, and prebendaries, and all chanters, chancellors, treasurers, sub-treasurers, succentors, and sacrists, and all vicars choral, choristers, old vicars, and new vicars of any cathedral, or collegiate church, and all other their under officers, out of the Church of England." — *Swift*. A thorough sweep. *Clarendon*. "To the Bill against scandalous ministers; to the Bill against pluralities; and to the Bill for consultation to be had with godly, religious, and learned divines." — *Swift. i.e.* cursed fanatics.

P. 99. [par. 243.] *Clarendon*. Sir Ralph Hopton … marched to Saltash, a town in Cornwall … where was a garrison of two hundred Scots; who, [upon his approach,] as kindly quit Saltash, as the others had Launceston before. — *Swift*. Loyal Scots — ever cursed.

P. 101. [par 247.] *Clarendon*. Ruthen, a Scotchman, the governor of Plymouth. — *Swift*. A cursed Scottish dog.

P. 103. [par. 250.] *Clarendon*. The Earl of Stamford. — *Swift*. A rogue, half as bad as a Scot.

P. 134. [par. 338.] *Clarendon*, Petition of the Kirk of Scotland:—"A chief praise of the Protestant religion (and thereby our not vain, but just gloriation)." — *Swift*. Scotch phrase.

Ibid. Clarendon, the same:—"[The Papists] are openly declared to be not only good subjects,… but far better subjects than Protestants." — *Swift*. Scotch (Protestants).

P. 135. [par. 339.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"That your Majesty … may timeously and speedily," etc. — *Swift*. Scotch.

Ibid. [par. 340.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"We are, with greater earnestness than before, constrained *to fall down again* before your Majesty." — *Swift*. Rise against.

Ibid. Clarendon, the same. They petition:—"for a meeting of some divines to be holden in England, unto which … some commissioners may be sent from this *kirk*." — *Swift*. Hell!

P. 136. [par. 342.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"The strongest let, till it be taken out of the way, is the mountain of prelacy." — *Swift*. Scottish dogs.

Ibid. Clarendon, the same:—"How many, from the experience of the tyranny of the prelates, are afraid to discover themselves … whereas prelacy being removed, they would openly profess what they are, and join with *others* in the way of reformation." — *Swift. i.e.* Scots.

Ibid. [par. 344.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"The national assembly of this kirk, from which we have our commission." — *Swift*. From Satan.

P. 138. [par. 347.] *Clarendon*, the King's answer:—"Our Church of Scotland." — *Swift*. Kirk.

P. 139. [par. 348.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"We do believe that the petitioners, when they shall consider how … unbecoming [it is] in itself, for them to require, the ancient, happy, and established government of the Church of England to be altered, and conformed to the laws, and constitutions of *another church,* will find themselves misled," etc. — *Swift*. A Scotch kirk.

P. 140. [par. 351.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"To which [synod] we shall be willing that some learned divines of our Church of Scotland may be likewise sent." — *Swift*. To confound all.

P. 142. [par. 356.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"We conceived, we had not left it possible, for any man to … suspect, that the conversion of *our dearest consort* was not so much our desire, that the accession of as many crowns as God hath already bestowed on us, would not be more welcome to us than that day." — *Swift*. A thorough Papist.

BOOK VII.

P. 199. [par. 71.] *Clarendon*. Being this way secure from any future clamours for peace, they proceeded to try Mr. Tomkins, Mr. Chaloner, … Mr. Hambden, who brought the last message from the King, etc. — *Swift.* Which Hambden? Not the rebel Hambden? No, it was one Alexander Hambden.

P. 201. [par. 75.] *Clarendon*. In the beginning of the war, the army in Scotland having been lately disbanded, many officers of that nation, who had served in Germany and in France, betook themselves to the service of the Parliament. — *Swift* Cursed Scots for ever. *Clarendon*. Whereof divers were men of good conduct, and courage; though there were more as bad as the cause, in which they engaged. Of the former sort Colonel Hurry was a man of name, and reputation. — *Swift.* A miracle! Colonel Urrie was an honest, valiant, loyal Scot, repenting his mistakes.

P. 203. [par. 78.] *Clarendon*. The man [Hurry] was in his nature proud, and imperious. — *Swift*. A mixture of the Scot.

P. 219. [par. 106.] *Clarendon*. On the brow of the hill there were breast-works, on which were pretty bodies of small shot, and some cannon; on either flank grew a pretty thick wood. — *Swift*. Silly style.

P. 244. [par. 162.] *Clarendon*. "We, the Inhabitants, Magistrates," etc. — *Swift*. Cursed rogues.

P. 261. [par. 199.] *Clarendon*. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, a young gentleman … of a fair and plentiful fortune. — *Swift.* Earl of Shaftesbury by Charles II. A great villain.

P. 262. [par. 199.] *Clarendon*. The flexibility and instability of that gentleman's nature, not being then understood, or suspected. — *Swift*. Shaftesbury, an early rogue.

Ibid. [par. 200.] *Clarendon*. The express returned without effect [from the King], and the Marquess [of Hertford] was as sensibly touched as could be imagined; and said, "that he was fallen from all credit with the King," etc. — *Swift*. Too fond of those nephews.

P. 271. [par. 221.] *Clarendon*. [Lord Falkland] writ two large discourses against the principal positions of that [the Roman Catholic] religion, with that sharpness of style, and full weight of reason, that the Church is deprived of great jewels in the concealment of them, and that they are not published to the world. — *Swift*. Ten thousand pities that they are not to be recovered!

P. 277. [par. 234.] *Clarendon*. Thus fell that incomparable young man, [Lord Falkland,] in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: Whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him. — *Swift*. It moves grief to the highest excess.

P. 277. [par. 236.] *Clarendon*, on the jealousy between Essex and Waller: — The passion and animosity which difference of opinion had produced between any members, was totally laid aside and forgotten, and no artifice omitted to make the world believe, that they were a people newly incorporated, and as firmly united to one and the same end, as their brethren the Scots. — *Swift*. Deceitful Scots.

P. 282. [par. 246.] *Clarendon*. Earl of Holland. — *Swift.* Treacherous.

P. 283 [par. 247.] *Clarendon*, the Earl of Holland, on his return from Oxford, published a Declaration, in which he announced: — that he found the court so indisposed to peace … that he resolved to make what haste he could back to the Parliament, and to spend the remainder of his life in their service: which action, so contrary to his own natural discretion and generosity, etc. — *Swift*. Treachery.

Ibid. [par. 249.] *Clarendon*. The committee from the two Houses of Parliament, which was sent into Scotland in July before … found that kingdom in so good and ready a posture for their reception, that they had called an assembly of their kirk; and a convention of their estates, without, and expressly against, the King's consent. — *Swift*. Diabolical Scots for ever.

P. 284. [par. 250.] *Clarendon*, the Scotch said to the English commissioners. — that there were many well-wishers to him [the King], and maligners, in their hearts, of the present reformation. — *Swift*. Cursed Scots.

Ibid. [par. 252.] *Clarendon*. A form of words was quickly agreed on between them, for a perfect combination and *marriage* between the Parliament and the Scots. — *Swift*. Satan was parson.

P. 285. [par. 254.] *Clarendon*. The Assembly, besides … execute execute

his commands. [19 lines in one sentence.] — *Swift*. A long confounding period.

P. 288. [par. 259, sec. 3.] *Clarendon*. A Solemn League and Covenant. "To preserve … liberties of the Kingdoms." — *Swift*. Damnable rebel Scots.

Ibid. [sec. 6.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"And the honour of the King." — *Swift*. By martyrdom.

P. 289. [par. 259, conclusion.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"We have not as we ought valued the inestimable benefit of the Gospel." — *Swift*. All very true.

P. 291. [par. 264.] *Clarendon*. They very devoutly extolled the Covenant, magnified the Scottish nation, with all imaginable attributes of esteem and reverence,… a nation that had reformed their lives for so small a time, more than ever any people, that they knew of, in the world had done. — *Swift.* Most diabolical Scots.

P. 292. [par. 267.] *Clarendon*. [Sir Harry Vane the younger.] There need no more be said of his ability, than that he was chosen to cozen, and deceive a whole nation which was thought to excel in craft and cunning. — *Swift*. Could out-cheat a Scot.

P. 293. [par. 269.] *Clarendon*. Those of the nobility and gentry, who did really desire to serve the King, applied themselves to Duke Hamilton. — *Swift*. That duke was a hellish, treacherous villain of a Scot.

P. 316. [par. 322.] *Clarendon*. At this time, nothing troubled the King so much, as the intelligence he received from Scotland, that they had already formed their army, and resolved to enter England in the winter season. — *Swift*. Cursed Scots.

Ibid., line 37. — *Swift*. Scottish Dogs.

P. 318. [par. 328.] *Clarendon*, on the proclamation for a Parliament at Oxford. — A proclamation was issued out, containing the true grounds and motives, and mentioning the league of Scotland to invade the kingdom; which was the most universally odious, and detestable. — *Swift*. Hellish Scots.

P. 339 [Par. 373.] *Clarendon*, Letter from the Parliament of Oxford to the Earl of Essex. They conjure him to lay to heart:—"the inward bleeding condition of your country, and the outward more menacing destruction by a foreign nation." — *Swift*. Cursed Scotland.

P. 340. [par. 377.] *Clarendon*, Essex's answer to the Earl of Forth. — *Swift*. Essex was a cursed rebel.

P. 341. [par. 379.] *Clarendon*, on the Declaration of the Scots on entering England. — *Swift*. Abominable, damnable, Scotch hellish dogs for ever. Let them wait for Cromwell to plague them, and enslave their scabby nation.

Ibid. [par. 380.] *Clarendon*, the same. — They said, "the question was not,… whether they might propagate their religion by arms?" etc. — *Swift*. Diabolical Scots for ever.

P. 342. [par. 383.] *Clarendon*. This war was of God. — *Swift*. An error mistaking the Devil for God.

Ibid. [par. 384.] *Clarendon*, Declaration of England and Scotland: — They gave now "public warning to all men to rest no longer upon their neutrality,… but that they address themselves speedily to take the Covenant." — *Swift*. The Devil made that damnable Scots Covenant.

P. 343. [par. 385] *Clarendon*. Then they proclaimed a pardon to all those who would before such a day desert the King, and adhere to them, and take the Covenant. — *Swift*. The Devil to take the Covenant.

Ibid. [par. 386.] *Clarendon*. I cannot but observe, that after this time that the Earl [of Essex] declined this opportunity of declaring himself, he never did prosperous act in the remainder of his life. — *Swift*. I am heartily glad of that.

P. 343. [par. 388.] *Clarendon*. There wanted not a just indignation at the return of this trumpet; and yet the answer being so much in that popular road, of saying something plausibly to the people, it was thought fit again to make an attempt, that at least the world might see, that they did, in plain *English* refuse to admit of any peace. — *Swift*. Scotch.

P. 347. [par. 398, sec. 2.] *Clarendon*, Declaration of the Parliament at Oxford:—"All his Majesty's subjects of the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, are both by their allegiance, and the Act of Pacification, bound to resist and repress all those of Scotland as had, or should enter upon any part of his Majesty's realm." — *Swift*. Execrable Scots.

P. 348. [*ibid,* sec. 5.] *Clarendon* the same:—"That the Lords and Commons remaining at Westminster, who had given their consents to the present coming in of the Scots in a warlike manner, had therein committed high treason." — *Swift*. Rebel Scots.

Ibid. [par. 400.] *Clarendon*. The invasion, which the Scots made in the depth of winter, and the courage the enemy took from thence, deprived his Majesty even of any rest in that season. — *Swift*. Cursed Scots, ever inflaming.

P. 351. [par. 404.] *Clarendon*. The Earl of Montrose … was so much in the jealousy, and detestation of the violent party, whereof the *Earl of Argyle* was the head, that there was no cause or room left to doubt his sincerity to the King. — *Swift*. Odious dog; and so are all his descendants.

Ibid. [par. 405.] *Clarendon*. Duke Hamilton. — *Swift*. An arrant Scot.

Ibid. Clarendon. As soon as the King had had fuller intelligence. [Swift alters the second *had to received*.]

P. 352. [par. 407.] *Clarendon*. The Duke [Hamilton] had given the King an account,… that though some few hot, and passionate men, desired to put themselves in arms, to stop both elections of the Members, and any meeting together in Parliament; yet, that all sober men … were clearly of the opinion, to take as much pains as they could to cause good elections to be made. — *Swift.* What! in Scotland?

P. 353. [par. 409.] *Clarendon*. About this time the councils at Westminster lost a principal supporter, by the death of John Pym; who died with great torment and agony of a disease unusual, and therefore the more spoken of, *morbus pediculosus,* as was reported. — *Swift*. I wish all his clan had died of the same disease.

BOOK VIII.

P. 382. [par. 60.] *Clarendon*. Colonel Ashburnham, then governor of Weymouth, was made choice of for that command; …and, to make way for him, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper had been, the year before, removed from that charge; and was thereby so much disobliged, that he quitted the King's party, and gave himself up, body and soul, to the service of the Parliament, with an implacable animosity against the royal interest. — *Swift*. A rogue all his life.

P. 385. [par. 66.] *Clarendon*, at Cropredy-bridge: — the [parliamentary] general of their ordnance [was] taken prisoner. This man, one Weemes, a Scotchman, had been as much obliged by the King, as a man of his condition could be, and in a manner very unpopular: for he was made master-gunner of England,… and having never done the King the least service, he took the first opportunity to disserve him. — *Swift*. A cursed, hellish Scot! Why was not the rogue hanged?

P-387. [par. 69.] *Clarendon*, Message from the King to the parliamentary army: — It was agreed, that Sir Edward Walker (who was both Garter king at arms, and secretary to the council of war) should be sent to publish that, his Majesty's grace. — *Swift*. A very mean author.

P. 388. [par. 74.] *Clarendon*, Battle of Marston-moor: — That party of the King's horse which charged the Scots, so totally routed and defeated their whole army, that they fled all ways for many miles together. — *Swift*. I am glad of that.

P. 420. [par. 153.] *Clarendon*. Colonel Hurry, a Scotchman, who had formerly served the Parliament, and is well mentioned, in the transactions of the last year, for having quitted them, and performed some signal service to the King,… desired a pass to go beyond the seas, and so quitted the service: but instead of embarking himself, made haste to London; and put himself now into the Earl of Manchester's army, and made a discovery of all he knew of the King's army. — *Swift*. Mentioned before, and then I was deceived by him; but now I find him a cursed true Scot.

P. 427. [par. 167.] *Clarendon*. After the battle of York, the Scots returned to reduce Newcastle; which they had already done; and all other garrisons which had held out for the King. — *Swift*. Most damnable Scots.

Ibid. [par. 168.] *Clarendon*. The King's army was less united than ever; the old general was set aside, and Prince Rupert put into the command, which was no popular change. — *Swift*. Too fond of his nephews.

Ibid. [par. 169.] *Clarendon*. Wilmot loved debauchery. — *Swift*. Character of Wilmot and Goring.

P. 453. [par. 233.] *Clarendon*, Treaty at Uxbridge: Debates about the militia. They insisted: — upon having the whole command of the militia by sea, and land, and all the forts, and ships of the kingdom at their disposal; without which they looked upon themselves as lost, and at the King's mercy; not considering that he must be at theirs, if such a power was committed to them. — *Swift*. The case seems doubtful. The point should be undecided.

P. 454. [par. 235.] *Clarendon*, the same: Ireland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer: — put them in mind, … [that] one hundred thousand pounds, brought in by the adventurers for Ireland, had been sent in one entire sum into *Scotland*, to prepare and dispose that kingdom to send an army to invade this. — *Swift* Cursed.

P. 456. [On this page two *ands* are erased.]

P. 457. [par. 241.] *Clarendon*. The conversation … made a great discovery of the faction that was in the Parliament … that the Scots would insist *upon* the whole government of the Church, and in all other matters would *defer* to the King. — *Swift*. [Instead of *upon,*] to destroy; [and instead of *defer,*] to betray.

Ibid. [par. 242.] *Clarendon*. Satisfied, that in the particular which concerned the Church, the Scots would never depart from a tittle. — *Swift*. Scots hell-hounds.

P. 466. [par. 262.] *Clarendon*. After the battle at York, … the Scotch army marched northwards, to reduce the little garrisons remaining in those parts; which was easily done. — *Swift*. Scottish dogs.

Ibid. [par. 263.] *Clarendon*. The person whom that earl [of Montrose] most hated, and contemned, was the Marquess of Argyle. — *Swift*. A most damnable false dog, and so are still their family.

P. 478. [par. 284.] *Clarendon*. The Parliament had, some months before, made an ordinance against giving quarter to any of the Irish nation which should be taken prisoners. … The Earl of Warwick, and the officers under him at sea, had as often as he met with any Irish frigates, … taken all the seamen who became prisoners to them of that nation, and bound them back to back, and thrown them overboard into the sea. — *Swift*. Barbarous villains, and rebels.

BOOK IX.

P. 484. [par. 2.] *Clarendon*. Persons, whose memories ought to be charged with their own evil actions, rather than that the infamy of them should be laid on the age wherein they lived; which did produce as many men, eminent for their loyalty and incorrupted fidelity to the crown, as any that had preceded it. — *Swift*. Not quite.

P. 485. [par. 4.] *Clarendon*. The Marquess of Argyle was now come from Scotland. — *Swift*. A cursed Scotch hell-hound.

P. 501. [par. 29.] *Clarendon*. Prince Rupert … disposed the King to resolve to march northwards, and to fall upon the Scotch army in Yorkshire, before Fairfax should be able to perfect his new model to that degree, as to take the field. — *Swift.* Cursed Scots still.

P. 516. [par. 55.] *Clarendon,* on Sir Richard Greenvil hanging an attorney named Brabant, as a spy, out of private revenge. — *Swift.* This rogue would almost be a perfect Scot.

P. 521. [par. 63.] *Clarendon*. (The which had been already so scandalous, … contribution.) [61/2 lines between parentheses.] — *Swift.* Long parenthesis.

P. 574. [par. 164] *Clarendon*. The King … resolved once more to try another way, … [whereby] he should discover, whether he had so many friends in the Parliament, and the city, as many men would persuade him to conclude; and whether the Scots had ever a thought of doing him service. — *Swift.* No more than Beelzebub.

P. 579. [par. 175.] *Clarendon*. Monsieur Montrevil [was sent] into England: … who likewise persuaded his Majesty, to believe … that the cardinal was well assured, that the Scots would behave themselves henceforwards very honestly. — *Swift.* Damnable Scots.

P. 580. [par. 176.] *Clarendon*. The Scots were resolved to have *no more* to do with his Majesty. — *Swift*. Gave up the King.

VOLUME III.

On the bastard title: That frequent expression, — *upon the word of a king*, I have always despised and detested, for a thousand reasons.

Dedication, 21st par. [vol. I., p. li., edit of 1888.] *Clarendon.* Some very near that King … putting him on the thoughts of marrying some Roman Catholic lady. — *Swift*. As he did.

BOOK X.

P. 2. [par. 2.] *Clarendon*. Sir Dudley Wyat had been sent expressly from the Lord Jermin, to assure the prince, that such a body of five thousand foot were actually raised under the command of *Ruvignie*, and should be embarked for Pendennis within less than a month. — *Swift*. Father to Lord Galloway; a

Huguenot.

P. 6. [par. 11.] *Clarendon*, Upon the Queen's hearing that the King had gone to the Scots army, she: — renewed her command for the prince's immediate repair into France; whereas the chief reason before was, that he would put himself into the Scots' hands. — *Swift*. He could not do worse.

P. 7 [par. 12] *Clarendon* The King … was by this time known to be in the Scots army — *Swift*. And these hell hounds sold him to the rebels.

P. 11 [par. 21] *Clarendon* [The Scots] had pressed the King to do many things, which he had absolutely refused to do, and that thereupon they had put very strict guards upon his Majesty, … so that his Majesty looked upon himself as a prisoner — *Swift*. The cursed Scots begin their new treachery.

P. 14 [par. 27] *Clarendon*, on "the paper Montrevil sent to the King, being a promise for the Scots receiving the King, Apr 1" — *Swift*. Montrevil might as safely promise for Satan as for the Scots.

Ibid. [par. 28] *Clarendon* on Montrevil's advertising the King of the change in the Scotch — *Swift*. Will Montrevil trust them again?

P. 15 [ditto] *Clarendon* [The Sots] with much ado agreed, that the two princes [Rupert and Maurice] … might follow the King, with such other of his servants as were not excepted from pardon — *Swift*. And why those? Because the Scots were part of the rebels.

P. 16 [par. 30] *Clarendon*, in a letter from Montrevil—"They tell me that they will do more than can be expressed" — *Swift*. So the Scots did, and with a vengeance.

Ibid. [ditto] *Clarendon*, in the same—"The hindering his Majesty from falling into the hands of the English is of so great importance to them, that it cannot be believed but that they will do all that lies in their power to hinder it" — *Swift*. By delivering him up for money. Hellish Scottish dogs!

Ibid. [par. 31] *Clarendon*. If he [Montrevil] were too sanguine … when he signed that engagement upon the first of April, etc. — *Swift*. April fool.

P. 17 [par. 33] *Clarendon*. In this perplexity, he [the King] chose rather to commit himself to the Scots army — *Swift*. To be delivered up for money.

Ibid. [ditto] *Clarendon*. He left Oxford, … leaving those of his council in Oxford who were privy to his going out, not informed whether he would go to the Scots army, etc. — *Swift*. Which would betray him, though his countrymen.

Ibid. [ditto] *Clarendon* [The King,] in the end, went into the Scots army before Newark — *Swift*. Prodigious weakness, to trust the malicious Scotch hell-hounds.

P. 17. [par. 34.] *Clarendon*. The Scottish commissioners at London [assured the Parliament] … that all their orders would meet with an absolute obedience in their army. — *Swift*. No doubt of it.

P. 18. [par. 35.] *Clarendon*, in the text of the sermon preached at Newark before the King:—"And all *the men of Judah* answered the men of

Israel, Because the King is near of kin to us: wherefore then be ye angry for this matter?" — *Swift.* Scotch, (opposite to Judah).

P. 21. [par. 41.] *Clarendon*, Lord Digby and Lord Jermin said: — that there should be an army of thirty thousand men immediately transported into England, with the Prince of Wales in the head of them. — *Swift*. Gasconade.

P. 23. [par. 50.] *Clarendon*. The Parliament made many sharp instances that the King might be delivered into their hands; and that the Scots army would return into their own country, having done what they were sent for, and the war being at an end. — *Swift*. By the event they proved true Scots.

Ibid. [par. 51.] *Clarendon*. [The Scots] made as great profession to him [the King,] of their duty and good purposes, which they said they would manifest as soon as it should be *seasonable*. — *Swift*. See the event; — still Scots.

Ibid. [par. 52.] *Clarendon*, the Marquess of Montrose. — *Swift* The only honest Scot.

P. 24. [par. 53.] *Clarendon*. [It] is still believed, that if his Majesty would have been induced to have satisfied them in that particular [the extirpation of Episcopacy in England,] they would … thereupon have declared for the King. — *Swift*. Rather declare for the Devil.

P. 26. [par. 60.] *Clarendon*. When the Scots, etc. — *Swift*. Cursed Scots.

P. 27. [par. 62.] *Clarendon*. That all Governors of any Garrisons, etc. — *Swift*. Cursed, abominable, hellish, Scottish villains, everlasting traitors, etc., etc., etc.

P. 28. [par. 64.] *Clarendon*. The Scots, who were enough convinced that his Majesty could never be wrought upon to sacrifice the Church … used all the rude importunity and threats to his Majesty, to persuade him freely to consent to all. — *Swift* . Most damnable Scots.

Ibid. [par. 65.] *Clarendon*. The Chancellor of Scotland told him, etc. — *Swift*. Cursed Scots Chancellor [this remark obliterated].

Ibid. [par. 66.] *Clarendon*. The General Assembly … had petitioned the conservators of the peace of the kingdom, that if the King should refuse to give satisfaction to his Parliament, he might not be permitted to come into Scotland. — *Swift*. Scots inspired by Beelzebub.

P. 29. [par. 68.] *Clarendon*. They agreed; and, upon the payment of two hundred thousand pounds in hand, and security for as much more upon days agreed upon, the Scots delivered the King up. — *Swift*. Cursed Scot! sold his King for a groat. Hellish Scots.

Ibid. [par. 69.] *Clarendon*. In this infamous manner that excellent prince was … given up, by his Scots subjects, to those of his English who were intrusted by the Parliament to receive him. — *Swift*. From this period the

English Parliament were turned into Scotch devils.

P. 31. [par. 76.] *Clarendon*, Sir Harry Killigrew: — When the Earl of Essex was chosen general, and the several members of the House stood up, and declared, what horse they would raise, … one saying he would raise ten horses, and another twenty, he stood up and said, "he would provide a good horse, and a good buff coat, and a good pair of pistols, and then he doubted not but he should find a good cause;" and so went out of the House, and rode post into Cornwall. — *Swift*. Another loyall man used the like saying.

P. 53. [par. 118.] *Clarendon*. Many years after, when he [the Duke of York] … made the full relation of all the particulars to me, with that commotion of spirit, that it appeared to be deeply rooted in him; [speaking of the King's injunctions to the duke]. — *Swift*. Yet he lived and died a rank Papist, and lost his kingdom.

P. 55. [par. 121.] *Clarendon*. No men were fuller of professions of duty [to the King], … than the Scottish commissioners. — *Swift* The Scots dogs delivered up their King. False-hearted Scots. [This addition obliterated.]

Ibid. [par. 122.] *Clarendon*. The agitators, and council of officers, sent some propositions to the King. — *Swift*. Detestable villains, almost as bad as Scots.

P. 64 [par. 136] *Clarendon*. Mr. Ashburnham had so great a detestation of the Scots. — *Swift*. So have I.

P. 68. [par. 144.] *Clarendon*. Hammond, — *Swift*. A detes Villain, almost as wicked as a Scot.

P. 76. [par. 159.] *Clarendon*, Marquess of Argyle. — *Swift*. Always a cursed family.

P. 77 [par. 159.] *Clarendon*. The commissioners … were confident that all Scotland would rise as one man for his Majesty's defence and vindication. — *Swift*. A strange stupidity, to trust Scots at any time.

Ibid. [par. 160.] *Clarendon*. They required … "that the Prince of Wales should be present with them, and march in the head of their army." … The King would by no means consent that the prince should go into Scotland. — *Swift*. The King acted wisely not to trust the Scots.

P. 79. [par. 162.] *Clarendon*, Treaty signed, Dec. 26, 1647. They (the Scotch) required: — that an effectual course should be taken … for the suppressing the opinions and practices of anti-trinitarians, arians, socinians, anti-scripturists, anabaptists, antinomians, arminians, familists, brownists, separatists, independents, libertines, and seekers. — *Swift*. What a medley of religions! in all thirteen.

P. 80. [par. 163.] *Clarendon*, the same: — They would assert the right that belonged to the crown, in the power of the militia, the great seal, bestowing of honours and offices of trust, choice of the privy-councillors, and the right of the King's negative voice in Parliament. — *Swift*. They would

rather be hanged than agree.

Ibid, [ditto.] *Clarendon*, the same: — An army should be sent out of Scotland … for making a firm union between the kingdoms under his Majesty, and his posterity. — *Swift*. Scotch impudence.

P. 81. [par. 165.] *Clarendon*, the same: — The King engaged himself to employ those of the Scots nation equally with the English in all foreign employments, and negotiations; and that a third part of all the offices and places about the King, Queen, and Prince, should be conferred upon some persons of that nation. — *Swift*. Impudent Scottish scoundrels.

P. 83. [par. 169.] *Clarendon*. The Presbyterians, by whom I mean the Scots, formed all their counsels by the inclinations, and affections of the people. — *Swift*. Hellish Scotch dogs.

P. 85. [par. 171.] *Clarendon*. With this universal applause, he [Fairfax] compelled the Scots army to depart the kingdom, with that circumstance as must ever after render them odious and infamous. — *Swift*. He out-cunninged the Scots.

P. 86. [par. 172.] *Clarendon*. But the delivery of the King up, besides the infamy of it, etc. — *Swift*. That infamy is in the scurvy nature of a *Scot*, and the best … of their false hearts. [Written in pencil and rubbed out — one word is illegible.]

P. 89. [par. 179.] *Clarendon*. The vile artifices of the Scottish commissioners to draw the King into their hands. — *Swift*. Vile, treacherous Scots for ever.

BOOK XI.

P. 97. [par. 13.] *Clarendon*, on the discourses against the English in the Scottish Parliament: — This discourse … was entertained by the rest with so general a reception, that Argyle found it would be to no purpose directly to contradict or oppose it. — *Swift*. An infamous dog, like all his family.

P. 108. [par. 35.] *Clarendon*. The Prince [Charles II.] set sail first for Yarmouth road, then for the Downs, having sent his brother, the Duke of York, with all his family, to The Hague. — *Swift*. A sorry admiral.

P. 109 [ditto] *Clarendon*. The Prince determining to engage his own person, he [the Duke] submitted to the determination — *Swift*. Popery and cowardice stuck with him all his life.

Ibid. [par. 36] *Clarendon*. The Prince came prepared to depend wholly upon the Presbyterian party, which, besides the power of the *Scots army,* which was every day expected to invade England, was thought to be possessed of all the strength of the City of London. — *Swift*. Curse on the rogues!

Ibid. [same par.] *Clarendon*. Sent from the Scots — *Swift*. So much the worse to rely on the cursed Scots.

P. 112 [par. 43] *Clarendon*. Argyle took notice of Sir Marmaduke Langdale's, and Sir Philip Musgrave's being in the town. — *Swift*. That Scotch dog.

P. 113 [par. 45] *Clarendon*. They entreated them with all imaginable importunity, that they would take the Covenant. — *Swift*. Their damned Covenant.

P. 117 [par. 53] *Clarendon*. Sir Philip Musgrave, that it might appear that they did not exclude any who had taken the Covenant, etc. — *Swift*. Confound their damnable Covenant!

P. 129 [par. 85] *Clarendon*. Defeat of the Scots army — *Swift*. I cannot be sorry.

Ibid. [pars. 86, 87] *Clarendon*, after the defeat of the Scottish army, the Earl of Lauderdale had been sent to The Hague The Prince of Wales — thought fit, that the earl should give an account of his commission at the board, … and, that all respect might be shewed to the Parliament of Scotland, he had a chair allowed him to sit upon — *Swift*. Respect to a Scotch Parliament, with a pox.

P. 130 [par. 87] *Clarendon*. Redeem His Majesty's person from that captivity, which they held themselves obliged … to endeavour to do — *Swift*. Not to do.

P. 133 [par. 96] *Clarendon*. Within a short time after, orders were sent out of Scotland for the delivery of Berwick and Carlisle to the Parliament — *Swift*. Cursed Scots.

Ibid. [par. 98] *Clarendon*. It was generally believed, that the Marquess of Argyle earnestly invited him [Cromwell] to this progress [into Scotland] — *Swift*. That eternal dog, Argyle.

P. 141 [par. 114] *Clarendon*. By the time that the commissioners returned from the Isle of Wight, and delivered this answer to the Parliament, news was brought of the defeat of the Scots army, and Cromwell had written to his friends, etc. — *Swift*. A cursed hell hound.

P. 142. [par. 116.] *Clarendon*. When there appeared some hopes that the Scots would raise an army for the relief and release of the King. — *Swift*. Trust them not, for they are Scots.

P. 145. [par. 120.] *Clarendon*. And himself a prisoner. — *Swift.* Base.

P. 155. [par. 141.] *Clarendon*. The Duke [of York], who was not yet above fifteen years of age, was so far from desiring to be with the fleet, that, when there was once a proposition, upon occasion of a sudden mutiny amongst the seamen, that he should go … amongst them, who professed great duty to his Highness, he was so offended at it that he would not hear of it. — *Swift*. The Duke's courage was always doubtful.

P. 157. [par. 146.] *Clarendon*. (Many persons of honour … the rest had

done.) — *Swift*. Parenthesis eleven lines.

P. 167. [par. 169.] *Clarendon*. Two of them [the ministers] very plainly and fiercely told the King, "that if he did not consent to the utter abolishing of the Episcopacy, he would be damned." — *Swift*. Very civil.

P. 168. [par. 172.] *Clarendon*. [The King] did, with much reluctancy, offer … "to suspend Episcopacy for three years," etc. — *Swift*. Prudent concessions.

Ibid. [ditto.] *Clarendon*, he consented: — likewise, "that money should be raised upon the sale of the Church lands, and only the old rent should be reserved to the just owners and their successors." — *Swift*. Scotch principles.

Ibid. [par. 173.] *Clarendon*. They required farther, "that in all cases, when the Lords and Commons shall declare the safety of the kingdom to be concerned, unless the King give his royal assent to such a Bill as shall be tendered to him for raising money, the Bill shall have the force of an Act of Parliament, as if he had given his royal assent." — *Swift*. English dogs, as bad as Scots.

P. 170. [par. 176.] *Clarendon*, on the King's concessions. — *Swift*. After so many concessions, the commissioners shewed themselves most damnable villains.

P. 172. [par. 181.] *Clarendon*. [The King] confessed, "If they would preserve the Scripture Bishop he would take away the Bishop by Law." — *Swift*. Indeed! a great concession.

P. 174. [par. 187.] *Clarendon*. For Scotland, they demanded "the King's consent, to confirm by Act of Parliament such agreements as should be made by both Houses with that kingdom … for the settling and preserving a happy and durable peace between the two nations, and for the mutual defence of each other." — *Swift*. A most diabolical alliance.

P. 175. [par. 189.] *Clarendon*, on the letter from the King to his son, concerning the treaty. — *Swift*. The whole letter is a most excellent performance.

P. 176. [par. 189.] *Clarendon*. The major part of both Houses of Parliament was, at that time, so far from desiring the execution of all those concessions, that, if they had been able to have resisted the wild fury of *the army*, they would have been themselves suitors to have declined the greatest part of them. — *Swift*. Diabolical villains.

P. 177. [par. 193.] *Clarendon*. It cannot be imagined how wonderfully fearful some persons in France were that he [the King] should have made his escape, and the dread they had of his coming thither. — *Swift*. French villains.

P. 180. [par. 198.] *Clarendon*, the Commons sent to Winchester: — their well tried Serjeant Wild, to be the sole judge of that circuit. — *Swift*. An infernal dog.

Ibid. [par. 200.] *Clarendon*. Young Sir Harry Vane had begun the debate [upon the treaty] with the highest insolence, and provocation. — *Swift*. A cursed insolent villain, worse than even a Scot, or his own father.

P. 183. [par. 206.] *Clarendon*, on the seizure of many Members entering into the House, by the soldiers. — *Swift*. Damnable proceeding.

P. 184. [ditto.] *Clarendon*, the remaining Members vote the contrary to their former votes: — that the answer the King had given to their propositions was not satisfactory. — *Swift*. Cursed rogues.

P. 189. [par. 221.] *Clarendon*. Harrison was the son of a butcher. — *Swift*. The fitter for that office.

P. 195. [par. 233.] *Clarendon*, Trial of the King: — The King … told them, "he would first know of them, by what authority they presumed by force to bring him before them, and who gave them power to judge of his actions, for which he was accountable to none but God." — *Swift*. Very weak.

P. 198. [par. 241] *Clarendon*. [The King] was always a great lover of the Scottish nation. — *Swift*. There I differ from him.

Ibid. [ditto.] *Clarendon*. Having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always. — *Swift*. Who were the cause of his destruction, like abominable Scotch dogs.

P. 199. [par. 244] *Clarendon*. In that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects … as any of his predecessors. — *Swift*. Only common pity for his death, and the manner of it.

P. 208. [par. 261] *Clarendon*, Lord Capel's trial: — *Cromwell,* who had known him very well, spoke so much good of him, and professed to have so much kindness and respect for him, that all men thought he was now safe. — *Swift*. Cursed dog.

BOOK XII.

P. 217. [par. 4.] *Clarendon*, Charles II. proclaimed in Scotland: — upon condition of "his good behaviour, and strict observation of the Covenant, and his entertaining no other persons about him but such as were godly men, and faithful to that obligation." — *Swift* Cursed Scots in every circumstance.

Ibid. [par. 5.] *Clarendon*. The new Duke [of Hamilton]. — *Swift*. A Scotch duke, celebrated by the author: a perfect miracle.

Ibid. [ditto.] *Clarendon*. A rare virtue in the men of that time. — *Swift.* [Of that] nation.

P. 218. [par. 7.] *Clarendon*, on the commission sent to England when the King was tried: — The Marquess of Argyle had had too deep a share in that wickedness [the delivery of the King], to endure the shock of a new dispute, and inquisition upon that subject; and therefore gave not the least opposition to their passion [of the Scots]. — *Swift*. A true Argyle.

Ibid. [continuation of the same sentence.] *Clarendon*. But seemed equally concerned in the honour of the nation, to prosecute an high expostulation with those of England, for the breach of faith, and the promises, which had been made for the safety, and preservation of the King's person, at the time he was

delivered up. — *Swift*. The Scots were the cause and chief instruments of the King's murder by delivering him up to the English rebels.

P. 222. [par. 13.] *Clarendon*. It was very manifest … that the Marquess of Argyle meant only to satisfy the people, in declaring that they had a King … but that such conditions should be put upon him, as he knew, he would not submit to. — *Swift*. Most detestable villain.

P. 224. [par. 17.] *Clarendon*. As soon as he came into the room where they were. — *Swift*. Abominable Scotch dogs.

P. 225. [ditto.] *Clarendon*. A learned and worthy Scottish divine, Dr. Wishart. — *Swift*. A prodigious rarity.

Ibid. [par. 18.] *Clarendon*. The Earl [of Lauderdale] told him [one of the council] … that he could not imagine, or conceive the barbarities and inhumanities Montrose was guilty of, in the time he made a war in Scotland. — *Swift*. That earl was a beast; I mean Lauderdale.

Ibid, [ditto.] *Clarendon*. That he [Montrose] had in one battle killed fifteen hundred of one family, of the Campbells, of the blood and name of Argyle. — *Swift*. Not half enough of that execrable breed.

P. 228. [par. 24.] *Clarendon*, for the embassy from the Parliament: — one Dorislaus, a doctor in the civil law, was named. — *Swift*. A Dutch fellow, employed by those regicides who murdered the King.

P. 237. [par. 41.] *Clarendon*. The Prince of Orange … wished, "that, in regard of the great differences which were in England about matters of religion, the King would offer … to refer all matters in controversy concerning religion to a national synod." — *Swift*. I do not approve it.

P. 249. [par. 69.] *Clarendon*, on the defeat of the Marquess of Ormonde by Jones. — *Swift*. Ormonde's army discomfited!

P. 265. [par. 119.] *Clarendon*. And that Committee of the Parliament. — *Swift*. Scots.

Ibid. [par. 119.] *Clarendon*. The council of Scotland … sent a gentleman … to invite his Majesty again to come into his kingdom of Scotland, not without a rude insinuation that it was the last invitation he should receive. — *Swift*. Still cursed Scots.

P. 267. [par. 122.] *Clarendon*, on the conditions sent from Scotland to Breda, in case the King consented to come to Scotland: — The King himself, and all who should attend upon him, were first to sign the Covenant before they should be admitted to enter into the kingdom. — *Swift*. Damnable Scottish dogs.

P. 268. [par. 125.] *Clarendon*, some lords warned the King, that it was to be feared that: — Argyle would immediately deliver up the person of the King into the hands of Cromwell. — *Swift*. That Scotch dog was likely

enough to do so, and much worse.

Ibid. [par. 126.] *Clarendon*, the ambassadors in Spain: — were extremely troubled, both of them having always had a strong aversion that the King should ever venture himself in the hands of that party of the Scottish nation, which had treated his father so perfidiously. — *Swift*. Damnable nation for ever.

P. 269. [par. 127.] *Clarendon*. [The King] was before [in Spain] looked upon as being dispossessed, and disinherited of all his dominions, as if he had no more subjects than those few who were banished with him, and that there was an entire defection in all the rest. But now that he was possessed of one whole kingdom, etc. — *Swift*. Yet all cursed villains; a possession of the Devil's kingdom, where every Scot was a rebel.

Ibid. [par. 128.] *Clarendon*. There fell out at this time … an accident of such a prodigious nature, that, if Providence had not, for the reproach of Scotland, determined that the King should once more make experiment of the courage and fidelity of that nation, could not but have diverted his Majesty from that northern expedition; which, how unsecure soever it appeared to be for the King, was predestinated for a greater chastisement and mortification of that people, as it shortly after proved to be: [alluding to Montrose's execution.] — *Swift*. That is good news.

P. 270. [par. 128.] *Clarendon*. The Marquess [of Montrose], who was naturally full of great thoughts, and confident of success. — *Swift*. He was the only man in Scotland who had ever one grain of virtue; and was therefore abhorred, and murdered publicly by his hellish countrymen.

P. 270. [par. 129.] *Clarendon*. There were many officers of good name and account in Sweden, of the Scottish nation. — *Swift*. Impossible.

P. 271. [par. 130.] *Clarendon*. Montrose knew, that of the two factions there, which were not like to be reconciled, each of them were equally his implacable enemies. — *Swift*. Very certain.

Ibid, [ditto.] *Clarendon*. The whole kirk … being alike malicious to him. — *Swift.* Scots damnable kirk.

P. 272. [par. 131]. *Clarendon*. Many of [the nobility] … assured him [Montrose], that they would meet him with good numbers; and they did prepare to do so, some really; and others, with a purpose to betray him. — *Swift*. Much the greater number.

Ibid. [par. 133.] *Clarendon*. The tyranny of Argyle … caused very many to be barbarously murdered, without any form of law or justice, who had been in arms with Montrose. — *Swift*. That perpetual inhuman dog and traitor, and all his posterity, to a man, damnable villains.

P. 273. [par 134.] *Clarendon* Most of the other officers were shortly after taken prisoners, all the country desiring to merit from Argyle by betraying all those into his hands which they believed to be his enemies. — *Swift*. The virtue and morality of the Scots.

Ibid, [ditto] *Clarendon*. And thus, whether *by the owner of the house* or

any other way, the Marquess himself became their prisoner. — *Swift*. A tyrannical Scottish dog.

P. 274. [par. 137.] *Clarendon* "That for the League and Covenant, he had never taken it," etc. — *Swift*. The Devil, their God, I believe had taken it. [This remark is nearly obliterated.]

Ibid. [par. 138] *Clarendon*, sentence on Montrose: — That he was … to be carried to Edinburgh Cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, etc. — *Swift*. Oh! if the whole nation, to a man, were just so treated! begin with Argyle, and next with the fanatic dogs who teased him with their kirk scurrilities.

Ibid. [par. 139.] *Clarendon*. After many such barbarities, they [the ministers] offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him. — *Swift*. Most treacherous, damnable, infernal Scots for ever!

P. 275. [par. 140] *Clarendon*. He bore it [the execution] with ill the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. — *Swift.* A perfect hero; wholly un-Scotified.

Ibid, [ditto] *Clarendon*. [He] prayed, "that they might not betray him [the King], as they had done his father." — *Swift*. A very seasonable prayer, but never performed.

P. 275. [par. 142.] *Clarendon*. The Marquess of Argyle … wanted nothing but *honesty and courage* to be a very extraordinary man. — *Swift*. Trifles to a Scot.

P. 276. [par. 143.] *Clarendon*. They who were most displeased with Argyle and his faction, were not sorry for this inhuman, and monstrous prosecution [of Montrose]. — *Swift*. Impudent, lying Scottish dogs.

BOOK XIII.

P. 285. [par. 1.] *Clarendon*. Without he likewise consented to those. — *Swift*. Bad.

P. 286. [par. 3.] *Clarendon*. The King was received by the Marquess of Argyle with all the outward respect imaginable. — *Swift*. That dog of all Scotch dogs.

Ibid, [ditto.] *Clarendon*. They did immediately banish him [Daniel O'Neill] the kingdom, and obliged him to sign a paper, by which he consented to be put to death, if he were ever after found in the kingdom. — *Swift*. In Scotland, with a pox.

P. 287. [par. 5.] *Clarendon*. The King's table was well served. — *Swift*. With Scotch food, etc. etc. etc.

P. 300. [par 36.] *Clarendon*. The King had left … the Duke of York with the Queen, with direction "that he should conform himself entirely to the will and pleasure of the Queen his mother, matters of religion only excepted." — *Swift*. Yet lost his kingdom for the sake of Popery.

P. 301. [par. 37.] *Clarendon*. The Duke [of York] was full of spirit and

courage, and naturally loved designs. — *Swift. Quantum mutatus!*

P. 304. [par. 42.] *Clarendon*, on the proposed match between the Duke of York, and the Duke of Lorraine's natural daughter: — Only Sir George Ratcliffe undertook to speak to him about it, who could only make himself understood in Latin, which the Duke cared not to speak in. — *Swift*. Because he was illiterate, and only read Popish Latin.

P. 305. [par. 44.] *Clarendon*. [The Queen] bid him [the chancellor of the exchequer] "assure the Duke of York, that he should have a free exercise of his religion, as he had before." — *Swift*. Who unkinged himself for Popery.

P. 306. [par. 45.] *Clarendon*. It was indeed the common discourse there [in Holland], "that the Protestants of the Church of England could never do the King service, but that all his hopes must be in the Roman Catholics, and the Presbyterians." — *Swift*. A blessed pair.

Ibid. [par. 46.] *Clarendon*. [The Duke of York] was fortified with, a firm resolution never to acknowledge that he had committed any error. — *Swift*. No, not when he lost his kingdom or Popery.

P. 311. [par. 58.] *Clarendon*. The King had … friendship with Duke Hamilton. — *Swift. Vix intelligo*.

P. 318. [par. 75.] *Clarendon*, the King's defeat at Worcester, 3d of September. — *Swift*. September 3d, always lucky to Cromwell.

P. 339. [par. 122.] *Clarendon*. There was no need of spurs to be employed to incite the Duke [of York]; who was most impatient to be in the army. — *Swift* How old was he when he turned a Papist, and a coward?

P. 340. [par. 123.] *Clarendon*. The Duke pressed it [his being allowed to join the army] with earnestness and passion, in which he dissembled not. — *Swift. Dubitat Augustinus*.

P. 343. [par. 128.] *Clarendon*, the Duke, in the French army: — got the reputation of a prince of very signal courage, and to be universally beloved of the whole army by his affable behaviour. — *Swift*. But proved a cowardly Popish king.

P. 348, line 50. *Swift*. Scots.

P, 349. [par. 140.] *Clarendon*. The chancellor … told his Majesty, "this trust would for ever deprive him of all hope of the Queen's favour; who could not but discern it within three or four days, and, by the frequent resort of the Scottish vicar [one Knox; who came with Middleton to Paris,] to him" (who had the vanity to desire long conferences with him) "that there was some secret in hand which was kept from her." — *Swift*. The little Scottish scoundrel, conceited vicar.

BOOK XIV.

P. 386. [par. 41.] *Clarendon*. Scotland lying under a heavy yoke by the strict government of Monk. — *Swift*. I am glad of that.

P. 387. [par. 44.] *Clarendon*. The day of their meeting [Cromwell's Parliament] was the third of September in the year 1654. — *Swift*. His lucky day.

P. 394. [par. 56.] *Clarendon*. The Highlanders … made frequent incursions in the night into the English quarters; and killed many of their soldiers, but stole more of their horses. — *Swift*. Rank Scottish thieves.

P. 413. [par. 95.] *Clarendon*. A bold person to publish, etc. — *Swift*. Bussy Rabutin, Amours des Gaules.

P. 414. [par. 96.] *Clarendon*. There was at that time in the court of France, or rather in the jealousy of that court, a lady of great beauty, of a presence very graceful and alluring, and a wit and behaviour that captivated those who were admitted into her presence; [to whom Charles II. made an offer of marriage] — *Swift*. A prostitute whore.

P. 420. [par. 109.] *Clarendon*. The chancellor of the exchequer one day … desired him [the king] "to consider upon this news, and importunity from Scotland, whether in those Highlands there might not be such a safe retreat and residence, that he might reasonably say, that with the affections of that people, which had been always firm both to his father and himself, he might preserve himself in safety, though he could not hope to make any advance." — *Swift*. The chancellor never thought so well of the Scots before.

Ibid, [ditto.] *Clarendon*. His Majesty discoursed very calmly of that country, … "that, if sickness did not destroy him, which he had reason to expect from the ill accommodation he must be there contented with, he should in a short time be betrayed and given up" — *Swift*. But the King knew them better.

P. 425. [par. 118.] *Clarendon*. [The King's enemies] persuaded many in England, and especially of those of the reformed religion abroad, that his Majesty was in truth a Papist. — *Swift*. Which was true.

P. 443. *Clarendon*. The wretch [Manning], soon after, received the reward due to his treason. — *Swift*. In what manner?

BOOK XV.

P. 469. [par. 53.] *Clarendon.* That which made a noise indeed, and crowned his [Cromwell's] successes, was the victory his fleet, under the command of Blake, had obtained over the Spaniard. — *Swift*. I wish he were alive, for the dogs the Spaniards' sake, instead of our worthless H —— .

P. 495. [par. 119, sec. 3,] *Clarendon*, in the address of the Anabaptists to the King:—"We … humbly beseech your Majesty, that you would engage your royal word never to erect, nor suffer to be erected, any such tyrannical, Popish, and Antichristian hierarchy (Episcopal, Presbyterian, or by what name

soever it be called) as shall assume a power over, or impose a yoke upon, the consciences of others." — *Swift*. Honest, though fanatics.

P. 501. [par. 136.] *Clarendon*, at the siege of Dunkirk: — Marshal Turenne, accompanied with the Duke of York, who would never be absent upon those occasions, … spent two or three days in viewing the line round, — *Swift*. James II., a fool and a coward.

P. 502. [par. 137.] *Clarendon*. There was a rumour.., that the Duke of York was taken prisoner by the English, … whereupon many of the French officers, and gentlemen, resolved to set him at liberty; … So great an affection that nation owned to have for his Highness. — *Swift*. Yet he lived and died a coward.

BOOK XVI.

P. 523. [par. 29.] *Clarendon*, on the discovery of the treachery of Sir Richard Willis. — *Swift*. Doubtful.

P. 539. [par. 47.] *Clarendon*. If it had not been for the King's own *steadiness*. — *Swift*. Of which, in religion, he never had any.

P. 540. [par. 75.] *Clarendon*, upon the Duke of York's being invited into Spain, with the office of El Admirante del Oceano, he was warned that he: — would never be suffered to go to sea under any title of command, till he first changed his religion. — *Swift*. As he did openly in England.

P. 559. [par. 131.] *Clarendon*. There being scarce a bon-fire at which they did not roast a rump. — *Swift*. The *Rump*.

P. 583. [par. 194.] *Clarendon*, Declaration of the King, April 4-1/4 1660: —"Let all our subjects, how faulty soever, rely upon the word of a King," etc. — *Swift*. Usually good for nothing.

Ibid. [ditto.] *Clarendon*, the same:—"A free Parliament; by which, upon the word of a King, we will be advised." — *Swift*. Provided he be an honest and sincere man.

P. 585. [par. 199.] *Clarendon*, Letter to the fleet:—"Which gives us great encouragement and hope, that God Almighty will heal the wounds by the same plaster that made the flesh raw." — *Swift*. A very low comparison.

P. 586. [par. 201.] *Clarendon*, Letter to the city of London:—"Their affections to us in the city of London; which hath exceedingly raised our spirits, and which, no doubt, hath proceeded from the Spirit of God, and His extraordinary mercy to the nation; which hath been encouraged by you, and your good example … to discountenance the imaginations of those who would subject our subjects to a government they have not yet devised." — *Swift*. Cacofonia.

P. 595. [par. 222.] *Clarendon*, Proclamation of the King, May 8, by the Parliament, Lord Mayor, etc.:—"We … acknowledge, … that … he [Charles

II.] is of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, the most potent, mighty, and undoubted King; and thereunto we most humbly and faithfully do submit, and oblige ourselves, our heirs, and posterity for ever." — *Swift*. Can they oblige their posterity 10,000 years to come?

P. 596. [par. 225]. *Clarendon*, The case of Colonel Ingoldsby: After he had refused to sign the death-warrant of the King: — Cromwell, and others, held him by violence; and Cromwell, with a loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ Richard Ingoldsby he making all the resistance he could. — *Swift*. A mistake; for it was his own hand-writ, without any restraint.

REMARKS ON BISHOP BURNET'S "HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIME"

CONTENTS

SHORT REMARKS ON BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.
REMARKS ON BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIME.
BOOK I.
BOOK II.
BOOK III.
BOOK IV.
BOOK VII.
THE CONCLUSION.
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, BY THOMAS BURNET, ESQ.

issued in 1823 and revised in a second edition in 1833. Mr. Osmund Airy is at present engaged on a new edition for the Clarendon Press, but so far only two volumes have been published. It was in Dr. Routh's edition that almost all of Swift's notes first appeared. In the Preface to the issue of 1823, the learned editor informs us that Swift's notes were taken "from his own copy of the history, which had come into the possession of the first Marquis of Lansdowne." A note in the edition of 1833 corrects a statement made in the previous edition that Swift's copy had been burnt. It was not Swift's own copy, but a copy containing a transcript of Swift's notes that was burnt.

In the preparation of the present text every available reference has been searched. Sir Walter Scott's reprint of Swift's "Notes" was sadly inadequate. Not only did he misquote the references to Burnet's work, but he could not have consulted the Lansdowne copy, since fully a third of the "notes" were altogether ignored by him. It is believed that the text here given contains every note accurately placed to its proper account in Burnet's "History." The references are to the edition in folio issued in 1724-1734.

In the twenty-seventh volume of the "European Magazine," and in the two following volumes, a fair proportion of Swift's notes were first published. These were reprinted by Dr. Burnet in 1808, in his "Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift." Both these authorities have been consulted. Dr. Routh's modesty forbade him including six of the notes, because they were "not written with the requisite decorum." These have been included here. Mr. Osmund Airy has "thought it unadvisable to encumber the pages with simple terms of abuse"; but an editor of Swift's works cannot permit himself this licence. His duty is to include everything.

The text of the "Short Remarks" is taken from vol. viii., Part 1, of the quarto edition of Swift's works, edited by Deane Swift, and published in 1765.

SHORT REMARKS ON BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

This author is in most particulars the worst qualified for an historian that ever I met with. His style is rough, full of improprieties, in expressions often Scotch, and often such as are used by the meanest people. He discovers a great scarcity of words and phrases, by repeating the same several hundred times, for want of capacity to vary them. His observations are mean and trite, and very often false. His secret history is generally made up of coffeehouse scandals, or at best from reports at the third, fourth, or fifth hand. The account of the Pretender's birth, would only become an old woman in a chimney-corner. His vanity runs intolerably through the whole book, affecting to have been of consequence at nineteen years old, and while he was a little Scotch parson of forty pounds a year. He was a gentleman born, and, in the time of his youth and vigour, drew in an old maiden daughter of a Scotch earl to marry him. His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, except of those who were friends to the Presbyterians. That early love of liberty he boasts of is absolutely false; for the first book that I believe he ever published is an entire treatise in favour of passive obedience and absolute power; so that his reflections on the clergy, for asserting, and then changing those principles, come very improperly from him. He is the most partial of all writers that ever pretended so much to impartiality; and yet I, who knew him well, am convinced that he is as impartial as he could possibly find in his heart; I am sure more than I ever expected from him; particularly in his accounts of the Papist and fanatic plots. This work may be more properly called "A History of Scotland during the Author's Time, with some Digressions relating to England," rather than deserve the title he gives it. For I believe two thirds of it relate only to that beggarly nation, and their insignificant brangles and factions. What he succeeds best in, is in giving extracts of arguments and debates in council or Parliament. Nothing recommends his book but the recency of the facts he mentions, most of them being still in memory, especially the story of the Revolution; which, however, is not so well told as might be expected from one who affects to have had so considerable a share in it. After all, he was a man of generosity and good nature, and very communicative; but, in his ten last years, was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw Popery under every bush. He hath told me many passages not mentioned in this history, and many that are, but with several circumstances suppressed or altered. He never gives a good character without one essential point, that the person was tender to Dissenters, and thought many things in the Church ought to be amended.

Setting up for a maxim, laying down for a maxim, clapt up, decency, and

some other words and phrases, he uses many hundred times.

Cut out for a court, a pardoning planet, clapt up, left in the lurch, the mob, outed, a great beauty, went roundly to work: All these phrases used by the vulgar, shew him to have kept mean or illiterate company in his youth.

REMARKS ON BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIME.

PREFACE, p. 3. *Burnet.*

Indeed the peevishness, the ill nature, and the ambition of many clergymen has sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them; so I *warn* my reader to take all that I say on these heads with some grains of allowance. — *Swift.* I will take his *warning.*

P. 4. *Burnet.* Over and over again retouched and polished by me. — *Swift.* Rarely polished; I never read so ill a style.

Ibid. *Burnet.* That thereby I may awaken the world to just reflections on their own errors and follies. — *Swift.* This I take to be nonsense.

BOOK I.

P. 6. *Burnet.* That king saw that those who were most in his interests were likewise jealous of his authority, and apt to encroach upon it. — *Swift.* Nonsense.

P. 10. *Burnet* says that competent provision to those who served the cure: — was afterwards in his son's time raised to about fifty pounds a year. — *Swift.* Scotch pounds, I suppose.

P. 11. *Burnet.* Colonel Titus assured me that he had from King Charles the First's own mouth, that he was well assured he [Prince Henry] was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means. — *Swift.* Titus was the greatest rogue in England.

P. 18. *Burnet* says that Gowry's conspiracy against King James was confirmed to him by his father. — *Swift.* Melvil makes nothing of it.

P. 20. *Burnet.* I turn now to the affairs of Scotland, which are but little known. — *Swift.* Not worth knowing.

P. 23. *Burnet,* Archbishop Spotswood began: — his journey as he often did on a Sunday, which was a very odious thing in that country. — *Swift.* Poor malice.

P. 24. *Burnet,* Mr. Steward, a private gentleman, became: — so considerable that he was raised by several degrees to be made Earl of Traquair and Lord-Treasurer [of Scotland], and was in great favour; but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune, that I saw him so low that he wanted bread, … and it was believed died of hunger. — *Swift.* A strange death: perhaps it was of want of *meat*.

P. 26. *Burnet.* My father … carefully preserved the petition itself, and the papers relating to the trial [of Lord Balmerinoch]; of which I never saw any copy besides those which I have. … The whole record … is indeed a very noble piece, full of curious matter. — *Swift.* Puppy.

P. 28. *Burnet.* The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, free of all scandalous vices. — *Swift.* As a man is free of a corporation, he means.

P. 29. *Burnet.* The Lord Wharton and the Lord Howard of Escrick undertook to deliver some of these; which they did, and were *clapt up* upon it. — *Swift.* Dignity of expression.

P. 30. *Burnet.* [King Charles I.] was now in great straits … his treasure was now exhausted; his subjects were highly irritated; the ministry were all frighted, being exposed to the anger and justice of the Parliament. … He loved high and rough methods, but had neither the skill to conduct them, nor the height of genius to manage them. — *Swift.* Not one good quality named.

P. 31. *Burnet.* The Queen [of Charles I.] was a woman of great vivacity in

conversation, and loved all her life long to be *in intrigues of all sorts.* — *Swift.* Not of love, I hope.

Ibid. *Burnet.* By the concessions that he made, especially that of the triennial Parliament, the honest and quiet part of the nation was satisfied, and thought their religion and liberties were secured: So they broke off from those violenter propositions that occasioned the war. — *Swift.* Dark, or nonsense.

Ibid. *Burnet.* He intended not to stand to them any longer than he lay under that force that visibly drew them from him contrary to his own inclinations. — *Swift.* Sad trash.

P. 33. *Burnet.* The first volume of the Earl of Clarendon's "History" gives a faithful representation of the beginnings of the troubles, though writ in favour of the court. — *Swift.* Writ with the spirit of an historian, not of [a raker] into scandal.

P. 34. *Burnet.* Dickson, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and the two Gillispys … affected great sublimities in devotion: They poured themselves out in their prayers with a loud voice, and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; something of Hebrew, and very little Greek: Books of controversy with Papists, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their study. — *Swift.* Great nonsense. Rutherford was half fool, half mad.

P. 40. *Burnet,* speaking of the bad effects of the Marquess of Montrose's expedition and defeat, says: — It alienated the Scots much from the King: It exalted all that were enemies to peace. Now they seemed to have some colour for all those aspersions they had cast on the King, as if he had been in a correspondence with the Irish rebels, when the worst tribe of them had been thus employed by him. — *Swift.* Lord Clarendon differs from all this.

P. 41. *Burnet.* The Earl of Essex told me, that he had taken all the pains he could to enquire into the original of the Irish massacre, but could never see any reason to believe the King had any accession to it. — *Swift.* And who but *a beast* ever believed it?

P. 42. *Burnet,* arguing with the Scots concerning the propriety of the King's death, observes: — Drummond said, "Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapon." — *Swift.* And Burnet thought as Cromwell did.

P. 46. *Burnet.* They [the army] will ever keep the Parliament in subjection to them, and so keep up their own authority. — *Swift.* Weak.

Ibid. *Burnet.* Fairfax was much distracted in his mind, and changed purposes often every day. — *Swift.* Fairfax had hardly common sense.

P. 49. *Burnet.* I will not enter farther into the military part: For I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg's, never to meddle in the relation of military matters. — *Swift.* Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write.

P. 50. *Burnet.* [Laud's] defence of himself, writ … when he was in the Tower, is a very mean performance. … In most particulars he excuses himself by this, that he was but one of many, who either in council, star-chamber, or high commission voted illegal things. Now though this was true, yet a chief

minister, and one in high favour, determines the rest so much, that they are generally little better than machines acted by him. On other occasions he says, the thing was proved but by one witness. Now, how strong soever this defence may be in law, it is of no force in an appeal to the world; for if a thing is true, it is no matter how full or how defective the proof is. — *Swift.* All this is full of malice and ill judgement.

Ibid. *Burnet,* speaking of the "Eikon Basilike," supposed to be written by Charles the First, says: — There was in it a nobleness and justness of thought with a greatness of style, that made it to be looked on as the best writ book in the English language. — *Swift.* I think it a poor treatise, and that the King did not write it.

P. 51. *Burnet.* Upon the King's death the Scots proclaimed his son King, and sent over Sir George Wincam, *that married my great-aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey. — *Swift.* Was that the reason he was sent?

P. 53. *Burnet.* I remember in one fast-day there were six sermons preached without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service. — *Swift.* Burnet was not then eight years old.

P. 61. *Burnet,* speaking of the period of the usurpation in Scotland: — Cromwell built three citadels, at Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon those eight years of usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity. — *Swift.* No doubt you do.

P. 63. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch preachers at sacrament times during the civil wars, says: — The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches, or the reach of their voices. — *Swift.* I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.

P. 64. *Burnet.* The resolutioners sent up one Sharp, who had been long in England, and was an active and eager man. — *Swift.* Afterwards archbishop, and murdered.

P. 66. *Burnet.* Thus Cromwell had all the King's party in a net. He let them dance in it at pleasure. And upon occasions *clapt* them up for a short while. — *Swift.* Pox of his *claps*.

P. 87. *Burnet,* speaking of the Restoration: — Of all this Monk had both the praise and the reward, though I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him. — *Swift.* Malice.

BOOK II.

P. 92. *Burnet.* I will therefore enlarge … on the affairs of Scotland; both out of the inbred love that all men have for their native country, etc. — *Swift.* Could not he keep his inbred love to himself?

Ibid. *Burnet.* Sharp, who was employed by the resolutioners … stuck neither at solemn protestations, … nor at appeals to God of his sincerity in acting for the presbytery both in prayers and on other occasions, etc. — *Swift.* Sure there was some secret personal cause of all this malice against Sharp.

P. 93. *Burnet,* speaking of Charles II. says: — He was affable and easy, and loved to be made so by all about him. The great art of keeping him long was, the being easy, and the making everything easy to him. — *Swift.* Eloquence.

P. 99. *Burnet* says of Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington: — His parts were solid, but not quick. — *Swift.* They were very quick.

P. 100. *Burnet* says of the Duke of Buckingham: — Pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. — *Swift.* No consequence. *Burnet.* He had no steadiness nor conduct: He could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. — *Swift.* Nonsense.

P. 117. *Burnet.* It was visible that neither the late King nor the present were under any force when they passed … those Acts [bringing in Presbyterian government]. — *Swift.* Both Kings were under a force.

P. 118. *Burnet.* To annul a Parliament was a terrible precedent, which destroyed the whole security of government. — *Swift.* Wrong arguing.

Ibid. *Burnet.* Distress on his affairs was really equivalent to a force on his person. — *Swift.* It was so.

P. 119. *Burnet.* We went into it, he said, as knaves, and therefore no wonder if we miscarried in it as fools. — *Swift.* True.

Ibid. *Burnet.* No government was so well established, as not to be liable to a revolution. This [the Rescissory Act] would cut off all hopes of peace and submission, if any disorder should happen at any time thereafter. — *Swift.* Wrong weak reasoning.

P. 120. *Burnet.* Such care was taken that no public application should be made in favour of Presbytery. Any attempt that was made on the other hand met with great encouragement. — *Swift.* Does the man write like a bishop?

P. 126. *Burnet,* speaking of the execution of the Marquess of Argyle: — After some time spent in his private devotions he was beheaded. — *Swift.* He was the greatest villain of his age.

Ibid. *Burnet.* The kirk … asserted all along that the doctrine delivered in their sermons did not fall under the cognisance of the temporal courts, till it

was first judged by the church. — *Swift.* Popery.

P. 127. *Burnet.* The proceedings against Wariston were soon dispatched. — *Swift.* Wariston was an abominable dog.

P. 135. *Burnet,* of Bishop Leightoun's character: — The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion. … His style was rather too fine. — *Swift.* Burnet is not guilty of that.

P. 140. *Burnet.* Leightoun did not stand much upon it. He did not *think* orders given without bishops were null and void. He *thought*, the forms of government were not settled by such positive laws as were unalterable; but only by apostolical practices, which, as he *thought*, authorized Episcopacy as the best form. Yet he did not *think* it necessary to the being of a church. But he *thought* that every church might make such rules of ordination as they pleased. — *Swift. Think, thought, thought, think, thought.*

P. 154. *Burnet,* speaking of a proclamation for shutting up two hundred churches in one day: — Sharp said to myself, that he knew nothing of it. … He was glad that this was done without his having any share in it: For by it he was furnished with somewhat, in which he was no way concerned, upon which he might cast all the blame of all that followed. Yet this was suitable enough to a maxim that he and all that sort of people set up, that the execution of laws was that by which all governments maintained their strength, as well as their honour. — *Swift.* Dunce, can there be a better maxim?

P. 157. *Burnet,* speaking of those who enforced church discipline, says: — They had a very scanty measure of learning, and a narrow compass in it. They were little men, of a very indifferent size of capacity, and apt to fly out into great excess of passion and indiscretion. — *Swift.* Strange inconsistent stuff.

P. 160. *Burnet.* One Venner … thought it was not enough to believe that Christ was to reign on earth, and to put the saints in the possession of the kingdom … but added to this, that the saints were to take the kingdom themselves. — *Swift.* This wants grammar.

P. 163. *Burnet.* John Goodwin and Milton did also escape all censure, to the surprise of all people. — *Swift.* He censures even mercy.

Ibid. *Burnet.* Milton … was … much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that of "Paradise Lost," in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that, though he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifullest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language. — *Swift.* A mistake, for it is *in English.*

P. 164. *Burnet.* The great share he [Sir Henry Vane] had in the attainder of the Earl Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but above all the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it was necessary to put him out of the way. — *Swift.* A malicious turn. Vane was a dangerous

enthusiastic beast.

Ibid. *Burnet.* When he [Sir Henry Vane] saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it, with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with *decency*. — *Swift.* His lady *conceived* of him the night before his execution.

Ibid. *Burnet.* Sir Henry Vane died with so much composedness, that it was generally thought, the government had lost more than it had gained by his death. — *Swift.* Vane was beheaded for new attempts, not here mentioned.

P. 179. *Burnet.* [The Papists] seemed zealous for the Church. But at the same time they spoke of toleration, as necessary both for the peace and quiet of the nation, and for the encouragement of trade. — *Swift.* This is inconsistent.

P. 180. *Burnet* says that Mr. Baxter: — was a man of great piety; and, if he had not meddled in too many things, would have been esteemed one of the learned men of the age: He writ near *two hundred books.* — *Swift.* Very sad ones.

P. 184. *Burnet.* The Convocation that prepared those alterations, as they added some new holy days, St. Barnabas, and the Conversion of St. Paul, so they took in more lessons out of the Apocrypha, in particular the story of Bel and the Dragon. — *Swift.* I think they acted wrong.

Ibid. *Burnet.* Reports were spread … of the plots of the Presbyterians in several counties. Many were taken up on those reports: But none were ever tried for them. — *Swift.* A common practice.

Ibid. *Burnet,* writing of the ejection of the Nonconformists on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, says: — A severity neither practised by Queen Elizabeth in the enacting her Liturgy, nor by Cromwell in ejecting the Royalists. — *Swift.* But by King William.

P. 186. *Burnet,* speaking of the great fines raised on the church estates ill applied, proceeds: — If the half had been applied to the buying of tithes or glebes for small vicarages, here a foundation had been laid down for a great and effectual reformation. — *Swift.* He judges here right, in my opinion.

Ibid. *Burnet,* continuing the same subject: — The men of merit and service were loaded with many livings and many dignities. With this great accession of wealth there broke in upon the Church a great deal of luxury and high living, on the pretence of hospitality; while others made purchases, and left great estates, most of which we have seen melt away. — *Swift.* Uncharitable aggravation; a base innuendo.

P. 189. *Burnet.* Patrick was a great preacher. He wrote … well, and chiefly on the Scriptures. He was a laborious man in his function, of great

strictness of life, but a little too severe against those who differed from him. But that was, when he thought their doctrines struck at the fundamentals of religion. He became afterwards more moderate. — *Swift.* Yes, for he turned a rank Whig.

P. 190. *Burnet.* [Archbishop Tenison] was a very learned man. — *Swift.* The dullest, good-for-nothing man I ever knew.

P. 191. *Burnet,* condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says their discourses were: — long and heavy, when all was *pie-bald*, full of many sayings of different languages. — *Swift.* A noble epithet. *Burnet.* The King … had got a right notion of style. — *Swift.* How came Burnet not to learn this style?

P. 193. *Burnet,* speaking of the first formation of the Royal Society: — Many physicians, and other ingenious men went into the society for natural philosophy. But he who laboured most … was Robert Boyle, the Earl of Cork's youngest son. He was looked on by all who knew him as a very perfect pattern. … He neglected his person, despised the world, and lived abstracted from all pleasures, designs, and interests. — *Swift.* Boyle was a very silly writer.

P. 195. *Burnet.* Peter Walsh, … who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew among [the Popish clergy, often told me] … there was nothing which the whole Popish party feared more than an union of those of the Church of England with the Presbyterians. … The Papists had two maxims, from which they never departed: The one was to divide us: And the other was to keep themselves united. — *Swift.* Rogue.

P. 202. *Burnet.* The queen-mother had brought over from France one Mrs. Steward, reckoned a very *great beauty.* — *Swift.* A pretty phrase.

P. 203. *Burnet.* One of the first things that was done in this session of Parliament was *the execution of my unfortunate uncle, Wariston.* — *Swift.* Was he hanged or beheaded? A fit uncle for such a bishop.

P. 211. *Burnet.* Many were undone by it [religious persecution], and went over to the Scots in Ulster, where they were well received, and had all manner of liberty as to their way of religion. — *Swift.* The more the pity.

P. 214. *Burnet.* The blame of all this was cast upon Sharp….. And the Lord Lauderdale, to complete his disgrace with the King, got many of his letters … and laid these before the King; So that the King looked on him as one of the worst of men. — *Swift.* Surely there was some secret cause for this perpetual malice against Sharp.

P. 220. *Burnet.* Pensionary De Witt had the notions of a commonwealth from the Greeks and Romans. And from them he came to fancy, that an army commanded by officers of their own country was both more in their own

power, and would serve them with the more zeal, since they themselves had such an interest in their success. — *Swift.* He ought to have judged the contrary.

P. 236. *Burnet,* speaking of the slight rebellion in the west of Scotland, 1666, says: — The rest [of the rebels] were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the weariness of the King's troops that were not in case to pursue them. … For they were a poor harmless company of men, become mad by oppression. — *Swift.* A fair historian!

P. 237. *Burnet.* They might all have saved their lives, if they would have renounced the Covenant: So they were really a sort of martyrs for it. — *Swift.* Decent term.

P. 238. *Burnet.* [Sir John Cunningham] was not only very learned in the civil and canon law … [but] was above all, a man of eminent probity, and of a sweet temper, and indeed one of the *piousest* men of the nation. — *Swift.* Is that Scotch?

P. 242. *Burnet.* When the peace of Breda was concluded, the King wrote to the Scottish council, and communicated *that* to them; and with *that* signified, *that* it was his pleasure *that* the army should be disbanded. — *Swift.* Four *thats* in one line.

P. 243. *Burnet.* [Archbishop Burnet] saw Episcopacy was to be pulled down, and … writ upon these matters a long and sorrowful letter to Sheldon: And upon that Sheldon writ a very long one to Sir R. Murray; which I read, and found more temper and moderation in it than I could have expected from him. — *Swift.* Sheldon was a very great and excellent man.

P. 245. *Burnet.* [The Countess of Dysert] was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts. … She had studied not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about, a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy. … [When Lauderdale] was prisoner after Worcester fight, she made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell. — *Swift.* Cromwell had gallantries with her.

P. 248. *Burnet.* The clergy … saw designs were forming to turn them all out: And, hearing that they might be better provided in Ireland, they were in many places bought out, and prevailed on to desert their cures. — *Swift.* So Ireland was well provided.

P. 252. *Burnet.* The King … suspecting that Lord Cornbury was in the design, spoke to him as one in a rage that forgot all decency. … In the afternoon he heard him with more temper, as he himself told me. — *Swift.* Who told him?

P. 253. *Burnet,* speaking of Sheldon's remonstrating with the King about his mistresses, adds: — From that day forward Sheldon could never recover the King's confidence. — *Swift.* Sheldon had refused the sacrament to the King for living in adultery.

Ibid. *Burnet.* Sir Orlando Bridgman … was a man of great integrity, and

had very serious impressions of religion on his mind. He had been always on the side of the Church. — *Swift.* What side should he be of?

P. 256. *Burnet,* speaking of the Earl of Clarendon's banishment: — It seemed against the common course of justice, to make all corresponding with him treason, when he himself was not attainted of treason. — *Swift.* Bishop of Rochester's case.

P. 257. *Burnet.* Thus the Lord Clarendon fell under the common fate of great ministers, whose employment exposes them to envy, and draws upon them the indignation of all who are disappointed in their pretensions. Their friends turning as violently against them, as they formerly fawned abjectly upon them. — *Swift.* Stupid moralist.

Ibid. *Burnet,* speaking of the Earl of Clarendon's eldest son, who afterwards succeeded him, says: — His judgement was not to be *much* depended on, for he was *much* carried by vulgar prejudices, and false notions. He was *much* in the Queen's favour. *Swift.* Much, much, much.

P. 258. *Burnet,* speaking of the Earl of Rochester, second son of Lord Clarendon: — [He] is a man of far greater parts [than his brother]. He has a *very good pen*, but speaks not gracefully. — *Swift.* I suppose it was of gold or silver.

Ibid. *Burnet.* [The King] told me, he had a chaplain, that was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom he had given a living in Suffolk, that was full of that sort of people [Nonconformists]. He had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could say to them, for he said he was a very silly fellow. But that, he believed, his nonsense suited their nonsense, for he had brought them all to church. And, in reward of his diligence, he had given him a bishopric in Ireland. — *Swift.* Bishop Wolley, of Clonfert.

P. 259. *Burnet.* If the sectaries were humble and modest, and would tell what would satisfy them, there might be some colour for granting some concessions. — *Swift.* I think so too.

P. 260. *Burnet.* The three volumes of the "Friendly Debate," though writ by a very good man. — *Swift.* Writ by Bishop Patrick.

Ibid. *Burnet.* After he [Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford] had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books, writ with much life, he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age, etc. — *Swift.* What is a droll? *Burnet.* That not only humbled Parker, but the whole party. For the author of "The Rehearsal Transposed," etc. — *Swift.* Andrew Marvel.

P. 263. *Burnet,* speaking of the King's attachment to Nell Gwyn, says: — But after all he never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress. — *Swift.* Pray what *decencies* are those?

Ibid. *Burnet.* The King had another mistress, that was managed by Lord Shaftesbury, who was the daughter of a clergyman, Roberts, in whom her first education had so deep a root, that, though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion

was so deep laid in her, that, though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror at sin, that she was never easy in an ill course, and died with a great sense of her former ill life. I was *often with her* the last three months of her life. — *Swift*. Was she handsome then?

P. 264. *Burnet*. The King loved his [the Earl of Rochester's] company for the diversion it afforded, better than his person: And there was no love lost between them. — *Swift*. A noble phrase.

P. 265. *Burnet*. Sedley had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse: But he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester. — *Swift*. No better a critic in wit than style.

P. 266. *Burnet*. Lord Roberts, afterwards made Earl of Radnor, [who succeeded the Duke of Ormonde in his government of Ireland,] was a morose man, believed to be severely just, and as wise as a *cynical* humour could allow him to be. — *Swift*. How does that hinder wisdom?

P. 273. *Burnet*. Charles II. confessed himself a Papist to the Prince of Orange: — The Prince told me, that he never spoke of this to any other person, till *after his death*. — *Swift*. That is, *his own death*.

P. 277. *Burnet* quotes an exclamation of Archbishop Sharp's, after an attempt to assassinate him, and adds: — This was the single expression savouring of piety, that ever fell from him in all the conversation that passed between him and me. — *Swift.* Rank malice.

P. 285. *Burnet*. No body could ever tell me how the word "Ecclesiastical matters" was put in the Act. Leightoun thought, he was sure it was put in after the draught and form of the Act was agreed on. — *Swift*. Nonsense.

P. 287. *Burnet*, speaking of Archbishop Burnet, says: — He was not cut out for a court, or for the ministry. — *Swift*. A phrase of dignity.

Ibid. Burne, mentioning his own appointment as Professor of Divinity at Glasgow University, says: — There was no sort of artifice or management to bring this about: It came of themselves: And they did it without any recommendation of any person whatsoever. — *Swift*. Modest.

P. 288. *Burnet*. The Episcopal party thought I intended to make myself popular at their cost: So they began that strain of fury and calumny that has pursued me ever since from *that sort of people*. — *Swift*. A civil term for all who are Episcopal.

P. 298. *Burnet*. [In compiling the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton,] I found there materials for a very large history. I writ it with great sincerity; and concealed none of their errors. I did indeed conceal several things that related to the King: I left out some passages that were in his letters; in some of which was too much weakness. — *Swift.* The letters, if they had been published, could not have given a worse character.

P. 300. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch clergy refusing to be made bishops, says: — They had an ill opinion of the court, and could not be brought to leave their retirement. — *Swift.* For that very reason they should

have accepted bishoprics.

P. 301. *Burnet,* after mentioning the murder of the Duchess of Orleans, says: — I will set down one story of her, that was told me by a person of distinction, who had it from some who were well informed of the matter. — *Swift.* Poor authority.

P. 303. *Burnet.* Madame [the Duchess of Orleans] had an intrigue with another person, whom I knew well, the Count of Tréville. When she was in her agony, she said, "Adieu, Tréville." He was so struck with this accident, that it had a good effect on him; for he went and lived many years among the Fathers of the Oratory, and became both a very learned, and devout man. He came afterwards out into the world. I saw him often. He was a man of a very sweet temper, only a little too formal for a Frenchman. But he was very sincere. He was a Jansenist. He hated the Jesuits. — *Swift.* Pretty jumping periods.

P. 304. *Burnet.* Lord Shaftesbury laid the blame of this chiefly on the Duke of Buckingham: For he told me, … And therefore he blamed him. — *Swift.* Who blamed whom.

Ibid. *Burnet.* The Duke of Savoy was encouraged to make a conquest of Genoa. — *Swift.* Geneva.

Ibid. *Burnet.* When a foreign minister asked the King's leave to treat with him [Lockhart] in his master's name, the King consented; but with this severe reflection, That he believed he would be true to anybody but himself. — *Swift.* Does he mean, Lockhart would not be true to Lockhart?

P. 305. *Burnet.* They [the French] so possessed De Groot, then the Dutch ambassador at Paris, or they corrupted him into a belief that they had no design on them, etc. — *Swift.* Who on whom?

P. 306. *Burnet.* The Earl of Shaftesbury was the chief man in this advice [recommending the King to shut up the exchequer]. — *Swift.* Clifford had the merit of this.

P. 318. *Burnet,* after mentioning the death of William II., Prince of Orange, says of the Princess: — As she bore her son a week after his death, in the eighth month of her time, so he came into the world under great disadvantages. — *Swift.* A pretty contrast.

Ibid. *Burnet* mentions an astrological prediction of the Prince's fate, and adds: — But that which *was* most particular *was*, that he *was* to have a son by a widow, and *was* to die of the small-pox in the twenty-fifth year of his age. — *Swift*. Was, was, was, was.

P. 320. *Burnet*. They set it also up for a maxim. — *Swift*. He can vary a phrase; set up for a maxim, and lay down for a maxim.

P. 321. *Burnet*. His oath was made to them, and by consequence it was in their power to release the obligation that did arise from it to themselves. — *Swift*. Bad casuist.

Ibid. Burnet. As soon as he [the Prince of Orange] was brought into the command of the armies, he told me, he spoke to De Witt, and desired to live in an entire confidence with him. His answer was cold: So he saw that he could not depend upon him. When he told me this, he added, that he was certainly one of the greatest men of the age, and he believed he served his country faithfully — *Swift*. Yet the Prince contrived that he should be murdered.

Ibid. Burnet. Now I come to give an account of the fifth crisis brought on the whole reformation, which has been of the longest continuance, since we are yet in the agitations of it. — *Swift*. Under the Queen and Lord Oxford's ministry.

P. 322. *Burnet*. [In this famous campaign of Louis XIV. against the Dutch, (1672,)] there was so little heart or judgement shewn in the management of that run of success, etc. — *Swift*. A metaphor, but from gamesters.

P. 326. *Burnet*, referring to the action of the rabble when Cornelius de Witt was banished, says of the Prince of Orange: — His enemies have taken advantages from thence to cast the infamy of this on him, and on his party, to make them all odious; though the Prince spoke of it always to me with the greatest horror possible. — *Swift*. Yet he was guilty enough.

P. 328. *Burnet*. Prince Waldeck was their chief general: A man of a great compass. — *Swift, i.e.* very fat.

P. 330. *Burnet*. He broke twice with the Prince, after he came into a confidence with him. He employed me to reconcile him to him for the third time — *Swift*. Perspicuity.

Ibid. Burnet. The actions sinking on the sudden on the breaking out of a new war, that sunk him into a melancholy, which quite distracted him. — *Swift*. Eloquent.

P. 335. *Burnet*. I will complete the transactions of this memorable year: — P. 337. Thus I have gone far into the state of affairs of Holland in this memorable year. — *Swift*. Why, you called it so but just now before.

P. 337. *Burnet*. It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns — *Swift*. What! ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman.

Ibid. Burnet. This year the King declared a new mistress, and made her Duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to Madame, the King's sister, and had come over with her to Dover; where the King had expressed such a regard to her, that the Duke of Buckingham, who hated the Duchess of Cleveland, intended to *put her on the King*. — *Swift.* Surely he means the contrary.

P. 341. *Burnet*. [The Duke of Lauderdale] called for me all on the sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him, of putting all the outed ministers by *couples* into parishes: So that instead of wandering about the country to hold conventicles in all places, they might be fixed to a certain

abode, and every one might have the half of a benefice. — *Swift.* A sottish project; instead of feeding *fifty*, you starve a *hundred*.

BOOK III.

P. 346. *Burnet*. It was believed, if the design had succeeded, he [Lord Clifford] had agreed with his wife to take orders, and to aspire to a cardinal's hat. — *Swift*. Was he or she to take orders?

P. 362. *Burnet*. I told him, what afterwards happened, that most of these would make their own terms, and leave him in the lurch. — *Swift*. True sublime.

P. 370. *Burnet*. I was ever of Nazianzen's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the clergy. — *Swift*. Dog!

P. 372. *Burnet*, when he was struck out of the list of chaplains, says: — The King said, he was afraid I had been too busy; and wished me to go home to Scotland, and be more quiet. — *Swift*. The King knew him right.

Ibid. Burnet. I preached in many of the churches of London; and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any that was to be disposed of by *a popular election.* — *Swift*. Much to his honour.

P. 373. *Burnet*. This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months. And during that time I said to some, that Duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied, unless I was undone. So I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me. — *Swift*. Scotch dog!

P. 374. *Burnet*. He [Lord Howard] went over in the beginning of the war, and offered to serve De Witt. But he told me, he found him a dry man. — *Swift*. Who told who? I guess Howard told Burnet.

P. 378. *Burnet*. At least he [Sir William Temple] thought religion was fit only for the mob. — *Swift*. A word of dignity for an historian. *Burnet.* He was a corrupter of all that came near him. And he delivered himself up wholly to study, ease, and pleasure. — *Swift*. Sir William Temple was a man of virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger.

P. 380. *Burnet*, speaking of his being pressed, before Parliament, to reveal what passed between him and the Duke of Lauderdale *in private*; and the Parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him, says: — Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of the discourse formerly mentioned. — *Swift*. Treacherous villain.

Ibid. Burnet. My love to my country, and my private friendships carried me perhaps too far. — *Swift*. Right.

P. 382. *Burnet*. [Sir Harbottle Grimstone] had always *a tenderness to the Dissenters*. — *Swift*. Burnet's test of all virtues.

Ibid. Burnet. [Lady Grimstone] was the humblest, the devoutest, and best tempered person I ever *knew of that sort* [having high notions for Church and Crown]. — *Swift*. Rogue.

P. 384. *Burnet*, the country party maintained that: — if a Parliament thought any law inconvenient for the good of the whole, they must be supposed still free to alter it: And no previous limitation could bind up their legislature. — *Swift.* Wrong arguing.

P. 387. *Burnet*. It was said, a standing Parliament changed the constitution of England. — *Swift*. The present case under King George.

Ibid. Burnet. It was moved, that an address should be made to the King for dissolving the Parliament. — *Swift. Tempora mutantur*; for nothing now will do but septennial Parliaments.

P. 388 *Burnet*. He [Lord Russell] had from his first education an inclination to favour the Non-conformists. — *Swift*. So have all the author's favourites.

P. 392. *Burnet*. But with these good qualities Compton was a weak man, wilful, and strangely wedded to a party. — *Swift.* He means, to the Church.

Ibid. Burnet. Bancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, was raised to [the see of Canterbury]. … He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. … He was a dry, cold man, reserved, and peevish; so that none loved him, and few esteemed him. — *Swift*. False and detracting.

P. 396. *Burnet*. My way of writing history pleased him [Sir William Jones]. — *Swift*. Very modest.

P. 399. *Burnet*. Men were now though silent, not quiet. — *Swift*. Nonsense, or printer's mistake. It should be, "Silent, though not quiet."

Ibid, Burnet. One Carstairs, a loose and vicious gentleman. — *Swift*. Epithets well placed.

P. 404. *Burnet*. It was an extraordinary thing that a random cannon shot should have killed him [Turenne]. — *Swift*. How extraordinary? Might it not kill him as well as another man?

P. 406. *Burnet*, in the battle at St. Omer between the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) and the Duke of Orleans: — some regiments of marines, on whom the Prince depended much, did basely run away. Yet the other bodies fought so well, that he lost not much, besides the *honour of the day*. — *Swift*. He was used to that.

P. 407. *Burnet*. These leading men did so entangle the debates, and over-reached those on whom he had practised, that they, working on the aversion that the English nation naturally has to a French interest, spoiled the hopefullest session the court had had of a great while, before the court was well aware of it. — *Swift*. Rare style!

P. 409. *Burnet*, Lord Danby, speaking to King Charles II., said: — If they saw his [the Duke of York's] daughter given to one that was at the head of the Protestant interest, it would very much soften those apprehensions, when it

did appear that his religion was only a personal thing, not to be derived to his children after him. With all this the King was convinced. — *Swift*. Then how was the King for bringing in Popery?

P. 413. *Burnet*. His friend answered, He hoped he did not intend to make use of him to trepan a man to his ruin. Upon that, with lifted up hands, Sharp promised by the living God, that no hurt should come to him, if he made a full discovery. — *Swift*. Malice.

Ibid. *Burnet*, upon the examination of Mitchell before the privy-council for the intended assassination of Archbishop Sharp, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner's right hand, and then his left: — Lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, "How shall he wipe his breech then?" This is not very *decent* to be mentioned in such a work, if it were not necessary. — *Swift*. As decent as a thousand other passages; so he might have spared his apology.

P. 414. *Burnet*, in the last article of the above trial, observes: — But the judge, who hated Sharp, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner said to him, "Confess nothing, unless you are sure of your limbs as well as of your life." — *Swift*. A rare judge.

Ibid. *Burnet*, mentioning Mackenzie's appointment as king's advocate, says of him: — He has published many books, some of law, but all full of faults; for he was a slight and superficial man. — *Swift*. Envious and base.

P. 416. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the above Mitchell for the attempt against Sharp, says: — Yet Duke Lauderdale had a chaplain, Hickes, afterwards Dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter, in order to the justifying of it — *Swift*. A learned, pious man.

P. 425. *Burnet*. [Titus Oates] got to be a chaplain in one of the king's ships, from which he was dismissed upon complaint of some unnatural practices, not to be named. — *Swift*. Only sodomy.

P. 434. *Burnet*. He [Staley] was cast. — *Swift. Anglicê*, found guilty.

P. 441. *Burnet*, on the impeachment of Lord Danby: — Maynard, an ancient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute of 25 Edward III. that the courts of law could not proceed but upon one of the crimes there enumerated: But the Parliament had still a power, by the clause in that Act, to declare what they thought was treason. — *Swift*. Yes, by a new Act, but not with a retrospect; therefore Maynard was a *knave or a fool, with all his law*.

P. 442. *Burnet*. This indeed would have justified the King, if it had been demanded above board. — *Swift*. Style of a gamester.

P. 451. *Burnet*. Yet many thought, that, what doctrines soever men might by a subtlety of speculation be earned into, the approaches of death, with the seriousness that appeared in their deportment, must needs work so much on the probity and candour which seemed footed in human nature, etc. — *Swift.* Credat Judaeus Apella.

P. 455. *Burnet*, the Bill of Exclusion disinherited: — the next heir, which certainly the King and Parliament might do, as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir. — *Swift.* That is not always true. Yet it was certainly

in the power of King and Parliament to exclude the next heir.

P. 457. *Burnet*. Government was appointed for those that were to be governed, and not for the sake of governors themselves. — *Swift*. A true maxim and infallible.

P. 458. *Burnet*. It was a maxim among our lawyers, that even an Act of Parliament against *Magna Charta* was null of itself. — *Swift*. A sottish maxim.

P. 459. *Burnet*. For a great while I thought the accepting the limitations [proposed in the Exclusion Bill] was the wisest and best method. — *Swift*. It was the wisest, because it would be less opposed; and the King would consent to it; otherwise an *exclusion* would have done better.

P. 471. *Burnet*. The guards having lost thirty of their number were forced to run for it. — *Swift*. For what?

P. 475. *Burnet*. Dangerfield, a subtle and dexterous man, who … was a false coiner, undertook now to coin a plot for the ends of the Papists. — *Swift*. Witty.

P. 479. *Burnet*. Godolphin … had true principles of religion and virtue, and was free from all vanity, and never heaped up wealth: So that all things being laid together, he was one of the worthiest and wisest men that has been employed in our time. — *Swift*. All this very partial to my knowledge.

P. 483. *Burnet*. I laid open the cruelties of the Church of Rome in many instances that happened in Queen Mary's reign, which were not then known: And I *aggravated*, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion. — *Swift*. A BULL!

Ibid. Burnet. Sprat had studied a polite style much: But there was little strength in it: He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him: But he has allowed himself in a course of some years in much sloth and too many liberties. — *Swift*. Very false.

P. 489. *Burnet*. Here was a justice to be done, and a service to truth, towards the saving a man's life…. He advised with all his friends, and with my self in particular. The much greater number were of opinion that he ought to be silent. — *Swift*. Damned advice.

P. 496. *Burnet*. Jones stood upon a point of law, of the unseparableness of the prerogative from the person of the King. — *Swift*. A lawyer's way of arguing, very weak.

P. 509. *Burnet*, speaking of the grand juries in the latter end of King Charles's reign returning *ignoramus* so frequently on bills of indictment, states that: — in defence of these *ignoramus juries* it was said, that by the express words of their oath they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them: And therefore, if they did not believe the evidence, they could not find a bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support that, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it: It passed as writ by Lord Essex, though I understood afterwards it was writ by Somers. — *Swift*. Lord Somers.

P. 516. *Burnet* says, on the imposition of a Test Act: — The bishops were earnest for this, which they thought would secure them for ever from a Presbyterian Parliament. It was carried in the vote: And that made many of the court more zealous than ever for carrying through the Act. — *Swift*. And it was very reasonable.

P. 519. *Burnet* mentions that, when the Test Act was passed: — about eighty of the most learned and pious of their clergy left all rather than comply with the terms of this law…. About twenty of them came up to England. — *Swift*. Enough to corrupt England.

P. 523. *Burnet*, describing the death of the Duke of Lauderdale, says — His heart seemed quite spent: There was not left above the bigness of a walnut of firm substance: The rest was spongy, liker the lungs than the heart. — *Swift. Anglicé*, more like.

P. 525. *Burnet*, Home was convicted on the credit of one infamous evidence: — Applications were made to the Duke [of York] for saving his life: But he was not born under *a pardoning planet*. — *Swift*. Silly fop.

P. 526. *Burnet* All the Presbyterian party saw they were now disinherited of a main part of their birth-right. — *Swift*. As much of Papists as of Presbyterians.

P. 527. *Burnet*, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682: — It was said, that those who were in the government in corporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not extinguish those corporations, nor part with any of their privileges. Others said, that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet, when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed, such a deed was good in law. The matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine it. — *Swift*. What does he think of the surrenders of the charters of abbeys?

P. 528. *Burnet* The Non-conformists were now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the Papists: And it was wisely done of them, for they knew how much the *Non-conformists were set against them*. — *Swift*. Not so much as they are against the Church.

P. 531. *Burnet* Lord Hyde was the person that disposed the Duke to it: Upon that Lord Halifax and he fell to be in ill terms; for he hated Lord Sunderland beyond expression, though he had married his sister. — *Swift*. Who married whose sister?

P. 536. *Burnet* The truth is, juries became at that time the shame of the nation, as well as a reproach to religion: For they were packed, and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed and not as matters appeared on the evidence. — *Swift*. So they are now.

P. 538. *Burnet* He [Algernon Sidney] was ambassador in Denmark at the time of the Restoration. — *Swift*. For Cromwell.

P. 543. *Burnet*, on Rumbold's proposal to shoot the King at Hodsdon, in his way to Newmarket, adds: — They [the conspirators] ran into much *wicked talk* about the way of executing that. But nothing was ever fixed on: All was *but talk*. — *Swift*. All plots begin with talk.

P. 548. *Burnet*. At the time of Lord Russell's plot, Baillie being asked by the King whether they had any design against his person? he frankly said not; but being asked: — if they had been in any consultations with lords or others in England, in order to an insurrection in Scotland? Baillie faltered at this. For his *conscience* restrained him from *lying*; — *Swift.* The author and his *cousins* could *not tell lies*, but they *could plot*.

P. 549. *Burnet.* Next morning he went with him to the Tower gate, the messenger being again fast asleep. — *Swift.* Is this a blunder?

P. 553. *Burnet,* speaking of Lord Essex's suicide (1683) — His man, thinking he stayed longer than ordinary in his *closet*, looked through the key hole, and there saw him lying dead. — *Swift.* He was on the close stool.

P. 555. *Burnet,* on Lord Russell's trial — Finch summed up the evidence against him. But … shewed more of a vicious eloquence, in turning matters with some subtlety against the prisoners, than of solid or sincere reasoning. — *Swift.* Afterwards Earl of Aylesford, an arrant rascal.

P. 562. *Burnet.* I offered to take my oath, that the speech [of Lord Russell] was penned by himself, and not by me. — *Swift.* Jesuitical.

P. 567. *Burnet.* I knew Spanheim particularly, *who was* envoy from the Elector of Brandenburg, *who is* the greatest critic of the age in all ancient learning. — *Swift. Who was — who is*, pure nonsense.

P. 568. *Burnet.* All people were apprehensive of very black designs, when they saw Jeffreys made Lord Chief Justice, who … run out upon all occasions into declamations, that did not become the bar, much less the bench. He was not learned in his profession: And his eloquence, though viciously copious, yet was neither correct nor agreeable. — *Swift.* Like Burnet's eloquence.

P. 572. *Burnet,* on Algernon Sidney's trial, observes, that: — Finch aggravated the matter of the book, as a proof of his intentions, pretending it was an overt act, for he said, *Scribere est agere*. — *Swift.* Yet this Finch was made Earl of Aylesford by King George.

Ibid. *Burnet,* when Sidney charged the sheriffs who brought him the execution-warrant with having packed the jury — one of the sheriffs … wept. He told it to a person, from whom Tillotson had it, who told it me. — *Swift.* Admirable authority.

P. 577. *Burnet.* So that it was plain, that after all the story they had made of the [Rye-house] Plot, it had gone no further, than that a company of seditious and inconsiderable persons were framing among themselves some treasonable schemes, that were never likely to come to anything. — *Swift.* Cursed partiality.

P. 579. *Burnet*. The King [Charles II.] had published a story all about the court, … as the reason of this extreme severity against Armstrong: He said, that he was sent over by Cromwell to murder him beyond sea; … and that upon his confessing it he had promised him never to speak of it any more as long as he lived. So the King, counting him now dead in law, thought he was free from that promise. — *Swift*. If the King had a mind to lie, he would have stayed till Armstrong was hanged.

P. 583. *Burnet*. It ended in dismissing Lord Aberdeen, and making Lord Perth chancellor, to which he had been long aspiring in a most indecent manner. — *Swift. Decent* and *indecent*, very useful words to this author.

P. 585. *Burnet*. I saved myself out of those difficulties by saying to all my friends, that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful. — *Swift.* Jesuitical.

Ibid. Burnet says, after relating how the thumb-screws were applied to Spence and Carstairs: — Upon what was thus screwed out of these two persons, etc. — *Swift*. Witty the second time.

P. 586. *Burnet*, Baillie suffered several hardships and fines for being supposed to be in the Rye-house Plot; yet: — seemed all the while so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the reviving of the spirit of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans. — *Swift*. For he was our *cousin*.

P. 587. *Burnet*, speaking of Baillie's execution, says: — The only excuse that was ever pretended for this infamous prosecution was, that they were sure he was guilty. — *Swift*. Bishop of Rochester.

P. 588. *Burnet*, Lord Perth wanting to see Leightoun, I writ so earnestly to him, that he came to London; and, on — his coming to me, I was amazed to see him at above seventy look so fresh and well…. [Two days afterwards] Leightoun sunk so, that both speech and sense went away of a sudden: And he continued panting about twelve hours; and then died without pangs or convulsions. — *Swift*. Burnet killed him by bringing him to London.

Ibid. Burnet Leightoun … retained still a peculiar inclination to Scotland. — *Swift*. Yet he chose to live in England.

P. 589. *Burnet*, speaking of Leightoun's views of the Church of England, says: — As to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts, and the pastoral care, he looked on it as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. — *Swift*. Very civil.

Ibid. Burnet. There were two remarkable circumstances in his [Leightoun's] death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. — *Swift.* Canting puppy.

P. 590. *Burnet*. Sterne, Archbishop of York, died in the 86th year of his

age: He was a sour ill-tempered man, and minded chiefly the enriching his family. — *Swift*. Yet thought author of "The Whole Duty of Man."

P. 591. *Burnet* says of Bishop Mew: — Though he knew very little of divinity, or of any other learning, and was weak to a childish degree, yet obsequiousness and zeal raised him through several steps to this great see [Bath and Wells]. — *Swift*. This character is true.

P. 595. *Burnet*. And now the tables were turned — *Swift.* Style of a gamester.

P. 596. *Burnet*, being appointed to preach the sermon on the Gunpowder Plot, (1684,) at the Rolls Chapel: — I chose for my text these words: "Save me from the lion's mouth, thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." I made no reflection in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn, as being the two supporters of the King's scutcheon. — *Swift*. I doubt that.

P. 600. *Burnet* relates a story of a quarrel between three gentlemen, one of whom was killed. He says that one of the others: — was prevailed on to confess the indictment, and to let sentence pass on him for murder; a pardon being promised him if he should do so. [After this he had to pay £16,000 for his pardon.] — *Swift*. The story is wrong told.

P. 604. *Burnet* mentions a scheme to raise dissensions between Charles II. and the Duke of York, and adds: — Mr. May of the privy purse told me, that he was told there was a design to break out, with which he himself would be well pleased. — *Swift*. The bishop told me this with many more particulars.

P. 609. *Burnet*, speaking of the suspicion of Charles II. being poisoned, says that: — Lower and Needham, two famous physicians, … [noticed some] blue spots on the outside of the stomach. Needham called twice to have it opened: but the surgeons seemed not to hear him. And when he moved it the second time, he, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him, "Needham will undo us, calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it." … Le Fevre, a French physician, told me, he saw a blackness in the shoulder; Upon which he made an incision, and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a Papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing. — *Swift*. One physician told me this from Short himself.

P. 611. *Burnet*, describing the behaviour of Charles II. when in hiding after the battle of Worcester, says: — Under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner, as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. — *Swift.* This might admit a more favourable turn.

P. 613. *Burnet,* in his character of Charles II., says: — His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his

love of pleasures, his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. — *Swift.* Malicious, and in many circumstances false.

P. 615. *Burnet* concludes his character of Charles II. with these words: — How ungrateful soever this labour has proved to my self, and how unacceptable soever it may be to some, who are either obliged to remember him gratefully, or by the engagement of parties and interests are under other biasses, yet I have gone through all that I knew relating to his life and reign with that regard to truth, and what I think may be instructive to mankind, which became an impartial writer of history, and one who believes, that he must give an account to God of what he writes, as well as of what he says and does. — *Swift.* He was certainly a very bad prince, but not to the degree described in this character, which is poorly drawn, and mingled with malice very unworthy an historian, and the style abominable, as in the whole history, and the observations trite and vulgar.

BOOK IV.

P. 623. *Burnet.* Because Chudleigh the envoy there had openly broken with the Prince [of Orange], (for he not only waited no more on him, but acted openly against him; and once in the Vorhaut had affronted him, while he was driving the Princess upon the snow in a *trainau*, according to the German manner, and pretending they were masked, and that he did not know them, had ordered his coachman to keep his way, as they were coming towards the place where he drove;) the King recalled him. — *Swift.* A pretty parenthesis.

P. 626. *Burnet.* This gave all thinking men a melancholy prospect. England now seemed lost, unless some happy accident should save it. All people saw the way for packing a Parliament now laid open. — *Swift.* Just our case at the Queen's death.

P. 638. *Burnet* says that Musgrave and others pretended: — when money was asked for just and necessary ends, to be frugal patriots, and to be careful managers of the public treasure. — *Swift.* A party remark,

P. 651. *Burnet.* Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London when Cornish was sheriff, offered to swear against Cornish; and also said, that Rumsey had not discovered all he knew. So Rumsey to save himself joined with Goodenough, to swear Cornish guilty of that for which the Lord Russell had suffered. And this was driven on so fast, that Cornish was seized on, tried, and executed within the week. — *Swift.* Goodenough went to Ireland, practised law, and died there.

Ibid. *Burnet.* It gave a general horror to the body of the nation: And it let all people see, what might be expected from a reign that seemed to delight in blood. — *Swift.* The same here since the Queen's death.

P. 654. *Burnet.* The Archbishop of Armagh [1685,] had continued Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was in all points so compliant to the court, that even his religion came to be suspected on that account. — *Swift.* False.

Ibid *Burnet,* and yet this archbishop: — was not thought thorough-paced. So Sir Charles Porter, who was a zealous promoter of everything that the King proposed, and was a man of ready wit, and being poor was thought a person fit to be made a tool of, was declared Lord Chancellor of Ireland. — *Swift.* False and scandalous.

P. 669. *Burnet.* Solicitor-general Finch … was presently after turned out. And Powis succeeded him, who was a compliant young aspiring lawyer, though in himself he was no ill natured man. — *Swift.* Sir Thomas Powis, a good dull lawyer.

P. 670. *Burnet,* speaking of the power claimed for the King to dispense with the sacramental test, says: — It was an overturning the whole government, … to say that laws, … where one of the penalties was an incapacity, which by a maxim of law cannot be taken away even by a pardon, should at the pleasure of the prince be dispensed with: A fine was also set by the Act on offenders, but not given to the King, but to the informer, which thereby became his. So that the King could no more pardon that, than he could discharge the debts of the subjects, and take away property. — *Swift.* Wrong reasoning.

P. 672. *Burnet.* Intimations were everywhere given, that the King would not have them [Dissenters], or their meetings, to be disturbed. Some of them began to grow insolent upon this shew of favour. — *Swift.* The whole body of them grew insolent, and complying to the King.

P. 675. *Burnet.* Sancroft lay silent at Lambeth. He seemed zealous against Popery in private discourse: But he was of such a timorous temper, and *so set on the enriching his nephew,* that he shewed no sort of courage. — *Swift.* False as hell.

P. 681. *Burnet,* referring to the revived national zeal against Popery, says: — The Episcopal clergy were in many places so sunk into sloth and ignorance, that they were not capable of conducting this zeal: … But the Presbyterians, though they were now freed from the great severities they had long smarted under, yet expressed on all occasions their unconquerable aversion to Popery. — *Swift.* Partial dog!

P. 682. *Burnet.* He made the Earl of Tyrconnell Lord Lieutenant. — *Swift.* Lord deputy.

P. 688. *Burnet.* Nor were the clergy more diligent in their labours among their people, in which respect it must be confessed that the English clergy are the most remiss of any. — *Swift.* Civil that.

P. 690. *Burnet,* speaking of King William's character, says: — he had no vice, but of one sort, in which he was very *cautious* and *secret*. — *Swift.* It was of two sorts — *male* and *female* — in the *former* he was neither cautious nor secret.

P. 691. *Burnet,* in a conversation with the Prince of Orange at The Hague, (1686): — When he found I was in my opinion for toleration, he said, that was all he would ever desire to bring us to, for quieting our contentions at home. — *Swift.* It seems the Prince even then thought of being King.

P. 692. *Burnet,* the advice I gave the Princess of Orange, when she should be Queen of England, was, to: — endeavour effectually to get it [the real

authority] to be legally vested in him [the Prince] during life: This would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled. — *Swift.* By Mrs. Villiers, now Lady Orkney; but he proved a *d —— d husband for all that.*

P. 693. *Burnet,* having told the Princess of Orange that her succession to the throne would not make her husband king, and given her the advice just quoted, says: — she in a very frank manner told him, that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God, as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife. — *Swift.* Foolish.

P. 693. *Burnet.* [Penn, the Quaker,] was a talking vain man, who had been long in the King's favour, he being the vice-admiral's son. … He had a tedious luscious way, that was not apt to overcome a man's reason, though it might tire his patience. — *Swift.* He spoke very agreeably, and with much spirit.

P. 695. *Burnet.* Cartwright was promoted to Chester. He was a man of good capacity, and had made some progress in learning. He was ambitious and servile, cruel and boisterous: And, by the great liberties he allowed himself, he fell under much scandal of the *worst sort*. — *Swift.* Only sodomy.

P. 696. *Burnet.* [Cartwright] was looked on as a man that would more effectually advance the design of Popery, than if he should turn over to it. And indeed, bad as he was, he never made that step, even in the most desperate state of his affairs. — *Swift.* He went to Ireland with King James, and there died neglected and poor.

P. 697. *Burnet.* In all nations the privileges of colleges and universities are esteemed such sacred things, that few will venture to dispute these, much less to disturb them. — *Swift.* Yet in King George's reign, Oxford was bridled and insulted with troops, for no manner of cause but their steadiness to the Church.

P. 699. *Burnet.* It was much observed, that this university [Oxford], that had asserted the King's prerogative in the highest strains of the most abject flattery possible, etc. — *Swift.* And their virtue and steadiness ought equally to be observed.

P. 701. *Burnet,* speaking of King James's proceedings against the universities, and that several of the clergy wrote over to the Prince of Orange to engage in their quarrel, adds: — When that was communicated to me, I was still of opinion, that, though this was indeed an act of despotical and arbitrary power, yet I did not think it struck at the whole: So that it was not in my opinion a lawful case of resistance. — *Swift.* He was a better *Tory* than I, if he spoke as he thought.

Ibid. *Burnet.* The main difference between these [the Presbyterians and the Independents] was, that the Presbyterians seemed reconcilable to the Church; *for they loved Episcopal ordination and a liturgy.* — *Swift.* A

damnable lie.

P. 702. *Burnet.* [Both Presbyterians and Independents] were enemies to this high prerogative, that the King was assuming, and were very averse to Popery. — *Swift.* Style.

Ibid. *Burnet.* So the more considerable among them [the Dissenters] resolved not to stand at too great a distance from the court, nor provoke the King so far, as to give him cause to think they were irreconcilable to him, lest they should provoke him to make up matters on any terms with the Church party. — *Swift.* They all complied most shamefully and publicly, as is well known.

P. 703. *Burnet.* The King's choice of Palmer, Earl of Castlemain, was liable to great exception. — *Swift.* Duchess of Cleveland's husband.

P. 705. *Burnet.* Since what an ambassador says is understood as said by the prince whose character he bears, this gave the States a right to make use of all advantages that might offer themselves. — *Swift.* Sophistry.

P. 710. *Burnet.* The restless spirit of some of that religion [Popery], and of their clergy in particular, shewed they could not be at quiet till they were masters. — *Swift.* All sects are of that spirit.

P. 716. *Burnet,* speaking of "the fury that had been driven on for many years by a Popish party," adds: — When some of those who had been always moderate told these, who were putting on another temper, that they would perhaps forget this as soon as the danger was over, they promised the contrary very solemnly. It shall be told afterwards, how well they remembered this. — *Swift.* False and spiteful.

P. 726. *Burnet.* That which gave the crisis to the King's anger was that he heard I was to be married to a considerable fortune at The Hague. — *Swift.* A phrase of the rabble.

Ibid. *Burnet,* when a prosecution was commenced against Burnet in Scotland, he obtained naturalization for himself in Holland, after which he wrote to the Earl of Middleton, saying that: — being now naturalized in Holland, my allegiance was, during my stay in these parts, transferred from His Majesty to the States. — *Swift.* Civilians deny that, but I agree with him.

P. 727. *Burnet.* I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard*-of revolution. — *Swift.* The Devil's in that, sure all Europe *heard* of it.

P. 730. *Burnet,*after saying that he had been naturalized in Holland, upon marrying one of the subjects of the States, goes on: — The King took the matter very ill, and said, it was an affront to him, and a just cause of war. — *Swift.* Vain fop.

P. 731. *Burnet.* I never possessed my own soul in a more perfect calm, and in a clearer cheerfulness of spirit, than I did during all those threatenings, and the apprehensions that others were in concerning me. — *Swift.* A modest account of his own magnanimity.

P. 746. *Burnet.* But after all, though soldiers were *bad Englishmen and*

worse Christians, yet the court [of James II.] found them too good Protestants to trust much to them. — *Swift*. Special doctrine.

P. 748. *Burnet*, speaking of the Queen's expectation of a child, says: — I will give as full and as distinct an account of all that related to that matter, as I could gather up either at that time or afterwards. — *Swift*. All coffee-house chat.

P. 751. *Burnet*. Now a resolution was taken for the Queen's lying in at St. James's. — *Swift*. Windsor would have been more suspicious.

P. 752. *Burnet*, doubting of the legitimacy of the Pretender, and describing the Queen's manner of lying-in, says: — The Queen lay all the while a-bed: And, in order to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought. But it was not opened, that it might be seen that there was fire and nothing else in it. — *Swift*. This, the ladies say, is foolish.

P. 753. *Burnet*. Hemings, a very worthy man,… was reading in his parlour late at night, when he heard one coming into the neighbouring parlour, and say with a doleful voice, "The Prince of Wales is dead"; Upon which … it was plain, they were in a great consternation. — *Swift*. A most foolish story, hardly worthy of a coffee-house.

Ibid. *Burnet*. It was said, that the child was strangely revived of a sudden. Some of the physicians told Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, that it was not possible for them to think it was the same child. They looked on one another, but durst not speak what they thought. — *Swift*. So here are three children.

P. 762. *Burnet*. The Lord Mordaunt was the first of all the English nobility that came over openly to see the Prince of Orange. — *Swift*. Now Earl of Peterborough.

Ibid. *Burnet*. The Earl of Shrewsbury … seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour. — *Swift*. Quite contrary.

P. 763. *Burnet*. Lord Lumley, who was a late convert from Popery, and had stood out very firmly all this reign. — *Swift*. He was a knave and a coward.

Ibid. *Burnet*. Mr. Sidney, brother to the Earl of Leicester and to Algernon Sidney. He was a graceful man, and had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of a sweet and caressing temper, had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure. — *Swift*. An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour.

P. 764. *Burnet*. But, because he [Mr. Sidney] was lazy, and the business required an active man, who could both run about, and write over long and full accounts of all matters, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnstoune, whom I had formed, and knew to be both faithful and diligent. — *Swift*. An arrant Scotch rogue.

P. 764. *Burnet*. The Earl of Nottingham … had great credit with the whole Church party; For he was a man possessed with their notions. — *Swift*.

That is, Church notions.

P. 765. *Burnet*. Lord Churchill [afterwards Duke of Marlborough] … was a man of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the court with no literature: But he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a court better than any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices…. It must be acknowledged, that he is one of the greatest men the age has produced. — *Swift*. A composition of perfidiousness and avarice.

Ibid. *Burnet*, still speaking of Lord Churchill: — He was also very doubtful as to the pretended birth. So he resolved, when the Prince should come over, to go in to him; but to betray no post, nor do anything more than the withdrawing himself, with such officers as he could trust with such a secret. — *Swift*. What could he do more to a mortal enemy.

P. 769. *Burnet*. [Skelton's] rash folly might have procured the order from the court of France, to own this alliance [with England]; He thought it would terrify the States; And so he pressed this officiously, which they easily granted. — *Swift*. And who can blame him, if in such a necessity he made that alliance?

P. 772. *Burnet*. The King of France thought himself tied by no peace; but that, when he suspected his neighbours were intending to make war upon him, he might upon such a suspicion begin a war on his part. — *Swift*. The common maxim of princes.

P. 776. *Burnet*, speaking of the Declaration prepared for Scotland, says that the: — Presbyterians, had drawn it so, that, by many passages in it, the Prince by an implication declared in favour of Presbytery. He did not see what the consequences of those were, till I explained them. So he ordered them to be altered. And by the Declaration that matter was still entire. — *Swift*. The more shame for King William, who changed it.

P. 782. *Burnet*, three days before the Prince of Orange embarked, he visited the States General, and: — took God to witness, he went to England with no other intentions, but those he had set out in his Declaration. — *Swift*. Then he was perjured; for he designed to get the crown, which he denied in the Declaration.

P. 783. *Burnet*, after describing the storm which put back the Prince of Orange's fleet, observes: — In France and England … they triumphed not a little, as if God had fought against us, and defeated the whole design. We on our part, who found our selves delivered out of so great a storm and so vast a danger, looked on it as a mark of God's great care of us, Who, … had preserved us. — *Swift*. Then still it must be a *miracle*.

P. 785. *Burnet*, when matters were coming to a crisis at the Revolution, an order was: — sent to the Bishop of Winchester, to put the President of Magdalen College again in possession, … [But when the court heard] the Prince and his fleet were blown back, it was countermanded; which plainly

shewed what it was that drove the court into so much compliance, and how long it was like to last. — *Swift*. The Bishop of Winchester assured me otherwise.

Ibid. Burnet. The court thought it necessary, now in an *after-game* to offer some satisfaction in that point [of the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales]. — *Swift*. And this was the proper time.

P. 786. *Burnet*. Princess Anne was not present [at the Queen's delivery]. She indeed excused herself. She thought she was breeding: And all motion was forbidden her. None believed that to be the true reason…. So it was looked on as a colour that shewed she did not believe the thing, and that therefore she would not by her being present seem to give any credit to it. — *Swift*. I have reason to believe this to be true of the Princess Anne.

P. 790. *Burnet*. [The Prince of Orange's army] stayed a week at Exeter, before any of the gentlemen of the country about came in to the Prince. Every day some person of condition came from other parts. The first were the Lord Colchester the eldest son of the Earl of Rivers, and the Lord Wharton. — *Swift.* Famous for his cowardice in the rebellion of 1642.

P. 791. *Burnet*. Soon after that. Prince George, the Duke of Ormonde, and the Lord Dramlanrig, the Duke of Queensberry's eldest son, left him [King James], and came over to the Prince. — *Swift*. Yet how has he been since used? [referring to the Duke of Ormonde.]

P. 792. *Burnet*. In a little while a small army was formed about her [Princess Anne], who chose to be commanded by the Bishop of London; of which he too easily accepted. — *Swift,* And why should he not?

Ibid. Burnet. A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden, said to be Irish words, "Lero, Lero, Lilibulero," that made an impression on the army, that cannot be well imagined by those who saw it not. — *Swift*. They are not Irish words, but better than Scotch.

P. 795. *Burnet*. The Queen took up a sudden resolution of going to France with the child. The midwife, together with all who were assisting at the birth, were also carried over, or so disposed of, that it could never be learned what became of them afterwards. — *Swift* That is strange and incredible.

P. 796. *Burnet*, speaking of King James's first attempt to leave the kingdom, says: — With this his reign ended: For this was a plain deserting his people, and the exposing the nation to the pillage of an army, which he had ordered the Earl of Feversham to disband. — *Swift*. Abominable assertion, and false consequence.

P. 797. *Burnet*, the incident of the King's being retaken at Feversham, and the subsequent stragglings, gave rise to the party of Jacobites: — For, if he had got clear away, by all that could be judged, he would not have had a party left: All would have agreed, that here was a desertion, and that therefore the nation was free, and at liberty to secure itself. But what followed upon this gave them a colour to say, that he was forced away, and driven out. — *Swift*.

So he certainly was, both now and afterwards.

Ibid. Burnet. None were killed, no houses burnt, nor were any robberies committed. — *Swift*. Don Pedro de Ronquillo's house was plundered and pulled down; he was Spanish ambassador.

Ibid. Burnet. Jeffreys, finding the King was gone, saw what reason he had to look to himself: And, apprehending that he was now exposed to the rage of the people, whom he had provoked with so particular a brutality, he had disguised himself to make his escape. But he fell into the hands of some who knew him. He was insulted by them with as much scorn and rudeness as they could invent. And, after many hours tossing him about, he was carried to the Lord Mayor; whom they charged to commit him to the Tower. — *Swift*. He soon after died in the Tower by drinking strong liquors.

P. 798. *Burnet*, when the Prince heard of King James's flight: — he sent to Oxford, to excuse his not coming thither, and to offer the association to them, which was signed by almost all the heads, and the chief men of the University; even by those, who, being disappointed in the preferments they aspired to, became afterwards his most implacable enemies. — *Swift*. Malice.

P. 799. *Burnet*, when I heard of King James's flight and capture: — I was affected with this dismal reverse of the fortune of a great prince, more than I think fit to express. — *Swift*. Or than I will believe.

P. 800. *Burnet*, after relating that King James "sent the Earl of Feversham to Windsor, without demanding any passport," describes his reception, and adds: — Since the Earl of Feversham, who had commanded the army against the Prince, was come without a passport, he was for some days put in arrest. — *Swift.* Base and villainous.

P. 801. *Burnet*, when it was thought prudent for King James to leave London, the Earl of Middleton suggested that he: — should go to Rochester; for "since the Prince was not pleased with his coming up from Kent, it might be perhaps acceptable to him, if he should go thither again." It was very visible, that this was proposed in order to a second escape. — *Swift*. And why not?

P. 802. *Burnet*. Some said, he [James] was now a prisoner, and remembered the saying of King Charles the First, that the prisons and the graves of princes lay not far distant from one another: The person of the King was now struck at, as well as his government: And this specious undertaking would now appear to be only a disguised and designed usurpation. — *Swift.* All this is certainly true.

P. 803. *Burnet*. Now that the Prince was come, all the bodies about the town came to welcome him…. Old Serjeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety, and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The Prince took notice of his great age, and said, "that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time:" He answered, "He had like to have outlived the law itself, if his Highness had not come over." — *Swift*. He was an old rogue for all that.

P. 805. *Burnet*, speaking of the first effects of the Revolution upon the Presbyterians in Scotland, says: — They generally broke in upon the Episcopal clergy with great insolence and much cruelty. They carried them about the parishes in a mock procession: They tore their gowns, and drove them from their churches and houses. Nor did they treat those of them, who had appeared very zealously against Popery, with any distinction. — *Swift*. To reward them for which, King William abolished Episcopacy.

Ibid. Burnet, The Episcopal party in Scotland saw themselves under a great cloud: So they resolved all to adhere to the Earl of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was both an able officer, and a man of good parts, and of some very valuable virtues. — *Swift*. He was the best man in Scotland.

P. 806. *Burnet*, speaking of Londonderry and Inniskilling, says: — Those two small unfurnished and unfortified places, resolved to stand to their own defence, and at all perils to stay till supplies should come to them from England. — *Swift*. He should have mentioned Doctor Walker, who defended Derry.

P. 807. *Burnet*. Those, who were employed by Tyrconnell to deceive the Prince, made their applications by Sir William Temple, who had a long and well established credit with him. — *Swift.* A lie of a Scot; for Sir William Temple did not know Tyrconnell.

P. 807. *Burnet.* Others thought, that the leaving Ireland in that dangerous state, might be a mean to bring the convention to a more speedy settlement of England; and that therefore the Prince ought not to make too much haste to relieve Ireland. — *Swift.* That is agreed to be the true reason, and it was a wicked one.

P. 810. *Burnet*, speaking of Archbishop Sancroft, says: — He was a poor spirited, and fearful man; and acted a very mean part in all this great transaction. — *Swift.* Others think very differently.

P. 811. *Burnet*, speaking of the proposal to establish a regency, says: — The much greater part of the House of Lords was for this, and stuck long to it: And so was about a third part of the House of Commons. The greatest part of the clergy declared themselves for it. — *Swift.* And it was certainly much the best expedient.

Ibid. Burnet. The third party was made up of those, who thought that there was an original contract between the King and the people of England; by which the kings were bound to defend their people, and to govern them according to law, in lieu of which the people were bound to obey and serve the king. — *Swift.* I am of this party, and yet I would have been for a regency.

P. 813. *Burnet*, it was argued that this scheme of a regency was: — both more illegal; and more unsafe, than the method they proposed. The law of England had settled the point of the subject's security in obeying the king in

possession, in the statute made by Henry the Seventh. So every man knew he was safe under a king, and so would act with zeal and courage. But all such as should act under a *prince-regent*, created by this convention, were upon a bottom that had not the necessary forms of law for it. — *Swift.* There is something in this argument.

P. 814. *Burnet.* It was believed, that those of his [King James's] party, who were looked on as men of conscience, had secret orders from him to act upon this pretence; since otherwise they offered to act clearly in contradiction to their own oaths and principles, — *Swift.* This is malice.

Ibid. Burnet. [Others thought] that in our present circumstances the extremity of affairs, by reason of the late ill government, and by King James's flying over to the enemy of the nation, rather than submit to reasonable terms, had put the people of England on the necessity of securing themselves upon a legal bottom. — *Swift.* This was the best reason.

P. 815. *Burnet.* There were good authorities brought, by which it appeared, that when a person did a thing upon which his leaving any office ought to follow, he was said to abdicate. But this was a critical dispute: And it scarce became the greatness of that assembly, or the importance of the matter. — *Swift.* It was a very material point.

P. 815. *Burnet.* It was urged, that, by the law, the king did never die; but that with the last breath of the dying king the regal authority went to the next heir. — *Swift.* This is certainly true.

P. 816. *Burnet.* An heir was one that came in the room of a person that was dead: it being a maxim that no man can be the heir of a living man — *Swift.* This is sophistry.

Ibid. Burnet. It was proposed, that the birth of the pretended prince might be examined into…. I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned:…. It is true, these did not amount to a full and legal proof: Yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that, when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence: For that was liable to the suspicion of subornation: Whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and certainty. — *Swift.* Well said, Bishop.

P. 817. *Burnet.* If there was no clear and positive proof made of an imposture, the pretending to examine into it, and then the not being able to make it out beyond the possibility of contradiction, would really give more credit to the thing, than it then had, and, instead of weakening it, would strengthen the pretension of his birth. — *Swift.* Wisely done.

Ibid. Burnet. [Some people] thought, it would be a good security for the nation, to have a dormant title to the crown lie as it were neglected, to oblige our princes to govern well, while they would apprehend the danger of a revolt to a Pretender still in their eye. — *Swift.* I think this was no ill design; yet it hath not succeeded in mending kings.

Ibid. Burnet. I have used more than ordinary care to gather together all

the particulars that were then laid before me as to that matter [the birth of the Pretender]. — *Swift.* And where are they?

P. 818. *Burnet*, after relating a long conversation with Bentinck [afterwards Earl of Portland], adds — Next morning I came to him, and desired my *congé*. I would oppose nothing in which the Prince seemed to be concerned, as long as I was his servant. And therefore I desired to be disengaged, that I might be free to oppose this proposition [to offer him the crown] with all the strength and credit I had. He answered me, that I might desire that when I saw a step made: But till then he wished me to stay where I was. — *Swift.* Is all this true?

P. 819. *Burnet.* I heard no more of this; in which the Marquess of Halifax was single among the peers: For I did not find there was any one of them of his mind; unless it was the Lord Colepeper, who was a vicious and corrupt man, but made a figure in the debates that were now in the House of Lords, and died about the end of them. — *Swift.* Yet was not the same thing done in effect, while the King had the sole administration?

P. 819. *Burnet.* The Princess continued all the while in Holland, being shut in there during the east winds, by the freezing of the rivers, and by contrary winds after the thaw came. So that she came not to England till all the debates were over. — *Swift.* Why was she [not] sent for till the matter was agreed? This clearly shews the Prince's original design was to be king, against what he professed in his Declaration.

P. 820. *Burnet.* [The Prince of Orange] said, he came over, being invited, to save the nation: He had now brought together a free and true representative of the kingdom: He left it therefore to them to do what they thought best for the good of the kingdom: And, when things were once settled, he should be well satisfied to go back to Holland again. — *Swift.* Did he tell truth?

Ibid. Burnet. He thought it necessary to tell them, that he would not be the Regent: So, if they continued in that design, they must look out for some other person to be put in that post. — *Swift.* Was not this a plain confession of what he came for?

P. 821. *Burnet.* In the end he said, that he could not resolve to accept of a dignity, so as to hold it only the life of another: Yet he thought, that the issue of Princess Anne should be preferred, in the succession, to any issue that he might have by any other wife than the Princess. — *Swift.* A great concession truly.

P. 822. *Burnet.* The poor Bishop of Durham [Lord Crewe], who had absconded for some time, … was now prevailed on to come, and by voting the new settlement to merit at least a pardon for all that he had done: Which, all things considered, was thought very indecent in him, yet not unbecoming the rest of his life and character. — *Swift.* This is too hard, though almost true.

Ibid. Burnet. Then the power of the Crown to grant a *non-obstante* to some statutes was objected. — *Swift.* Yet the words continue in patents.

P. 824. *Burnet.* A notion was started, which … was laid thus: "The Prince

had a just cause of making war on the King." In that most of them agreed. In a just war, in which an appeal is made to God, success is considered as the decision of Heaven. So the Prince's success against King James gave him the right of conquest over him. And by it all his rights were transferred to the Prince. — *Swift.* The author wrote a paper to prove this, and it was burnt by the hangman, and is a very foolish scheme.

BOOK VII.

P. 525 (second volume). *Burnet*, speaking of the Act for the General Naturalization of Protestants, and the opposition made against it by the High Church, adds: — This was carried in the House of Commons, with a great majority; but all those, who appeared for this large and comprehensive way, were reproached for their coldness and indifference in the concerns of the Church: And in that I had a large share. — *Swift*. Dog.

P. 526. *Burnet*. The faction here in England found out proper instruments, to set the same humour on foot [in Ireland], during the Earl of Rochester's government, and, as was said, by his directions:… So the clergy were making the same bold claim there, that had raised such disputes among us. — *Swift*. Dog, dog, dog.

P. 580. *Burnet*, speaking of the interruption in the negotiations for a peace consequent on the Earl of Jersey's death, adds: — *One Prior*, who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death, was employed to prosecute that, which the other did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy, out of a tavern, by the Earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace; and he, being very generous, gave him an education in literature. — *Swift*. Malice.

P. 581. *Burnet*. Many mercenary pens were set on work, to justify our proceedings, and to defame our allies, more particularly the Dutch; this was done with much art, but *with no regard to truth*, in a pamphlet entitled "The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry." — *Swift It was all true*.

Ibid. Burnet. The Jacobites did, with the greater joy entertain this prospect of peace, because the Dauphin had, in a visit to St. Germains, congratulated that court upon it; which made them conclude, that it was to have a happy effect, with relation to the Pretender's affairs. — *Swift*. The Queen hated and despised the Pretender, to my knowledge.

P. 583. *Burnet*, in a conference I had with the Queen on the subject of peace. — she hoped bishops would not be against peace: I said, a good peace was what we prayed daily for, but … any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to King Philip, must in a little while deliver up all Europe into the hands of France; and, if any such peace should be made, she was betrayed, and we were all ruined; in less than three years' time, she would be murdered, and the fires would be again raised in Smithfield. — *Swift*. A false prophet in every particular.

P. 589. *Burnet*, the Queen having sent a message to the Lords to adjourn, it was debated: — that the Queen could not send a message to any one House to adjourn, when the like message was not sent to both Houses: the pleasure of the Prince, in convening, dissolving, proroguing, or ordering the adjournment of Parliaments, was always directed to both Houses; but never to

any one House, without the same intimation was made, at the same time, to the other. — *Swift*. Modern nonsense.

P. 591. *Burnet*. The House of Commons, after the recess, entered on the observations of the commissioners for taking the public accounts; and began with [Sir Robert] Walpole, whom they resolved to put out of the way of disturbing them in the House. — *Swift*. He began early, and has been thriving *twenty-seven years*, to January 1739.

P. 609. *Burnet*. A new set of addresses ran about…. Some of these addresses mentioned the Protestant succession, and the House of Hanover, with zeal; others did it more coldly; and some made no mention at all of it. And it was universally believed, that no addresses were so acceptable to the ministers, as those of *the last sort*. — *Swift*. Foolish and factious.

P. 610. *Burnet*. The Duke of Ormonde had given the States such assurances, of his going along with them through the whole campaign, that he was let into the secrets of all their counsels, which by that confidence were all known to the French: And, if the auxiliary German troops had not been prepared to disobey his orders, it was believed he, in conjunction with the French army, would have forced the States to come into the new measures. — *Swift*. Vile Scot, dare to touch Ormonde's honour, and so falsely.

P. 612. *Burnet*, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun were engaged in litigation; and: — upon a very high provocation, the Lord Mohun sent him [the Duke] a challenge, which he tried to decline: but both being hurried, by those false points of honour, they fatally went out to Hyde Park, in the middle of November, and fought with so violent an animosity, that neglecting the rules of art, they seemed to run on one another, as if they tried who should kill first; in which they were both so unhappily successful, that the Lord Mohun was killed outright, and Duke Hamilton died in a few minutes after. — *Swift*. Wrongly told.

P. 614. *Burnet* says of the Earl of Godolphin: — After having been thirty years in the Treasury, and during nine of those Lord Treasurer, as he was never once suspected of corruption, or of suffering his servants to grow rich under him, so in all that time his estate was not increased by him to the value of £4,000. *Swift*. A great lie.

THE CONCLUSION.

P. 669. *Burnet*, speaking of the progress of his own life, says: — The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate. — *Swift*. Not so soon with the wine of some elections.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, BY THOMAS BURNET, ESQ.

Opposite to the title-page: — *Swift*. A rude violent party jackanapes.

In the Life, p. 719, is printed a letter from Archbishop Tillotson, dated October 23, 1764 [sic, the volume was printed in 1734, the date should be 1694], in which he says: "The account given of Athanasius's Creed, seems to me no-wise satisfactory; I wish we were well rid of it." — *Swift* has drawn a finger in the margin of his copy of Burnet's History pointing to this passage.

P. 722. *Thomas Burnet*. The character I have given his wives, will scarce make it an addition to his, that he was a most affectionate husband. His tender care of the *first*, during a course of sickness, that lasted for many years; and *his fond love to the other two*, and the deep concern he expressed for their loss, were no more than their just due, from one of his humanity, gratitude and discernment. — *Swift*. Three wives.

P. 723. *Thomas Burnet*. The bishop was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, whom he never changed, but with regret and through necessity: Friendly and obliging to all in employment under him, and peculiarly happy in the choice of them; especially in that of the steward to the bishopric and his courts, William Wastefield, Esq. (a gentleman of a plentiful fortune, at the time of his accepting this post) and in that of his domestic steward, Mr. *Mackney*. — *Swift*. A Scot, his own countryman.

NOTES ON THE "FREEHOLDER"

***** ***** ***** ***** *****

REMARKS ON

"BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY OF ['SCOTLAND

IN' — *SWIFT*] HIS OWN TIME,"

FOLIO EDITION, 1724-34.

FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN THE LIBRARY of THE LATE

MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

NOTE.

NOTES ON THE FREE-HOLDER.

The Free Holder was a political periodical written in the form of essays. It continued for fifty five numbers from Friday, December 23rd, 1715, to Friday, June 29th, 1716. Its purpose was to reconcile the English nation to the Hanoverian succession. "These papers," notes Scott, "while they exhibit the exquisite humour and solid sense peculiar to the author, show also, even amid the strength of party, that philanthropy and gentleness of nature, which were equally his distinguishing attributes. None of these qualities would have conciliated his great opponent, Swift, had the field of combat yet remained open to him. But as he withdrew from it in sullen indignation, he seems to have thrown out the following flashes of satire, as brief examples of what he would have done had the hour of answer been yet current."

Scott obtained these "notes" from a transcription of the original in Swift's own hand, in a copy of "The Free holder" which belonged to Dr. Bernard, Bishop of Limerick. The present text is a reprint of Scott's, but the text of "The Free holder" has been read with the octavo and duodecimo editions of

that periodical issued by Midwinter in 1716. The titles to the essays were not given in the original issue, except that to No. 9. They were added as a "Contents" to the re-issue in volume form.

NOTES ON THE FREE-HOLDER.

No. 2. *Dec. 26, 1715. — Of His Majesty's Character.*

Addison.

It was by this [this firmness of mind] that he surmounted those many difficulties which lay in the way to his succession. — *Swift*. What difficulties were those, or what methods did he take to surmount them?

Addison. It is observed by Sir William Temple, that the English are particularly fond of a king who is valiant: Upon which account His Majesty has a title to all the esteem that can be paid the most warlike prince; though at the same time, for the good of his subjects, he studies to decline all occasions of military glory. — *Swift*. This seems to be a discovery.

Addison. I might here take notice of His Majesty's more private virtues, but have rather chosen to remind my countrymen of the public parts of his character. — *Swift*. This is prudent.

Addison. But the most remarkable interpositions of Providence, in favour of him, have appeared in removing those seemingly invincible obstacles to his succession; in taking away, at so critical a juncture, the person who might have proved a dangerous enemy; etc. — *Swift*. False, groundless, invidious, and ungrateful. Was that person the Queen?

No. 3. *Dec. 30, 1715. — The Memoirs of a Preston Rebel.*

[*A Ludicrous Account of the Principles of the Northumberland Insurgents, and the Causes of their taking Arms*.] — *Swift*. Could this author, or his party, offer as good reasons for their infamous treatment of our blessed Queen's person, government, and majesty?

The same. *Addison*. Having been joined by a considerable reinforcement of Roman Catholics, whom we could rely upon, as knowing them to be the best Tories in the nation, and avowed enemies to Presbyterianism. — *Swift*. By this irony, the best Whigs are professed friends to fanatics.

The same. *Addison*. But before we could give the word [to retreat], the trainbands, taking advantage of our delay, fled first. — *Swift*. An argument for a standing army.

No. 6. *Jan. 9, 1715-16. — The Guilt of Perjury.*

Addison. Though I should be unwilling to pronounce the man who is indolent, or indifferent in the cause of his prince, to be absolutely perjured; I may venture to affirm, that he falls very short of that allegiance to which he is obliged by oath. — *Swift*. Suppose a king grows a beast, or a tyrant, after I have taken an oath: a 'prentice takes an oath; but if his master useth him barbarously, the lad may be excused if he wishes for a better.

No. 7. *Jan. 13, 1715-16. — Of Party Lies.*

Addison. If we may credit common report, there are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the churches in London are

shut up; and that if any clergyman walks the streets in his habit, 'tis ten to one but he is knocked down by some sturdy schismatic. — *Swift*. No — but treated like a dog.

No. 8. *Jan. 16, 1715-16. — The Female Association.*

Addison. It is therefore to be hoped that every fine woman will make this laudable use of her charms; and that she may not want to be frequently reminded of this great duty, I will only desire her to think of her country every time she looks in her glass. — *Swift*. By no means, for if she loves her country, she will not be pleased with the sight.

Addison. Every wife ought to answer for her man. If the husband be engaged in a seditious club or drinks mysterious healths … let her look to him, and keep him out of harm's way; etc. — *Swift*. Will they hang a man for that.

No. 9. *Jan. 20, 1715-16. — Answer of the Free-holders of Great Britain to the Pretender's Declaration.*

The Declaration of the Free-holders of Great Britain, in Answer to that of the Pretender. — *Addison*. Can you in conscience think us to be such fools as to rebel against the King, for … having removed a general [the Duke of Ormonde] who is now actually in arms against him, etc. — *Swift*. Driven out by tyranny, malice, and faction.

Addison. The next grievance, which you have a mighty mind to redress among us, is the Parliament of Great Britain, against whom you bring a stale accusation which has been used by every minority in the memory of man; namely, that it was procured by unwarrantable influences and corruptions. — *Swift.* The freeholders will never sign this paragraph.

Addison. How comes it to pass that the Electorate of Hanover is become all of a sudden one of the most inconsiderable provinces of the empire? — *Swift*. It is indeed grown considerable by draining of England.

No. 12. *Jan*. 30, 1715-16. — *The Guilt of Rebellion in general, and of the late Rebellion in particular*.

Addison. The present rebellion is formed against a king, … who has not been charged with one illegal proceeding. — *Swift* Are you serious?

No. 13. *Feb*. 3, 1715-16. — *Of those who are indifferent in a time of Rebellion*,

Addison. In such a juncture [a rebellion], though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon government, he is highly culpable, if he does not use all the means that are suitable to his station for reducing the community into its former state of peace and good order. — *Swift*. He speaks at his ease, but those who are ill used will be apt to apply what the boy said to his mother, who told him the enemy was approaching.

Addison. This law [one of Solon's] made it necessary for every citizen to take his party, because it was highly probable the majority would be so wise

as to espouse that cause which was most agreeable to the public weal. — *Swift*. No — for, in England, a faction that governs a weak, or honours a wicked prince, will carry all against a majority in the kingdom, as we have seen by sad experience.

No. 14. *Feb.* 6, 1715-16. — *The Political Creed of a Tory Malcontent.*

Addison. Article XIII, That there is an unwarrantable faction in this island, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons. — *Swift*. This article is too true, with a little alteration.

The same. *Addison*. Article XV. That an Act of Parliament to empower the King to secure suspected persons in times of rebellion, is the means to establish the sovereign on the throne, and consequently a great infringement of the liberties of the subject. — *Swift*. No — but to destroy liberty.

No. 21. *Mar.* 2, 1715-16. — *The Birthday of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*

Addison. When this excellent princess was yet in her father's court, she was so celebrated for the beauty of her person, etc. — *Swift*. I have bad eyes.

Addison. There is no part of her Royal Highness's character which we observe with greater pleasure, than that behaviour by which she has so much endeared herself to His Majesty. — *Swift.* What would he say now?

No. 24. *Mar.* 12, 1715-16. — *The Designs of His Majesty's Enemies impracticable*.

Addison. To this we may add … that submissive deference of his Royal Highness both from duty and inclination to all the measures of his Royal father. — *Swift*. Which still continues.

Addison. There is no question but His Majesty will be as generally valued and beloved in his British as he is in his German dominions, when he shall have time to make his royal virtues equally known among us. — *Swift.* How long time does he require?

No. 26. *Mar.* 19, 1715-16. — *Considerations offered to the disaffected part of the Fair Sex.*

Addison. Several inconveniencies which those among them undergo, who have not yet surrendered to the government. — *Swift*. Would he pimp for the court?

No. 29. *Mar.* 30, 1716. — *The Practice of Morality necessary to make a Party flourish.*

Addison. Those of our fellow-subjects, who are sensible of the happiness they enjoy in His Majesty's accession to the throne, are obliged, by all the duties of gratitude, to adore that Providence which has so signally interposed in our behalf, by clearing a way to the Protestant succession through such difficulties as seemed insuperable — *Swift*. I wish he had told us any one of

those difficulties.

Addison. It is the duty of an honest and prudent man, to sacrifice a doubtful opinion to the concurring judgement of those whom he believes to be well intentioned to their country, and who have better opportunities of looking into all its most complicated interests. — *Swift*. A motion to make men go every length with their party. I am sorry to see such a principle in this author.

No. 31. *Apr*. 6, 1716. — *Answer to a celebrated Pamphlet entitled "An Argument to prove the Affections of the People of England to be the best Security of the Government; etc."*

Addison. This middle method [of tempering justice with mercy] … has hitherto been made use of by our sovereign. — *Swift*. In trifles.

Addison. Would it be possible for him [the reader] to imagine, that of the several thousands openly taken in arms, and liable to death by the laws of their country, not above forty have yet suffered? — *Swift.* A trifle!

Addison. Has not His Majesty then shewn the least appearance of grace in that generous forgiveness which he has already extended to such great numbers of his rebellious subjects, who must have died by the laws of their country, had not his mercy interposed in their behalf? — *Swift*. Prodigious clemency, not to hang all the common soldiers who followed their leaders!

Addison. Those who are pardoned would not have known the value of grace, if none had felt the effects of justice. — *Swift.* And only hanging the lords and gentlemen, and some of the rabble.

Addison. Their [the last ministry's] friends have ever since made use of the most base methods to infuse those groundless discontents into the minds of the common people, etc. — *Swift.* Hath experience shown those discontents groundless?

Addison. If the removal of these persons from their posts has produced such popular commotions, the continuance of them might have produced something much more fatal to their king and country. — *Swift*. Very false reasoning.

Addison. No man would make such a parallel, [between the treatment of the rebels, and that of the Catalans under King Philip,] unless his mind be so blinded with passion and prejudice, as to assert, in the language of this pamphlet, "That no instances can be produced of the least lenity under the present administration from the first hour it commenced to this day." — *Swift*. Nor to this, 1727.

Addison. God be thanked we have a king who punishes with reluctancy. — *Swift*. A great comfort to the sufferers!

Addison. It would be well if all those who … are clamorous at the proceedings of His present Majesty, would remember, that notwithstanding that rebellion [the Duke of Monmouth's] … had no tendency … to destroy the national religion, etc. — *Swift*. To introduce fanaticism, and destroy

monarchy.

Addison. No prince has ever given a greater instance of his inclinations to rule without a standing army. — *Swift*. We find this true by experience.

Addison. What greater instances could His Majesty have given of his love to the Church of England, than those he has exhibited by his most solemn declarations; by his daily example; and by his promotions of the most eminent among the clergy to such vacancies as have happened in his reign. — *Swift.* Most undeniable truth, as any in Rabelais.

No. 44. *May* 21, 1716. — *Tory Foxhunter's Account of the Masquerade on the Birth of the Arch-Duke.*

Addison. What still gave him greater offence was a drunken bishop, who reeled from one side of the court to the other, and was very sweet upon an Indian Queen. — *Swift*. Then, that story is true?

No. 45. *May* 25, 1716. — *The Use and Advantage of Wit and Humour under proper Regulations*.

Addison. I have lately read with much pleasure, the "Essays upon several Subjects" published by Sir Richard Blackmore. — *Swift*. I admire to see such praises from this author to so insipid a scoundrel, whom I know he despised.

No. 51. *June* 15, 1716. — *Cautions to be observed in the reading of ancient Greek and Roman Historians*.

Addison. "History of Free-thinking." — *Swift*. Writ by Collins.

Addison. The greatest theorists … among those very people [the Greeks and Romans,] have given the preference to such a form of government, as that which obtains in this kingdom. — *Swift*. Yet, this we see is liable to be wholly corrupted.

No. 52. *June* 18, 1716. — *Of State Jealousy*.

Addison. It is plain, … that such a base ungenerous race of men could rely upon nothing for their safety in this affront to His Majesty, [wearing a mark on the Pretender's birth-day,] but the known gentleness and lenity of his government. — *Swift*. Then the devil was in them.

No. 54. *June* 25, 1716. — *Preference of the Whig Scheme to that of the Tories*.

Addison. The Whigs tell us … that the Tory scheme would terminate in Popery and arbitrary government. — *Swift.* But Tories never writ or spoke so gently and favourably of Popery, as Whigs do of Presbytery. Witness a thousand pamphlets on both sides.

Addison. I shall not impute to any Tory scheme the administration of King James the Second, on condition that they do not reproach the Whigs with the usurpation of Oliver. — *Swift*. I will not accept that condition, nor did I ever see so unfair a one offered.

No. 55. *June* 29, 1716. — *Conclusion*.

Addison. The enemies of His present Majesty … find him in a condition

to visit his dominions in Germany, without any danger to himself, or to the public; whilst his dutiful subjects would be in no ordinary concern upon this occasion, had they not the consolation to find themselves left under the protection of a prince who makes it his ambition to copy out his Royal Father's example. — *Swift* Then, why was he never trusted a second time?

Addison. It would indeed have been an unpardonable insolence for a fellow-subject to treat in a vindictive and cruel style, those persons whom His Majesty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by gentle methods, which he has declared from the throne to be most agreeable to his inclinations. — *Swift*. And is that enough?

Addison. May we not hope that all of this kind, who have the least sentiments of honour or gratitude, will be won over to their duty by so many instances of Royal clemency? — *Swift* Not one instance produced.

Numb. 1.

The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

Tuesday, April 12. 1709.

THO' the other Papers which are publish'd for the Use of the good People of England, have certainly very wholesome Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds; they do not seem to come up to the main Design of such Narratives, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the Use of Polished Persons, who are fit publick-spirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Transactions of State. Nice-cloth Gentlemen, for the most Part, hrong Perfumes & strong Zeal and weak Intellects. It is high Charitable and Necessary Work to offer Something, whereby such worthy and well-affected Members of the Commonwealth may be supplied, after their Reading, what to think: Which shall be the End and Purport of this my Paper, wherein I shall, from Time to Time, Report and Consider all Matters of what Kind soever that shall occur to Me, and publish such my Advices and Reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, in the Week, for the Convenience of the Post. It is also resolved by me to have Something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, the Honour of whom I have taken the Title of this Paper. I therefore earnestly desire all Persons, without Distinction, to take it in for the perfect Gratis, and hereafter at the Price of one Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to cry more for it at their Peril. And I desire all Persons to consider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I resolved upon it, I had settled a Correspondence in all Parts of the Known and Knowing World; and foreseeing as the Globe is not trodden upon by more Drudges of Business only, but that Men of Sport and Genius are ready to be offended at considerable Accounts in it, we shall not upon a Dearth of News present you with musty Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but shall divide our Relation of the Passages which occur to Affairs or Diversions throughout the Town, as well as elsewhere, under such Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner:

All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainments, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the Title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestick News, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall have to offer, shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my Reader to consider, That as I cannot keep an Impertinent Man to go daily to Will's, under Twopence each Day merely for his Charges; to White's, under Sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him a Pale Ipswich, to be as able as other of the Learned Table; and that a good Observer cannot speak with even Kidney at St. James's without eleven Farthings. I say, these Considerations well, I hope, make all Persons willing to comply with my Humble Request (when my Gratis Book is exhausted) of a Penny a Piece; especially since they are sure of some Proper Amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want Matter to entertain me, having, besides the Help of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by casting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But the last Faculty I shall use very sparingly, and not speak of any Thing 'till it is past it, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.

White's Chocolate-house, April 7.

THE deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when Men of Quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His History is, That on the 9th of September, 1705, being in his One and twentieth Year, he was walking his Tenth at a Tavern Window in Pall-Mall, when a fine Equipage pass'd by, and in it a young Lady who look'd up at him; away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pull'd off his Night-Cap, and instead of bidding his Guests, as he ought to do, out of the Window till about Four a Clock, he lies him down, and spoke not a Word till Twelve at Night: After which, he began to enquire, If any Body knew the Lady — The Company said, What Lady? But he said no more, till they broke up at Six in the Morning. All the ensuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Play-house to Play-house all the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Bosom. In a Word, his Attention to any Thing, but his Passion, was utterly gone. He has left all the Money he ever play'd for, and been confused in every Assembly he has entered upon since the Moment he first saw her. He is of a Noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, is of a Manly, honest Temper: But this Passion has so extremely mauled him, that his Postures are so soft and unsteadied, and his whole Visage is deadned by a long Abstract of Thought. He never appears in any Assembly, but when one calls for Wine; at which Time he is apt to come hither, and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Sense further than just to observe, That our poor Lover has most Understanding

The Tatler was founded by Richard Steele in 1709. Being more than three centuries old, it is the oldest magazine in the world and its 300th anniversary was celebrated in October 2009. Steele's idea was to publish the news and gossip (tattle) heard in London coffeehouses, while leaving the more serious subject of politics to the newspapers.

Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729) was an Irish writer and politician, who established The Tatler, the longest running periodical in history, as well other various other magazines, of which Swift contributed.

The Tatler nowadays, renowned for focusing on the glamorous lives and lifestyles of the upper class

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION
THE TATLER, NUMB. 32.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 35.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 59.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 63.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 66.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 67.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 68.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 70.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 71.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 230.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 258.
THE TATLER, NUMB. I.
THE TATLER, NUMB. 298.[1]
THE TATLER, NUMB, 302.[1]
THE TATLER, NUMB. 306.[1]

INTRODUCTION

Swift has been styled the Prince of Journalists. Like most titles whose aim is to express in modern words the character and achievements of a man of a past age, this phrase is not of the happiest. Applied to so extraordinary a man as Jonathan Swift, it is both misleading and inadequate. At best it embodies but a half-truth. It belongs to that class of phrases which, in emphasizing a particular side of the character, sacrifices truth to a superficial cleverness, and so does injustice to the character as a whole. The vogue such phrases obtain is thus the measure of the misunderstanding that is current; so that it often becomes necessary to receive them with caution and to test them with care.

A prince in his art Swift certainly was, but his art was not the art of the journalist. Swift was a master of literary expression, and of all forms of that expression which aim at embodying in language the common life and common facts of men and their common nature. He had his limitations, of course; but just here lies the power of his special genius. He never attempted to express what he did not fully comprehend. If he saw things narrowly, he saw them definitely, and there was no mistaking the ideas he wished to convey. "He understands himself," said Dr. Johnson, "and his reader always understands him." Within his limitations Swift swayed a sovereign power. His narrowness of vision, however, did never blind him to the relations that exist between fact and fact, between object and subject, between the actual and the possible. At the same time it was not his province, as it was not his nature, to handle such relations in the abstract. The bent of his mind was towards the practical and not the pure reason. The moralist and the statesman went hand in hand in him — an excellent example of the eighteenth century thinker.

But to say this of Swift is not to say that he was a journalist. The journalist is the man of the hour writing for the hour in harmony with popular opinion. Both his text and his heads are ready-made for him. He follows the beaten road, and only essays new paths when conditions have become such as to force him along them. Such a man Swift certainly was not. Journalism was not his way to the goal. If anything, it was, as Epictetus might have said, but a tavern by the way-side in which he took occasion to find the means by which the better to attain his goal. If Swift's contributions to the literature of his day be journalism, then did journalism spring full-grown into being, and its history since his time must be considered as a history of its degeneration. But they were much more than journalism. That they took the form they did, in contributions to the periodicals of his day, is but an accident which does not in the least affect the contributions themselves. These, in reality, constitute a criticism of the social and political life of the first thirty years of the English eighteenth century. From the time of the writing of "A Tale of a Tub" to the

days of the Drapier's Letters, Swift dissected his countrymen with the pitiless hand of the master-surgeon. So profound was his knowledge of human anatomy, individual and social, that we shudder now at the pain he must have inflicted in his unsparing operations. So accurate was his judgment that we stand amazed at his knowledge, and our amazement often turns to a species of horror as we see the cuticle flapped open revealing the crude arrangement beneath. Nor is it to argue too nicely, to suggest that our present sympathy for the past pain, our amazement, and our horror, are, after all, our own unconscious tributes to the power of the man who calls them up, and our confession of the lasting validity of his criticism.

This is not the power nor is it the kind of criticism that are the elements of the art of the journalist. Perhaps we should be glad that it is not; which is but to say that we are content with things as they exist. It requires a special set of conditions to precipitate a Swift. Happily, if we will have it so, the conditions in which we find ourselves ask for that kind of journalist whose function is amply fulfilled when he has measured the movements of the hour by the somewhat higher standards of the day. The conditions under which Swift lived demanded a journalist of an entirely different calibre; and they got him. They obtained a man who dissolved the petty jealousies of party power in the acid of satire, and who distilled the affected fears for Church and State in the alembic of a statesmanship that establishes a nation's majesty and dignity on the common welfare of its free people. When Swift, at the beginning of the November of 1710, was called in to assist the Tory party by undertaking the work of "The Examiner," he found a condition of things so involved and so unstable, that it required the very nicest appreciation, the most delicate handling, and the boldest of hearts to readjust and re-establish, without fearful consequences. Harley and St. John were safely housed, and, apparently, amply protected by a substantial majority. But majorities are often not the most trustworthy of supports. Apart from the over-confidence which they inspire, and apart from the danger of a too-enthusiastic following, such as found expression in the October Club, there was the danger which might come from the dissatisfaction of the people at large, should their temper be wrongly gauged; and at this juncture it was not easy to gauge. The popularity of Marlborough and his victories, on the one hand, was undoubted. On the other, however, there was the growing opinion that those victories had been paid for at a price greater than England could afford. If she had gained reputation and prestige, these could not fill the mouths of the landed class, gradually growing poorer, and the members of this class were not of a disposition to restrain their feelings as they noted the growing prosperity of the Whig stock-jobbers — a prosperity that was due to the very war which was beggaring them. If the landed man cried for peace, he was answered by the Whig stock-jobber that peace meant the ultimate repudiation of the National Debt, with the certainty of the reign of the Pretender. If the landed man spoke for the Church, the Whig speculator raised the shout of "No

Popery!" The war had transformed parties into factions, and the ministry stood between a Scylla of a peace-at-any-price, on the one side, and a Charybdis of a war-at-any-price on the other; or, if not a war, then a peace so one-sided that it would be almost impossible to bring it about.

In such troubled waters, and at such a critical juncture, it was given to Swift to act as pilot to the ship of State. His papers to "The Examiner" must bear witness to the skill with which he accomplished the task set before him. His appeal to the people of England for confidence in the ministry, should be an appeal not alone on behalf of its distinguished and able members, but also on behalf of a policy by which "the crooked should be made straight and the rough places plain." Such was to be the nature of his appeal, and he made it in a series of essays that turned every advantage with admirable effect to the side of his clients. Not another man then living could have done what he did; and we question if either Harley or St. John ever realized the service he rendered them. The later careers of these two men furnish no doubtful hints of what might have happened at this period had Swift been other than the man he was.

But Swift's "Examiners" did much more than preserve Harley's head on his shoulders; they brought the nation to a calmer sense of its position, and tutored it to a juster appreciation of the men who were using it for selfish ends. Let us make every allowance for purely special pleadings; for indulgence in personal feeling against the men who had either disappointed, injured, or angered him; for the party man affecting or genuinely feeling party bitterness, for the tricks and subterfuges of the paid advocate appealing to the passions and weaknesses of those whose favour he was seeking to win; allowing for these, there are yet left in these papers a noble spirit of wide-eyed patriotism, and a distinguished grasp of the meaning of national greatness and national integrity.

The pamphleteers whom he opposed, and who opposed him, were powerless against Swift. Where they pried with the curiosity and meanness of petty dealers, Swift's insight seized on the larger relations, and insisted on them. Where they "bantered," cajoled, and sneered, arousing a very mild irritation, Swift's scornful invective, and biting satire silenced into fear the enemies of the Queen's chosen ministers. Where their jejune "answers" gained a simper, Swift's virility of mind, range of power, and dexterity of handling, compelled a homage. His Whig antagonists had good reason to dread him. He scoffed at them for an existence that was founded, not on a devotion to principles, but on a jealousy for the power others enjoyed. "The bulk of the Whigs appears rather to be linked to a certain set of persons, than any certain set of principles." To these persons also he directed his grim attention, Somers, Cowper, Godolphin, Marlborough, and Wharton were each drawn with iron stylus and acid. To Wharton he gave special care (he had some private scores to pay off), and in the character of Verres, he etched the portrait of a profligate, an unscrupulous governor, a scoundrel, an infidel to his religion and country, a reckless, selfish, low-living blackguard. In the

Letter to Marcus Crassus, Marlborough is addressed in language that the simplest farm-labourer could understand. The letter is a lay sermon on the vice of avarice, and every point and illustration are taken from Marlborough's life with such telling application that Marlborough himself must have taken thought as he read it. "No man," Swift finely concludes, "of true valour and true understanding, upon whom this vice has stolen unawares; when he is convinced he is guilty, will suffer it to remain in his breast an hour."

But these attentions to the Whigs as a party and as individuals were, after all, but the by-play of the skilled orator preparing the minds of his hearers for the true purpose in hand. That purpose may originally have been to fix the ministry in the country's favour; but Swift having fulfilled it, and so discharged his office, turned it, as indeed he could not help turning it, and as later in the Drapier's Letters he turned another purpose, to the persuasion of an acceptance of those broad principles which so influenced political thought during the last years of the reign of Queen Anne. It is with these principles in his mind that Dr. Johnson confessed that Swift "dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation." He recalled the nation to a consideration of the Constitution; he attributed to the people (because, of course, they had elected the new ministry into power) an appreciation of what was best for the protection of their ancient privileges and rights. The past twenty years had been a period of mismanagement, in which the Constitution had been ignored; "but the body of the people is wiser; and by the choice they have made, shew they do understand our Constitution, and would bring it back to the old form." "The nation has groaned under the intolerable burden of those who sucked her blood for gain. We have carried on wars, that we might fill the pockets of stock-jobbers. We have revised our Constitution, and by a great and united national effort, have secured our Protestant succession, only that we may become the tools of a faction, who arrogate to themselves the whole merit of what was a national act. We are governed by upstarts, who are unsettling the landmarks of our social system, and are displacing the influence of our landed gentry by that of a class of men who find their profit in our woes." The rule of the tradesman must be replaced by the rule of those whose lives are bound up with the land of their country. The art of government was not "the importation of nutmegs, and the curing of herrings;" but the political embodiment of the will of "a Parliament freely chosen, without threatening or corruption," and "composed of landed men" whose interests being in the soil would be at one with the interests of those who lived on the soil. Whigs and Tories may dispute as they will among themselves as to the best side from which to defend the country; but the men of the true party are the men of the National party — they "whose principles in Church and State, are what I have above related; whose actions are derived from thence, and who have no attachment to any set of ministers, further than as these are friends to the Constitution in all its parts; but will do their utmost to save their Prince and Country, whoever be at the Helm".[1]

In this spirit and in such wise did Swift temper his time and champion the cause of those men who had chosen him. This was a kind of "examining" to which neither the Whigs nor the Tories had been accustomed. It shed quite a new light on matters, which the country at large was not slow to appreciate. Throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom "The Examiner" was welcomed and its appeals responded to. Its success was notable, even magnificent; but it was not a lasting success. It did the work that the ministry had intended it to do, and did it unmistakably; but the principles of this National party were for men of a sterner mould than either Harley or St. John. Swift had laid a burden on their shoulders heavier than they could carry, and they fell when they were bereft of his support. But the work Swift did bears witness to-day to a very unusual combination of qualities in the genius of this man, whose personality stands out even above his work. It was ever his fate to serve and never his happiness to command; but then he had himself accepted servitude when he donned the robe of the priest.

It is deserving of repeated record to note that Dr. Johnson in admitting that Swift, in "The Examiner," had the advantage in argument, adds that "with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's papers will be found equal to those by which Addison opposed him." To which Monck Mason pertinently remarks: "The Doctor should have told us what these papers were which Addison wrote in opposition to Swift's 'Examiner;' for the last 'Whig Examiner,' written by Addison, was published October 12th, 1710, and Swift's first 'Examiner' on the 2nd November following."[2]

* * * * *

In this volume have been collected those writings of Swift which form his contributions to the periodicals of his time. Care has been taken to give the best text and to admit nothing that Swift did not write. In the preparation of the volume the editor has received such assistance from Mr. W. Spencer Jackson that it might with stricter justice be said that he had edited it. He collated the texts, revised the proofs, and supplied most of the notes. Without his assistance the volume must inevitably have been further delayed, and the editor gladly takes this occasion to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Jackson and to thank him for his help.

His further indebtedness must be acknowledged to the researches of those writers already named in the previously published volumes of this edition, and also cited in the notes to the present volume.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

April 8, 1902.

1: "Examiner," No. 44, p. 290.]

2: "Hist. St. Patrick's Cathedral," p. 257, note g.]

NOTE.

In the original dedication of the first volume of "The Tatler" to Arthur Maynwaring Richard Steele, its projector and editor, gives characteristic expression to the motive which prompted him in its establishment. "The state of conversation and business in this town," says Steele, "having been long perplexed with pretenders in both kinds, in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a Paper which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy, part of mankind." He goes on to say that "the general purpose of this Paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour."

That Steele succeeded in this laudable purpose has been amply made evident by the effect "The Tatler" had upon his literary successors, both of his own age and of the generations since his time. "The Tatler" was, if we except Defoe's "Weekly Review," the earliest literary periodical which, in the language of Scott, "had no small effect in fixing and refining the character of the English nation."

Steele conducted his periodical under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff. He chose this name purposely because he felt, as he himself expressed it, that "a work of this nature required time to grow into the notice of the world. It happened very luckily that a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which had rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at." The gentleman referred to is, of course, Swift, whose pamphlets on Partridge had been the talk of the town.

Steele very kindly ascribes the success of the periodical to this "good fortune;" and though there may be something in what he said, we, in the present day, can more justly appreciate the great benefit conferred upon his countrymen by himself and his co-workers.

The influence of "The Tatler" on contemporary thought is acknowledged by Gay in his "Present State of Wit," published in 1711. Gay remarks: "His writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before; and though we cannot yet say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since."

Among the contributors, in addition to the editor himself, were Swift, Addison, Yalden, John Hughes, William Harrison, and James Greenwood.

It must always remain to a great extent a matter of conjecture as to the exact authorship of "The Tatler" papers. In the preface to the fourth volume

the authorship of a very few of the articles was admitted. Peter Wentworth wrote to his brother, Lord Raby, on May 9th, 1709, saying the Tatlers "are writ by a club of wits, who make it their business to pick up all the merry stories they can…. Three of the authors are guessed at, viz.: Swift,… Yalden, and Steele" ("Wentworth Papers," 85).

Swift's first recognized prose contribution to "The Tatler" was in No. 32 (June 23rd), and he continued from time to time, as the following reprint will show, to assist his friend; but, unfortunately, party politics separated the two, and Swift retired from the venture.

A particular meaning was attached to the place from which the articles in "The Tatler" were dated. The following notice appeared in the first number: "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment."

"The Tatler" was reprinted in Edinburgh as soon as possible after its publication in London, commencing apparently with No. 130, as No. 31 (Edinburgh, James Watson) is dated April 24th, 1710, and corresponds to No. 160 of the original edition, April 18th, 1710. [T.S.]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 32.

FROM TUESDAY JUNE 21. TO THURSDAY JUNE 23. 1709.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF ESQ;[1]

June 18. 1709.

"SIR,

"I know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed *Platonne*, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphics, and run over Norris[2] and More,[3] and Milton,[4] and the whole set of Intellectual Triflers, torments me heartily; for to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally. Why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition: If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelowed scarf, pinions; her blue manteau and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six foot and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six and twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserable, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: If I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of the sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as a fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, Whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and the torture, only to convince her, she has really fine limbs, without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, ere I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I don't think advisable, because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps in the other extreme for my tenuity. I am (with impatience)

"Your most humble servant,

"CHARLES STURDY."

My patient has put his case with very much warmth, and represented it in

so lively a manner, that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a peculiar manner from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for woman in general; but a *Platonne* is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider in her the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were some years since a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of waters, with shady coverts, and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit those mansions of intended severity; among others, a famous rake[5] of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but upon seeing a servant coming towards him, with a design to tell him, this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid: "Young woman," said he, "if any of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the other side towards the gardens: we are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been." Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on; "Now you must know we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a Protestant nunnery in England: but pray Mrs. Betty — —"—"Sir," she replied, "my name is Susan, at your service."—"Then I heartily beg your pardon — —"—"No offence in the least," says she, "for I have a cousin-german whose name is Betty."[6] —"Indeed," said he, "I protest to you that was more than I knew, I spoke at random: But since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute." His friend advances, and so on, till that they had all saluted her. By this means, the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows, at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the Platonics, at several peepholes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madonella,[7] a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aspect, goes deputy from his company. She begins, "Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant, who was sent out to know, What affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to Heaven and our own thoughts?"—"Madam," replies Rake, (with an air of great distance, mixed

with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation) "your great intention has made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, this seat of primitive piety; for such it must be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders. I have read Madonella's excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject." The lady immediately answers, "If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy." He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing, "Are you then that admired lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred—" He salutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. But Rake goes on—"We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves."

To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say, "That he sincerely wished men might rise out of the earth like plants;[8] and that our minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support of our species." This was spoke with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, "Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of Providence: These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in preserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic." The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and a second interview;[9] and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.

Any unnatural part is long taking up, and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself, Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such violent desires.

1: This letter is introduced by the following words:

"White's Chocolate-house, June 22.

"An Answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my ante-chamber, to give the gentleman my opinion."

This paper is written in ridicule of some affected ladies of the period, who pretended, with rather too much ostentation, to embrace the doctrines of Platonic Love. Mrs. Mary Astell, a learned and worthy woman, had embraced this fantastic notion so deeply, that, in an essay upon the female sex, in 1696, she proposed a sort of female college, in which the young might be instructed, and 'ladies nauseating the parade of the world,' might find a happy retirement. The plan was disconcerted by Bishop Burnet, who, understanding that the Queen intended to give £10,000 towards the establishment, dissuaded her, by an assurance, that it would lead to the introduction of Popish orders, and be called a nunnery. This lady is

the Madonella of the Tatler…. This paper has been censured as a gross reflection on Mrs. Astell's character, but on no very just foundation. Swift only prophesies the probable issue of such a scheme, as that of the Protestant nunnery; and it is a violent interpretation of his words to suppose him to insinuate, that the conclusion had taken place without the premises. Indeed, the scourge of ridicule is seldom better employed than on that species of *Précieuse*, who is anxious to confound the boundaries which nature has fixed for the employments and studies of the two sexes. No man was more zealous than Swift for informing the female mind in those points most becoming and useful to their sex. His "Letter to a Young Married Lady" and "Thoughts on Education" point out the extent of those studies. [S.]

Nichols, in his edition of "The Tatler" (1786), ascribes this paper to "Swift and Addison"; but he thinks the humour of it "certainly originated in the licentious imagination of the Dean of St. Patrick's." [T.S.]]

2: John Norris (1657-1711), Rector of Bemerton, author of "The Theory and Regulation of Love" (1688), and of many other works. His correspondence with the famous Platonist, Henry More, is appended to this "moral essay." Chalmers speaks of him as "a man of great ingenuity, learning, and piety"; but Locke refers to him as "an obscure, enthusiastic man." [T.S.]]

3: Henry More (1614-1687), the famous Cambridge Platonist, and author of "Philosophicall Poems" (1647), "The Immortality of the Soul" (1659), and other works of a similar nature. Chalmers notes that "Mr. Chishall, an eminent bookseller, declared, that Dr. More's 'Mystery of Godliness' and his other works, ruled all the booksellers of London for twenty years together." [T.S.]]

4: The reference here is to Milton's "Apology for Smectymnuus." Milton and More were, during one year, fellow-students at Christ's College, Cambridge. [T.S.]]

5: Said to refer to a Mr. Repington, a well-known wag of the time, and a member of an old Warwickshire family, of Amington, near Tamworth. [T.S.]]

6: The Betty here referred to is the Lady Elizabeth Hastings (1682-1739), daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. In No. 49 of "The Tatler," Steele refers to her in the famous sentence: "to love her is a liberal education." She contributed to Mrs. Astell's plans for the establishment of a "Protestant nunnery." [T.S.]]

7: See previous note. Mrs. Mary Astell (1668-1731) the authoress of "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of their true and greatest Interest" (1694), was the friend of Lady Elizabeth Hastings and the correspondent of John Norris of Bemerton. There is not the slightest foundation for the gross and cruel insinuations against her character in this paper. The libel is repeated in the 59th and 63rd numbers of "The Tatler." Her correspondence with Norris was published in 1695, with the title, "Letters Concerning the Love of God". Later in life she attacked Atterbury, Locke, and White Kennett. [T.S.]]

8: The reference here is to Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," part ii., section 9. [T.S.]]

9: M. Bournelle — a pseudonym of William Oldisworth — remarks: "The next interview after a *second* is still a *second*; there is no progress in time to lovers" ("Annotations on 'The Tatler'"). Chalmers reads here, "a second and a third interview." [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 35.

FROM TUESDAY JUNE 28. TO THURSDAY JUNE 30. 1709.

"SIR,[1]

"Not long since[2] you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of *Staffs*, from whence I suppose you would insinuate, that it is the most ancient and numerous house in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either; and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this matter, since it is well known, that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of *Ix*, has enjoyed the precedency to all others from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as, that your relations *Distaff* and *Broomstaff* were both inconsiderate mean persons, one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

"First then comes the most famous and popular lady *Meretrix*, parent of the fertile family of *Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obstetrix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adsectrix, Assectatrix, Palpatrix, Praeceptrix, Pistrix.*

"I am yours,

"ELIZ. POTATRIX."

1: This letter is introduced:

"From my own Apartment, June 29.

"It would be a very great obligation, and an assistance to my treatise upon punning, if any one would please to inform me in what class among the learned, who play with words, to place the author of the following letter."

The proposed work had been promised in the 32nd number of "The Tatler," where it was stated that, "I shall dedicate this discourse to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the last age; but by his dress and morals, of this." [T.S.]]

2: In the 11th number of "The Tatler," by Heneage Twisden. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 59.

FROM TUESDAY AUGUST 23. TO THURSDAY AUGUST 25. 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, August 24.

The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

"SIR, Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer (for I read no others) I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning; for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem. Your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage, that their author is still alive, and ready (as his extensive charity makes us expect) to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, Sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new[1] when the last letters came away, and yet Sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you; which makes me write this, with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato.

"'When in reading,' says he, 'any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistakes we before attributed to them.' If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you, several things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to

"Your most humble servant,

"OBADIAH GREENHAT."

1: In No. 57 of "The Tatler" Steele wrote: "Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent him to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suckling:

"'I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right.

‘No woman under Heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear;
And forty healths my brains will bear,
Most stoutly.’”

The “description out of Suckling” is from that writer’s rondeau, “A Soldier.” As the poet died in 1642, Swift ridicules the statement that this kind of coxcomb was “utterly new.” [T.S.]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 63.

FROM THURSDAY SEPTEMBER I. TO SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3, 1709. "SIR,[1]

"It must be allowed, that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the World sees them to be in downright nonsense. You'll be pleased, Sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you when you seemed anything dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul Lorrain's[2] saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, Sir, to show a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of: And to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman,[3] which, though derived by the left hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother (for such Obadiah is) being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and, as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you than to any others of our modern historians.

"*Madonella*, who as it was thought had long since taken her flight towards the ethereal mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution[4] mentioned in yours of June the 23rd, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding-schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels; where, instead of scissors, needles, and samplers; pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene,[5] the writer of 'Memoirs from the Mediterranean,' who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the

whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is to be a certain lady, who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels[6], which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of Queen Emma's Court, as the 'Memoirs from the New Atalantis' are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to enquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their 'Philosophical Transactions[7], and Searches after Nature.'

"Yours, &c.

"TOBIAH GREENHAT."

1: This letter was introduced:

"From my own Apartment, September 2.

"The following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain, an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow writers to publish it." [T.S.]]

2: The Rev. Paul Lorrain was ordinary of Newgate Prison from 1698 until 1719. He issued the dying speeches and confessions of the condemned criminals in the form of broadsheets. In these confessions, the penitence of the criminals was most strongly emphasized, hence the term "Lorrain's saints." Lorrain died in 1719. [T.S.]]

3: Isaac Bickerstaff, commenting on the letter in No. 59, printed above, says: "I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry II." [T.S.]]

4: See No. 32 *ante*. [T.S.]]

5: Mrs. Mary de la Rivière Manley, author of "Memoirs of Europe, towards the Close of the Eighth Century" (1710), which she dedicated to Isaac Bickerstaff, and of "Secret Memoirs and Manners … from the New Atalantis" (1709). She was associated with Swift in the writing of several pamphlets In support of the Harley Administration, and in his work on "The Examiner" (see vol. v., pp. 41, 118, and 171 of the present edition of Swift's works).

Epicene is an allusion to Ben Jonson's comedy, "Epicoene; or, the Silent Woman" (1609).

Mrs. Manley seems to have credited Steele with this attack on her, for she attacked him, in turn, in her "New Atalantis," and printed, in her dedication to the "Memoirs of Europe," Steele's denial of the authorship of this paper. This did not, however, prevent her making new charges against him. "The Narrative of Guiscard's Examination," "A Comment on Dr. Hare's Sermon," and "The Duke of Marlborough's Vindication," were written either by herself, or at the suggestion of, and with instructions from, Swift. [T.S.]]

6: Mrs. Elizabeth Elstob (1683-1756), a niece of the learned Dr. Hickes, issued, in 1709, "An English-Saxon Homily on the Birthday of St. Gregory." The work was dedicated to Queen Anne. She was a friend of Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Pendarves, and better known as Mrs. Delany. [T.S.]]

7: An allusion to "Useful Transactions in Philosophy," etc., January and February, 1708/9, which commenced with an article entitled "An Essay on the Invention of Samplers," by Mrs. Arabella Manly (*sic*). She had a friend, Mrs. Betty Clavel. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 66.

FROM THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 8. TO SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 10. 1709.

Wills Coffee-house, September 9.

We have been very much perplexed here this evening, by two gentlemen who took upon them to talk as loud as if it were expected from them to entertain the company. Their subject was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, "a man could not be eloquent without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing which a good mien is in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments: For the jest is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

"There is," said he, "a remarkable example of that kind: Aeschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes. Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men; and the magistrates of that place having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. 'If you are,' said he, 'thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? for he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration.' Certain it is, that they who speak gracefully, are very lamely represented, in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, that is so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, 'That is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.' But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of

some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

"I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the Dean[1] we heard the other day together, is an orator. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person it is to be confessed is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of speech (which might pass the criticism of Longinus)[2] an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience[3] who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions, till he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form, are laid before you and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness, till he has convinced you of the truth of it.

"Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world but because it is spoken *extempore*: For ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts but by power over their imagination. There is my friend and merry companion Daniel[4]: he knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, 'My beloved;' and the words 'grace! regeneration! sanctification! a new light! the day! The day! aye, my beloved, the day!' or rather, 'the night! The night is coming! and judgment will come, when we least think of it!' — and so forth — He knows, to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience; and Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give him a good hint, and cry out, 'This is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'It is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.' Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or His power from whom we ask relief.

"There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action than in little parson Dapper,[5] who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his Bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he has not used one proper gesture, yet at the conclusion, the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his head; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent (even when improper) than all the reason and argument in the world without it." This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, "I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months' time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain."

1: In his original preface to the fourth volume, Steele explains that "the amiable character of the Dean in the sixty-sixth 'Tatler,' was drawn for Dr. Atterbury." Steele cites this as a proof of his impartiality. Scott thinks that it must have cost him "some effort to permit insertion of a passage so favourable to a Tory divine." At the time the character was published Atterbury was Dean of Carlisle and one of the Queen's chaplains. He was later created Bishop of Rochester. There is no doubt that Atterbury was deeply implicated in the various Jacobite plots for the bringing in of the Pretender. Under a bill of pains and penalties he was condemned and deprived of all his ecclesiastical offices. In 1723 he left England and died in exile in 1732. His body, however, was privately buried in Westminster Abbey. [T.S.]]

2: "De Sublimitate," viii. [T.S.]]

3: For twenty years Atterbury was preacher at the chapel of Bridewell Hospital. [T.S.]]

4: Daniel Burgess (1645-1713), the son of a Wiltshire clergyman, was a schoolmaster in Ireland before he became minister to the Presbyterian meeting-house people in Brydges Street, Covent Garden. A chapel was built for him in New Court, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, and this was destroyed during the Sacheverell riots in 1710. [T.S.]]

5: Dr. Joseph Trapp (1679-1747), professor of poetry at Oxford, where he published his "Praelectiones Poeticae" (1711-15), He assisted Sacheverell and became a strong partisan of the High Church party. Swift thought very little of him. To Stella he writes, he is "a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland" (January 7th, 1710/1, see vol. ii., p. 96). This sending to Ireland refers to his chaplaincy to Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord Chancellor of Ireland (1710-12). On July 17th, 1712, Swift again speaks of him to Stella: "I have made Trap chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it" (*ibid*., p. 379). Trapp afterwards held several preferments in and near London. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 67.

FROM SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 10. TO TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 13. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 12.

No man can conceive, till he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world, how much anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my Lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way in spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this I am informed, he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. Whatdee'call[1] as to his buttons: Stentor[2] still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge[3] walks about at noon-day, and Aesculapius[4] thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.[5] My province is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very much care, and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a Chamber of Fame, and established certain rules, which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society. In this Chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths; the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second, twenty; the third, an hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed in their order the twelve most famous persons in the world, not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous. When the first table is filled, the next in renown must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold an hundred. At these tables no regard is to be had to seniority: for if Julius Caesar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person who has not been dead an hundred years, must be offered to a place at any of these tables: and because

this is altogether a lay society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in Holy Writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence, such as Hercules, Theseus, Aeneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers' Hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which, the composer will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better, if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables, because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

1: "N.B. Mr. How'd'call is desired to leave off those buttons." — No. 21. [T.S.]]

2: Dr. William Stanley (1647-1731), master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was Dean of St. Asaph in 1706-31. In No. 54 of "The Tatler," he is described as a person "accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the responses that . . . one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar, calls his way of worship a *Bull-offering*." In the sixty-first number a further reference is made to him: "A person of eminent wit and piety [Dr. R. South] wrote to Stentor: 'Brother Stentor,' said he, 'for the repose of the Church, hearken to Bickerstaff; and consider that, while you are so devout at St. Paul's, we cannot sleep for you at St. Peter's.'" [T.S.]]

3: John Partridge (1644-1715) cobbler, philomath, and quack, was the author of "Merlinus Liberatus," first issued in 1680. He libelled his master, John Gadbury, in his "Nebulo Anglicanus" (1693), and quarrelled with George Parker, a fellow-quack and astrologer. It is of him that Swift wrote his famous "Predictions" (see vol. i. of this edition, p. 298), and issued his broadside, concluding with the lines:

"Here, five feet deep, lies on his back,
A cobler, starmonger, and quack,
Who to the stars in pure good will
Does to his best look upward still:
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes."

In No. 59 of "The Tatler," his death is referred to in harmony with the tone of Swift's fun: "The late Partridge, who

still denies his death. I am informed indeed by several that he walks." [T.S.]]

4: The famous Dr. John Radcliffe (1650-1714) who refused the appointment of physician to King William III., and offended Anne by his churlish disregard of her requests to attend on her. He fell in love with a Miss Tempest, one of Queen Anne's maids of honour. In the 44th number of "The Tatler" Steele ridicules this attachment by making him address his mistress in the following words: "O fair! for thee I sit amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person and laces the hat of thy dying lover." Radcliffe attended Swift for his dizziness, but that did not prevent the latter from referring to him as "that puppy," in writing to Stella, for neglecting to attend to Harley's wound. He seems to have had a high standing for skill as a physician, and probably on that account gave himself airs. It is told of him that "during a long attendance in the family of a particular friend, he regularly refused the fee pressed upon him at each visit. At length, when the cure was performed, and the doctor about to give up attendance, the convalescent patient again proffered him a purse containing the fees for every day's visit. The doctor eyed it some time in silence, and at length extended his hand, exclaiming, 'Singly, I could have refused them for ever; but altogether they are irresistible.'" Radcliffe died at Carshalton in 1714. From his bequests were founded the Radcliffe Infirmary and Observatory at Oxford. [T.S.]]

5: Scott omits, from his edition, the whole of this paragraph up to this point. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 68.

FROM TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 13. TO THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 15. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 14.

The progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the Chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures; that the lives of ordinary men are spent in inquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness, that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way, since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue, to ask my sister Jenny's advice, and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle sold by the hawkers, called, "Aristotle's Problems." [1] But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescencies, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the covert of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the Chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill deservers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame, for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all *rugg*, as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger, by which means he cannot, as he used to do, secure a die. But I am very much at a loss how to call some of the fair sex, who are accomplices with the Knights of Industry; for my metaphorical dogs[2] are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regiment with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of those, whose very names would otherwise be defence enough against falling into their hands. But for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned, provided we hear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such, as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it prove that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons.

"So let the stricken deer go weep."[3]

1: This was not a translation of Aristotle's "Problemata," but an indecent pamphlet with that title. [T.S.]]

2: In the 62nd number of "The Tatler" Steele wrote a paper comparing some of the pests of society, such as the gamblers, to dogs, and said: "It is humbly proposed that they may be all together transported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many." Scott notes that when one of the fraternity referred to threatened Steele with personal vengeance, Lord Forbes silenced him with these words: "You will find it safer, sir, in this country, to cut a purse than to cut a throat." [T.S.]]

3: "Why, let the stricken deer go weep." — *Hamlet*, iii. 2. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 70.

FROM SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17. TO TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20. 1709.

"SIR,[1]

"I read with great pleasure in the *Tatler*[2] of Saturday last the conversation upon eloquence; permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator observes upon this subject, *Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris*, (he quotes Menedemus[3] an Athenian) *ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur, id fieri vitae dignitate*.[4] It is the first rule, in oratory, that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be, and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gravity, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the Fathers: I think it will appear a just observation to all, as it may have authority with some; *Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt, ipsi praeceptis suis detrahunt pondus; Quis enim obtemperet, cum ipsi praeceptores doceant non obtemperare?*[5] I am,

"SIR,

"Your humble servant,

"JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

"P.S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great-Britain had not yet learned to speak; a very great defect indeed; and therefore I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor[6] at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new-modelling the organs of voice; which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present, who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation; not that he designs to expatiate in this practice, because he cannot (as he says) apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the same reason, he

will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes, and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country, being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by, Sir, yours,

"PHILALETHES."

1: This letter appears under the heading: "From my own Apartment, September 19." [T.S.]]

2: See "The Tatler," No. 66, *ante*. [T. S,]]

3: An Athenian rhetorician who died in Rome about 100 B.C. [T.S.]]

4: The quotation is not quite correctly given. It is taken from Cicero, *De Oratore*, i. 19 (87). [T.S.]]

5: "But those who teach, and do not live in accordance with their own instructions, take away all the weight from their teaching; for who will comply with their precepts, when the teachers themselves teach us not to obey them?" [T.S.]]

6: James Ford proposed to cure stammerers and even restore speech to mutes. In the second volume of "The British Apollo" he is referred to as having "not only recovered several who stammered to a regular speech, but also brought the deaf and dumb to speak." [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 71.

FROM TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20. TO THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 22. 1709.

"'SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,[1]

"Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in reading prayers, he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture; besides the extraordinary charge they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off of those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within 100 yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sotting in the desk on a hassock. With all this, he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the sick, except they return his visit."

1: This letter is dated as from Will's Coffee-house, September 20. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 230.

FROM TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 26. TO THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 28. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 27.[1]

The following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters[2] which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subjects the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the World without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF ESQ;

"SIR,

"There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province, though, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean, the traders in history and politics, and the *belles lettres;* together with those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common expressions are) 'done out of French, Latin,' or other language, and 'made English.' I cannot but observe to you, that till of late years a Grub-Street book was always bound in sheepskin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen, or country pedlars, but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places. They are handed about from lapfuls in every coffeehouse to persons of quality, are shewn in Westminster-Hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

"These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean, the continual corruption of our English tongue, which, without some

timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred: And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

"But instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I received some time ago from a most accomplished person in this way of writing, upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms.

"'SIR,

"'I *couldn't* get the things you sent for all *about Town.* — I *thôt* to *ha'* come down myself, and then *I'd ha' brôut 'umn;* but I *han't don't,* and I believe I *can't do't,* that's *pozz.* — *Tom*[3] begins to *gi'mself* airs because *he's* going with the *plenipo's.*—'Tis said, the *French* King will *bamboozl us agen,* which *causes many speculations*. The *Jacks,* and others of that *kidney*, are very *uppish*, and *alert upon't*, as you may see by their *phizz's*. — *Will Hazzard* has got the *hipps*, having lost *to the tune of* five hundr'd pound, *thô* he understands play very well, *nobody better*. He has promis't me upon *rep*, to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt to *give into, thô* he has as much wit as any man, *nobody more.* He has lain *incog* ever since. — The *mobb's* very quiet with us now. — I believe you *thôt I bantered* you in my last like a *country put.* — I *sha'n't* leave Town this month, *&c*.'

"This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle. You may gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers, offered us every day in the coffeehouses: And these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? And after he had gone through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye is the *breaks* at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans; altogether of the Gothic strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants; as it is observable in all the Northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest; such as *phizz, hipps, mobb,*[4] *poz., rep.* and many more; when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest; as the owl

fattened her mice, after she had bit off their legs to prevent their running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other Nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *incog* and *plenipo*: But in a short time it is to be hoped they will be further docked to *inc* and *plen*. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns; *Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions*, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffeehouses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

"The third refinement observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of certain words invented by some *pretty fellows*; such as *banter, bamboozle, country put*, and *kidney*, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *mobb* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

"In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter; some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them, though they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

"These are the false refinements in our style which you ought to correct: First, by argument and fair means; but if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *index expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak; a noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out, and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe, all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables: And upon this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who coming up from the University, full fraught with admiration of our Town politeness, will needs correct the style of their Prayer-Books. In reading the absolution, they are very careful to say "*Pardons and absolves;"* and in the Prayer for the Royal Family, it must be, *endue'um, enrich'um, prosper'um,* and *bring'um*.[5] Then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, *sham, banter, mob, bubble, bully, cutting shuffling,* and *palming*, all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from such young sophisters, so I have read them in some of those sermons that have made most noise of late.

The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry, to shew us, that they know the Town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the University.

"I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, *(simplex munditiis)* as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest, that all new, affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the Court, the Town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language, and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker,[6] who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons[7] the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader; much more clear and intelligible than those of Sir H. Wotton,[8]Sir Robert Naunton,[9] Osborn,[10] Daniel[11] the historian, and several others who writ later; but being men of the Court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

"What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them.

"I am, with great respect,
Sir,

"Your, &c."

1: In his "Journal to Stella," Swift writes, under date, September 18th, 1710: "Came to town; got home early, and began a letter to 'The Tatler' about the corruptions of style and writing, &c." On September 23rd, he writes again: "I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff; let the Bp. of Clogher smoke if he can." Again on September 29th: "I made a 'Tatler' since I came; guess which it is, and whether the Bp. Of Clogher smokes it." On October 1st, he asks Stella: "Have you smoked the 'Tatler' that I writ? It is much liked here, and I think it a pure one." On the 14th of the same month he refers still again to the paper which had evidently pleased him: "The Bp. of Clogher has smoked my 'Tatler' about shortening of words," etc. [T.S.]]

2: Compare Swift's "Proposal for Correcting the English Tongue." [T.S.]]

3: Thomas Harley, cousin of the first Earl of Oxford. He was Secretary of the Treasury, and afterwards minister at Hanover. He died in 1737. (T.S.)]

4: It is interesting to note that Swift, who insisted that the word "mob" should never be used for "rabble," wrote "mob" in the 15th number of "The Examiner," and in Faulkner's reprint of 1741 the word was changed to "rabble." Scott notes: "The Dean carried on the war against the word 'mob' to the very last. A lady who died in 1788, and was well known to Swift, used to say that the greatest scrape into which she got with him was by using the word 'mob.' 'Why do you say that?' said he, in a passion; 'never let me hear you say that word again.' 'Why, sir,' said she, 'what am I to say?' 'The "rabble," to be sure,' answered he." [T.S.]]

5.] See Swift's Letter to the Earl of Pembroke (Scott's edition, vol. xv., p. 350) where a little more fun is poked at the Bishop of Clogher, in the same strain. [T.S.]

6: The great Richard Hooker (1554-1600) author of the

“Ecclesiastical Polity.” [T.S.]]

7: Robert Parsons (1546-1610) the famous Jesuit missionary, and the author of a large number of works including the “Conference about the next Succession” (1594). Several of his books were privately printed by him at a secret printing press, which he set up in East Ham with the assistance of the poet Campion. [T.S.]]

8: Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639) author of “Reliquiae Wottonianae,” and the friend of John Donne. He was Provost of Eton from 1624 until his death, and distinguished himself as a diplomatist. To him is ascribed the saying: “An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.” [T.S.]]

9: Sir Robert Naunton (1563-1635), Secretary of State in 1618, and author of “Fragmenta Regalia” published in 1641. [T.S.]]

10: Francis Osborne (1593-1659) wrote “Advice to a Son” (1656-58), a work that gave him a great reputation. This work was issued with his other writings in a collected form in 1673. [T.S.]]

11: Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) is said to have succeeded Spenser as poet-laureate. In addition to his plays and poems (including a history of the Civil Wars in eight books, 1595-1609) he wrote a History of England, in two parts (1612-1617). [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 258.

FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 30. TO SATURDAY DECEMBER 2. 1710.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF ESQ;
Nov. 22. 1710.[1]

SIR,

Dining yesterday with Mr. *South-British,* and Mr. *William North-Briton* two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise,[2] were known by the names of Mr. *English* and Mr. *William Scott*. Among other things, the maid of the house (who in her time I believe may have been a *North-British* warming-pan) brought us up a dish of *North-British* collops. We liked our entertainment very well, only we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as we could have wished, was *North-British* cloth: But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at *North-British* hoppers; so we paid our *North-Briton*[3] sooner than we designed, and took coach to *North-Britain* yard, about which place most of us live. We had indeed gone a-foot, only we were under some apprehensions lest a *North-British* mist should wet a *South-British* man to the skin.

We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style settled by you in one of your late papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to,

Sir,
Your most humble servants,

J.S. M.P. N.R.

1: This letter appeared originally under the heading: "From my own Apartment, December I." [T.S.]]

2: In his "Journal to Stella" (December 2, 1710) Swift writes: "Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world. He said something in a 'Tatler,' that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I, sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J.S., M.P. and N.R. the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day, he smoked it immediately." The passage referred to by Swift, was a letter, signed Scoto-Britannus, printed in No. 241 of "The Tatler," in which it was objected that a gentleman ended every sentence with the words, "the best of any man in England," and called upon him to "mend his phrase, and be hereafter the wisest of any man in Great Britain." Writing to Alderman Barber, under date August 8, 1738, Swift remarks: "The modern phrase 'Great Britain' is only to distinguish it from Little Britain where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold." [T.S.]]

3: We paid our *scot; i.e.,* our share of the reckoning. [T.S.]]

With No. 271 Steele brought his venture to a close. It was issued on January 2nd, 1710. "I am now," he wrote, "come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff." His ostensible reason for thus terminating so successful an undertaking he put down to the fact that Bickerstaff was no longer a disguise, and that he could not hope to have the same influence when it was known who it was that led the movement. Another reason, however, suggests itself in Steele's recognition of Harley's kindness in not depriving him of his Commissionership of Stamps, as well as of his Gazetteership for the satires Steele permitted to appear against Harley in "The Tatler." That Steele did have something further to say to the world may be gathered from the fact that two months after "The Tatler's" decease he started "The Spectator."

But "The Tatler" was too good a thing for the publishers to permit to die. Two days after the issue of No. 271, appeared a No. 272, with the imprint of John Baker, of "the Black Boy at Paternoster Row." It extolled the "Character of Richard Steele, alias Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," and promised to continue in his footsteps, and be delivered regularly to its subscribers "at 5 in the morning." On January 6th, 1710, No. 273 was published by "Isaac Bickerstaff, Jr." John Baker, however, was not to have it all his own way, for on January 6th, 1710, Morphew brought out a number — not a double number, although called "Numbers 272, 273" — and continued it without intermission on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, until May 19th, when the final number, No. 330, was issued. The date 1711 was first used on March 31st. Meanwhile, on January 13th, A. Baldwin issued a No. 1 of a "Tatler," in which the public were informed that Isaac Bickerstaff had had no intention to discontinue the paper, but would continue to publish it every Tuesday and Saturday. This was the new "Tatler" in which Swift was interesting himself on behalf of William Harrison. Writing to Stella, under date January 11th, he says: "I am setting up a new 'Tatler,' little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands." When the paper came out he wrote again: "There is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the strops for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it." Apparently, he hadn't, for later, referring to another number, Swift writes: "The jackanapes wants a right taste: I doubt he won't do."

With all Swift's assistance, Harrison did not hold out. He quarrelled with

Baldwin, and went to Morphew and Lillie, the publishers of the original "Tatler." Only six numbers bear Baldwin's imprint, namely, Nos. 1-6, dated respectively, January 13th, January 16th, January 20th, January 23rd, January 27th, and February 1st. Harrison's first number, under Morphew, was called No. 285 (February 3rd). For a very exhaustive and careful research into the publications of "The Tatler" and its imitators the reader is referred to Aitken's "Life of Sir Richard Steele" (2 vols., 1889).

William Harrison (1685-1713) was educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. He obtained Addison's favour by his acquaintance with "polite literature," and was introduced by him to Swift. Swift took to him very kindly, spoke of the young fellow "we are all fond of," thought him "a pretty little fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature," and interested himself in him to the extent that through him St. John got Lord Raby to take him to The Hague as his secretary. He returned with the Barrier Treaty, but without a penny. He had not been paid any of his salary. Swift heard of this, and immediately went about collecting a sum of money for his assistance. When, however, he called with the money, at Harrison's lodgings in Knightsbridge, he found the poor fellow had died an hour before.

These contributions to the new "Tatler" are printed from the original periodical issue with the exception of No. 5, which is taken from the second edition of the reprint (1720), as no copy of the original issue has been met with. [T.S.]

THE TATLER, NUMB. I.

Quis ego sum saltem, si non sum Sosia? Te interrogo. PLAUT. AMPHITR.[1]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13. 1711.[2]

It is impossible, perhaps, for the best and wisest amongst us, to keep so constant a guard upon our temper, but that we may at one time or other lie open to the strokes of Fortune, and such incidents as we cannot foresee. With sentiments of this kind I came home to my lodgings last night, much fatigued with a long and sudden journey from the country, and full of the ungrateful occasion of it. It was natural for me to have immediate recourse to my pen and ink; but before I would offer to make use of them, I resolved deliberately to tell over a hundred, and when I came to the end of that sum, I found it more advisable to defer drawing up my intended remonstrance, till I had slept soundly on my resentments. Without any other preface than this, I shall give the world a fair account of the treatment I have lately met with, and leave them to judge, whether the uneasiness I have suffered be inconsistent with the character I have generally pretended to. About three weeks since, I received an invitation from a kinsman in Staffordshire, to spend my Christmas in those parts. Upon taking leave of Mr. Morphew, I put as many papers into his hands as would serve till my return, and charged him at parting to be very punctual with the town. In what manner he and Mr. Lillie have been tampered with since, I cannot say; they have given me my revenge, if I desired any, by allowing their names to an idle paper, that in all human probability cannot live a fortnight to an end. Myself, and the family I was with, were in the midst of gaiety, and a plentiful entertainment, when I received a letter from my sister Jenny, who, after mentioning some little affairs I had intrusted to her, goes on thus:—"The inclosed,[2] I believe, will give you some surprise, as it has already astonished every body here: Who Mr. Steele is, that subscribes it, I do not know, any more than I can comprehend what could induce him to it. Morphew and Lillie, I am told, are both in the secret. I shall not presume to instruct you, but hope you will use some means to disappoint the ill nature of those who are taking pains to deprive the world of one of its most reasonable entertainments. I am, &c."

I am to thank my sister for her compliment; but be that as it will, I shall not easily be discouraged from my former undertaking. In pursuance of it, I was obliged upon this notice to take places in the coach for myself and my maid with the utmost expedition, lest I should, in a short time, be rallied out of my existence, as some people will needs fancy Mr. Partridge has been, and the real Isaac Bickerstaff have passed for a creature of Mr. Steele's imagination.

This illusion might have hoped for some tolerable success, if I had not more than once produced my person in a crowded theatre; and such a person as Mr. Steele, if I am not misinformed in the gentleman, would hardly think it an advantage to own, though I should throw him in all the little honour I have gained by my "Lucubrations." I may be allowed, perhaps, to understand pleasantry as well as other men, and can (in the usual phrase) take a jest without being angry; but I appeal to the world, whether the gentleman has not carried it too far, and whether he ought not to make a public recantation, if the credulity of some unthinking people should force me to insist upon it. The following letter is just come to hand, and I think it not improper to be inserted in this paper.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ;

"Sir,

"I am extremely glad to hear you are come to town, for in your absence we were all mightily surprised with an unaccountable paper, signed 'Richard Steele,' who is esteemed by those that know him, to be a man of wit and honour; and therefore we took it either to be a counterfeit, or a perfect Christmas frolic of that ingenious gentleman. But then, your paper ceasing immediately after, we were at a loss what to think: If you were weary of the work you had so long carried on, and had given this Mr. Steele orders to signify so to the public, he should have said it in plain terms; but as that paper is worded, one would be apt to judge, that he had a mind to persuade the town that there was some analogy between Isaac Bickerstaff and him. Possibly there may be a secret in this which I cannot enter into; but I flatter my self that you never had any thoughts of giving over your labours for the benefit of mankind, when you cannot but know how many subjects are yet unexhausted, and how many others, as being less obvious, are wholly untouched. I dare promise, not only for my self, but many other abler friends, that we shall still continue to furnish you with hints on all proper occasions, which is all your genius requires. I think, by the way, you cannot in honour have any more to do with Morphew and Lillie, who have gone beyond the ordinary pitch of assurance, and transgressed the very letter of the proverb, by endeavouring to cheat you of your Christian and surname too. Wishing you, Sir, long to live for our instruction and diversion, and to the defeating of all impostors, I remain,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"and affectionate kinsman,

"HUMPHRY WAGSTAFF."

1: *Amphitryon*, I. i 282. "Who am I, at all events, if I am not Sosia? I ask you *that*." — H.T. RILEY. [T.S.]]

2: *I.e.* 1710-11. [T.S.]]

3: This, no doubt, was Steele's last "Tatler," No. 271. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, No. 2.

Alios viri reverentia, vultusque ad continendum populum mire formatus, alios etiam, quibus ipse interesse non potuit, vis scribendi tamen, et magni nominis autoritas pervicere. — TULL. EPIST.[1]

FROM SATURD. JAN. 13. TO TUESDAY JAN, l6. 1710.[2]

I remember Ménage,[3] tells a story of Monsieur Racan, who had appointed a day and hour to meet a certain lady of great wit whom he had never seen, in order to make an acquaintance between them. "Two of Racan's friends, who had heard of the appointment, resolved to play him a trick. The first went to the lady two hours before the time, said his name was Racan, and talked with her an hour; they were both mightily pleased, began a great friendship, and parted with much satisfaction. A few minutes after comes the second, and sends up the same name; the lady wonders at the meaning, and tells him, Mr. Racan had just left her. The gentleman says it was some rascally impostor, and that he had been frequently used in that manner. The lady is convinced, and they laugh at the oddness of the adventure. She now calls to mind several passages, which confirm her that the former was a cheat. He appoints a second meeting, and takes his leave. He was no sooner gone, but the true Racan comes to the door, and desires, under that name, to see the lady. She was out of all patience, sends for him up, rates him for an impostor, and, after a thousand injuries, flings a slipper at his head. It was impossible to pacify or disabuse her; he was forced to retire, and it was not without some time, and the intervention of friends, that they could come to an *éclaircissement*." This, as I take it, is exactly the case with Mr. S[tee]le, the pretended "TATLER" from Morphew, and myself, only (I presume) the world will be sooner undeceived than the lady in Ménage. The very day my last paper came out, my printer brought me another of the same date, called "The Tatler," by Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; and, which was still more pleasant, with an advertisement[4] at the end, calling me the "*Female* TATLER": it is not enough to rob me of my name, but now they must impose a sex on me, when my years have long since determined me to be of none at all. There is only one thing wanting in the operation, that they would renew my age, and then I will heartily forgive them all the rest. In the mean time, whatever uneasiness I have suffered from the little malice of these men, and my retirement in the country, the pleasures I have received from the same occasion, will fairly balance the account. On the one hand, I have been highly delighted to see my name and character assumed by the scribblers of the age, in order to recommend themselves to it; and on the other, to observe the good taste of the town, in distinguishing and exploding them through every disguise, and sacrificing their trifles to the supposed *manes* of Isaac Bickerstaff Esquire. But the greatest merit of my journey into Staffordshire, is, that it has opened to me a new fund of

unreproved follies and errors that have hitherto lain out of my view, and, by their situation, escaped my censure. For, as I have lived generally in town, the images I had of the country were such only as my senses received very early, and my memory has since preserved with all the advantages they first appeared in.

Hence it was that I thought our parish church the noblest structure in England, and the Squire's Place-House, as we called it, a most magnificent palace. I had the same opinion of the alms-house in the churchyard, and of a bridge over the brook that parts our parish from the next. It was the common vogue of our school, that the master was the best scholar in Europe, and the usher the second. Not happening to correct these notions, by comparing them with what I saw when I came into the world, upon returning back, I began to resume my former imaginations, and expected all things should appear in the same view as I left them when I was a boy: but to my utter disappointment I found them wonderfully shrunk, and lessened almost out of my knowledge. I looked with contempt on the tribes painted on the church walls, which I once so much admired, and on the carved chimneypiece in the Squire's Hall. I found my old master to be a poor ignorant pedant; and, in short, the whole scene to be extremely changed for the worse. This I could not help mentioning, because though it be of no consequence in itself, yet it is certain, that most prejudices are contracted and retained by this narrow way of thinking, which, in matters of the greatest moment are hardly shook off: and which we only think true, because we were made to believe so, before we were capable to distinguish between truth and falsehood. But there was one prepossession which I confess to have parted with, much to my regret: I mean the opinion of that native honesty and simplicity of manners, which I had always imagined to be inherent in country-people. I soon observed it was with them and us, as they say of animals; That every species at land has one to resemble it at sea; for it was easy to discover the seeds and principles of every vice and folly that one meets with in the more known world, though shooting up in different forms. I took a fancy out of the several inhabitants round, to furnish the camp, the bar, and the Exchange, and some certain chocolate and coffeehouses, with exact parallels to what, in many instances, they already produce. There was a drunken quarrelsome smith, whom I have a hundred times fancied at the head of a troop of dragoons. A weaver, within two doors of my kinsman, was perpetually setting neighbours together by the ears. I lamented to see how his talents were misplaced, and imagined what a figure he might make in Westminster-Hall. Goodman Crop of Compton Farm, wants nothing but a plum and a gold chain to qualify him for the government of the City. My kinsman's stable-boy was a gibing companion that would always have his jest. He would often put cow-itch in the maids' beds, pull stools from under folks, and lay a coal upon their shoes when they were asleep. He was at last turned off for some notable piece of roguery, and when I came away, was loitering among the ale-houses. Bless me, thought I, what a prodigious wit

would this have been with us! I could have matched all the sharpers between St. James's and Covent Garden, with a notable fellow in the same neighbourhood, (since hanged for picking pockets at fairs) could he have had the advantages of their education. So nearly are the corruptions of the country allied to those of the town, with no further difference than what is made by another turn of thought and method of living!

1: "A reverend aspect, and a countenance formed to command, have power to restrain some people; while others, who pay no regard to those, are prevailed upon by the dint of writing, and the authority of a great name." [T.S.]]

2: *I.e.* 1710-11. [T.S.]]

3: Gilles Ménage (1613-1692). The story is given in "Menagiana" (vol. ii. pp. 49-51, second edition, 1695). C. Sorel, however, in his "Francion" (1623) tells a similar story of a poet named Saluste, who was fooled in like manner. [T.S.]]

4: Morphew's "Tatler" for January 13th, 1710 (No. 276), contains the following: "Whereas an advertisement was yesterday delivered out by the author of the late 'Female Tatler,' insinuating, [according to his custom] that he is Isaac Bickerstaff Esq.; This is to give notice, that this paper is continued to be sold by John Morphew as formerly," etc.

"The Female Tatler, by Mrs. Crackenthorpe, a Lady that knows every thing," had been begun July 8th, 1709, but was now defunct. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, No. 5.

—— *Laceratque, trahitque Molle pecus* VIR.[1]

FROM TUESDAY JAN. 23. TO SATURDAY JAN. 27. 1710.[2]

Amongst other severities I have met with from some critics, the cruellest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued subjects, however visionary in their own natures; because there is a manifest moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a loss to defend myself. They should have asked me, whether the dreams I publish can properly be called Lucubrations, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-sheets: so manifest a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no sophister ever thought of it: But the other is a cavil. I remember when I was a boy at school, I have often dreamed out the whole passages of a day; that I rode a journey, baited, supped, went to bed, and rose the next morning: and I have known young ladies who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is strong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with those passions that most disturb and confound it, such as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now as old men are said to grow children again, so in this article of dreaming, I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full ease, without care, avarice, or ambition, to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage of doubling the small remainder of my time, and living four-and-twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am now going to relate, is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these refiners upon sleep, without any moral that I can discover.

"It happened that my maid left on the table in my bedchamber, one of her

story books (as she calls them) which I took up, and found full of strange impertinences, fitted to her taste and condition; of poor servants that came to be ladies, and serving-men of low degree, who married kings' daughters. Among other things, I met this sage observation, 'That a lion would never hurt a true virgin.' With this medley of nonsense in my fancy I went to bed, and dreamed that a friend waked me in the morning, and proposed for pastime to spend a few hours in seeing the parish lions, which he had not done since he came to town; and because they showed but once a week, he would not miss the opportunity. I said I would humour him; though, to speak the truth, I was not fond of those cruel spectacles; and if it were not so ancient a custom, founded, as I had heard, upon the wisest maxims, I should be apt to censure the inhumanity of those who introduced it." All this will be a riddle to the waking reader, till I discover the scene my imagination had formed upon the maxim, "That a lion would never hurt a true virgin." "I dreamed, that by a law of immemorial time, a he-lion was kept in every parish at the common charge, and in a place provided, adjoining to the churchyard: that, before any one of the fair sex was married, if she affirmed herself to be a virgin, she must on her wedding day, and in her wedding clothes, perform the ceremony of going alone into the den, and stay an hour with the lion let loose, and kept fasting four-and-twenty hours on purpose. At a proper height, above the den, were convenient galleries for the relations and friends of the young couple, and open to all spectators. No maiden was forced to offer herself to the lion; but if she refused, it was a disgrace to marry her, and every one might have liberty of calling her a whore. And methought it was as usual a diversion to see the parish lions, as with us to go to a play or an opera. And it was reckoned convenient to be near the church, either for marrying the virgin if she escaped the trial, or for burying the bones when the lion had devoured the rest, as he constantly did."

To go on therefore with the dream: "We called first (as I remember) to see St. Dunstan's lion, but we were told they did not shew to-day: From thence we went to that of Covent-Garden, which, to my great surprise, we found as lean as a skeleton, when I expected quite the contrary; but the keeper said it was no wonder at all, because the poor beast had not got an ounce of woman's flesh since he came into the parish. This amazed me more than the other, and I was forming to myself a mighty veneration for the ladies in that quarter of the town, when the keeper went on, and said, He wondered the parish would be at the charge of maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend, (said I) do you call it nothing, to justify the virtue of so many ladies, or has your lion lost his distinguishing faculty? Can there be anything more for the honour of your parish, than that all the ladies married in your church were pure virgins? That is true, (said he) and the doctor knows it to his sorrow; for there has not been a couple married in our church since his worship has been amongst us. The virgins hereabouts are too wise to venture the claws of the lion; and because nobody will marry them, have all entered into vows of virginity. So that in

proportion we have much the largest nunnery in the whole town. This manner of ladies entering into a vow of virginity, because they were not virgins, I easily conceived; and my dream told me, that the whole kingdom was full of nunneries, plentifully stocked from the same reason.

"We went to see another lion, where we found much company met in the gallery; the keeper told us, we should see sport enough, as he called it; and in a little time, we saw a young beautiful lady put into the den, who walked up towards the lion with all imaginable security in her countenance, and looked smiling upon her lover and friends in the gallery; which I thought nothing extraordinary, because it was never known that any lion had been mistaken. But, however, we were all disappointed, for the lion lifted up his right paw, which was the fatal sign, and advancing forward, seized her by the arm, and began to tear it: The poor lady gave a terrible shriek, and cried out, 'The lion is just, I am no true virgin! Oh! Sappho, Sappho.' She could say no more, for the lion gave her the *coup de grace*, by a squeeze in the throat, and she expired at his feet. The keeper dragged away her body to feed the animal when the company was gone, for the parish-lions never used to eat in public. After a little pause, another lady came on towards the lion in the same manner as the former; we observed the beast smell her with great diligence, he scratched both her hands with lifting them to his nose, and clapping a claw on her bosom, drew blood; however he let her go, and at the same time turned from her with a sort of contempt, at which she was not a little mortified, and retired with some confusion to her friends in the gallery. Methought the whole company immediately understood the meaning of this, that the easiness of the lady had suffered her to admit certain imprudent and dangerous familiarities, bordering too much upon what is criminal; neither was it sure whether the lover then present had not some sharers with him in those freedoms, of which a lady can never be too sparing.

"This happened to be an extraordinary day, for a third lady came into the den, laughing loud, playing with her fan, tossing her head, and smiling round on the young fellows in the gallery. However, the lion leaped on her with great fury, and we gave her for gone; but on a sudden he let go his hold, turned from her as if he were nauseated, then gave her a lash with his tail; after which she returned to the gallery, not the least out of countenance: and this, it seems, was the usual treatment of coquettes.

"I thought we had now seen enough, but my friend would needs have us go and visit one or two lions in the city. We called at two or three dens where they happened not to shew, but we generally found half a score young girls, between eight and eleven years old, playing with each lion, sitting on his back, and putting their hands into his mouth; some of them would now and then get a scratch; but we always discovered, upon examining, that they had been hoydening with the young apprentices. One of them was calling to a pretty girl of about twelve years, that stood by us in the gallery, to come down to the lion, and upon her refusal, said, 'Ah! Miss Betty, we could never get

you to come near the lion, since you played at hoop and hide with my brother in the garret.'

"We followed a couple, with the wedding-folks, going to the church of St. Mary-Axe. The lady, though well stricken in years, extremely crooked and deformed, was dressed out beyond the gaiety of fifteen; having jumbled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry remains of aunts, godmothers, and grandmothers, for some generations past: One of the neighbours whispered me, that she was an old maid, and had the clearest reputation of any in the parish. There is nothing strange in that, thought I, but was much surprised, when I observed afterwards that she went towards the lion with distrust and concern. The beast was lying down, but upon sight of her, snuffed up his nose two or three times, and then giving the sign of death, proceeded instantly to execution. In the midst of her agonies, she was heard to name the words, 'Italy' and 'artifices,' with the utmost horror, and several repeated execrations: and at last concluded, 'Fool that I was, to put so much confidence in the toughness of my skin.'

"The keeper immediately set all in order again for another customer, which happened to be a famous prude, whom her parents after long threatenings, and much persuasion, had with the extremest difficulty prevailed on to accept a young handsome goldsmith, that might have pretended to five times her fortune. The fathers and mothers in the neighbourhood used to quote her for an example to their daughters. Her elbows were rivetted to her sides, and her whole person so ordered as to inform everybody that she was afraid they should touch her. She only dreaded to approach the lion, because it was a he one, and abhorred to think an animal of that sex should presume to breathe on her. The sight of a man at twenty yards distance made her draw back her head. She always sat upon the farther corner of the chair, though there were six chairs between her and her lover, and with the door wide open, and her little sister in the room. She was never saluted but at the tip of her ear, and her father had much ado to make her dine without her gloves, when there was a man at table. She entered the den with some fear, which we took to proceed from the height of her modesty, offended at the sight of so many men in the gallery. The lion beholding her at a distance, immediately gave the deadly sign; at which the poor creature (methinks I see her still) miscarried in a fright before us all. The lion seemed to be surprised as much as we, and gave her time to make her confession, 'That she was four months gone, by the foreman of her father's shop, that this was her third big belly;' and when her friends asked, why she would venture the trial? she said, 'Her nurse assured her, that a lion would never hurt a woman with child.'" Upon this I immediately waked, and could not help wishing, that the deputy-censors of my late institution were endued with the same instinct as these parish-lions were.

1:
"Manditque, trahitque
Molle pecus."

Aeneid, ix. 340-341.
"Devours and tears the peaceful flock."
[T.S.]]

2: *I.e.* 1710-11. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 298.[1]

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes, Emollit mores. OVID.[2]

FROM SATURDAY MARCH 3. TO TUESDAY MARCH 6. 1710.[3]

From my own Apartment in Channel-Row, March 5.

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales,* or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners,[4] or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour, and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes amongst them, when a debauch has quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they forced me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force till I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. She returned instantly with a beer glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but Madam vowed I should drink it off, (for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air) and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me, it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Though my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. “Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff,” says the lady, “you must eat a wing to oblige me,” and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin’s man who came with me to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid away my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper? I said I

never eat anything at night, but was at last in my own defence obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apology for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions, that they were at a great distance from any market, that they were afraid I should be starved, and they knew they kept me to my loss," the lady went, and left me to her husband (for they took special care I should never be alone.) As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a curtsy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and "Your humble servant pretty Miss." Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed, and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I had desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away, and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family; but the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication of the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined critics upon behaviour, who having professed no other study, are yet infinitely defective in the most material parts of it. Ned Fashion has been bred all his life about Court, and understands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He visits most of the fine women near St. James's, and upon all occasions says the civilest and softest things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. Isaac[5] he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room. But in some other cases he is very far from being a well-bred person: He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own, for not being as well dressed as himself, despises all his acquaintance that are not quality, and in public places has on that account often avoided taking notice of some of the best speakers in the House of Commons. He rails strenuously at both Universities before the members of either, and never is heard to swear an oath, or break in upon morality or religion, but in the company of divines. On

the other hand, a man of right sense has all the essentials of good breeding, though he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio has spent most of his time at Oxford. He has a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as serves to adorn without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living, he seems to have formed a notion of human nature, as he has found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is like to meet with it in the common course of life. Hence it is, that he gives no offence, that he converses with great deference, candour, and humanity. His bow, I must confess, is somewhat awkward; but then he has an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which makes some amends for it. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can assure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.

1: In the reprint of "The Tatler," volume v., this number was called No. 20. [T.S.]]

2: *Epist. ex Ponto*, II. ix. 47-48.

"An understanding in the liberal arts
Softens men's manners."
[T.S.]]

3: *I.e.* 1710-11. [T.S.]]

4: Compare Swift's "Treatise on Good Manners and Good Breeding." [T.S.]]

5: A famous dancing-master in those days. [FAULKNER.] He died in 1740. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB, 302.[1]

O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri,
(Quod numquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli
Diceret, Haec mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni.
VIRG.[2]

FROM TUESDAY MARCH 13. TO THURSDAY MARCH 15. 1710.[3]

From my own Apartment in Channel-Row, March 14.

The dignity and distinction of men of wit is seldom enough considered, either by themselves or others; their own behaviour, and the usage they meet with, being generally very much of a piece. I have at this time in my hands an alphabetical list of the *beaux esprits* about this town, four or five of whom have made the proper use of their genius, by gaining the esteem of the best and greatest men, and by turning it to their own advantage in some establishment of their fortunes, however unequal to their merit; others satisfying themselves with the honour of having access to great tables, and of being subject to the call of every man of quality, who upon occasion wants one to say witty things for the diversion of the company. This treatment never moves my indignation so much, as when it is practised by a person, who though he owes his own rise purely to the reputation of his parts, yet appears to be as much ashamed of it, as a rich city knight to be denominated from the trade he was first apprenticed to, and affects the air of a man born to his titles, and consequently above the character of a wit, or a scholar. If those who possess great endowments of the mind would set a just value upon themselves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatsoever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest upon unworthy or ignominious terms. I know a certain lord that has often invited a set of people, and proposed for their diversion a buffoon player, and an eminent poet, to be of the party; and which was yet worse, thought them both sufficiently recompensed by the dinner, and the honour of his company. This kind of insolence is risen to such a height, that I my self was the other day sent to by a man with a title, whom I had never seen, desiring the favour that I would dine with him and half a dozen of his select friends. I found afterwards, the footman had told my maid below stairs, that my lord having a mind to be merry, had resolved right or wrong to send for honest Isaac. I was sufficiently provoked with the message; however I gave the fellow no other answer, than that "I believed he had mistaken the person, for I did not remember that his lord had ever been introduced to me." I have reason to apprehend that this abuse hath been owing rather to a meanness of spirit in men of parts, than to

the natural pride or ignorance of their patrons. Young students coming up to town from the places of their education, are dazzled with the grandeur they everywhere meet, and making too much haste to distinguish their parts, instead of waiting to be desired and caressed, are ready to pay their court at any rate to a great man, whose name they have seen in a public paper, or the frontispiece of a dedication. It has not always been thus: wit in polite ages has ever begot either esteem or fear. The hopes of being celebrated, or the dread of being stigmatized, procured an universal respect and awe for the persons of such as were allowed to have the power of distributing fame or infamy where they pleased. Aretine had all the princes of Europe his tributaries, and when any of them had committed a folly that laid them open to his censure, they were forced by some present extraordinary to compound for his silence; of which there is a famous instance on record. When Charles the Fifth had miscarried in his African expedition, which was looked upon as the weakest undertaking of that great Emperor, he sent Aretine[4] a gold chain, who made some difficulty of accepting it, saying, "It was too small a present in all reason for so great a folly." For my own part, in this point I differ from him, and never could be prevailed upon, by any valuable consideration to conceal a fault or a folly since I first took the censorship upon me.

Having long considered with my self the ill application that some make of their talents, I have this day erected a Court of Alienation, by the statutes of which the next a kin is empowered to *beg* the parts and understanding of any such person as can be proved, either by embezzling, making a wrong use, or no use at all of the said parts and understanding, not to know the true value thereof: who shall immediately be put out of possession, and disqualified for ever; the said kinsman giving sufficient security that he will employ them as the court shall direct. I have set down under certain heads the several ways by which men prostitute and abuse their parts, and from thence have framed a table of rules, whereby the plaintiff may be informed when he has a good title to eject the defendant. I may in a following paper give the world some account of the proceedings of this court. I have already got two able critics for my assessors upon the bench, who, though they have always exercised their pens in taking off from the wit of others, have never pretended to challenge any themselves, and consequently are in no danger of being engaged in making claims, or of having any suits commence against them. Every writer shall be tried by his peers, throughly versed in that point wherein he pretends to excel; for which reason the jury can never consist of above half the ordinary number. I shall in general be very tender how I put any person out of his wits; but as the management of such possessions is of great consequence to the world, I shall hold my self obliged to vest the right in such hands as will answer the great purposes they were intended for, and leave the former proprietors to seek their fortune in some other way.

1: Called No. 24 in the reprint of "The Tatler," vol. v. [T.S.]]

2: *Eclogues*, ix. 2-4.

”O Lycidas,
We never thought, yet have we lived to see
A stranger seize our farm, and say, ’Tis mine,
Begone, ye old inhabitants.” — C.R. KENNEDY.
[T.S.]]

3: *I.e.* 1710-11. Under date March 14th Swift writes to Stella: “Little Harrison the ‘Tatler’ came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do.” [T.S.]]

4: Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), called “the scourge of Princes.” His prose is fiercely satirical, and his poetry as strongly obscene. His works were condemned for their indecency and impiety. He received numerous and valuable gifts from those who were afraid of his criticisms. His sonnets, written to accompany engravings by Marc Antonio, from designs by Giulio Romano (1524), largely contributed to his reputation for obscenity. [T.S.]]

THE TATLER, NUMB. 306.[1]

Morte carent animae; semperque, priore relictâ
Sede, novis domibus habitant vivuntque receptae.
Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram —
OVID. MET.[2]

FROM THURSDAY MARCH 22, TO SATURDAY MARCH 24, 1710.[3]

From my own Apartment, March 22.

My other correspondents will excuse me if I give the precedency to a lady, whose letter, amongst many more, is just come to hand.

"DEAR ISAAC,

"I burn with impatience to know what and who you are. The curiosity of my whole sex is fallen upon me, and has kept me waking these three nights. I have dreamed often of you within this fortnight, and every time you appeared in a different form. As you value my repose, tell me in which of them I am to be

"Your admirer,

"SYLVIA."

It is natural for a man who receives a favour of this kind from an unknown fair, to frame immediately some idea of her person, which being suited to the opinion we have of our own merit, is commonly as beautiful and perfect as the most lavish imagination can furnish out. Strongly possessed with these notions, I have read over Sylvia's billet; and notwithstanding the reserve I have had upon this matter, am resolved to go a much greater length, than I yet ever did, in making my self known to the world, and, in particular, to my charming correspondent. In order to it I must premise, that the person produced as mine in the play-house last winter, did in nowise appertain to me. It was such a one however as agreed well with the impression my writings had made, and served the purpose I intended it for; which was to continue the awe and reverence due to the character I was vested with, and, at the same time, to let my enemies see how much I was the delight and favourite of this town. This innocent imposture, which I have all along taken care to carry on, as it then was of some use, has since been of singular service to me, and by being mentioned in one of my papers, effectually recovered my egoity out of the

hands of some gentlemen who endeavoured to wrest it from me. This is saying, in short, what I am not: what I am, and have been for many years, is next to be explained. Here it will not be improper to remind Sylvia, that there was formerly such a philosopher as Pythagoras, who, amongst other doctrines, taught the transmigration of souls, which, if she sincerely believes, she will not be much startled at the following relation.

I will not trouble her, nor my other readers, with the particulars of all the lives I have successively passed through since my first entrance into mortal being, which is now many centuries ago. It is enough that I have in every one of them opposed myself with the utmost resolution to the follies and vices of the several ages I have been acquainted with, that I have often rallied the world into good manners, and kept the greatest princes in awe of my satire. There is one circumstance which I shall not omit, though it may seem to reflect on my character, I mean that infinite love of change which has ever appeared in the disposal of my existence. Since the days of the Emperor Trajan, I have not been confined to the same person for twenty years together; but have passed from one abode to another, much quicker than the Pythagorean system generally allows. By this means, I have seldom had a body to myself, but have lodged up and down wherever I found a genius suitable to my own. In this manner I continued, some time with the top wit of France, at another with that of Italy, who had a statue erected to his memory in Rome. Towards the end of the 17th century, I set out for England; but the gentleman I came over in dying as soon as he got to shore, I was obliged to look out again for a new habitation. It was not long before I met with one to my mind, for having mixed myself invisibly with the *literati* of this kingdom, I found it was unanimously agreed amongst them, That nobody was endowed with greater talents than Hiereus;[4] or, consequently, would be better pleased with my company. I slipped down his throat one night as he was fast asleep, and the next morning, as soon as he awaked, he fell to writing a treatise that was received with great applause, though he had the modesty not to set his name to that nor to any other of our productions. Some time after, he published a paper of predictions, which were translated into several languages, and alarmed some of the greatest princes in Europe. To these he prefixed the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; which I have been extremely fond of ever since, and have taken care that most of the writings I have been concerned in should be distinguished by it; though I must observe, that there have been many counterfeits imposed upon the public by this means. This extraordinary man being called out of the kingdom by affairs of his own, I resolved, however, to continue somewhat longer in a country where my works had been so well received, and accordingly bestowed myself with Hilario.[5] His natural wit, his lively turn of humour, and great penetration into human nature, easily determined me to this choice, the effects of which were soon after produced in this paper, called “The Tatler.” I know not how it happened, but in less than two years’ time Hilario grew weary of my company, and gave

me warning to be gone. In the height of my resentment, I cast my eyes on a young fellow,[6] of no extraordinary qualifications, whom, for that very reason, I had the more pride in taking under my direction, and enabling him, by some means or other, to carry on the work I was before engaged in. Lest he should grow too vain upon this encouragement, I to this day keep him under due mortification. I seldom reside with him when any of his friends are at leisure to receive me, by whose hands, however, he is duly supplied. As I have passed through many scenes of life, and a long series of years, I choose to be considered in the character of an old fellow, and take care that those under my influence should speak consonantly to it. This account, I presume, will give no small consolation to Sylvia, who may rest assured, that Isaac Bickerstaff is to be seen in more forms than she dreamt of; out of which variety she may choose what is most agreeable to her fancy. On Tuesdays, he is sometimes a black, proper, young gentleman, with a mole on his left cheek. On Thursdays, a decent well-looking man, of a middle stature, long flaxen hair, and a florid complexion. On Saturdays, he is somewhat of the shortest, and may be known from others of that size by talking in a low voice, and passing through the streets without much precipitation.

1: No. 28 in the reprint of "The Tatler," vol. v. [T.S.]

2: *Metamorphoses*, xv. 158-161.

"Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war." J. DRYDEN. [T.S.]]

3: I.e. 1710-11. [T.S.]

4: Swift. [T.S.]

5: Steele. [T.S.]

6: Harrison. [T.S.]

CONTENTS

NOTE.
THE EXAMINER. NUMB. 14.[1]
NUMB. 15.[1]
NUMB. 16.[1]
NUMB. 17.[1]
NUMB. 18.[1]
NUMB. 19.[1]
NUMB. 20.[1]
NUMB. 21.[1]
NUMB. 22.[1]
NUMB. 23.[1]
NUMB. 24.[1]
NUMB. 25.[1]
NUMB. 26.[1]
NUMB. 27.[1]
NUMB. 28.[1]
NUMB. 29.[1]
NUMB. 30.[1]
NUMB. 31.[1]
NUMB. 32.[1]
NUMB. 33.[1]
NUMB. 34.[1]
NUMB. 35.[1]
NUMB. 36.[1]
NUMB. 37.[1]
NUMB. 38.[1]
NUMB. 39.[1]
NUMB. 40.[1]
NUMB. 41.[1]
NUMB. 42.[1]
NUMB. 43.[1]
NUMB. 44.[1]
NUMB. 45.[1]
NUMB. 46.[1]

NOTE.

The new ministry, which came into power on the fall of the able administration of Godolphin in 1710, was the famous Oxford ministry headed by Harley and St. John. The new leaders were well aware that they would have to use all the means in their power not only to justify themselves to the English nation, but successfully to defeat the strong opposition which had such a man as Marlborough for its moving spirit. The address to Queen Anne from the Commons, showing undoubted evidences of St. John's hand, was the first employment of a means by which this ministry hoped to appeal to the public. But this remarkable literary effort had already been preceded by the establishment of a weekly political paper, entitled "The Examiner," a few weeks before Godolphin's fall. During the months of August, September, and October, in which were issued twelve papers, Dr. Freind, Atterbury, Prior and St. John, were the men employed to arouse the nation to a necessary condition of discontent. Now that the ministry was in power, the necessity for continuing these public appeals was felt to be all the stronger; and Harley's shrewdness in selecting Swift to take this important matter in hand shows his ability as a party leader.

The first number of "The Examiner" was issued on August 3rd, 1710, and the paper was continued until July 26th, 1711. On December 6th, 1711, William Oldisworth revived it, and issued it weekly until December 18th, 1712, after which date it was published twice a week until July 26th, 1714, though it occasionally happened that only one was issued in a week. The last number was No. 19 of the sixth volume, so that Oldisworth edited vols. ii., iii., iv., v., and what was published of vol. vi. The death of the Queen put an end to the publication.

Swift was called to his work about the middle of October of 1710, and his first paper appeared in No. 14. From that number to No. 45, Swift continued with unabated zeal and with masterly effect to carry out the policy of his friends. He also wrote a part of No. 46, and Nos. 16 and 21 of the third volume, which appeared on January 16th and February 2nd, 1712-13. These two last numbers are not included in the present volume; since they have been printed in the fifth volume of this edition of Swift's works with the titles "An Appendix to the Conduct of the Allies" and "The Vindication of Erasmus Lewis."

The appearance of "The Examiner" had brought an opposition paper into the field, entitled "The Whig Examiner," a periodical that ably maintained its party's stand in the face of St. John's attacks. But this paper only lasted for five weeks, and when Swift took charge of the Tory organ, the position of "The Examiner" was entirely altered. As Mr. Churton Collins ably remarks:

"It became a voice of power in every town and in every hamlet throughout England. It was an appeal made, not to the political cliques of the metropolis, but to the whole kingdom; and to the whole kingdom it spoke…. No one who will take the trouble to glance at Swift's contributions to 'The Examiner' will be surprised at their effect. They are masterpieces of polemical skill. Every sentence — every word — comes home. Their logic, adapted to the meanest capacity, smites like a hammer. Their statements, often a tissue of mere sophistry and assumption, appear so plausible, that it is difficult even for the cool historian to avoid being carried away by them. At a time when party spirit was running high, and few men stopped to weigh evidence, they must have been irresistible." ("Jonathan Swift," 1893, p. 81.)

In his "Memoirs relating to that Change" (vol. v., p 384), Swift gives the following explanation of the foundation of this paper. "Upon the rise of this ministry the principal persons in power thought it necessary that some weekly paper should be published, with just reflections upon former proceedings, and defending the present measures of Her Majesty. This was begun about the time of the Lord Godolphin's removal, under the name of 'The Examiner.' … The determination was that I should continue it, which I did accordingly for about eight months."

Gay remarks in his pamphlet, "The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country," 1711: "'The Examiner' is a paper which all men, who speak without prejudice, allow to be well writ. Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually placing it on so many different lights, and endeavouring to inculcate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expressions, that men who are concerned in no party, may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the question in debate is extremely artful; and his 'Letter to Crassus' [No. 28] is, I think, a masterpiece…. I presume I need not tell you that 'The Examiner' carries much the more sail as 'tis supposed to be writ by the direction, and under the eye of some great persons who sit at the helm of affairs, and is consequently looked on as a sort of public notice which way they are steering us. The reputed author is Dr. S[wif]t, with the assistance sometimes of Dr. Att[erbur]y and Mr. P[rio]r." With the fall of Bolingbroke on the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I., "The Examiner" collapsed. [T.S.]

THE EXAMINER. NUMB. 14.[1]

FROM THURSDAY OCTOBER 26 TO THURSDAY NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

— *Longa est injuria, longae Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.*[2]

It is a practice I have generally followed, to converse in equal freedom with the deserving men of both parties; and it was never without some contempt, that I have observed persons wholly out of employment, affect to do otherwise: I doubted whether any man could owe so much to the side he was of, though he were retained by it; but without some great point of interest, either in possession or prospect, I thought it was the mark of a low and narrow spirit.

It is hard, that, for some weeks past, I have been forced in my own defence, to follow a proceeding that I have so much condemned in others. But several of my acquaintance among the declining party, are grown so insufferably peevish and splenetic, profess such violent apprehensions for the public, and represent the state of things in such formidable ideas, that I find myself disposed to share in their afflictions, though I know them to be groundless and imaginary, or, which is worse, purely affected. To offer them comfort one by one, would be not only an endless, but a disobliging task. Some of them, I am convinced would be less melancholy, if there were more occasion. I shall therefore, instead of hearkening to further complaints, employ some part of this paper for the future, in letting such men see, that their natural or acquired fears are ill-grounded, and their artificial ones as ill-intended. That all our present inconveniencies,[3] are the consequence of the very counsels they so much admire, which would still have increased, if those had continued: and that neither our constitution in Church or State, could probably have been long preserved, without such methods as have been lately taken.

The late revolutions at court, have given room to some specious objections, which I have heard repeated by well-meaning men, just as they had taken them up on the credit of others, who have worse designs. They wonder the Queen would choose to change her ministry at this juncture,[4] and thereby give uneasiness to a general who has been so long successful abroad; and might think himself injured, if the entire ministry were not of his own nomination. That there were few complaints of any consequence against the late men in power, and none at all in Parliament; which on the contrary, passed votes in favour of the chief minister. That if her Majesty had a mind to introduce the other party, it would have been more seasonable after a peace, which now we have made desperate, by spiriting the French, who rejoice at these changes, and by the fall of our credit, which unqualifies us for

continuing the war. That the Parliament so untimely dissolved,[5] had been diligent in their supplies, and dutiful in their behaviour. That one consequence of these changes appears already in the fall of the stocks: that we may soon expect more and worse: and lastly, that all this naturally tends to break the settlement of the Crown, and call over the Pretender.

These and the like notions are plentifully scattered abroad, by the malice of a ruined party, to render the Queen and her administration odious, and to inflame the nation. And these are what, upon occasion, I shall endeavour to overthrow, by discovering the falsehood and absurdity of them.

It is a great unhappiness, when in a government constituted like ours, it should be so brought about, that the continuance of a war, must be for the interest of vast numbers (peaceable as well as military) who would otherwise have been as unknown as their original. I think our present condition of affairs, is admirably described by two verses in Lucan,

Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore foenus, Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile bellum,[6]

which without any great force upon the words, may be thus translated,

"Hence are derived those exorbitant interests and annuities; hence those large discounts for advances and prompt payment; hence public credit is shaken, and hence great numbers find their profit in prolonging the war."

It is odd, that among a free trading people, as we take ourselves to be, there should so many be found to close in with those counsels, who have been ever averse from all overtures towards a peace. But yet there is no great mystery in the matter. Let any man observe the equipages in this town; he shall find the greater number of those who make a figure, to be a species of men quite different from any that were ever known before the Revolution, consisting either of generals and colonels, or of such whose whole fortunes lie in funds and stocks: so that power, which according to the old maxim, was used to follow land, is now gone over to money; and the country gentleman is in the condition of a young heir, out of whose estate a scrivener receives half the rents for interest, and hath a mortgage on the whole, and is therefore always ready to feed his vices and extravagancies while there is any thing left. So that if the war continues some years longer, a landed man will be little better than a farmer at a rack rent, to the army, and to the public funds.

It may perhaps be worth inquiring from what beginnings, and by what steps we have been brought into this desperate condition: and in search of this, we must run up as high as the Revolution.

Most of the nobility and gentry who invited over the Prince of Orange, or attended him in his expedition, were true lovers of their country and its constitution, in Church and State; and were brought to yield to those breaches in the succession of the crown, out of a regard to the necessity of the kingdom, and the safety of the people, which did, and could only, make them lawful; but without intention of drawing such a practice into precedent, or making it a standing measure by which to proceed in all times to come; and

therefore we find their counsels ever tended to keep things as much as possible in the old course. But soon after, an under set of men, who had nothing to lose, and had neither borne the burthen nor heat of the day, found means to whisper in the king's ear, that the principles of loyalty in the Church of England, were wholly inconsistent with the Revolution.[7] Hence began the early practice of caressing the dissenters, reviling the universities, as maintainers of arbitrary power, and reproaching the clergy with the doctrines of divine-right, passive obedience and non-resistance.[8] At the same time, in order to fasten wealthy people to the new government, they proposed those pernicious expedients of borrowing money by vast *premiums*, and at exorbitant interest: a practice as old as Eumenes,[9] one of Alexander's captains, who setting up for himself after the death of his master, persuaded his principal officers to lend him great sums, after which they were forced to follow him for their own security.

This introduced a number of new dexterous men into business and credit: It was argued, that the war could not last above two or three campaigns, and that it was easier for the subject to raise a fund for paying interest, than to tax them annually to the full expense of the war. Several persons who had small or encumbered estates, sold them, and turned their money into those funds to great advantage: merchants, as well as other moneyed men, finding trade was dangerous, pursued the same method: But the war continuing, and growing more expensive, taxes were increased, and funds multiplied every year, till they have arrived at the monstrous height we now behold them. And that which was at first a corruption, is at last grown necessary, and what every good subject must now fall in with, though he may be allowed to wish it might soon have an end; because it is with a kingdom, as with a private fortune, where every new incumbrance adds a double weight. By this means the wealth of the nation, that used to be reckoned by the value of land, is now computed by the rise and fall of stocks: and although the foundation of credit be still the same, and upon a bottom that can never be shaken; and though all interest be duly paid by the public, yet through the contrivance and cunning of stock-jobbers, there has been brought in such a complication of knavery and cozenage, such a mystery of iniquity, and such an unintelligible jargon of terms to involve it in, as were never known in any other age or country of the world. I have heard it affirmed by persons skilled in these calculations, that if the funds appropriated to the payment of interest and annuities, were added to the yearly taxes, and the four-shilling aid[10] strictly exacted in all counties of the kingdom, it would very near, if not fully, supply the occasions of the war, at least such a part, as in the opinion of very able persons, had been at that time prudence not to exceed. For I make it a question, whether any wise prince or state, in the continuance of a war, which was not purely defensive, or immediately at his own door, did ever propose that his expense should perpetually exceed what he was able to impose annually upon his subjects? Neither if the war lasts many years longer, do I see how the next generation

will be able to begin another, which in the course of human affairs, and according to the various interests and ambition of princes, may be as necessary for them as it has been for us. And had our fathers left us as deeply involved as we are like to leave our children, I appeal to any man, what sort of figure we should have been able to make these twenty years past. Besides, neither our enemies, nor allies, are upon the same foot with us in this particular. France and Holland, our nearest neighbours, and the farthest engaged, will much sooner recover themselves after a war. The first, by the absolute power of the prince who being master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, will quickly find expedients to pay his debts: and so will the other, by their prudent administration, the greatness of their trade, their wonderful parsimony, the willingness of their people to undergo all kind of taxes, and their justice in applotting as well as collecting them. But above all, we are to consider that France and Holland fight in the continent, either upon, or near their own territories, and the greatest part of the money circulates among themselves; whereas ours crosses the sea either to Flanders, Spain, or Portugal, and every penny of it, whether in specie or returns, is so much lost to the nation for ever.

Upon these considerations alone, it was the most prudent course imaginable in the Queen, to lay hold of the disposition of the people for changing the Parliament and ministry at this juncture, and extricating herself, as soon as possible, out of the pupillage of those who found their accounts only in perpetuating the war. Neither have we the least reason to doubt, but the ensuing Parliament will assist her Majesty with the utmost vigour,[11] till her enemies *again* be brought to sue for peace, and *again* offer such terms as will make it both honourable and lasting; only with this difference, that the Ministry perhaps will not *again* refuse them.[12]

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum Rara Juventus.[13]

1: No. 13 in the reprint. The No. 13 (from Thursday, October 19, to Thursday, October 26, 1710) of the original is omitted from the reprint, and the Nos. from 14 to 48 are slipped back one. No. 49 also is omitted, and Nos. 50 to 52 slipped back two. [T.S.]]

2: Virgil, "Aeneid," i. 341-2.

"Her whole tale of wrong
'Twere tedious to relate. But I will give
The leading facts." — R. KENNEDY.
[T.S.]]

3: "The Observator" of Nov. 8th, commenting on this statement, remarks: "All the inconveniences we labour under at present, are so far from being the consequence of the counsels of the late ministry, that they are visibly the consequence of those of the 'Examiner's' party, who brought the nation to the brink of Popery and slavery, from which they were delivered by the Revolution; and are pursuing the same measures again," etc. [T.S.]]

4: See "Memoirs relating to that Change" (vol. v., pp. 359-90). The Queen's action in dismissing her ministers and dissolving Parliament in September was, even to Swift himself, a matter for wonder: "I never remember," he writes to Stella (Sept. 20th, 1710), "such bold steps taken by a Court." And Tindal, commenting on the change, says: "So sudden and so entire a change in the ministry is scarce to be found in our history, especially where men of great abilities had served with such zeal and success." ("Hist. of England," iv. 192.) [T.S.]]

5: Parliament was dissolved by proclamation on September 21st. [T.S.]]

6: "Pharsalia," i. 181-2.

”Hence debt unthrifty, careless to repay,
And usury still watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt’s last resort,”
N. ROWE.

Lucan wrote “*et* concussa,” [T.S.]]

7: Commenting on this passage, “The Observator” of Nov. 8th remarked: “One would take the author to be some very great man, since he speaks so contemptuously of both Houses of Parliament; for they actually found those doctrines, as then preached up, to be inconsistent with the Revolution, and declared it loudly to the world without whispering.” [T.S.]]

8: Writing to the Earl of Peterborough (Feb. 1710/1), Swift refers to “a pamphlet come out, called ‘A Letter to Jacob Banks,’ showing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience.” The pamphlet was written by one W. Benson, and bore the title, “A Letter to Sir J —— B —— , By Birth a S —— ,… Concerning the late Minehead doctrine,” etc., 1711. “This dispute,” says Swift to Peterborough, “would soon be ended, if the dunces who write on each side, would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country.” (Scott, vol. xv., p. 423.)

See also, on this matter, “Examiner,” Nos. 34 and 40 *post*. [T.S.]]

9: Eumenes of Cardia was secretary to Alexander the Great, and distinguished himself both as a statesman and general. He was killed B.C. 316. [T.S.]]

10: The land tax at the time was four shillings in the pound. [T.S.]]

11: In her speech to Parliament on Nov. 27th, 1710, Anne said: “The carrying on the war in all its parts, but particularly in Spain, with the utmost vigour, is the likeliest means, with God’s blessing, to procure a safe and honourable peace for us and all our allies, whose support and interest I have truly at heart” (“Journals of House of Lords,” xix, 166).]

12: This is a dig at the Duke of Marlborough, for what the Tories thought an unnecessarily harsh insistence on the inclusion of a clause in the preliminaries of the Gertruydenberg Treaty, which it was thought he must have known would be rejected by Louis. They suspected Marlborough did this in order to keep the war going, and so permit himself further opportunities for enriching himself. The treaty for peace, carried on at Gertruydenberg in 1710, was discussed by Marlborough and Townshend acting for England, the Marquis de Torcy acting for France, and Buys and Vanderdussen for the States. Several conferences took place, and preliminary articles were even signed, but the Allies demanded a security for the delivering of Spain. This Louis XIV. refused to do, and the conference broke up in July, 1710. See Swift’s “Conduct of the Allies” (vol. v., pp. 55-123). [T.S.]]

13: Horace, “Odes,” I. ii. 23, 24.
“Our youth will hear, astonished at our crimes,
That Roman armies Romans slew;
Our youth, alas! will then be few.” — A. MAYNWARING. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 15.[1]

FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 2, TO THURSDAY NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

E quibis hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit autor,
Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
Vanaque Laetitia est, consternatique Timores,
Seditioque recens, dubioque autore susurri.[2]

I am prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an Essay upon the Art of Political Lying. We are told, "the Devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning"; so that beyond contradiction, the invention is old: And which is more, his first essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his Prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience. For which he was driven down from Heaven, where (as Milton expresseth it) he had been viceroy of a great western province;[3] and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, or poor deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so till he is chained in the bottomless pit.

But though the Devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation, by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, though I have made some diligent enquiries: I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us, that after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which was Fame.[4] And the fable is thus interpreted; that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that by this account, *lying* is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here, the moderns have made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power, and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it: as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for *political lying;* I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its

birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the mob. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and *licked* into shape; at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it: and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth; and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. *Here*, it screams aloud at the opening of the womb; and *there*, it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which though too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember in its whisper-hood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a *sting*, it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting, it dies.

No wonder, if an infant so miraculous in its birth, should be destined for great adventures: and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle: It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain; has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a blackamoor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends clad in coats powdered with *flower-de-luces*[5] and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes: and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, and moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and soaring aloft scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty way for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town; to observe the different shapes, sizes, and colours, of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer: or those legions hovering every afternoon in Popes-head Alley[6], enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty; that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary according to the various occasions he meets with every hour, of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed, with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of

mankind, it is convenient upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whence we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule; and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man[7] famous for this talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England, for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that if you think to refine upon him, by interpreting every thing he says, as we do dreams by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived, whether you believe him or no: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all. And besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition: though at the same time I think he cannot with any justice be taxed for perjury, when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world, that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this, can be of no great use to the owner or his party, after it has been often practised, and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken: Few lies carry the inventor's mark; and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author. Besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers; and it often happens, that if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no farther occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and Truth comes limping after it; so that when men come to be undeceived, it is too late, the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee, when the discourse is changed, or the company parted: or, like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine, after the patient is dead.

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim, so frequent in every body's mouth, that "Truth will at last prevail." Here, has this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understandings, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in Church and State; and we at last were brought to the very brink of ruin; yet by the means of perpetual misrepresentations, have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those, who by their birth, education and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries; while others,[8] who by their credit, quality and fortune, were only able to give

reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside, as dangerous and useless; but loaden with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France; while Truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember, it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen; and we saw it was with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a majority, while the court and ministry were on their side; till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections, and influencing distant boroughs by *powerful motives* from the city. But all this was mere force and constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management: till the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger; then we saw them greedily laying hold on the first occasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people, I shall discourse more at large in some following paper; wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive those deluded or deluding persons, who hope or pretend, it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover. Whereas I believe it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its consequences; and prove a great example to illustrate the maxim I lately mentioned, that "Truth" (however sometimes late) "will at last prevail."

1: No. 14 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Ovid, "Metamorphoses," xii. 56-61.

"The troubled air with empty sounds they beat.
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition joined, are near,
And Rumours raised, and Murmurs mixed, and panic Fear."
J. DRYDEN. [T.S.]]

3: "Paradise Lost," v. 708-710. Milton makes Satan say: "We possess the quarters of the North," and places his throne in "the limits of the North." By speaking of a *western* province Swift intends Ireland, then under the government of the Earl of Wharton. This paper may be read in connection with the 23rd number of "The Examiner," and the "Short Character of Wharton" (vol. v., pp. 1-28). [T.S.]]

4: Fama was said to be a daughter of Terra. See Virgil, "Aeneid," iv. 173-178. [T.S.]]

5: A reply to the insinuations that the Tories were sympathetic to France, and that the Whigs were the true patriots. [T.S.]]

6: The reprint has "Exchange Alley." [T.S.]]

7: The Earl of Wharton. [T.S.]]

8: Refers to the Tories generally, and in particular to Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart. (1631-1712), who was created Duke of Leeds in 1694. In 1679, as Earl of Danby, he was impeached by the Commons, and imprisoned in the Tower for five years. "He assisted greatly," says Scott, "in the Revolution, yet continued a steady Tory, and avowed at Sacheverell's trial, that, had he known the Prince of Orange designed

to assume the crown, he never would have drawn a sword for him." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 16.[1]

FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 9, TO THURSDAY NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

— medioque ut limite curras, Icare, ait, moneo: ne si demissior ibis, Unda gravet pennas, si celsior, ignis adurat.[2]

It must be avowed, that for some years past, there have been few things more wanted in England, than such a paper as this ought to be; and such as I will endeavour to make it, as long as it shall be found of any use, without entering into the violences of either party. Considering the many grievous misrepresentations of persons and things, it is highly requisite, at this juncture, that the people throughout the kingdom, should, if possible, be set right in their opinions by some impartial hand, which has never been yet attempted: those who have hitherto undertaken it, being upon every account the least qualified of all human-kind for such a work.

We live here under a limited monarchy, and under the doctrine and discipline of an excellent Church: We are unhappily divided into two parties, both which pretend a mighty zeal for our religion and government, only they disagree about the means.[3] The evils we must fence against are, on one side, fanaticism and infidelity in religion; and anarchy, under the name of a commonwealth, in government: on the other side, popery, slavery, and the Pretender from France. Now to inform and direct us in our sentiments, upon these weighty points; here are on one side two stupid, illiterate scribblers, both of them fanatics by profession; I mean the "Review"[4] and "Observator."[5] On the other side we have an open Nonjuror,[6] whose character and person, as well as good learning and sense, discovered upon other subjects, do indeed deserve respect and esteem; but his "Rehearsal," and the rest of his political papers, are yet more pernicious than those of the former two. If the generality of the people know not how to talk or think, till they have read their lesson in the papers of the week, what a misfortune is it that their duty should be conveyed to them through such vehicles as those? For let some gentlemen think what they please, I cannot but suspect, that the two worthies I first mentioned, have in a degree done mischief among us; the mock authoritative manner of the one, and the insipid mirth of the other, however insupportable to reasonable ears, being of a level with great numbers among the lowest part of mankind. Neither was the author of the "Rehearsal," while he continued that paper, less infectious to many persons of better figure, who perhaps were as well qualified, and much less prejudiced, to judge for themselves.

It was this reason, that moved me to take the matter out of those rough, as well as those dirty hands, to let the remote and uninstructed part of the nation see, that they have been misled on both sides, by mad, ridiculous extremes, at

a wide distance on each side from the truth; while the right path is so broad and plain, as to be easily kept, if they were once put into it.

Further, I had lately entered on a resolution to take very little notice of other papers, unless it were such, where the malice and falsehood, had so great a mixture of wit and spirit, as would make them dangerous; which in the present circle of scribbles, from twelvepence to a halfpenny, I could easily foresee would not very frequently occur. But here again, I am forced to dispense with my resolution, though it be only to tell my reader, what measures I am like to take on such occasions for the future. I was told that the paper called "The Observator," was twice filled last week with remarks upon a late "Examiner."[7] These I read with the first opportunity, and to speak in the news-writers' phrase, they gave me occasion for many speculations. I observed with singular pleasure, the nature of those things, which the owners of them, usually call *answers*; and with what dexterity this matchless author had fallen into the whole art and cant of them. To transcribe here and there three or four detached lines of least weight in a discourse, and by a foolish comment mistake every syllable of the meaning, is what I have known many of a superior class, to this formidable adversary, entitle an "Answer."[8] This is what he has exactly done in about thrice as many words as my whole discourse; which is so mighty an advantage over me, that I shall by no means engage in so unequal a combat; but as far as I can judge of my own temper, entirely dismiss him for the future; heartily wishing he had a match exactly of his own size to meddle with, who should only have the odds of truth and honesty; which as I take it, would be an effectual way to silence him for ever. Upon this occasion, I cannot forbear a short story of a fanatic farmer who lived in my neighbourhood, and was so great a disputant in religion, that the servants in all the families thereabouts, reported, how he had confuted the bishop and all his clergy. I had then a footman who was fond of reading the Bible, and I borrowed a comment for him, which he studied so close, that in a month or two I thought him a match for the farmer. They disputed at several houses, with a ring of servants and other people always about them, where Ned explained his texts so full and clear, to the capacity of his audience, and showed the insignificancy of his adversary's cant, to the meanest understanding, that he got the whole country of his side, and the farmer was cured of his itch of disputation for ever after.

The worst of it is, that this sort of outrageous party-writers I have above spoke of, are like a couple of make-bates, who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories, and by keeping friends at a distance hinder them from coming to a good understanding, as they certainly would, if they were suffered to meet and debate between themselves. For let any one examine a reasonable honest man of either side, upon those opinions in religion and government, which both parties daily buffet each other about, he shall hardly find one material point in difference between them. I would be glad to ask a question about two great men[9] of the late ministry, how they came to be Whigs? and by

what figure of speech, half a dozen others, lately put into great employments, can be called Tories? I doubt, whoever would suit the definition to the persons, must make it directly contrary to what we understood it at the time of the Revolution.

In order to remove these misapprehensions among us, I believe it will be necessary upon occasion, to detect the malice and falsehood of some popular maxims, which those idiots scatter from the press twice a week, and draw an hundred absurd consequences from them.

For example, I have heard it often objected as a great piece of insolence in the clergy and others, to say or hint that the Church was in danger, when it was voted otherwise in Parliament some years ago: and the Queen herself in her last speech, did openly condemn all such insinuations.[10] Notwithstanding which, I did then, and do still believe, the Church has, since that vote, been in very imminent danger; and I think I might then have said so, without the least offence to her Majesty, or either of the two Houses. The Queen's words, as near as I can remember, mentioned the Church being in danger from her administration; and whoever says or thinks that, deserves, in my opinion, to be hanged for a traitor. But that the Church and State may be both in danger under the best princes that ever reigned, and without the least guilt of theirs, is such a truth, as a man must be a great stranger to history or common sense, to doubt. The wisest prince on earth may be forced, by the necessity of his affairs, and the present power of an unruly faction, or deceived by the craft of ill designing men: One or two ministers, most in his confidence, may *at first* have good intentions, but grow corrupted by time, by avarice, by love, by ambition, and have fairer terms offered them, to gratify their passions or interests, from *one set of men* than another, till they are too far involved for a retreat; and so be forced to take "seven spirits more wicked than themselves." This is a very possible case; and will not "the last state of such men be worse than the first"? that is to say, will not the public, which was safe at first, grow in danger by such proceedings as these? And shall a faithful subject, who foresees and trembles at the consequences, be called *disaffected*, because he delivers his opinion, though the prince declares, as he justly may, that the danger is not owing to his administration? Or, shall the prince himself be blamed, when in such a juncture he puts his affairs into other hands, with the universal applause of his people? As to the vote against those who should affirm the Church was in danger, I think it likewise referred to danger from or under the Queen's administration, (for I neither have it by me, nor can suddenly have recourse to it;) but if it were otherwise, I know not how it can refer to any dangers but what were past, or at that time present; or how it could affect the future, unless the senators were all *inspired*, or at least that majority which voted it. Neither do I see any crime further than ill manners, to differ in opinion from a majority of either or both Houses; and that ill manners, I must confess I have been often guilty of for some years past, though I hope I never shall again.

Another topic of great use to these weekly inflamers, is the young Pretender[11] in France, to whom their whole party is in a high measure indebted for all their greatness; and whenever it lies in their power, they may perhaps return their acknowledgments, as out of their zeal for frequent revolutions, they were ready to do to his supposed father: which is a piece of secret history, that I hope will one day see the light; and I am sure it shall, if ever I am master of it, without regarding whose ears may tingle.[12] But at present, the word *Pretender* is a term of art in their possession: A secretary of state cannot desire leave to resign, but the Pretender is at bottom: the Queen cannot dissolve a Parliament, but it is a plot to dethrone herself, and bring in the Pretender. Half a score stock-jobbers are playing the knave in Exchange-Alley, and there goes the Pretender with a sponge. One would be apt to think they bawl out the Pretender so often, to take off the terror; or tell so many lies about him, to slacken our caution, that when he is really coming, *by their connivance*, we may not believe them; as the boy served the shepherds about the coming of the wolf. Or perhaps they scare us with the Pretender, because they think he may be like some diseases, that come with a fright. Do they not believe that the Queen's present ministry love her Majesty, at least as well as *some others* loved the Church? And why is it not as great mark of disaffection now to say the Queen is in danger, as it was some months ago to affirm the same of the Church? Suppose it be a false opinion, that the Queen's right is hereditary and indefeasible; yet how is it possible that those who hold and believe that doctrine, can be in the Pretender's interest? His title is weakened by every argument that strengthens hers. It is as plain as the words of an Act of Parliament can make it, that her present Majesty is heir to the survivor of the late King and Queen her sister. Is not that an hereditary right? What need we explain it any further? I have known an Article of Faith expounded in much looser and more general terms, and that by an author whose opinions are very much followed by a certain party.[13] Suppose we go further, and examine the word *indefeasible*, with which some writers of late have made themselves so merry: I confess it is hard to conceive, how any law which the supreme power makes, may not by the same power be repealed: so that I shall not determine, whether the Queen's right be indefeasible or no. But this I will maintain, that whoever affirms it so, is not guilty of a crime. For in that settlement of the crown after the Revolution, where her present Majesty is named in remainder,[14] there are (as near as I can remember) these remarkable words, "to which we bind ourselves and our posterity for ever." Lawyers may explain this, or call them words of form, as they please: and reasoners may argue that such an obligation is against the very nature of government; but a plain reader, who takes the words in their natural meaning, may be excused, in thinking a right so confirmed, is *indefeasible*; and if there be an absurdity in such an opinion, he is not to answer for it.

P.S. When this paper was going to the press, the printer brought me two more *Observators*,[15] wholly taken up in my *Examiner* upon lying, which I

was at the pains to read; and they are just such an answer, as the two others I have mentioned. This is all I have to say on that matter.

1: No. 15 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Ovid, "Metamorphoses," viii. 203-5.

"My boy, take care
To wing your course along the middle air:
If low, the surges wet your flagging plumes;
If high, the sun the melting wax consumes."
S. CROXALL. [T.S.]]

3: See the pamphlets: "The Thoughts of an Honest Tory," 1710 [by Bp. Hoadly]; "Faults on both Sides … by way of answer to 'The Thoughts of an Honest Tory,'" 1710 [by a Mr. Clements]; and "Faults in the Fault-Finder: or, a Specimen of Errors in … 'Faults on Both Sides,'" 1710; etc., etc. [T.S.]]

4: "The Review" was edited by Daniel Defoe. He commenced it on February 19th, 1703/4, as "A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France"; but about this time it had lost much of its early spring and verve. It was discontinued after June 11th, 1713. Gay thought, speaking of "The Review," that Defoe was "a lively instance of those wits, who, as an ingenious author says, will endure but one skimming" ("Present State of Wit"). [T.S.]

5: "The Observator" was founded by John Tutchin. The first number was issued April 1st, 1702, and it appeared, with some intervals, until July, 1712, though Tutchin himself died in 1707. For his partisanship for Monmouth poor Tutchin came under the anger of Judge Jeffreys, who sentenced him to several floggings. Pope's couplet in the "Dunciad" has immortalized him:

"Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."
[T.S.]

6: This was the Rev. Charles Leslie, whose periodical, "The Rehearsal," was avowedly Jacobite. The paper appeared from August 5th, 1704, until March 26th, 1709. In 1708-9 all the numbers were republished in four volumes folio, with the title: "A View of the Times, their Principles and Practices: in the First [Second, etc.] Volume of the Rehearsals," and under the pseudonym "Philalethes." Later he engaged in a controversy with Bishop Hoadly. See also note on p. 354, vol. v.

Of Swift's use of the term "Nonjuror," "The Medley" (June 18th, 1711, No. 38) made the following remarks: "If he speaks of him with relation to his party, there can be nothing so inconsistent as a Whig and a Nonjuror: and if he talks of him merely as an author, all the authors in the world are Nonjurors, but the ingenious divine who writ 'The Tale of a Tub' … for he is the first man who introduced those figures of rhetoric we call swearing and cursing in print." [T.S.]]

7: "The Observator" for November 8th, 1710 (vol. ix., No. 85), was filled with *more* remarks on the fourteenth "Examiner." Presumably the issue for November 4th, which is not accessible, commenced the attack. [T.S.]

8: A humorous specimen of this kind of an "Answer" was given by Swift in No. 23 of "The Examiner," *post.* [T.S.]

9: The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin, who commenced their political career as Tories, and only became Whigs through the necessity of identifying their own principles with that of the party which supported their power. [S.]

10: On December 6th, 1705, the House of Lords passed the following resolution: "That the Church of England … is now, by God's blessing, under the happy reign of her Majesty, in a most safe and flourishing condition; and that whoever goes about to suggest and insinuate, that the Church is in danger under her Majesty's administration, is an enemy to the Queen, the Church, and the Kingdom" ("Jls. of House of Lords," xviii. 43). On December 8th the House of Commons, by a majority of 212 against 162, agreed to this resolution. In her speech at the prorogation of Parliament on April 5th, 1710, the

Queen said: "The suppressing immorality … is what I have always earnestly recommended; … but, this being an evil complained of in all times, it is very injurious to take a pretence from thence, to insinuate that the Church is in any danger from my administration" ("Jls. Of House of Lords," xix. 145). [T.S.]]

11: James, Duke of Cornwall (1688-1766), known as the Chevalier de St. George. At one time the belief was current that the wife of James II. did not give birth to a child, and the "young Pretender" was supposed to be a son of one Mary Grey (see note on p. 409 of vol. v. of present edition of Swift's works). See also: "State-Amusements, Serious and Hypocritical … Birth of the Pretended Prince of Wales," 1711; "Seasonable Queries relating to the Birth and Birthright of a Certain Person," 1714; and other pamphlets. In the Act for the Succession to the Crown (6 Ann. c. 41), he is styled, "the Pretended Prince of Wales." History afterwards called him the "Old Pretender" to distinguish him from Charles Edward, the "bonnie Prince Charlie," the Young Pretender. [T.S.]]

12: Swift kept his word. See "An Enquiry into … the Queen's Last Ministry," 1715 (Swift's Works, vol. v., p. 458 *sq.*), and his "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen," 1758. [T.S.]]

13: By Bishop Burnet in his "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles." [T.S.]]

14: The reference here is to the Bill of Rights (1 William and Mary, Sess. 2, c. 2), where it is said: "And thereunto the said Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons do, in the name of all the people aforesaid, most humbly and faithfully submit themselves, their heirs and posterities, for ever." In the recital in the Act of Settlement (12 and 13 W. III. c. 2) the words "for ever" are omitted. [T.S.]]

15: "The Observator" of November 11th and 15th (vol. ix., Nos. 86 and 87). In No. 86 "The Examiner" is given "a spiritual shove," and, quoting his statement that a political liar "ought to have but a short memory" to meet occasions "of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction," adds, "the 'Examiner' has this essential qualification of a political liar." It is amusing to find in the same issue "The Observator" calling Jezebel a Tory, and Elijah and Naboth, Whigs! [T.S.]]

NUMB. 17.[1]

FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 16, TO THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui sunt boni cives? Qui belli, qui domi de patriâ bene merentes, nisi qui patriae beneficia meminerunt?[2]

I will employ this present paper upon a subject, which of late hath very much affected me, which I have considered with a good deal of application, and made several enquiries about, among those persons who I thought were best able to inform me; and if I deliver my sentiments with some freedom, I hope it will be forgiven, while I accompany it with that tenderness which so nice a point requires.

I said in a former paper (Numb. 14) that one specious objection to the late removals at court, was the fear of giving uneasiness to a general, who has been long successful abroad: and accordingly, the common clamour of tongues and pens for some months past, has run against the baseness, the inconstancy and ingratitude of the whole kingdom to the Duke of M[arlborough], in return of the most eminent services that ever were performed by a subject to his country; not to be equalled in history. And then to be sure some bitter stroke of detraction against Alexander and Caesar, who never did us the least injury. Besides, the people that read Plutarch come upon us with parallels drawn from the Greeks and Romans, who ungratefully dealt with I know not how many of their most deserving generals: while the profounder politicians, have seen pamphlets, where Tacitus and Machiavel have been quoted to shew the danger of too resplendent a merit. Should a stranger hear these furious outcries of ingratitude against our general, without knowing the particulars, he would be apt to enquire where was his tomb, or whether he were allowed Christian burial? not doubting but we had put him to some ignominious death. Or, has he been tried for his life, and very narrowly escaped? has he been accused of high crimes and misdemeanours? has the prince seized on his estate, and left him to starve? has he been hooted at as he passed the streets, by an ungrateful mob? have neither honours, offices nor grants, been conferred on him or his family? have not he and they been barbarously stripped of them all? have not he and his forces been ill paid abroad? and does not the prince by a scanty, limited commission, hinder him from pursuing his own methods in the conduct of the war? has he no power at all of disposing commissions as he pleases? is he not severely used by the ministry or Parliament, who yearly call him to a strict account? has the senate ever thanked him for good success, and have they not always publicly censured him for the least miscarriage? Will the accusers of the nation join issue upon any of these particulars, or tell us in what point, our damnable sin

of ingratitude lies? Why, it is plain and clear; for while he is commanding abroad, the Queen dissolves her Parliament, and changes her ministry at home: in which universal calamity, no less than two persons[3] allied by marriage to the general, have lost their places. Whence came this wonderful sympathy between the civil and military powers? Will the troops in Flanders refuse to fight, unless they can have their own lord keeper, their own lord president of the council, their own chief Governor of Ireland, and their own Parliament? In a kingdom where the people are free, how came they to be so fond of having their councils under the influence of their army, or those that lead it? who in all well instituted states, had no commerce with the civil power, further than to receive their orders, and obey them without reserve.

When a general is not so popular, either in his army or at home, as one might expect from a long course of success; it may perhaps be ascribed to his wisdom, or perhaps to his complexion. The possession of some one quality, or a defect in some other, will extremely damp the people's favour, as well as the love of the soldiers. Besides, this is not an age to produce favourites of the people, while we live under a Queen who engrosses all our love, and all our veneration; and where, the only way for a great general or minister, to acquire any degree of subordinate affection from the public, must be by all marks of the most entire submission and respect, to her sacred person and commands;[4] otherwise, no pretence of great services, either in the field or the cabinet, will be able to screen them from universal hatred.

But the late ministry was closely joined to the general, by friendship, interest, alliance, inclination and opinion, which cannot be affirmed of the present; and the ingratitude of the nation, lies in the people's joining as one man, to wish, that such a ministry should be changed. Is it not at the same time notorious to the whole kingdom, that nothing but a tender regard to the general, was able to preserve that ministry so long, till neither God nor man could suffer their continuance? Yet in the highest ferment of things, we heard few or no reflections upon this great commander, but all seemed unanimous in wishing he might still be at the head of the confederate forces; only at the same time, in case he were resolved to resign, they chose rather to turn their thoughts somewhere else, than throw up all in despair. And this I cannot but add, in defence of the people, with regard to the person we are speaking of, that in the high station he has been for many years past, his real defects (as nothing human is without them) have in a detracting age been very sparingly mentioned, either in libels or conversation, and all his successes very freely and universally applauded.

There is an active and a passive ingratitude; applying both to this occasion, we may say, the first is, when a prince or people returns good services with cruelty or ill usage: the other is, when good services are not at all, or very meanly rewarded. We have already spoke of the former; let us therefore in the second place, examine how the services of our general have been rewarded; and whether upon that article, either prince or people have

been guilty of ingratitude?

Those are the most valuable rewards, which are given to us from the certain knowledge of the donor, that they *fit our temper best:* I shall therefore say nothing of the title of Duke, or the Garter, which the Queen bestowed [on] the general in the beginning of her reign; but I shall come to more substantial instances, and mention nothing which has not been given in the face of the world.[5] The lands of Woodstock, may, I believe, be reckoned worth 40,000*l*. On the building of Blenheim Castle 200,000*l*. have been already expended, though it be not yet near finished. The grant of 5,000l. per ann. on the post-office, is richly worth 100,000*l*. His principality in Germany may be computed at 30,000*l*. Pictures, jewels, and other gifts from foreign princes, 60,000*l*. The grant at the Pall-Mall, the rangership, &c. for want of more certain knowledge, may be called 10,000,*l*. His own, and his duchess's employments at five years value, reckoning only the known and avowed salaries, are very low rated at 100,000*l*. Here is a good deal above half a million of money, and I dare say, those who are loudest with the clamour of ingratitude, will readily own, that all this is but a trifle in comparison of what is untold.[6]

The reason of my stating this account is only to convince the world, that we are not quite so ungrateful either as the Greeks or the Romans. And in order to adjust this matter with all fairness, I shall confine myself to the latter, who were much the more generous of the two. A victorious general of Rome in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemy, was rewarded with the larger triumph; and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in: a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which doing honour to the general, we will place to his account; and lastly, sometimes, though not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the rewards that I can call to mind, which a victorious general received after his return from the most glorious expedition, conquered some great kingdom, brought the king himself, his family and nobles to adorn the triumph in chains, and made the kingdom either a Roman province, or at best a poor depending state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now of all these rewards, I find but two which were of real profit to the general; the laurel crown, made and sent him at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last were paid for by the senate or the general: however, we will take the more favourable opinion, and in all the rest, admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts, the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

l. s. d. Imprimis for frankincense and earthen pots to burn it in 4 10 0 A bull

for sacrifice 8 0 0 An embroidered garment 50 0 0 A crown of laurel 0 0 2 A statue 100 0 0 A trophy 80 0 0 A thousand copper medals value half pence a piece 2 1 8 A triumphal arch 500 0 0 A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach 100 0 0 Casual charges at the triumph 150 0 0 —— —— —— Sum total 994 11 10

A BILL OF BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

	l. s. d.
Imprimis Woodstock	40,000 0 0
Blenheim	200,000 0 0
Post-office grant	100,000 0 0
Mildenheim	30,000 0 0
Pictures, jewels, &c.	60,000 0 0
Pall-Mall grant, &c.	10,000 0 0
Employments	100,000 0 0
Sum total[7]	540,000 0 0

This is an account of the visible profits on both sides; and if the Roman general had any private perquisites, they may be easily discounted, and by more probable computations, and differ yet more upon the balance; if we consider, that all the gold and silver for safeguards and contributions, also all valuable prizes taken in the war were openly exposed in the triumph, and then lodged in the Capitol for the public service.

So that upon the whole, we are not yet quite so bad at *worst*, as the Romans were at *best*. And I doubt, those who raise this hideous cry of ingratitude, may be mightily mistaken in the consequence they propose from such complaints. I remember a saying of Seneca, *Multos ingratos invenimus, plures facimus;* "We find many ungrateful persons in the world, but we *make* more," by setting too high a rate upon our pretensions, and under-valuing the rewards we receive. When unreasonable bills are brought in, they ought to be taxed, or cut off in the middle. Where there have been long accounts between two persons, I have known one of them perpetually making large demands and pressing for payments, who when the accounts were cast up on both sides, was found to be creditor for some hundreds. I am thinking if a proclamation were issued out for every man to send in his *bill of merits*, and the lowest price he set them at, what a pretty sum it would amount to, and how many such islands as this must be sold to pay them. I form my judgment from the practice of those who sometimes happen to pay themselves, and I dare affirm, would not be so unjust to take a farthing more than they think is due to their deserts. I will instance only in one article. A lady of my acquaintance,[8] appropriated twenty-six pounds a year out of her allowance, for certain uses,

which her woman received, and was to pay to the lady or her order, as it was called for. But after eight years, it appeared upon the strictest calculation, that the woman had paid but four pound a year, and sunk two-and-twenty for her own pocket. It is but supposing instead of twenty-six pound, twenty-six thousand, and by that you may judge what the pretensions of *modern merit* are, where it happens to be its own paymaster.

1: No. 16 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: "Who are the good citizens? Who are they who — whether at war or at home — deserve well of their country, but those who bear in mind the benefits she has already conferred upon them?" [T.S.]]

3: The Earl of Sunderland and Lord Godolphin. Sunderland was succeeded by Dartmouth, in June, as Secretary of State, and Godolphin returned his staff of treasurer in August, the office being placed in commission. Sunderland and Godolphin were both related to Marlborough by marriage. The former married Anne, and the son of the latter Henrietta, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. [T.S.]]

4: See "Memoirs relating to that Change" (Swift's Works, vol. v., pp. 367-8). [T.S.]]

5: The Queen's Message, proposing to grant to the Duke of Marlborough the Manor of Woodstock and Hundred of Wootton, was read January 17th, 1704/5. A Bill carrying this proposal into effect was introduced January 25th, and passed February 3rd. Blenheim House, erected at the Queen's expense, was settled to go with the dukedom by a Bill introduced in the House of Lords, which passed all its stages in the Commons December 20th, 1706. The pension of £5,000 per annum upon the revenue of the Post Office, granted by the Queen for her lifetime in December, 1702 — at a time when the Commons expressed their "trouble" that they could not comply — was made perpetual by a Bill introduced January 14th, 1706/7, passed January 18th, Royal Assent given January 28th (see "Journals of House of Commons," xiv. and xv.). [T.S.]]

6: A broadside, printed in 1712, entitled, "The D —— e and D — -s of M —— h's Loss; being an Estimate of their former Yearly Income," reckons the duke's emoluments at £54,825 per annum, and those of the duchess at £7,500. In the second edition the following paragraph is added:

"The following sums have been rec'd since the year 1701:

"Receiv'd on Accompt of Bread and Bread-waggons £63,319 3 7 Receiv'd 10,000*l.* by Annual Contingencies 100,000 0 0 Receiv'd by 2 and 1/2 *per cent*, from the payment of Troops 460,062 6 7-3/4 —— —— —— —— 623,381 10 2-3/4" —— —— —— ——]

7: In the tenth number of "The Medley" (December 4th, 1710) occurs the following: "'The Examiner,' having it in his thoughts to publish the falsest, as well as the most impudent paper that ever was printed, writ a previous discourse about lying, as a necessary introduction to what was to follow. The first paper was the precept, and the second was the example. By the falsest paper that ever was printed, I mean the 'Examiner' Numb. 17, in which he pretends to give an account of what the Duke of Marlborough has got by his services." The writer in the "Medley," admitting even the correctness of the "Examiner's" sum of £540,000, sets off against this the value of the several battles won by the Duke, and "twenty seven towns taken, which being reckoned at 300,000*l.* a town (the price that Dunkirk was sold at before it was fortified) amounts in all, throwing in the battles and the fortifications, to 8,100,000*l.*" The balance in favour of the Duke, and presumably in justification of the gifts made him, gave a net result of £7,560,000. [T.S.]]

8: The Duchess of Marlborough, who admitted that the comparison was intended for herself, explained the matter thus: "At the Queen's accession to the government, she … desired me to take out of the privy-purse 2,000*l.* a year, in order to some purchase for my advantage … I constantly declined it; until the time, that, notwithstanding the uncommon regard I had shown to Her Majesty's interest and honour in the execution of my trusts, she was pleased to dismiss me from her service … By the advice of my friends, I sent the Queen one of her own letters, in which she had pressed me to take the 2,00*l.* a year; and I wrote at the same time to ask Her Majesty whether she would allow me to charge in the privy-purse accounts, which I was to send her, that yearly sum from the time of the offer, amounting to 18,000*l.* Her Majesty was pleased to answer, that I might charge it. This therefore I did" ("An Account of the Conduct of … Duchess of Marlborough," 1742, pp. 293-5). The Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Masham superseded the Duchess of Marlborough in January, 1710/1. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 18.[1]

FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23, TO THURSDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

Quas res luxuries in flagitus,... avaritia in rapinis, superbia in contumeliis efficere potuisset; eas omnes sese hoc uno praetore per triennium pertulisse aiebant.[2]

When I first undertook this paper, I was resolved to concern myself only with things, and not with persons. Whether I have kept or broken this resolution, I cannot recollect; and I will not be at the pains to examine, but leave the matter to those little antagonists, who may want a topic for criticism. Thus much I have discovered, that it is in writing as in building; where, after all our schemes and calculations, we are mightily deceived in our accounts, and often forced to make use of any materials we can find, that the work may be kept a going. Besides, to speak my opinion, the things I have occasion to mention, are so closely linked to persons, that nothing but Time (the father of Oblivion) can separate them. Let me put a parallel case: Suppose I should complain, that last week my coach was within an inch of overturning, in a smooth, even way, and drawn by very gentle horses; to be sure, all my friends would immediately lay the fault upon John,[3] because they knew, he then presided in my coach-box. Again, suppose I should discover some uneasiness to find myself, I knew not how, over head-and-ears in debt, though I was sure my tenants paid their rents very well, and that I never spent half my income; they would certainly advise me to turn off Mr. Oldfox[4] my receiver, and take another. If, as a justice of peace, I should tell a friend that my warrants and mittimuses were never drawn up as I would have them; that I had the misfortune to send an honest man to gaol, and dismiss a knave; he would bid me no longer trust Charles and Harry,[5] my two clerks, whom he knew to be ignorant, wilful, assuming and ill-inclined fellows. If I should add, that my tenants made me very uneasy with their squabbles and broils among themselves; he would counsel me to cashier Will Bigamy,[6] the seneschal of my manor. And lastly, if my neighbour and I happened to have a misunderstanding about the delivery of a message, what could I do less than strip and discard the blundering or malicious rascal that carried it?[7]

It is the same thing in the conduct of public affairs, where they have been managed with rashness or wilfulness, corruption, ignorance or injustice; barely to relate the facts, at least, while they are fresh in memory, will as much reflect upon the persons concerned, as if we had told their names at length.

I have therefore since thought of another expedient, frequently practised with great safety and success by satirical writers: which is, that of looking into

history for some character bearing a resemblance to the person we would describe; and with the absolute power of altering, adding or suppressing what circumstances we please, I conceived we must have very bad luck, or very little skill to fail. However, some days ago in a coffee-house, looking into one of the politic weekly papers; I found the writer had fallen into this scheme, and I happened to light on that part, where he was describing a person, who from small beginnings grew (as I remember) to be constable of France, and had a very haughty, imperious wife.[8] I took the author as a friend to our faction, (for so with great propriety of speech they call the Queen and ministry, almost the whole clergy, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom)[9] and I said to a gentleman near me, that although I knew well enough what persons the author meant, yet there were several particulars in the husband's character, which I could not reconcile, for that of the lady was just and adequate enough; but it seems I mistook the whole matter, and applied all I had read to a couple of persons, who were not at that time in the writer's thoughts.

Now to avoid such a misfortune as this, I have been for some time consulting Livy and Tacitus, to find out a character of a *Princeps Senatus,* a *Praetor Urbanus,* a *Quaestor Aerarius*, a *Caesari ab Epistolis*, and a *Proconsul*;[10] but among the worst of them, I cannot discover one from whom to draw a parallel, without doing injury to a Roman memory: so that I am compelled to have recourse to Tully. But this author relating facts only as an orator, I thought it would be best to observe his method, and make an extract from six harangues of his against Verres, only still preserving the form of an oration. I remember a younger brother of mine, who deceased about two months ago, presented the world with a speech of Alcibiades against an Athenian brewer:[11] Now, I am told for certain, that in those days there was no ale in Athens; and therefore that speech, or at least a great part of it, must needs be spurious. The difference between me and my brother is this; he makes Alcibiades say a great deal more than he really did, and I make Cicero say a great deal less.[12] This Verres had been the Roman governor of Sicily for three years; and on return from his government, the Sicilians entreated Cicero to impeach him in the Senate, which he accordingly did in several orations, from whence I have faithfully translated and abstracted that which follows.

"MY LORDS,[13]

"A pernicious opinion hath for some time prevailed, not only at Rome, but among our neighbouring nations, that a man who has money enough, though he be ever so guilty, cannot be condemned in this place. But however industriously this opinion be spread, to cast an odium on the Senate, we have brought before your lordships Caius Verres, a person, for his life and actions, already condemned by all men; but as he hopes, and gives out, by the influence of his wealth, to be here absolved. In condemning this man, you have an opportunity of belying that general scandal, of redeeming the credit

lost by former judgments, and recovering the love of the Roman people, as well as of our neighbours. I have brought a man here before you, my lords, who is a robber of the public treasure, an overturner of law and justice, and the disgrace, as well as destruction, of the Sicilian province: of whom, if you shall determine with equity and due severity, your authority will remain entire, and upon such an establishment as it ought to be: but if his great riches will be able to force their way through that religious reverence and truth, which become so awful an assembly, I shall, however, obtain thus much, that the defect will be laid where it ought, and that it shall not be objected that the criminal was not produced, or that there wanted an orator to accuse him. This man, my lords, has publicly said, that those ought to be afraid of accusations who have only robbed enough for their own support and maintenance; but that *he* has plundered sufficient to bribe numbers, and that nothing is so high or so holy which money cannot corrupt. Take that support from him, and he can have no other left. For what eloquence will be able to defend a man, whose life has been tainted with so many scandalous vices, and who has been so long condemned by the universal opinion of the world? To pass over the foul stains and ignominy of his youth, his corrupt management in all employments he has borne, his treachery and irreligion, his injustice and oppression, he has left of late such monuments of his villainies in Sicily, made such havoc and confusion there, during his government, that the province cannot by any means be restored to its former state, and hardly recover itself at all under many years, and by a long succession of good governors. While this man governed in that island, the Sicilians had neither the benefit of our laws, nor their own, nor even of common right. In Sicily, no man now possesses more than what the governor's lust and avarice have overlooked, or what he was forced to neglect out of mere weariness and satiety of oppression. Every thing where he presided, was determined by his arbitrary will, and the best subjects he treated as enemies. To recount his abominable debaucheries, would offend any modest ear, since so many could not preserve their daughters and wives from his lust. I believe there is no man who ever heard his name, that cannot relate his enormities. We bring before you in judgment, my lords, a public robber, an adulterer, a DEFILER OF ALTARS,[14] an enemy of religion, and of all that is sacred; he sold all employments in Sicily of judicature, magistracy, and trust, places in the council, and the priesthood itself, to the highest bidder; and has plundered that island of forty millions of sesterces. And here I cannot but observe to your lordships, in what manner Verres passed the day: the morning was spent in taking bribes, and selling employments, the rest of it in drunkenness and lust. His discourse at table was scandalously unbecoming the dignity of his station; noise, brutality, and obsceneness. One particular I cannot omit, that in the high character of governor of Sicily, upon a solemn day, a day set apart for public prayer for the safety of the commonwealth; he stole at evening, in a chair, to a married woman of infamous character,[15] against all decency and prudence, as well as against all laws both human and

divine. Didst thou think, O Verres, the government of Sicily was given thee with so large a commission, only by the power of that to break all the bars of law, modesty, and duty, to suppose all men's fortunes thine, and leave no house free from thy rapine, or lust? &c."

This extract, to deal ingenuously, has cost me more pains than I think it is worth, having only served to convince me, that modern corruptions are not to be paralleled by ancient examples, without having recourse to poetry or fable. For instance, I never read in story of a law enacted to take away the force of all laws whatsoever;[16] by which a man may safely commit upon the last of June, what he would infallibly be hanged for if he committed on the first of July; by which the greatest criminals may escape, provided they continue long enough in power to antiquate their crimes, and by stifling them a while, can deceive the legislature into an amnesty, of which the enactors do not at that time foresee the consequence. A cautious merchant will be apt to suspect, when he finds a man who has the repute of a cunning dealer, and with whom he has old accounts, urging for a general release. When I reflect on this proceeding, I am not surprised, that those who contrived a parliamentary sponge for their crimes, are now afraid of a new revolution sponge for their money: and if it were possible to contrive a sponge that could only affect those who had need of the other, perhaps it would not be ill employed.

1: No. 17 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Cicero, "In Q. Caec." i. 3: "They said that whatever luxury could accomplish in the way of vice,… avarice in the way of plunder, or arrogance in the way of insult, had all been borne by them for the last three years, while this one man was praetor." — C.D. YONGE. [T.S.]

3: John Churchill, Duke of Maryborough, who had been Captain-General since 1702. He was dismissed from all his offices, December 31st, 1711. The Duke of Ormonde was appointed Commander-in-Chief on January 4th. [T.S.]

4: Godolphin, Lord-Treasurer, nicknamed Volpone. [T.S.]

5: Charles, Earl of Sunderland, and Henry Boyle (1670-1725), were Secretaries of State. Boyle was created Lord Carleton in 1714. [T.S.]

6: William; Earl Cowper (1665-1723), was Lord Chancellor under Godolphin's administration (1707-1710), and also in 1714-1718. The "Biographia Britannica" (second edition, vol. iv., p. 389 *n*.) refers to a story that Cowper went through an informal marriage in the early part of his life with a Mrs. Elizabeth Culling, of Hungerfordbury Park. Cowper's first wife was Judith, daughter of Sir Robert Booth, of London; and after her death he married Mary Clavering. See also "Examiner," No. 23, *post*. [T.S.]

7: Horatio Walpole, secretary to the English Embassy at the treaty of Gertruydenberg. See Swift's accusation against him in "The Conduct of the Allies" (vol. v of present edition). [T.S.]

8: "The Medley" (Nos. 6 and 7, November 6th and 13th, 1710) contains a "Story of the Marquiss D'Ancre and his Wife Galigai," from the French of M. Le Vassor. The Marquis is there described as "the greatest cheat in the whole world"; and "Galigai had the insolence to say a thousand offensive things." The article was intended as a reflection on Harley and Mrs. Masham; but Swift takes it as for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Certainly the character of Galigai may with greater justice be applied to the Duchess. (See "Histoire du regne de Louis XIII. par M. Michel Le Vassor.") Concino Concini, Maréchal D'Ancre, was born at Florence, and died in 1617. [T.S.]

9: "The Medley" was constantly deriding this alleged proportion. [T.S.]

10: "The Observator" for December 6th remarks: "If the 'Examiner' don't find better parallels for his *Princeps Senates, Praetor Urbanus, Quaestor Aerarius*, and *Caesari ab Epistolis*, than he has done for his Proconsul, Roger, the gentlemen he aims at may sleep without disturbance." [T.S.]

11: "The Whig Examiner" (No. 3, September 28th, 1710) prints a speech alleged to have been made by Alcibiades in

a contest with an Athenian brewer named Taureas. The allusion was to the Westminster election, when General Stanhope was opposed by a brewer named Thomas Cross. "The Whig Examiner" was written by Addison. Five numbers only were issued (September 14th to October 12th, 1710). "The light and comic style of Addison's parody," notes Scott, may be compared "with the fierce, stern, and vindictive tone of Swift's philippic against the Earl of Wharton, under the name of Verres." [T.S.]]

12: "The Medley" (No. 11, December 11th, 1710) remarks of this adaptation from Cicero, that the writer "has added more rude reflections of his own than are to be found in that author, whose only fault is his falling too much into such reflections." [T.S.]]

13: See also Swift's "Short Character," etc. (vol. v., pp. 1-28 of present edition), and note *in loco*. [T.S.]]

14: Hawkesworth notes: "The story of the Lord Wharton is true; who, with some other wretches, went into a pulpit, and defiled it in the most filthy manner." See also "Examiner," No. 23, *post*. [T.S.]]

15: Probably Mrs. Coningsby. See Swift's "Short Character" (vol. v., p. 27). [T.S.]]

16: The "Act for the Queen's most gracious, general, and free pardon" was passed in 1708 (7 Ann., c. 22). The Earl of Wharton himself profited by this Act. A Mr. George Hutchinson gave Wharton £1,000 to procure his appointment to the office of Register of the Seizures. This was proved before the House of Commons in May, 1713, and the House resolved that it was "a scandalous corruption," and that as it took place "before the Act of Her Majesty's most gracious, general, and free pardon; this House will proceed no further in that matter." ("Journals of House of Commons," vol. xvii., p. 356.) [T.S.]]

NUMB. 19.[1]

FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 30, TO THURSDAY DECEMBER 7, 1710.

Quippe ubi fas versunt atque nefas: tot bella per orbem: Tam multae, scelerum facies —— [2]

I am often violently tempted to let the world freely know who the author of this paper is; to tell them my name and titles at length; which would prevent abundance of inconsistent criticisms I daily hear upon it. Those who are enemies to the notions and opinions I would advance, are sometimes apt to quarrel with the "Examiner" as defective in point of wit, and sometimes of truth. At other times they are so generous and candid, to allow, it is written by a club, and that very great hands have fingers in it. As for those who only appear its adversaries in print, they give me but very little pain: The paper I hold lies at my mercy, and I can govern it as I please; therefore, when I begin to find the wit too bright, the learning too deep, and the satire too keen for me to deal with, (a very frequent case no doubt, where a man is constantly attacked by such shrewd adversaries) I peaceably fold it up, or fling it aside, and read no more. It would be happy for me to have the same power over people's tongues, and not be forced to hear my own work railed at and commended fifty times a day, affecting all the while a countenance wholly unconcerned, and joining out of policy or good manners with the judgment of both parties: this, I confess, is too great a hardship for so bashful and unexperienced a writer.[3]

But, alas, I lie under another discouragement of much more weight: I was very unfortunate in the choice of my party when I set up to be a writer; where is the merit, or what opportunity to discover our wit, our courage, or our learning, in drawing our pens for the defence of a cause, which the Queen and both Houses of Parliament, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom, have so unanimously embraced? I am cruelly afraid, we politic authors must begin to lessen our expenses, and lie for the future at the mercy of our printers. All hopes now are gone of writing ourselves into places or pensions. A certain starveling author who worked under the late administration, told me with a heavy heart, above a month ago, that he and some others of his brethren had secretly offered their service dog-cheap to the present ministry, but were all refused, and are now maintained by contribution, like Jacobites or fanatics. I have been of late employed out of perfect commiseration, in doing them good offices: for, whereas some were of opinion that these hungry zealots should not be suffered any longer in their malapert way to snarl at the present course of public proceedings; and whereas, others proposed, that they should be limited to a certain number, and permitted to write for their masters, in the

same manner as counsel are assigned for *other* criminals; that is, to say all they can in defence of their client, but not reflect upon the court: I humbly gave my advice, that they should be suffered to write on, as they used to do; which I did purely out of regard to their persons: for I hoped it would keep them out of harm's way, and prevent them from falling into evil courses, which though of little consequence to the public, would certainly be fatal to themselves. If I have room at the bottom of this paper, I will transcribe a petition to the present ministry, sent me by one of these authors, in behalf of himself and fourscore others of his brethren.

For my own part, notwithstanding the little encouragement to be hoped for at this time from the men in power, I shall continue my paper till either the world or myself grow weary of it: the latter is easily determined; and for the former, I shall not leave it to the partiality of either party, but to the infallible judgment of my printer. One principal end I designed by it, was to undeceive those well-meaning people, who have been drawn unaware into a wrong sense of things, either by the common prejudices of education and company, the great personal qualities of some party leaders, or the foul misrepresentations that were constantly made of all who durst differ from them in the smallest article. I have known such men struck with the thoughts of some late changes, which, as they pretend to think, were made without any reason visible to the world. In answer to this, it is not sufficient to allege, what nobody doubts, that a prince may choose his own servants without giving a reason to his subjects; because it is certain, that a wise and good prince will not change his ministers without very important reasons; and a good subject ought to suppose, that in such a case there are such reasons, though he be not apprised of them, otherwise he must inwardly tax his prince of capriciousness, inconstancy, or ill-design. Such reasons indeed, may not be obvious to persons prejudiced, or at great distance, or short thinkers; and therefore, if they be no secrets of state, nor any ill consequences to be apprehended from their publication; it is no uncommendable work in any private hand to lay them open for the satisfaction of all men. And if what I have already said, or shall hereafter say of this kind, be thought to reflect upon persons, though none have been named, I know not how it can possibly be avoided. The Queen in her speech mentions, "with great concern," that "the navy and other offices are burthened with heavy debts, and desires that the like may be prevented for the time to come."[4] And, if it be *now* possible to prevent the continuance of an evil that has been so long growing upon us, and is arrived to such a height, surely those corruptions and mismanagements must have been great which first introduced them, before our taxes were eaten up by annuities.

If I were able to rip up, and discover in all their colours, only about eight or nine thousand of the most scandalous abuses,[5] that have been committed in all parts of public management for twenty years past, by a certain set of men and their instruments, I should reckon it some service to my country, and to posterity. But to say the truth, I should be glad the authors' names were

conveyed to future times along with their actions. For though the present age may understand well enough the little hints we give, the parallels we draw, and the characters we describe, yet this will all be lost to the next. However, if these papers, reduced into a more durable form, should happen to live till our grandchildren are men, I hope they may have curiosity enough to consult annals, and compare dates, in order to find out what names were then intrusted with the conduct of affairs, in the consequences whereof, themselves will so deeply share; like a heavy debt in a private family, which often lies an incumbrance upon an estate for three generations.

But leaving the care of informing posterity to better pens, I shall with due regard to truth, discretion, and the safety of my person from the men of the new-fangled moderation, continue to take all proper opportunities of letting the misled part of the people see how grossly they have been abused, and in what particulars: I shall also endeavour to convince them, that the present course we are in, is the most probable means, with the blessing of God, to extricate ourselves out of all our difficulties.

Among those who are pleased to write or talk against this paper, I have observed a strange manner of reasoning, which I should be glad to hear them explain themselves upon. They make no ceremony of exclaiming upon all occasions against a change of ministry, in so critical and dangerous a conjuncture. What shall we, who heartily approve and join in those proceedings, say in defence of them? We own the juncture of affairs to be as they describe: we are pushed for an answer, and are forced at last freely to confess, that the corruptions and abuses in every branch of the administration, were so numerous and intolerable, that all things must have ended in ruin, without some speedy reformation. This I have already asserted in a former paper; and the replies I have read or heard, have been in plain terms to affirm the direct contrary; and not only to defend and celebrate the late persons and proceedings, but to threaten me with law and vengeance, for casting reflections on so many great and honourable men, whose birth, virtue and abilities, whose morals and religion, whose love of their country and its constitution in Church and State, were so universally allowed; and all this set off with odious comparisons reflecting on the present choice. Is not this in plain and direct terms to tell all the world that the Qu[een] has in a most dangerous crisis turned out a whole set of the best ministers that ever served a prince, without any manner of reason but her royal pleasure, and brought in others of a character directly contrary? And how so vile an opinion as this can consist with the least pretence to loyalty or good manners, let the world determine.

I confess myself so little a refiner in the politics, as not to be able to discover, what other motive besides obedience to the Queen, a sense of public danger, and a true love of their country, joined with invincible courage, could spirit those great men, who have now under her Majesty's authority undertaken the direction of affairs. What can they expect but the utmost efforts

of malice from a set of enraged domestic adversaries, perpetually watching over their conduct, crossing all their designs, and using every art to foment divisions among them, in order to join with the weakest upon any rupture? The difficulties they must encounter are nine times more and greater than ever; and the prospects of interest, after the reapings and gleanings of so many years, nine times less. Every misfortune at home or abroad, though the necessary consequence of former counsels, will be imputed to them; and all the good success given to the merit of former schemes. A sharper has held your cards all the evening, played booty, and lost your money, and when things are almost desperate, you employ an honest gentleman to retrieve your losses.

I would ask whether the Queen's speech does not contain her intentions, in every particular relating to the public, that a good subject, a Briton and a Protestant can possibly have at heart? "To carry on the war in all its parts, particularly in Spain,[6] with the utmost vigour, in order to procure a safe and honourable peace for us and our allies; to find some ways of paying the debts on the navy; to support and encourage the Church of England; to preserve the British constitution according to the Union; to maintain the indulgence by law allowed to scrupulous consciences; and to employ none but such as are for the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover."[7] It is known enough, that speeches on these occasions, are ever digested by the advice of those who are in the chief confidence, and consequently that these are the sentiments of her Majesty's ministers, as well as her own; and we see, the two Houses have unanimously agreed with her in every article. When the least counterpaces[8] are made to any of these resolutions, it will then be time enough for our malcontents to bawl out Popery, persecution, arbitrary power, and the Pretender. In the mean while, it is a little hard to think, that this island can hold but six men of honesty and ability enough to serve their prince and country; or that our safety should depend upon their credit, any more than it would upon the breath in their nostrils. Why should not a revolution in the ministry be sometimes necessary as well as a revolution in the crown? It is to be presumed, the former is at least as lawful in itself, and perhaps the experiment not quite so dangerous. The revolution of the sun about the earth was formerly thought a necessary expedient to solve appearances, though it left many difficulties unanswered; till philosophers contrived a better, which is that of the earth's revolution about the sun. This is found upon experience to save much time and labour, to correct many irregular motions, and is better suited to the respect due from a planet to a fixed star.

1: No. 18 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Virgil, "Georgics," i. 505-6:

"For right and wrong we see perverted here:
So many wars arise, such countless forms
Of crime and evil agitate the globe." — R. KENNEDY. [T.S.]

3: This remark seems to have tickled the writer of the twelfth number of "The Medley," who professed to be

transported at the idea of the "Examiner" being a bashful writer. [T.S.]]

4: In her speech at the opening of Parliament on November 27th, 1710, the Queen said: "I cannot without great concern mention to you, that the Navy and other offices are burthened with heavy debts, which so far affect the public service, that I most earnestly desire you to find some way to answer those demands, and to prevent the like for the time to come." ("Journals of House of Lords," vol. xix., p. 166.) [T.S.]]

5: "The Medley" (No. 13, December 25th, 1710) remarks: "When he … promises to discover 'only about eight or nine thousand of their most scandalous abuses,' without pretending to discover one; and when he audaciously reviles a general, whose services have been the wonder both of friends and enemies … all this he calls 'defending the cause of the Q —— and both Houses of Parliament, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom.'" [T.S.]]

6: It was a general complaint, that the war in Spain had been neglected, in order to supply that army which was more immediately under the management of Marlborough. [S.]]

7: The quotation is not given verbatim, but is substantially correct. See "Journals of House of Lords," vol. xix., p. 166. [T.S.]]

8: The word is defined by Dr. Murray as "a movement in a contrary or reverse direction; a movement or step against something." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 20.[1]

FROM THURSDAY DECEMBER 7, TO THURSDAY DECEMBER 14, 1710.

Sunt quibus in Satira videor nimis acer, et ultra Legem tendere opus: sine nervis altera, quicquid Composui, pars esse putat ——[2]

When the printer came last week for his copy, he brought along with him a bundle of those papers,[3] which in the phrase of Whig coffee-houses have "swinged off" the "Examiner," most of which I had never seen nor heard of before. I remember some time ago in one of the "Tatlers" to have read a letter,[4] wherein several reasons are assigned for the present corruption and degeneracy of our taste, but I think the writer has omitted the principal one, which I take to be the prejudice of parties. Neither can I excuse either side of this infirmity; I have heard the arrantest drivellers *pro* and *con* commended for their smartness even by men of tolerable judgment; and the best performances exploded as nonsense and stupidity. This indeed may partly be imputed to policy and prudence; but it is chiefly owing to that blindness, which prejudice and passion cast over the understanding: I mention this because I think it properly within my province in quality of *Examiner*. And having granted more than is usual for an enemy to do, I must now take leave to say, that so weak a cause, and so ruined a faction, were never provided with pens more resembling their condition, or less suited to their occasions.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis Tempus eget ——[5]

This is the more to be wondered at, when we consider they have the full liberty of the press, that they have no other way left to recover themselves, and that they want not men of excellent parts to set their arguments in the best light they will bear. Now if two men would argue on both sides with fairness, good sense, and good manners, it would be no ill entertainment to the town, and perhaps be the most effectual means to reconcile us. But I am apt to think that men of a great genius are hardly brought to prostitute their pens in a very odious cause; which besides, is more properly undertaken by noise and impudence, by gross railing and scurrility, by calumny and lying, and by little trifling cavils and carpings in the wrong place, which those whifflers use for arguments and answers.

I was well enough pleased with a story of one of these answerers, who in a paper[6] last week found many faults with a late calculation of mine. Being it seems more deep learned than his fellows, he was resolved to begin his answer with a Latin verse, as well as other folks: His business was to look out for something against an "Examiner" that would pretend to *tax* accounts; and turning over Virgil, he had the luck to find these words,

—— —*fugiant examina taxos;*[7]

so down they went, and out they would have come, if one of his unlucky prompters had not hindered it.

I here declare once for all, that if these people will not be quiet, I shall take the bread out of their mouths, and answer the "Examiner" myself;[8] which I protest I have never yet done, though I have been often charged with it; neither have those answers been written or published with my privity, as malicious people are pleased to give out; nor do I believe the common Whiggish report, that the authors are hired by the ministry to give my paper a value.

But the friends of this paper have given me more uneasiness with their impatience, than its enemies by their answers. I heard myself censured last week by some of the former, for promising to discover the corruptions in the late administration, but never performing any thing. The latter on the other side, are thundering out their anathemas against me for discovering so many. I am at a loss how to decide between these contraries, and shall therefore proceed after my own way, as I have hitherto done: my design being of more importance than that of writing only to gratify the spleen of one side, or provoke that of the other, though it may occasionally have both effects.

I shall therefore go on to relate some facts that in my humble opinion were no hindrance to the change of the ministry.

The first I shall mention, was that of introducing certain new phrases into the court style, which had been very seldom or never made use of in former times. They usually ran in the following terms: "Madam, I cannot serve you while such a one is in employment: I desire humbly to resign my commission, if Mr. —— — continues secretary of state: I cannot answer that the city will lend money, unless my L —— —— be pr[esiden]t of the c[ounc]il. I must beg leave to surrender, except —— — has the staff. I must not accept the seals, unless —— — comes into the other office." This has been the language of late years from subjects to their prince.[9] Thus they stood upon terms, and must have their own conditions to ruin the nation. Nay, this dutiful manner of capitulating, had spread so far, that every understrapper began at length to perk up and assume: he "expected a regiment"; or "his son must be a major"; or "his brother a collector", else he threatened to vote "according to his conscience."

Another of their glorious attempts, was the clause intended in the bill for the encouragement of learning;[10] for taking off the obligation upon fellows of colleges in both Universities to enter upon holy orders: the design of which, as I have heard the undertakers often confess, was to remove the care of educating youth out of the hands of the clergy, who are apt to infuse into their pupils too great a regard for the Church and the Monarchy. But there was a farther secret in this clause, which may best be discovered by the first projectors, or at least the garblers of it; and these are known to be C[o]ll[i]ns[11] and Tindal,[12] in conjunction with a most pious lawyer their disciple.[13]

What shall we say to their prodigious skill in arithmetic, discovered so

constantly in their decision of elections; where they were able to make out by the *rule of false*, that three were more than three-and-twenty, and fifteen than fifty? Nay it was a maxim which I never heard any of them dispute, that in determining elections, they were not to consider where the right lay, but which of the candidates was likelier to be true to "the cause." This they used to illustrate by a very apt and decent similitude, of gaming with a sharper; if you cannot cheat as well as he, you are certainly undone.

Another cast of their politics was that of endeavouring to impeach an innocent l[a]dy, for no reason imaginable, but her faithful and diligent service to the Q[ueen],[14] and the favour her M[ajesty] bore to her upon that account, when others had acted contrary in so shameful a manner. What else was the crime? Had she treated her royal mistress with insolence or neglect? Had she enriched herself by a long practice of bribery, and obtaining exorbitant grants? Had she engrossed her M[ajest]y's favours, without admitting any access but through her means? Had she heaped employments upon herself, her family and dependants? Had she an imperious, haughty behaviour? Or, after all, was it a perfect blunder and mistake of one person for another? I have heard of a man who lay all night on a rough pavement; and in the morning, wondering what it could possibly be, that made him rest so ill, happened to see a feather under him, and imputed the uneasiness of his lodging to that. I remember likewise the story of a giant in Rabelais,[15] who used to feed upon wind-mills, but was unfortunately choked with a small lump of fresh butter, before a warm oven.

And here I cannot but observe how very refined some people are in their generosity and gratitude. There is a certain great person[16] (I shall not say of what sex) who for many years past, was the constant mark and butt, against which our present malcontents used to discharge their resentment: upon whom they bestowed all the terms of scurrility, that malice, envy and indignation could invent; whom they publicly accused of every vice that can possess a human heart: pride, covetousness, ingratitude, oppression, treachery, dissimulation, violence and fury, all in the highest extremes: but of late, they have changed their language on a sudden; that person is now the most faithful and just that ever served a prince; that person, originally differing from them in principles, as far as east and west, but united in practice, and falling together, they are now reconciled, and find twenty resemblances between each other, which they could never discover before. *Tanti est ut placeam tibi perire.*[17]

But to return: How could it be longer suffered in a free nation, that all avenues to preferment should be shut up, except a very few, when one or two stood constant sentry, who docked all favours they handed down; or spread a huge invisible net, between the prince and subject, through which nothing of value could pass? And here I cannot but admire at one consequence from this management, which is of an extraordinary nature: Generally speaking, princes who have ill ministers are apt to suffer in their reputation, as well as in the

love of the people: but it was not so with the Q[ueen]. When the sun is overcast by those clouds he exhales from the earth, we still acknowledge his light and influence, and at last find he can dispel and drive them down to the horizon. The wisest prince, by the necessity of affairs, the misrepresentations of designing men, or the innocent mistakes, even of a good predecessor, may find himself encompassed by a crew of courtiers, whom time, opportunity and success, have miserably corrupted. And if he can save himself and his people from ruin, under the *worst* administration, what may not his subjects hope for, when with their universal applause, he changes hands, and makes use of the *best*?

Another great objection with me against the late party, was the cruel tyranny they put upon conscience, by a barbarous inquisition, refusing to admit the least toleration or indulgence. They imposed a hundred tests, but could never be prevailed with to dispense with, or take off the smallest, nor even admit of *occasional* conformity;[18] but went on daily (as their apostle Tindal expresseth it) narrowing their terms of communion; pronouncing nine parts in ten of the kingdom heretics, and shutting them out of the pale of their Church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how came they to allow so little of it in politics, which is *their sole religion?* You shall hear them pretending to bewail the animosities kept up between the Church of England and Dissenters, where the differences in opinion are so few and inconsiderable; yet these very sons of moderation were pleased to excommunicate every man who disagreed with them in the smallest article of their *political creed*, or who refused to receive any new article, how difficult soever to digest, which the leaders imposed at pleasure to serve their own interest.

I will quit this subject for the present, when I have told one story.[19] "There was a great king in Scythia, whose dominions were bounded to the north, by the poor, mountainous territories of a petty lord, who paid homage as the king's vassal. The Scythian prime minister being largely bribed, indirectly obtained his master's consent to suffer this lord to build forts, and provide himself with arms, under pretence of preventing the inroads of the Tartars. This little depending sovereign, finding he was now in a condition to be troublesome, began to insist upon terms, and threatened upon every occasion to unite with the Tartars: upon which, the prime minister, who began to be in pain about his head, proposed a match betwixt his master, and the only daughter of this tributary lord, which he had the good luck to bring to pass: and from that time, valued himself as author of a most glorious union, which indeed was grown of absolute necessity by his corruption." This passage, cited literally from an old history of Sarmatia, I thought fit to set down, on purpose to perplex little smattering remarkers, and put them upon the hunt for an application.

1: No. 19 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Horace, "Satires," II. i. 1-3:

”There are, to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinewed, others say.” — P. FRANCIS.

[T.S.]]

3: One of these papers was “The Observator.” The issue for December 6th (vol. ix., No. 93) dealt largely with “The Examiner’s” attack on Verres (No. 18, *ante*), and the following number returned to the charge, criticizing the attacks made in Nos. 17 and 18 of “The Examiner” on the Duke of Marlborough. [T.S.]]

4: This appears to refer to “The Tatler,” No. 183 (June 10th, 1710), where Steele writes: “The ridicule among us runs strong against laudable actions. Nay, in the ordinary course of things, and the common regards of life, negligence of the public is an epidemic vice… It were to be wished, that love of their country were the first principle of action in men of business.” [T.S.]]

5: Virgil, “Aeneid,” ii. 521-2:

”’Tis not such aid or such defence as thine
The time demands.” — R. KENNEDY.

[T.S.]]

6: The paper in all probability was “The Medley,” No. 10 (December 4th), which was mainly devoted to a reply to Swift’s “calculation” as to the rewards of the Duke of Marlborough. Scott thinks the answerer may have been Defoe, for in No. 114 (of vol. vii.) of his “Review of the State of the British Nation,” he has a passage evidently directed at Swift: “I know another, that is an orator in the Latin, a walking index of books, has all the libraries in Europe in his head, from the Vatican at Rome, to the learned collection of Dr. Salmon at Fleet-Ditch; but at the same time, he is a cynic in behaviour, a fury in temper, impolite in conversation, abusive and scurrilous in language, and ungovernable in passion. Is this to be learned? Then may I be still *illiterate*. I have been in my time, pretty well master of five languages, and have not lost them yet, though I write no bill over my door, or set *Latin quotations* in the front of the ‘Review.’ But, to my irreparable loss, I was bred but by halves; for my father, forgetting Juno’s royal academy, left the language of Billingsgate quite out of my education: hence I am perfectly *illiterate* in the polite style of the street, and am not fit to converse with the porters and carmen of quality, who grace their diction with the beauties of calling names, and curse their neighbour with a *bonne grace*.” [T.S.]]

7: “Eclogues,” ix. 30:

”So may thy bees the poisonous yew forgo.”
ARCHDN. F. WRANGHAM.

[T.S.]]

8: See No. 23, *post.* [T.S.]]

9: See Swift’s account of the intrigues of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin to secure Harley’s dismissal in his “Memoirs Relating to that Change” (vol. v., pp. 370-371 of present edition), and “Some Considerations” (vol. v., pp. 421-422, *ibid.*).]

10: The “Bill for the Encouragement of Learning” was introduced in the House of Commons, January 11th, 1709/10, passed March 14th, and obtained royal assent April 5th, 1710. There were several amendments, but the “Journals of the House of Commons” throw no light on their purport. [T.S.]]

11: Anthony Collins (1676-1729), the deist, who wrote “A Discourse of Free-Thinking” (1713), which received a reply from Swift (see vol. iii., pp. 163-192 of present edition). The most thorough reply, however, was made by Bentley, under the pen-name “Phileleutherus Lipsiensis.” Collins’s controversies with Dr. Samuel Clarke were the outcome of the former’s thinking on Locke’s teaching. [T.S.]]

12: Matthew Tindal (1657?-1733) was the author of “The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted” (1706), a work that created a great stir at the time, and occasioned many replies. Swift deals with him in his “Remarks upon a Book, intituled, ‘The Rights of the Christian Church’” (see vol. iii., pp. 79-124, also note on p. 9 of same volume of present edition). [T.S.]]

13: The pious lawyer was John Asgill (1659-1738), who was called to the bar in 1692. He was elected to Parliament for Bramber (1698-1700 and 1702-1707), but was expelled the House of Commons for blasphemy (see note on p. 9 of vol. iii, of present edition). [T.S.]]

14: Mrs. Masham, when Abigail Hill, was appointed bedchamber-woman to the Princess of Denmark. See vol. v., p. 365 of present edition. [T.S.]]

15: The giant Widenostrils had swallowed every pan, kettle, “dripping-pan, and brass and iron pot in the land, for

want of windmills, which, were his daily food." But he "choked himself with eating a huge lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of physicians." — RABELAIS, iv. 17; Motteux's translation. [T.S.]]

16: Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham (1647-1730), was Secretary of State (1689-1693 and 1702-1704). He is the Don Diego Dismallo of "The Tatler" (No. 21). See also vol. v., p. 247, of present edition of Swift's works. [T.S.]]

17: "It is worth while to perish that I may give you pleasure." [T.S.]]

18: The Occasional Conformity Bill was rejected in 1702, and again in 1703 and 1704. It was, however, passed in 1711; but repealed in 1718. [T.S.]]

19: "The Medley," No. 14 (January 1st, 1710) [*sic*], translates this story into an account of the Union. It is the same story, in effect, which gave great offence to the Scotch peers when printed in "The Public Spirit of the Whigs." The "Medley's" version runs: "England being bounded on the north by a poor mountainous people called Scots, who were vassals to that crown, and the English prime minister, being largely bribed, obtained the Q — —'s consent for the Scots to arm and exercise themselves; and they finding they were now in a condition to be troublesome, began to insist upon terms, and threatened upon every occasion to join with the French. Upon which the prime minister, who began to be in pain about his head, set on foot a treaty to unite the two kingdoms, which he had the good luck to bring to pass, and from that time valued himself as author of a most glorious union, which indeed was grown of absolute necessity by his corruption." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 21.[1]

FROM THURSDAY DECEMBER 14, TO THURSDAY DECEMBER 21, 1710.

—— *Pugnacem scirent sapiente minorem.*[2]

I am very much at a loss how to proceed upon the subject intended in this paper, which a new incident has led me to engage in: The subject I mean, is that of soldiers and the army; but being a matter wholly out of my trade, I shall handle it in as cautious a manner as I am able.

It is certain, that the art of war hath suffered great changes, almost in every age and country of the world; however, there are some maxims relating to it, that will be eternal truths, and which every reasonable man will allow.

In the early times of Greece and Rome, the armies of those states were composed of their citizens, who took no pay, because the quarrel was their own; and therefore the war was usually decided in one campaign; or, if it lasted longer, however in winter the soldiers returned to their several callings, and were not distinguished from the rest of the people. The Gothic governments in Europe, though they were of military institution, yet observed almost the same method. I shall instance only here in England. Those who held lands *in capite* of the king, were obliged to attend him in his wars with a certain number of men, who all held lands from them at easy rents on that condition. These fought without pay, and when the service was over, returned again to their farms. It is recorded of William Rufus, that being absent in Normandy, and engaged in a war with his brother, he ordered twenty thousand men to be raised, and sent over from hence to supply his army;[3] but having struck up a peace before they were embarked, he gave them leave to disband, on condition they would pay him ten shillings a man, which amounted to a mighty sum in those days.

Consider a kingdom as a great family, whereof the prince is the father, and it will appear plainly that mercenary troops are only servants armed, either to awe the children at home; or else to defend from invaders, the family who are otherwise employed, and choose to contribute out of their stock for paying their defenders, rather than leave their affairs to be neglected in their absence. The art of making soldiery a trade, and keeping armies in pay, seems in Europe to have had two originals. The first was usurpation, when popular men destroyed the liberties of their country, and seized the power into their own hands, which they were forced to maintain by hiring guards to bridle the people. Such were anciently the tyrants in most of the small states in Greece, and such were those in several parts of Italy, about three or four centuries ago, as Machiavel informs us. The other original of mercenary armies, seems to have risen from larger kingdoms or commonwealths, which had subdued

provinces at a distance, and were forced to maintain troops upon them, to prevent insurrections from the natives: Of this sort were Macedon, Carthage and Rome of old; Venice and Holland at this day; as well as most kingdoms of Europe. So that mercenary forces in a free state, whether monarchy or commonwealth, seem only necessary, either for preserving their conquests, (which in such governments it is not prudent to extend too far) or else for maintaining a war at distance.

In this last, which at present is our most important case, there are certain maxims that all wise governments have observed.

The first I shall mention is, that no private man should have a commission to be general for life,[4] let his merit and services be ever so great. Or, if a prince be unadvisedly brought to offer such a commission in one hand, let him (to save time and blood) deliver up his crown with the other. The Romans in the height and perfection of their government, usually sent out one of the new consuls to be general against their most formidable enemy, and recalled the old one, who often returned before the next election, and according as he had merit was sent to command in some other part, which perhaps was continued to him for a second, and sometimes a third year. But if Paulus Aemilius,[5] or Scipio[6] himself, had presumed to move the Senate to continue their commissions for life, they certainly would have fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of the people. Caesar indeed (between whom and a certain general, some of late with much discretion have made a parallel) had his command in Gaul continued to him for five years, and was afterwards made perpetual Dictator, that is to say, general for life, which gave him the power and the will of utterly destroying the Roman liberty. But in his time the Romans were very much degenerated, and great corruptions crept into their morals and discipline. However, we see there still were some remains of a noble spirit among them; for when Caesar sent to be chosen consul, notwithstanding his absence, they decreed he should come in person, give up his command, and *petere more majorum.*[7]

It is not impossible but a general may desire such a commission out of inadvertency, at the instigation of his friends, or perhaps of his enemies, or merely for the benefit and honour of it, without intending any such dreadful consequences; and in that case, a wise prince or state may barely refuse it without shewing any marks of their displeasure. But the request in its own nature is highly criminal, and ought to be entered so upon record, to terrify others in time to come from venturing to make it.

Another maxim to be observed by a free state engaged in war, is to keep the military power in absolute subjection to the civil, nor ever suffer the former to influence or interfere with the latter. A general and his army are servants hired by the civil power to act as they are directed from thence, and with a commission large or limited as the administration shall think fit; for which they are largely paid in profit and honour. The whole system by which armies are governed, is quite alien from the peaceful institutions of states at

home; and if the rewards be so inviting as to tempt a senator to take a post in the army, while he is there on his duty, he ought to consider himself in no other capacity. I know not any sort of men so apt as soldiers are, to reprimand those who presume to interfere in what relates to their trade. When they hear any of us in a coffeehouse, wondering that such a victory was not pursued, complaining that such a town cost more men and money than it was worth to take it; or that such an opportunity was lost, of fighting the enemy; they presently reprove us, and often with justice enough, for meddling in matters out of our sphere, and clearly convince us of our mistakes in terms of art that none of us understand. Nor do we escape so; for they reflect with the utmost contempt of our ignorance, that we who sit at home in ease and security, never stirring from our firesides, should pretend from books, and general reason, to argue upon military affairs; which after all, if we may judge from the share of intellectuals in some who are said to excel that way, is not so very profound or difficult a science. But if there be any weight in what they offer, as perhaps there may be a great deal; surely these gentlemen have a much weaker pretence to concern themselves in matters of the cabinet, which are always either far above, or much beside their capacities. Soldiers may as well pretend to prescribe rules for trade, to determine points in philosophy, to be moderators in an assembly of divines, or direct in a court of justice, as to misplace their talent in examining affairs of state, especially in what relates to the choice of ministers, who are never so likely to be ill chosen as when approved by them. It would be endless to shew how pernicious all steps of this nature have been in many parts and ages of the world. I shall only produce two at present; one in Rome, and the other in England. The first is of Caesar, when he came to the city with his soldiers to settle the ministry, there was an end of their liberty for ever. The second was in the great rebellion against King Charles the First. The King and both Houses were agreed upon the terms of a peace, but the officers of the army (as Ludlow relates it) sets a guard upon the House of Commons, took a list of the members, and kept all by force out of the House, except those who were for bringing the King to a trial.[8] Some years after, when they erected a military government, and ruled the island by major-generals, we received most admirable instances of their skill in politics. To say the truth, such formidable sticklers[9] can have but two reasons for desiring to interfere in the administration; the first is that of Caesar and Cromwell, of which, God forbid, I should accuse or suspect any body; since the second is pernicious enough, and that is, to preserve those in power who are for perpetuating a war, rather than see others advanced, who they are sure will use all proper means to promote a safe and honourable peace.

Thirdly, Since it is observed of armies, that in the present age they are brought to some degree of humanity, and a more regular demeanour to each other and to the world, than in former times; it is certainly a good maxim to endeavour preserving this temper among them, without which they would soon degenerate into savages. To this end, it would be prudent among other

things, to forbid that detestable custom of drinking to the damnation or confusion of any person whatsoever.

Such desperate acts, and the opinions infused along with them, into heads already inflamed by youth and wine, are enough to scatter madness and sedition through a whole camp. So seldom upon their knees to pray, and so often to curse! This is not properly atheism, but a sort of anti-religion prescribed by the Devil, and which an atheist of common sense would scorn as an absurdity. I have heard it mentioned as a common practice last autumn, somewhere or other, to drink damnation and confusion[10] (and this with circumstances very aggravating and horrid) to the new ministry, and to those who *had any hand* in turning out the old; that is to say, to those persons whom her Majesty has thought fit to employ in her greatest affairs, with something more than a glance against the Qu[een] herself. And if it be true that these orgies were attended with certain doubtful words of standing by their g[enera]l, who without question abhorred them; let any man consider the consequence of such dispositions, if they should happen to spread. I could only wish for the honour of the Army, as well as of the Qu[een] and ministry, that a remedy had been applied to the disease, in the place and time where it grew. If men of such principles were able to propagate them in a camp, and were sure of a general for life, who had any tincture of ambition, we might soon bid farewell to ministers and parliaments, whether new or old.

I am only sorry such an accident has happened towards the close of a war, when it is chiefly the interest of those gentlemen who have posts in the army, to behave themselves in such a manner as might encourage the legislature to make some provision for them, when there will be no further need of their services. They are to consider themselves as persons by their educations unqualified for many other stations of life. Their fortunes will not suffer them to retain to a party after its fall, nor have they weight or abilities to help towards its resurrection. Their future dependence is wholly upon the prince and Parliament, to which they will never make their way, by solemn execrations of the ministry; a ministry of the Qu[een]'s own election, and fully answering the wishes of her people. This unhappy step in some of their brethren, may pass for an uncontrollable argument, that politics are not their business or their element. The fortune of war hath raised several persons up to swelling titles, and great commands over numbers of men, which they are too apt to transfer along with them into civil life, and appear in all companies as if it were at the head of their regiments, with a sort of deportment that ought to have been dropt behind, in that short passage to Harwich. It puts me in mind of a dialogue in Lucian,[11] where Charon wafting one of their predecessors over Styx, ordered him to strip off his armour and fine clothes, yet still thought him too heavy; "But" (said he) "put off likewise that pride and presumption, those high-swelling words, and that vain-glory;" because they were of no use on the other side the water. Thus if all that array of military grandeur were confined to the proper scene, it would be much more for the

interest of the owners, and less offensive to their fellow subjects.[12]

[Footnote: 1: No. 20 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Ovid, "Metamorphoses," xiii. 353:

"Well assured, that art
And conduct were of war the better part."
J. DRYDEN. [T.S.]]

3: A.D. 1093. See Matthew Paris. [T.S.]]

4: Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors" (vol. iv., p. 322), states that Marlborough, in order to increase the confidence of the allies, proposed "he should receive a patent as commander-in-chief for life." On consulting with Lord Chancellor Cowper he was told that such a proceeding would be unconstitutional. Marlborough, however, petitioned the Queen, who rejected his application. [T.S.]]

5: Aemilius Paulus, the celebrated Roman general, and conqueror of Macedonia, was twice consul, and died B.C. 160. [T.S.]]

6: Scipio Africanus, the greatest of Roman generals and the conqueror of Carthage, who died *c.* B.C. 184. [T.S.]]

7: Julius Caesar "applied to the Senate to be exempted from the usual law, and to become a candidate in his absence" ("Dict. of Greek and Roman Biog."). This was strongly opposed; so that to be a candidate it was necessary for him "to solicit after the custom of his ancestors." [T.S.]

The "Examiner" seems to allude to the remarkable, and, to say the least, imprudent, article in "The Tatler," No. 37. Such a passage, published by so warm an adherent of Marlborough as Steele, gives credit to Macpherson's assertion, that there really was some intention of maintaining the Duke in power, by his influence in the army. It is even affirmed, that under pretence his commission under the great seal could not be superseded by the Queen's order of dismissal, it was designed that he should assemble the troops which were in town, and secure the court and capital. To prevent which, his commission was superseded by another under the great seal being issued as speedily as possible. The industrious editor of "The Tatler," in 1786, is of opinion, that the article was written by Addison; but the violent counsels which it intimates seem less congenial to his character than to that of Steele, a less reflecting man, and bred a soldier. It is worthy of notice, that the passage is cancelled in all subsequent editions of "The Tatler," till restored from the original folio in that of 1786. This evidently implies Steele's own sense, that more was meant than met the ear; and it affords a presumptive proof, that very violent measures had at least been proposed, if not agreed upon, by some of Marlborough's adherents. [S.]]

8: General Ireton and Colonel Pride placed guards outside the entrances to the House of Commons "that none might be permitted to pass into the House but such as had continued faithful to the public interest" (Ludlow's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 270). [T.S.]]

9: The judges of the field, in a formal duel, whose duty it was to interfere when the rules of judicial combat were violated, were called sticklers, from the wooden truncheons which they held in their hands. Hence the verb to *stickle*. [S.]]

10: In his "Journal to Stella" Swift writes, under date December 13th, 1710: "You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and Col. Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry," etc. (see vol. ii., p. 71, of present edition). [T.S.]]

11: "Dialogues of the Dead. X. Charon, Hermes, and a number of Ghosts." Hermes required Lampichus to leave behind him his pride, folly, insolence, etc. [T.S.]]

12: Of this paper "The Medley," No. 14 (January 1st, 1710 [*sic*]), says: "He not only writes whatever he believes or knows to be false, but plainly shows 'tis his business and duty to do so, and that this alone is the merit of his service." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 22.[1]

FROM THURSDAY DECEMBER 21, TO THURSDAY DECEMBER 28, 1710.[2]

Nam et, majorum instituta tueri sacris, ceremoniisque retinendis, sapientis est.
— Ruituraque semper
Stat (mirum!) moles — [3]

Whoever is a true lover of our constitution, must needs be pleased to see what successful endeavours are daily made to restore it in every branch to its ancient form, from the languishing condition it hath long lain in, and with such deadly symptoms.

I have already handled some abuses during the late management, and shall in convenient time go on with the rest. Hitherto I have confined myself to those of the State; but with the good leave of those who think it a matter of small moment, I shall now take liberty to say something of the Church.[4]

For several years past, there hath not I think in Europe, been any society of men upon so unhappy a foot, as the clergy of England, nor more hardly treated, by those very persons from whom they deserved much better quarter, and in whose power they chiefly had put it to use them so ill. I would not willingly misrepresent facts; but I think it generally allowed by enemies and friends, that the bold and brave defences made before the Revolution against those many invasions of our rights, proceeded principally from the clergy; who are likewise known to have rejected all advances made them to close with the measures at that time concerting; while the Dissenters, to gratify their ambition and revenge, fell into the basest compliances with the court, approved of all proceedings by their numerous and fulsome addresses, and took employments and commissions by virtue of the dispensing power, against the direct laws of the land.[5] All this is so true, that if ever the Pretender comes in, they will, next to those of his own religion, have the fairest claim and pretensions to his favour, from their merit and eminent services to his supposed father, who, without such encouragement, would probably never have been misled to go the lengths he did. It should likewise be remembered to the everlasting honour of the London divines, that in those dangerous times, they writ and published the best collection of arguments against Popery, that ever appeared in the world. At the Revolution, the body of the clergy joined heartily in the common cause (except a few, whose sufferings perhaps have atoned for their mistakes) like men who are content to go about, for avoiding a gulf or a precipice, but come into the old straight road

again as soon as they can. But another temper had now begun to prevail. For as in the reign of K. Charles the First, several well-meaning people were ready to join in reforming some abuses; while others who had deeper designs, were still calling out for a thorough reformation, which ended at last in the ruin of the kingdom; so after the late king's coming to the throne, there was a restless cry from men of the same principles, for a thorough revolution, which as some were carrying it on, must have ended in the destruction of the Monarchy and Church.

What a violent humour hath run ever since against the clergy, and from what corner spread and fomented, is, I believe, manifest to all men. It looked like a set quarrel against Christianity, and if we call to mind several of the leaders, it must in a great measure have been actually so. Nothing was more common in writing and conversation, than to hear that reverend body charged in gross with what was utterly inconsistent: despised for their poverty, hated for their riches; reproached with avarice, and taxed with luxury; accused for promoting arbitrary power, and resisting the prerogative; censured for their pride, and scorned for their meanness of spirit. The representatives of the lower clergy railed at for disputing the power of the bishops, by the known abhorrers of episcopacy; and abused for doing nothing in their convocations, by those very men who helped to bind up their hands. The vice, the folly, the ignorance of every single man, were laid upon the character; their jurisdiction, censures and discipline trampled under foot, yet mighty complaints against their excessive power.[6] The men of wit employed to turn the priesthood itself into ridicule. In short, groaning every where under the weight of poverty, oppression, contempt and obloquy. A fair return for the time and money spent in their education to fit them for the service of the Altar; and a fair encouragement for worthy men to come into the Church. However, it may be some comfort for persons of that holy function, that their Divine Founder as well as His harbinger, met with the like reception. "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, behold a glutton and a wine-bibber, &c."

In this deplorable state of the clergy, nothing but the hand of Providence, working by its glorious instrument, the QUEEN, could have been able to turn the people's hearts so surprisingly in their favour. This Princess, destined for the safety of Europe, and a blessing to her subjects, began her reign with a noble benefaction to the Church;[7] and it was hoped the nation would have followed such an example, which nothing could have prevented, but the false politics of a set of men, who form their maxims upon those of every tottering commonwealth, which is always struggling for life, subsisting by expedients, and often at the mercy of any powerful neighbour. These men take it into their imagination, that trade can never flourish unless the country becomes a common receptacle for all nations, religions and languages; a system only proper for small popular states, but altogether unworthy, and below the dignity of an imperial crown; which with us is best upheld by a monarch in

possession of his just prerogative, a senate of nobles and of commons, and a clergy established in its due rights with a suitable maintenance by law. But these men come with the spirit of shopkeepers to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; or, as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs, and the curing of herrings. Such an island as ours can afford enough to support the majesty of a crown, the honour of a nobility, and the dignity of a magistracy; we can encourage arts and sciences, maintain our bishops and clergy, and suffer our gentry to live in a decent, hospitable manner; yet still there will remain hands sufficient for trade and manufactures, which do always indeed deserve the best encouragement, but not to a degree of sending every living soul into the warehouse or the workhouse.

This pedantry of republican politics hath done infinite mischief among us. To this we owe those noble schemes of treating Christianity as a system of speculative opinions, which no man should be bound to believe; of making the being and the worship of God, a creature of the state. In consequence of these, that the teachers of religion ought to hold their maintenance at pleasure, or live by the alms and charitable collection of the people, and be equally encouraged of all opinions: that they should be prescribed what to teach, by those who are to learn from them; and, upon default, have a staff and a pair of shoes left at their door;[8] with many other projects of equal piety, wisdom, and good nature.

But, God be thanked, they and their schemes are vanished, and "their places shall know them no more." When I think of that inundation of atheism, infidelity, profaneness and licentiousness which were like to overwhelm us, from what mouths and hearts it first proceeded, and how the people joined with the Queen's endeavours to divert this flood, I cannot but reflect on that remarkable passage in the Revelation,[9] where "the serpent with seven heads cast out of his mouth water after the woman like a flood, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood: But the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth." For the Queen having changed her ministry suitable to her own wisdom, and the wishes of her subjects, and having called a free Parliament; at the same time summoned the convocation, by her royal writ,[10] "as in all times had been accustomed," and soon after their meeting, sent a most gracious letter[11] to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be communicated to the bishops and clergy of his province; taking notice of "the loose and profane principles which had been openly scattered and propagated among her subjects: that the consultations of the clergy were particularly requisite to repress and prevent such daring attempts, for which her subjects, from all parts of the kingdom, have shown their just abhorrence. She hopes, the endeavours of the clergy, in this respect, will not be unsuccessful; and for her part, is ready to give them all fit encouragement, to proceed in the dispatch of such business as properly belongs to them; and to grant them powers requisite

to carry on so good a work." In conclusion, "earnestly recommending to them, to avoid disputes, and determining to do all that in her lies to compose and extinguish them."

It is to be hoped, that this last part of her Majesty's letter, will be the first she will please to execute; for, it seems, this very letter created the first dispute.[12] The fact whereof is thus related: The Upper House having formed an address to the QUEEN, before they received her Majesty's letter, sent both address and letter together, to the Lower House, with a message, excusing their not mentioning the letter in the address, because this was formed before the other was received:[13] The Lower House returned them, with a desire, that an address might be formed, with due regard and acknowledgments for the letter. After some difficulties, the same address was sent down again with a clause inserted, making some short mention of the said letter. This the Lower House did not think sufficient, and sent it back again with the same request: whereupon the archbishop, after a short consultation with *some* of his brethren, immediately adjourned the convocation for a month, and no address at all was sent to the QUEEN.

I understand not ecclesiastical affairs well enough to comment upon this matter;[14] but it seems to me, that all methods of doing service to the Church and kingdom, by means of a convocation, may be at any time eluded, if there be no remedy against such an incident. And if this proceeding be agreeable to the institution, spiritual assemblies must needs be strangely contrived, very different from any lay senate yet known in the world. Surely, from the nature of such a synod, it must be a very unhappy circumstance, when the majority of the bishops draws one way, and that of the lower clergy another. The latter, I think, are not at this time suspected for any principles bordering upon those professed by enemies to episcopacy; and if they happen to differ from the greater part of the present set of bishops, I doubt it will call some things to mind, that may turn the scale of general favour on the inferior clergy's side, who with a profound duty to her Majesty, are perfectly pleased with the present turn of affairs. Besides, curious people will be apt to enquire into the dates of some promotions, to call to mind what designs were then upon the anvil, and from thence make malicious deductions. Perhaps they will observe the manner of voting on the bishops' bench, and compare it with what shall pass in the upper house of convocation. There is, however, one comfort, that under the present dispositions of the kingdom, a dislike to the proceedings of any of their lordships, even to the number of a majority, will be purely personal, and not turned to the disadvantage of the order. And for my part, as I am a true lover of the Church, I had rather find the inclinations of the people favourable to episcopacy in general, than see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are known enemies to the character. Nor, indeed, hath anything given me more offence for several years past, than to observe how some of that bench have been caressed by certain persons; and others of them openly celebrated by the infamous pens of atheists, republicans and fanatics.

Time and mortality can only remedy these inconveniencies in the Church, which are not to be cured like those in the State, by a change of ministry. If we may guess the temper of a convocation, from the choice of a prolocutor,[15] as it is usual to do that of a House of Commons by the speaker, we may expect great things from that reverend body, who have done themselves much reputation, by pitching upon a gentleman of so much piety, wit and learning, for that office; and one who is so thoroughly versed in those parts of knowledge which are proper for it. I am sorry that the three Latin speeches, delivered upon presenting the prolocutor, were not made public;[16] they might perhaps have given us some light into the dispositions of each house: and besides, one of them is said to be so peculiar in the style and matter, as might have made up in entertainment what it wanted in instruction.

1: No. 21 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Under date January 1st, 1710/1, Swift writes to Stella: "Get the 'Examiners,' and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction" (vol. ii., p. 88, of present edition). [T.S.]]

3:

"For it is the part of a wise man to defend the institutions of his
forefathers, and uphold the sacred rites and ceremonies.
And ever threatening to fall
The mass — a marvel — stands." [T.S.]]

4: A pamphlet, ascribed to W. Wotton, was issued in reply to this paper. It was entitled, "The Case of the Present Convocation Consider'd; In Answer to the Examiner's Unfair Representation of it, and Unjust Reflections upon it." 1711.]

5: The Dissenters were at first disposed to make common cause with the Catholics in favour of the dispensing power claimed by James II.; and an address from the Presbyterians went so far as to praise the king for having "restored to God His empire over conscience." [S.]]

6: "The Case etc. Consider'd," remarks: "The boldest, and the most insolent book of that sort, is the 'Rights of the Church' … Yet how long was Dr. T[inda]ll, then Fellow of All Souls, suffered at Oxford after the 'Rights' appeared?" Dr. Matthew Tindal, author of "The Rights of the Christian Church" (1706), was a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, from 1678 till his death in 1733. [T.S.]]

7: "At this time [February, 1703/4] Queen Anne gave up the *first-fruits* and *tenths*, which had long been possessed by the crown, to be appropriated to a fund for the increase of small livings. This fund is known as Queen Anne's Bounty" (Lathbury's "Hist. of Convocation," second edition, p. 386). The Queen's Message to Parliament was dated February 7th, 1703/4, and the Bill was introduced February 17th, and received the royal assent April 3rd, 1704. See also Swift's "Answer" in the following number. [T.S.]]

8: A hint to withdraw. [T.S.] This is said to have been the mode in which the governors of a Dutch province were wont to give intimation to those who intermeddled with state affairs, that they would do wisely to withdraw themselves from the state. [S.]]

9: Swift notices his own misquotation in the succeeding number (*q.v.*). See a further reference to the subject in No. 26.

[T.S.]]

10: Convocation was assembled on November 25th, and the Latin sermon preached by Kennet. [T.S.]]

11: Queen Anne's letter was printed in "The Daily Courant" for December 19th. It is dated December 12th, and says: "It is with great grief of heart we observe the scandalous attempts which of late years have been made to infect the minds of our good subjects by loose and profane principles openly scattered and propagated among them. We think the consultations of the clergy particularly requisite to repress these daring attempts and to prevent the like for the future. The just abhorrence that our subjects from all parts of the kingdom have expressed of such wicked principles and their abettors, give us good ground to hope that the endeavours of the clergy in this respect will not be unsuccessful. For our part we are ready to give them all fitting encouragement to proceed in the dispatch of such business as properly belongs to them, and to grant them such powers as shall be thought requisite," etc. [T.S.]]

12: The Queen's letter was intended to put an end to disputes in Convocation. She expressed her hope that her royal intentions would not be frustrated "by any unseasonable disputes between the two Houses of Convocation about unnecessary forms and methods of proceeding." She earnestly recommended that such disputes might cease. The bishops prepared an address, but the Lower House insisted "on the enlarging the fourth paragraph, and upon answering the several heads of the Queen's letter" (Chamberlen's "History of Queen Anne," p. 365, and "Daily Courant," Dec. 19th). The real reason for the disputes between the two Houses at this time lay in the fact that the Upper House, owing to Tenison's influence, was largely Low Church in sympathy, whereas the Lower House, with Atterbury as its leader, was of the High Church party. [T.S.]]

13: Dr. Smalridge (1662-1719) called for the Queen's letter to be read. The Archbishop prorogued Convocation for two days, and then again until January 17th. An address to the Queen was presented on January 26th (Lathbury's "History of Convocation," second edition, p. 407). Smalridge was Dean of Carlisle, 1711-13, and Bishop of Bristol, 1714-19. [T.S.]]

14: "The Case etc. Consider'd" quotes on the title-page: "Jude 10. But these speak evil of those things which they know not." [T.S.]]

15: "Dr. Atterbury, in preference to Dr. Kennet, was chosen prolocutor by a great majority." — TINDAL, iv. 206. [T.S.]]

Footnote 16: The Latin speeches were made on December 6th, when the prolocutor was presented to the Archbishop, by Dr. Smalridge, Atterbury, and Tenison. The one speech to which Swift refers may have been Tenison's, whose style was fairly dull. [T.S.]

NUMB. 23.[1]

FROM THURSDAY DECEMBER 28, TO THURSDAY JANUARY 4, 1710.[2]

Nullae sunt occultiores insidiae, quam eae quae latent in simulatione officii, aut in aliquo necessitudinis nomine.[3]

The following answer is written in the true style, and with the usual candour of such pieces; which I have imitated to the best of my skill, and doubt not but the reader will be extremely satisfied with it.

The Examiner cross-examined, or, A full Answer to the last Examiner.

If I durst be so bold with this author, I would gladly ask him a familiar question; Pray, Sir, who made you an Examiner? He talks in one of his insipid papers, of eight or nine thousand corruptions,[4] while *we* were at the head of affairs, yet, in all this time, he has hardly produced fifty:

Parturiunt montes, &c.[5]

But I shall confine myself, at present, to his last paper. He tells us, "The Queen began her reign with a noble benefaction to the Church." Here's priestcraft with a witness; this is the constant language of your highfliers, to call those who are hired to teach *the religion of the magistrate* by the name of the Church.[6] But this is not all; for, in the very next line he says, "It was hoped the nation would have followed this example." You see the faction begins already to speak out; this is an open demand for the abbey-lands; this furious zealot would have us priest-ridden again, like our popish ancestors: but, it is to be hoped the government will take timely care to suppress such audacious attempts, else we have spent so much blood and treasure to very little purpose, in maintaining religion and Revolution. But what can we expect from a man, who at one blow endeavours to ruin our trade? "A country" (says he) "may flourish" (these are his own words) "without being the common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages." What! We must immediately banish or murder the Palatines; forbid all foreign merchants, not only the Exchange, but the kingdom; persecute the Dissenters with fire and faggot, and make it high-treason to speak any other tongue but English. In another place he talks of a "serpent with seven heads," which is a manifest corruption of the text; for the words "*seven heads*" are not mentioned in that verse.[7] However, we know what serpent he would mean; a serpent with fourteen legs; or, indeed, no serpent at all, but seven great men, who were the best ministers, the truest Protestants, and the most disinterested patriots that ever served a prince.[8] But nothing is so inconsistent as this writer; I know not whether to call him a Whig or a Tory, a Protestant or a Papist; he finds fault with convocations; says, "they are assemblies strangely contrived;" and yet lays the fault upon us, that we bound their hands: I wish we could have bound

their tongues too; but as fast as their hands were bound, they could make a shift to hold their pens, and have their share in the guilt of ruining the hopefullest party and ministry that ever prescribed to a crown. This captious gentleman is angry to "see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are enemies to the character"; now I always thought, that the concessions of enemies were more to a man's advantage than the praise of his friends. "Time and mortality," he says, "can only remedy these inconveniencies in the Church." That is, in other words, when certain bishops are dead, we shall have others of our own stamp. Not so fast; you are not yet so sure of your game. We have already got one comfortable loss in Spain, though by a G[enera]l of our own.[9] For joy of which, our J[un]to had a merry meeting at the house of their great proselyte, on the very day we received the happy news. One or two more such blows would, perhaps, set us right again, and then we can employ "mortality" as well as others. He concludes with wishing, that "three letters, spoke when the prolocutor was presented, were made public." I suppose he would be content with one, and that is more than we shall humour him to grant. However, I hope he will allow it possible to have grace, without either eloquence or Latin, which is all I shall say to his malicious innuendo.

Having thus, I hope, given a full and satisfactory answer to the Examiner's last paper, I shall now go on to a more important affair; which is, to prove, by several undeniable instances, that the late m[inist]ry, and their abettors, were true friends to the Church. It is yet, I confess, a secret to the clergy, wherein this friendship did consist. For information therefore of that reverend body, that they may never forget their benefactors, as well as of all others who may be equally ignorant, I have determined to display *our* merits to the world upon that weighty article. And I could wish, that what I am to say were to be written in brass, for an eternal memorial; the rather, because for the future, the Church must endeavour to stand unsupported by those patrons, who expired in doing it their last good office, and will never rise to preserve it any more.

Let us therefore produce the pious endeavours of these church-defenders, who were its patrons by their power and authority, as well as ornaments of it by their exemplary lives.

First, St. Paul tells us, "there must be heresies in the Church, that the truth may be manifest"; and therefore, by due course of reasoning, the more heresies there are, the more manifest will the truth be made. This being maturely considered by these lovers of the Church, they endeavoured to propagate as many heresies as they could, that the light of truth might shine the clearer.

Secondly, To shew their zeal for the Church's defence, they took the care of it entirely out of the hands of God Almighty (because that was a foreign jurisdiction) and made it their own creature, depending altogether upon them; and issued out their orders to Tindal, and others, to give public notice of it.

Thirdly, Because charity is the most celebrated of all Christian virtues,

therefore they extended theirs beyond all bounds; and instead of shutting the Church against Dissenters, were ready to open it to all comers, and break down its walls, rather than that any should want room to enter. The strength of a state, we know, consists in the number of people, how different soever in their callings; and why should not the strength of a Church consist in the same, how different soever in their creeds? For that reason, they charitably attempted to abolish the test, which tied up so many hands from getting employments, in order to protect the Church.

I know very well that this attempt is objected to us as a crime, by several malignant Tories, and denied as a slander by many unthinking people among ourselves. The latter are apt in their defence to ask such questions as these; Was your test repealed?[10] Had we not a majority? Might we not have done it if we pleased? To which the others answer, You did what you could; you prepared the way, but you found a fatal impediment from that quarter, whence the sanction of the law must come, and therefore to save your credit, you condemned a paper to be burnt which yourselves had brought in.[11] But alas! the miscarriage of that noble project for the safety of the Church, had another original; the knowledge whereof depends upon a piece of secret history that I shall now lay open.

These church-protectors had directed a Presbyterian preacher to draw up a bill for repealing the test; it was accordingly done with great art, and in the preamble, several expressions of civility to the established Church; and when it came to the qualifications of all those who were to enter on any office, the compiler had taken special care to make them large enough for all Christians whatsoever, by transcribing the very words (only formed into an oath) which Quakers are obliged to profess by a former Act of Parliament; as I shall here set them down.[12] "I *A.B.* profess faith in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ His eternal Son, the true God, and in the Holy Spirit one God blessed for evermore; and do acknowledge the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by divine inspiration." This bill was carried to the chief leaders for their approbation, with these terrible words turned into an oath: What should they do? Those few among them who fancied they believed in God, were sure they did not believe in Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or one syllable of the Bible; and they were as sure that every body knew their opinion in those matters, which indeed they had been always too sincere to disguise; how therefore could they take such an oath as that, without ruining their reputation with Tindal, Toland,[13] Coward,[14] Collins, Clendon,[15] and all the tribe of free-thinkers, and so give a scandal to weak unbelievers. Upon this nice point of honour and conscience the matter was hushed, the project for repealing the test let fall, and the Sacrament left as the smaller evil of the two.

Fourthly, These pillars of the Church, because "the harvest was great, and the labourers few," and because they would ease the bishops from that grievous trouble of laying on hands: were willing to allow that power to all men whatsoever, to prevent that terrible consequence of unchurching those,

who thought a hand from under a cloak as effectual as from lawn-sleeves. And indeed, what could more contribute to the advancement of true religion, than a bill of general naturalization for priesthood?

Fifthly, In order to fix religion in the minds of men, because truth never appears so fair as when confronted with falsehood; they directed books to be published, that denied the being of a God, the divinity of the Second and Third Person, the truth of all revelation, and the immortality of the soul. To this we owe that great sense of religion, that respect and kindness to the clergy, and that true love of virtue so manifest of late years among the youth of our nation. Nor could anything be more discreet, than to leave the merits of each cause to such wise impartial judges, who might otherwise fall under the slavery of believing by education and prejudice.

Sixthly, Because nothing so much distracts the thoughts, as too great a variety of subjects; therefore they had kindly prepared a bill, to prescribe the clergy what subjects they should preach upon, and in what manner, that they might be at no loss; and this no doubt, was a proper work for such hands, so thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of all Christian duties.

Seventhly, To save trouble and expense to the clergy, they contrived that convocations should meet as seldom as possible; and when they were suffered to assemble, would never allow them to meddle with any business; because they said, the office of a clergyman was enough to take up the whole man. For the same reason they were very desirous to excuse the bishops from sitting in Parliament, that they might be at more leisure to stay at home and look after their clergy.

I shall mention at present but one more instance of their pious zeal for the Church. They had somewhere heard the maxim, that *Sanguis martyrum est semen ecclesiae*;[16] therefore in order to sow this seed, they began with impeaching a clergyman: and that it might be a true martyrdom in every circumstance, they proceeded as much as possible against common law,[17] which the long-robe part of the managers knew was in a hundred instances directly contrary to all their positions, and were sufficiently warned of it beforehand; but their love of the Church prevailed. Neither was this impeachment an affair taken up on a sudden. For, a certain great person (whose Character has been lately published by some stupid and lying writer)[18] who very much distinguished himself by his zeal in forwarding this impeachment, had several years ago endeavoured to persuade the late King to give way to just such another attempt. He told his Majesty, there was a certain clergyman preached very dangerous sermons, and that the only way to put a stop to such insolence, was to impeach him in Parliament. The King enquired the character of the man; “O, sir,” said my lord, “the most violent, hot, positive fellow in England; so extremely wilful, that I believe he would be heartily glad to be a martyr.” The King answered, “Is it so? Then I am resolved to disappoint him”; and would never hear more of the matter; by which that hopeful project unhappily miscarried.

I have hitherto confined myself to those endeavours for the good of the Church, which were common to all the leaders and principal men of our party; but if my paper were not drawing towards an end, I could produce several instances of particular persons, who by their exemplary lives and actions have confirmed the character so justly due to the whole body. I shall at present mention only two, and illustrate the merits of each by a matter of fact.

That worthy patriot, and true lover of the Church, whom the late "Examiner" is supposed to reflect on under the name of Verres,[19] felt a pious impulse to be a benefactor to the Cathedral of Gloucester, but how to do it in the most decent, generous manner, was the question. At last he thought of an expedient: One morning or night he stole into the Church, mounted upon the altar, and there did that which in cleanly phrase is called disburthening of nature: He was discovered, prosecuted, and condemned to pay a thousand pounds, which sum was all employed to support the Church, as, no doubt, the benefactor meant it.

There is another person whom the same writer is thought to point at under the name of Will Bigamy.[20] This gentleman, knowing that marriage fees were a considerable perquisite to the clergy, found out a way of improving them *cent. per cent.* for the good of the Church. His invention was to marry a second wife while the first was alive, convincing her of the lawfulness by such arguments, as he did not doubt would make others follow the same example: These he had drawn up in writing with intention to publish for the general good; and it is hoped he may now have leisure to finish them.[21]

1: No. 22 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: *I. e.* 1710-11. [T.S.]

3: Cicero, "in Verrem," II. i. 15: "There are no intrigues more difficult to guard against than those which are concealed under a pretence of duty, or under the name of some intimate connexion." — C.D. YONGE. [T.S.]

4: See No. 19, *ante* (not quoted correctly). [T.S.]

5: Horace, "Ars Poetica," 139:
"The mountains laboured with prodigious throes." — P. FRANCIS. [T.S.]]

6: See No. 22, *ante*. [T.S.]

7: The serpent, or dragon, is said to have seven heads in an earlier verse of the same chapter. See Rev. xii., 3, 9, 15. [T.S.]

8: The Earl of Sunderland and Henry Boyle (Secretaries of State), Earl of Godolphin (Lord Treasurer), Lord Somers (President of the Council), Lord Cowper (Lord Chancellor), Duke of Marlborough (Captain General), and Horatio Walpole (Secretary of War). [T.S.]

9: General Stanhope, at Brihuega, was surprised and compelled to surrender on December 9th, 1710. Oldmixon's "Sequel" (p. 452) remarks: "The misfortune which happened to General Stanhope at Brihuega, where he was surrounded by the French and Spanish, armies, and after a most gallant defence, obliged to surrender himself with several English battalions prisoners of war, was some relief to high-church; … they did not stick to rejoice at it." [T.S.]

10: The Test Act was passed in 1672 and repealed only in 1828. [T.S.]]

11: This paper was a pamphlet by Charles Leslie, published October, 1708, which was condemned to be burnt by the House of Commons in January, 1709/10. It was entitled, "A Letter from a Gentleman in Scotland to his Friend in England, against the Sacramental Test." [T.S.]]

12: This declaration was prescribed by the Act I William and Mary, c. 18, s. 13. It was repealed in 1871. [T.S.]]

13: John Toland, author of "Christianity not Mysterious" (1696) and other works. See note on p. 9 of vol. iii. of present edition. [T.S.]]

14: William Coward (1656-1725), physician, was the author of "Second Thoughts Concerning Human Soul" (1702), and "The Grand Essay; or A Vindication of Reason and Religion" (1703/4). Both these works were ordered by the House of Commons to be burnt, March 17th, 1703/4. See also note on p. 9 of vol. iii. of present edition. [T.S.]]

15: John Clendon was the author of "A Treatise of the Word Person" (17-09/10) which the House of Commons ordered to be burnt, March 24, 17-09/10. See also note on p. 185 of vol. iii. of present edition. [T.S.]]

16: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." [T.S.]]

17: For preaching a sermon at St. Paul's on "Perils from false brethren" (November 5th, 1709), Dr. Sacheverell was, on the complaint of Mr. Dolben (December 13th), impeached in the House of Commons on December 14th, 1709, and in the House of Lords on December 15th. The sermon was printed and widely circulated, and Sacheverell received for it the thanks of the Lord Mayor. Mr. Dolben objected to Godolphin being referred to as Volpone. Out of this arose the famous Sacheverell trial, so disastrous in its effect on the Whig ministry. [T.S.]]

18: Lord Wharton. See vol. v., pp. 1-28 of present edition of Swift's Works. [T.S.]]

19: Lord Wharton. But see correction in No. 25, *post*. [T.S.]]

20: See previous note on Lord Cowper. [T.S.]]

21: Cowper was at this time out of office. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 24.[1]

FROM THURSDAY JANUARY 4, TO THURSDAY JANUARY 11, 1710.[2]

Bellum ita suscipiatur, ut nihil aliud nisi Pax quaesita videatur.[3]

I am satisfied, that no reasonable man of either party, can justly be offended at any thing I said in one of my papers relating to the Army;[4] from the maxims I there laid down, perhaps many persons may conclude, that I had a mind the world should think, there had been occasion given by some late abuses among men of that calling; and they conclude right. For my intention is, that my hints may be understood, and my quotations and allegories applied; and I am in some pain to think, that in the Orcades on one side, and the western coasts of Ireland on the other, the "Examiner" may want a key in several parts, which I wish I could furnish them with. As for the French king, I am under no concern at all; I hear he has left off reading my papers, and by what he has found in them, dislikes our proceedings more than ever, and intends either to make great additions to his armies, or propose new terms for a peace: So false is that which is commonly reported, of his mighty satisfaction in our change of ministry: And I think it clear that his late letter of "Thanks to the Tories of Great Britain,"[5] must either have been extorted from him against his judgment, or was a cast of his politics to set the people against the present ministry, wherein it has wonderfully succeeded.

But though I have never heard, or never regarded any objections made against that paper, which mentions the army; yet I intended this as a sort of apology for it. And first, I declare, (because we live in a mistaking world) that in hinting at some proceedings, wherein a few persons are said to be concerned, I did not intend to charge them upon the body of the army. I have too much detested that barbarous injustice among the writers of a late party, to be ever guilty of it myself; I mean the accusing societies for the crimes of a few. On the other side, I must take leave to believe, that armies are no more exempt from corruptions than other numbers of men. The maxims proposed were occasionally introduced by the report of certain facts, which I am bound to believe is true, because I am sure, considering what has passed, it would be a crime to think otherwise. All posts in the army, all employments at court, and many others, are (or ought to be) given and resumed at the mere pleasure of the prince; yet when I see a great officer broke, a change made in the court or the ministry, and this under the most just and gracious Princess that ever reigned, I must naturally conclude it is done upon prudent considerations, and for some great demerit in the sufferers. But then; is not the punishment sufficient? Is it generous or charitable to trample on the unfortunate, and expose their faults to the world in the strongest colours? And would it not suit better with magnanimity as well as common good-nature, to leave them at

quiet to their own thoughts and repentance? Yes without question, provided it could be so contrived that their very names, as well as actions, might be forgotten for ever; *such* an act of oblivion would be for the honour of our nation, and beget a better opinion of us with posterity; and then I might have spared the world and myself the trouble of *examining*. But at present, there is a cruel dilemma in the case: The friends and abettors of the late ministry are every day publishing their praises to the world, and casting reflections upon the present persons in power. This is so barefaced an aspersion upon the Q[ueen], that I know not how any good subject can with patience endure it, though he were ever so indifferent with regard to the opinions in dispute. Shall they who have lost all power and love of the people, be allowed to scatter their poison; and shall not those, who are, at least, of the strongest side, be suffered to bring an antidote? And how can we undeceive the deluded remainder, but by letting them see, that those discarded statesmen were justly laid aside, and producing as many instances to prove it as we can? not from any personal hatred to them, but in justification to the best of queens. The many scurrilities I have heard and read against this poor paper of mine, are in such a strain, that considering the present state of affairs, they look like a jest. They usually run after the following manner: "What? shall this insolent writer presume to censure the late ministry, the ablest, the most faithful, and truest lovers of their country, and its constitution that ever served a prince? Shall he reflect on the best H[ouse] of C[ommons] that ever sat within those walls? Has not the Queen changed both for a ministry and Parliament of Jacobites and highfliers, who are selling us to France, and bringing over the Pretender?" This is the very sum and force of all their reasonings, and this their method of complaining against the "Examiner." In *them* it is humble and loyal to reflect upon the Q[ueen] and the ministry, and Parliament she has chosen with the universal applause of her people; in *us* it is insolent to defend her Majesty and her choice, or to answer their objections, by shewing the reasons why those changes were necessary.

The same style has been used in the late case relating to some gentlemen in the army;[6] such a clamour was raised by a set of men, who had the boldness to tax the administration with cruelty and injustice, that I thought it necessary to interfere a little, by shewing the ill consequences that might arise from some proceedings, though without application to particular persons. And what do they offer in answer? Nothing but a few poor common-places against calumny and informers, which might have been full as just and seasonable in a plot against the sacred person of the Q[ueen].

But, by the way; why are these idle people so indiscreet to name those two words, which afford occasion of laying open to the world such an infamous scene of subornation and perjury, as well as calumny and informing, as I believe is without example: when a whole cabal attempted an action, wherein a condemned criminal refused to join with them for the reward of his life?[7] Not that I disapprove their sagacity, who could foretell so long before,

by what hand they should one day fall, and therefore thought any means justifiable by which they might prevent it.

But waiving this at present, it must be owned in justice to the army, that those violences did not proceed so far among them as some have believed; nor ought the madness of a few to be laid at their doors. For the rest, I am so far from denying the due praises to those victorious troops, who did their part in procuring so many victories for the allies, that I could wish every officer and private soldier had their full share of honour in proportion to their deserts; being thus far of the Athenians' mind, who when it was proposed that the statue of Miltiades should be set up alone in some public place of the city, said they would agree to it, *whenever he conquered alone*, but not before. Neither do I at all blame the officers of the army, for preferring in their hearts the late ministry before the present; or, if wishing alone could be of any use, to wish their continuance, because then they might be secure of the war's continuance too: whereas, since affairs have been put into other hands, they may perhaps lie under some apprehensions of a peace, which no army, especially in a course of success, was ever inclined to, and which all wise states have in such a juncture, chiefly endeavoured. This is a point wherein the civil and military politics have always disagreed. And for that reason, I affirmed it necessary in all free governments, that the latter should be absolutely in subjection to the former; otherwise, one of these two inconveniencies must arise, either to be perpetually in war, or to turn the civil institution into a military.

I am ready to allow all that has been said of the valour and experience of our troops, who have fully contributed their part to the great successes abroad; nor is it their fault, that those important victories had no better consequences at home, though it may be their advantage. War is their trade and business: to improve and cultivate the advantages of success, is an affair of the cabinet; and the neglect of this, whether proceeding from weakness or corruption, according to the usual uncertainty of wars, may be of the most fatal consequence to a nation. For, pray let me represent our condition in such a light, as I believe both parties will allow, though perhaps not the consequences I shall deduce from it. We have been for above nine years, blessed with a QUEEN, who besides all virtues that can enter into the composition of a private person, possesses every regal quality that can contribute to make a people happy: of great wisdom, yet ready to receive the advice of her counsellors: of much discernment in choosing proper instruments, when she follows her own judgment, and only capable of being deceived by that excess of goodness which makes her judge of others by herself. Frugal in her management in order to contribute to the public, which in proportion she does, and that voluntarily, beyond any of her subjects; but from her own nature, generous and charitable to all that want or deserve; and in order to exercise those virtues, denying herself all entertainments of expense which many others enjoy. Then if we look abroad, at least in

Flanders, our arms have been crowned with perpetual success in battles and sieges, not to mention several fortunate actions in Spain. These facts being thus stated, which none can deny, it is natural to ask how we have improved such advantages, and to what account they have turned? I shall use no discouraging terms. When a patient grows daily worse by the tampering of mountebanks, there is nothing left but to call in the best physicians before the case grows desperate: But I would ask, whether France or any other kingdom, would have made so little use of such prodigious opportunities, the fruits whereof could never have fallen to the ground, without the extremist degree of folly and corruption, and where those have lain, let the world judge? Instead of aiming at peace, while we had the advantage of the war, which has been the perpetual maxim of all wise states, it has been reckoned factious and malignant even to express our wishes for it; and such a condition imposed, as was never offered to any prince who had an inch of ground to dispute; *Quae enim est conditio pacis; in qua ei cum quo pacem facias, nihil concedi potest?* [8]

It is not obvious to conceive what could move men who sat at home, and were called to consult upon the good of the kingdom, to be so utterly averse from putting an end to a long expensive war, which the victorious, as well as conquered side, were heartily weary of. Few or none of them were men of the sword; they had no share in the honour; they had made large fortunes, and were at the head of all affairs. But they well knew by what tenure they held their power; that the Qu[een] saw through their designs, that they had entirely lost the hearts of the clergy; that the landed men were against them; that they were detested by the body of the people; and that nothing bore them up but their credit with the bank and other stocks, which would be neither formidable nor necessary when the war was at an end. For these reasons they resolved to disappoint all overtures of a peace, till they and their party should be so deeply rooted as to make it impossible to shake them. To this end, they began to precipitate matters so fast, as in a little time must have ruined the constitution, if the crown had not interposed, and rather ventured the accidental effects of their malice, than such dreadful consequences of their power. And indeed, had the former danger been greater than some hoped or feared, I see no difficulty in the choice, which was the same with his, who said, “he had rather be devoured by wolves than by rats.” I therefore still insist that we cannot wonder at, or find fault with the army, for concurring with a ministry who was for prolonging the war. The inclination is natural in them all, pardonable in those who have not yet made their fortunes, and as lawful in the rest, as love of power or love of money can make it. But as natural, as pardonable, and as lawful as this inclination is, when it is not under check of the civil power, or when a corrupt ministry joins in giving it too great a scope, the consequence can be nothing less than infallible ruin and slavery to a state.

After I had finished this Paper, the printer sent me two small pamphlets, called “The Management of the War,”[9] written with some plausibility, much

artifice, and abundance of misrepresentation, as well as direct falsehoods in point of fact. These I have thought worth *Examining*, which I shall accordingly do when I find an opportunity.

1: No. 23 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: I.e. 1710-11. [T.S.]]

3: Cicero, "De Officiis," i. 23: "In the undertaking of a war there should be such a prospect, as if the only end of it were peace." — SIR R. L'ESTRANGE. [T.S.]]

4: See "Examiner," No. 21. [T.S.]]

5: Scott mistakes this as the pretended letter quoted in "The Medley," No. 14. Swift refers to a half sheet printed for A. Baldwin in the latter part of 1710, and entitled: "The French King's Thanks to the Tories of Great-Britain." It was ascribed to Hoadly.

In this print Louis XIV. is made to thank the Tories for "what hath given me too deep and lasting impressions of respect, and gratitude, ever to be forgotten. If I should endeavour to recount all the numerous obligations I have to you, I should not know where to begin, nor where to make an end…. To you and your predecessors I owe that supineness and negligence of the English court, which, gave me opportunity and ability to form and prosecute my designs." Alluding to William III. he says: "To you I owed the impotence of his life and the comfort of his death. At that juncture how vast were my hopes?… But a princess ascended your throne, whom you seemed to court with some personal fondness … She had a general whom her predecessor had wrought into the confidence and favour of the Allies…. It is with pleasure I have observed, that every victory he hath obtained abroad, hath been retrieved by your management at home…. What a figure have your tumults, your addresses, and the progresses of your Doctor, made in my Gazettes? What comfort have I received from them?… And with what impatience do we now wait for that dissolution, with the hopes of which you have so long flattered us ?… Blessed be the engines, to which so glorious events are owing. Republican, Antimonarchical, Danger of the Church, Non-resistance, Hereditary and Divine Right, words of force and energy!… How great are my obligations to all these!" In a postscript, King Louis is made to say further: "My Brother of England [i.e. the Pretender] … thanks you for … your late loyal addresses; your open avowal in them of that unlimited non-resistance by which he keeps up his claim," etc. [T.S.]]

6: "Lieut.-Gen. Meredith, Major-Gen. Macartney, and Brigadier Honeywood were superseded, upon an information laid before the Q —— , that these three gentlemen had, in their cups, drank Damnation and Confusion to the new ministry, and to those who had any hand in turning out of the old." — TINDAL, iv. 195. See also No. 21 and note, p. 127. [T.S.]]

7: William Gregg, a clerk in Harley's office, who was convicted of a treasonable correspondence with France. See Swift's "Some Remarks," etc., in vol. v., p. 38, of present edition. [T.S.]]

8: "For what condition of peace is that in which nothing is conceded him with whom you are making peace?" [T.S.]]

9: The two pamphlets referred to were both written by Dr. Francis Hare, chaplain-general to the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester. The first was dated November 23rd, 1710, and was entitled, "The Management of the War. In a Letter to a Tory-Member." The second was called, "The Management of the War. In a Second Letter to a Tory-Member," and was dated November 30th, 1710. The pamphlets are again referred to in the twenty-ninth number of "The Examiner," where the writer states that on second thoughts he has decided to deal with them "in a discourse by itself." This he did. See note on p. 184. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 25.[1]

FROM THURSDAY JANUARY 11, TO THURSDAY JANUARY 18, 1710.[2]

Parva momenta in spem metumque impellunt animos.[3]

Hopes are natural to most men, especially to sanguine complexions, and among the various changes that happen in the course of public affairs, they are seldom without some grounds: Even in desperate cases, where it is impossible they should have any foundation, they are often affected, to keep a countenance, and make an enemy think we have some resource which they know nothing of. This appears to have been for some months past the condition of those people, whom I am forced, for want of other phrases, to called the *ruined party*. They have taken up since their fall, some real, and some pretended hopes. When the E. of S[underlan]d was discarded, they *hoped* her M[ajesty] would proceed no farther in the change of her ministry, and had the insolence to misrepresent her words to foreign states. They *hoped*, nobody durst advise the dissolution of the Parliament. When this was done, and further alterations made at Court, they *hoped* and endeavoured to ruin the credit of the nation. They likewise *hoped* that we should have some terrible loss abroad, which would force us to unravel all, and begin again upon their bottom. But, of all their *hopes*, whether real or assumed, there is none more extraordinary than that which they now would seem to place their whole confidence in: that this great turn of affairs was only occasioned by a short madness of the people, from which they will recover in a little time, when their eyes are open, and they grow cool and sober enough to consider the truth of things, and how much they have been deceived. It is not improbable, that some few of the deepest sighted among these reasoners, are well enough convinced how vain all such *hopes* must be: but for the rest, the wisest of them seem to have been very ill judges of the people's dispositions, the want of which knowledge was a principal occasion to hasten their ruin; for surely had they suspected which way the popular current inclined, they never would have run against it by that impeachment. I therefore conclude, they generally are so blind, as to imagine some comfort from this fantastical opinion, that the people of England are at present distracted, but will shortly come to their senses again.

For the service therefore of our adversaries and friends, I shall briefly *examine* this point, by shewing what are the causes and symptoms of a people's madness, and how it differs from their natural bent and inclination.

It is Machiavel's observation, that the people when left to their own judgment, do seldom mistake their true interests; and indeed they naturally love the constitution they are born under, never desiring to change but under

great oppressions. However, they are to be deceived by several means. It has often happened in Greece, and sometimes in Rome, that those very men who have contributed to shake off a former tyranny, have, instead of restoring the old constitution, deluded the People into a worse and more ignominious slavery. Besides, all great changes have the same effect upon commonwealths that thunder has upon liquors, making the dregs fly up to the top: the lowest plebeians rise to the head of affairs, and there preserve themselves by representing the nobles and other friends to the old government, as enemies to the public. The encouraging of new mysteries and new deities, with the pretences of further purity in religion, hath likewise been a frequent topic to mislead the people. And, not to mention more, the promoting false reports of dangers from abroad, hath often served to prevent them from fencing against real dangers at home. By these and the like arts, in conjunction with a great depravity of manners, and a weak or corrupt administration, the madness of the people hath risen to such a height as to break in pieces the whole frame of the best instituted governments. But however, such great frenzies being artificially raised, are a perfect force and constraint upon human nature, and under a wise steady prince, will certainly decline of themselves, settling like the sea after a storm, and then the true bent and genius of the people will appear. Ancient and modern story are full of instances to illustrate what I say. In our own island we had a great example of a long madness in the people, kept up by a thousand artifices like intoxicating medicines, till the constitution was destroyed; yet the malignity being spent, and the humour exhausted that served to foment it; before the usurpers could fix upon a new scheme, the people suddenly recovered, and peaceably restored the old constitution.

From what I have offered, it will be easy to decide, whether this late change in the dispositions of the people were a new madness, or a recovery from an old one. Neither do I see how it can be proved that such a change had in any circumstance the least symptoms of madness, whether my description of it be right or no. It is agreed, that the truest way of judging the dispositions of the people in the choice of their representatives, is by computing the county-elections; and in these, it is manifest that five in six are entirely for the present measures; although the court was so far from interposing its credit, that there was no change in the admiralty, not above one or two in the lieutenancy, nor any other methods used to influence elections.[4] The free unextorted addresses[5] sent some time before from every part of the kingdom, plainly shewed what sort of bent the people had taken, and from what motives. The election of members for this great city,[6] carried contrary to all conjecture, against the united interest of those two great bodies, the Bank and East India Company, was another convincing argument. Besides, the Whigs themselves have always confessed, that the bulk of landed men in England was generally of Tories. So that this change must be allowed to be according to the natural genius and disposition of the people, whether it were just and reasonable in itself or not.

Notwithstanding all which, you shall frequently hear the partisans of the late men in power, gravely and decisively pronounce, that the present ministry cannot possibly stand.[7] Now, they who affirm this, if they believe themselves, must ground their opinion, upon the iniquity of the *last* being so far established, and deeply rooted, that no endeavours of honest men, will be able to restore things to their former state. Or else these reasoners have been so misled by twenty years' mismanagement, that they have forgot our constitution, and talk as if our monarchy and revolution began together. But the body of the people is wiser, and by the choice they have made, shew they *do* understand our constitution, and would bring it back to the old form; which if the new ministers take care to maintain, they will and ought to stand, otherwise they may fall like their predecessors. But I think we may easily foresee what a Parliament freely chosen, without threatening or corruption, is likely to do, when no man shall be in any danger to lose his place by the freedom of his voice.

But, who are those advancers of this opinion, that the present ministry cannot hold? It must be either such as are afraid to be called to an account, in case it should hold; or those who keep offices, from which others, better qualified, were removed; and may reasonably apprehend to be turned out, for worthier men to come in their places, since perhaps it will be necessary to make some changes, that the public business of the nation may go on: or lastly, stock-jobbers, who industriously spread such reports that actions may fall, and their friends buy to advantage.

Yet these hopes, thus freely expressed, as they are more sincere, so they are more supportable, than when they appear under the disguise and pretence of fears. Some of these gentlemen are employed to shake their heads in proper companies; to doubt where all this will end; to be in mighty pain for the nation; to shew how impossible it is, that the public credit can be supported: to pray that all may do well in whatever hands; but very much to doubt that the Pretender is at the bottom. I know not any thing so nearly resembling this behaviour, as what I have often seen among the friends of a sick man, whose interest it is that he should die: The physicians protest they see no danger; the symptoms are good, the medicines answer expectation; yet still they are not to be comforted; they whisper, he is a gone man; it is not possible he should hold out; he has perfect death in his face; they never liked this doctor: At last the patient recovers, and their joy is as false as their grief.

I believe there is no man so sanguine, who did not apprehend some ill consequences from the late change, though not in any proportion to the good ones: but it is manifest, the former have proved much fewer and lighter than were expected, either at home or abroad, by the fears of our friends, or the hopes of our enemies. Those remedies that stir the humours in a diseased body, are at first more painful than the malady itself; yet certain death is the consequence of deferring them too long. Actions have fallen, and the loans are said to come in slowly. But beside, that something of this must have been,

whether there had been any change or no; beside, that the surprise of every change, for the better as well as the worse, is apt to affect credit for a while; there is a further reason, which is plain and scandalous. When the late party was at the helm, those who were called the Tories, never put their resentments in balance with the safety of the nation, but cheerfully contributed to the common cause. Now the scene is changed, the fallen party seems to act from very different motives: they have *given the word about;* they will keep their money and be passive; and in this point stand upon the same foot with Papists and Nonjurors. What would have become of the public, if the present great majority had acted thus, during the late administration? Had acted thus, before the others were masters of that wealth they have squeezed out of the landed men, and with the strength of that, would now hold the kingdom at defiance?

Thus much I have thought fit to say, without pointing reflections upon any particular person; which I have hitherto but sparingly done, and that only towards those whose characters are too profligate, that the managing of them should be of any consequence: Besides as it is a talent I am not naturally fond of, so, in the subjects I treat, it is generally needless. If I display the effects of avarice and ambition, of bribery and corruption, of gross immorality and irreligion, those who are the least conversant in things, will easily know where to apply them. Not that I lay any weight upon the objections of such who charge me with this proceeding: it is notorious enough that the writers of the other side were the first aggressors. Not to mention their scurrilous libels many years ago, directly levelled at particular persons; how many papers do now come out every week, full of rude invectives against the present ministry, with the first and last letters of their names to prevent mistakes? It is good sometimes to let these people see, that we neither want spirit nor materials to retaliate; and therefore in this point *alone*, I shall follow their example, whenever I find myself sufficiently provoked; only with one addition, that whatever charges I bring, either general or particular, shall be religiously true, either upon avowed facts which none can deny, or such as I can prove from my own knowledge.

Being resolved publicly to acknowledge any mistakes I have been guilty of; I do here humbly desire the reader's pardon for one of mighty importance, about a fact in one of my papers, said to be done in the cathedral of Gloucester.[8] A whole Hydra of errors in two words: For as I am since informed, it was neither in the cathedral, nor city, nor county of Gloucester, but some other church of that diocese. If I had ever met any other objection of equal weight, though from the meanest hands, I should certainly have answered it.

1: No. 24 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: I.e. 1710-11. [T.S.]

3: "The merest trifles affect our spirits, and fill us with hope or fear." [T.S.]

4: See Swift's "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc., vol. v., p. 386 of present edition. [T.S.]

5: "The general ferment soon after [1710, summer] broke out into numerous addresses, of

very different style and tenor, that were presented to the Queen. … The high-church addresses not only exceeded the others in number, but were also far better received; as complimenting the Queen with a more extensive prerogative, and an hereditary title" (Chamberlen's "History of Queen Anne," p. 347). [T.S.]]

6: At the general election in October and November, 1710, the City of London returned four Tories: Sir Wm. Withers, Sir R. Hoare, Sir G. Newland, and Mr. John Cass. [T.S.]]

7: Harley's ministry continued in power until July, 1714. [T.S.]]

8: This act of Wharton's was alluded to by the Duke of Leeds in the House of Lords on December 6th, 1705. See Dartmouth's note on Burnet's "Own Times," vol. ii., p. 435, and compare "History of Parliament," and "Journals of House of Lords." When the Duke of Leeds insinuated pretty plainly to Wharton the nature of his offence, Dartmouth remarks that the "Lord Wharton was very silent for the rest of that day, and desired no further explanations." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 26.[1]

FROM THURSDAY JANUARY 18, TO THURSDAY JANUARY 25, 1710-11.

[Greek: Dialexamenoi tina haesuchae, to men sumpan epi te tae dunas eia kai kata ton echthron sunomosan.]

Summissa quaedam voce collocuti sunt; quorum summa erat de dominatione sibi confirmanda, ac inimicis delendis conjuratio.[2]

Not many days ago I observed a knot of discontented gentlemen cursing the Tories to Hell for their uncharitableness, in affirming, that if the late ministry had continued to this time, we should have had neither Church nor Monarchy left. They are usually so candid as to call that the opinion of a party, which they hear in a coffeehouse, or over a bottle from some warm young people, whom it is odds but they have provoked to say more than they believed, by some positions as absurd and ridiculous of their own. And so it proved in this very instance: for, asking one of these gentlemen, what it was that provoked those he had been disputing with, to advance such a paradox? he assured me in a very calm manner, it was nothing in the world, but that himself and some others of the company had made it appear, that the design of the present P[arliamen]t and m[inistr]y, was to bring in Popery, arbitrary power, and the Pretender: which I take to be an opinion fifty times more improbable, as well as more uncharitable, than what is charged upon the Whigs: because I defy our adversaries to produce one single reason for suspecting such designs in the persons now at the helm; whereas I can upon demand produce twenty to shew, that some late men had strong views towards a commonwealth, and the alteration of the Church.

It is natural indeed, when a storm is over, that has only untiled our houses, and blown down some of our chimneys, to consider what further mischiefs might have ensued, if it had lasted longer. However, in the present case, I am not of the opinion above-mentioned; I believe the Church and State might have lasted somewhat longer, though the late enemies to both had done their worst: I can hardly conceive how things would have been so soon ripe for a new revolution. I am convinced, that if they had offered to make such large and sudden strides, it must have come to blows, and according to the computation we have now reason to think a right one, I can partly guess what would have been the issue. Besides, we are sure the Q[uee]n would have interposed before they came to extremities, and as little as they regarded the regal authority, would have been a check in their career.

But instead of this question; What would have been the consequence if the late ministry had continued? I will propose another, which will be more useful for us to consider; and that is, What we may reasonably expect they

will do, if ever they come into power again? This, we know, is the design and endeavour of all those scribbles that daily fly about in their favour; of all the false, insolent, and scandalous libels against the present administration; and of all those engines set at work to sink the actions, and blow up the public credit. As for those who shew their inclinations by writing, there is one consideration, which I wonder does not sometimes affect them: for how can they forbear having a good opinion of the gentleness and innocence of those, who permit them to employ their pens as they do? It puts me in mind of an insolent pragmatical orator somewhere in Greece, who railing with great freedom at the chief men in the state, was answered by one who had been very instrumental in recovering the liberty of the city, that "he thanked the gods they had now arrived to the condition he always wished them, when every man in that city might securely say what they pleased." I wish these gentlemen would however compare the liberty they take with what their masters used to give: how many messengers and warrants would have gone out against any that durst have opened their lips, or drawn their pens, against the persons and proceedings of their juntoes and cabals? How would their weekly writers have been calling out for prosecution and punishment? We remember when a poor nickname,[3] borrowed from an old play of Ben Jonson, and mentioned in a sermon without any particular application, was made use of as a motive to spur an impeachment. But after all, it must be confessed, they had reasons to be thus severe, which their successors have not: *their* faults would never endure the light; and to have exposed them sooner, would have raised the kingdom against the actors, before the time.

But, to come to the subject I have now undertaken; which is to *examine*, what the consequences would be, upon supposition that the Whigs were now restored to their power. I already imagine the present free P[arliamen]t dissolved, and another of a different epithet met, by the force of money and management. I read immediately a dozen or two stinging votes against the proceedings of the late ministry. The bill now to be repealed would then be re-enacted, and the birthright of an Englishman reduced again to the value of twelvepence.[4] But to give the reader a stronger imagination of such a scene; let me represent the designs of some men, lately endeavoured and projected, in the form of a paper of votes.

"Ordered, That a Bill be brought in for repealing the Sacramental Test.

"A petition of T[in]d[a]l, C[o]ll[in]s, Cl[en]d[o]n, C[o]w[ar]d, T[o]l[a]nd,[5] in behalf of themselves and many hundreds of their disciples, some of which are Members of this honourable H[ouse], desiring that leave be given to bring in a Bill for qualifying Atheists, Deists and Socinians, to serve their Country in any employment.

"Ordered, That leave be given to bring in a Bill, according to the prayer of the said petition, and that Mr. L[ec]h[me]re[6] do prepare and bring it in.

"Ordered, That a Bill be brought in for removing the education of youth out of the hands of the Clergy.

"Another, to forbid the Clergy preaching certain duties in religion, especially obedience to Princes.

"Another, to take away the jurisdiction of Bishops.

"Another, for constituting a General for life; with instructions to the committee, that care may be taken to make the war last as long as the life of the said General.

"A Bill of Attainder against C[harles] D[uke] of Sh[rewsbury], J[ohn] D[uke] of B[uckingham], L[aurence] E[arl] of R[ochester], Sir S[imon] H[arcourt], k[nigh]t, R[obert] H[arley], H[enry] S[t. John],[7] Esqs; A[bigail] M[asham], spinster,[8] and others, for high treason against the j[u]nto.

"Resolved, That S[ara]h D[uchess] of M[arlborough] hath been a most dutiful, just, and grateful servant to Her M[ajest]y.

"Resolved, That to advise the dissolution of a W[hi]g Parliament, or the removal of a W[hi]g Ministry, was in order to bring in Popery and the Pretender; and that the said advice was high treason.

"Resolved, That by the original compact the Government of this Realm is by a junto, and a K[ing] or Qu[een]; but the Administration solely in the junto.

"Ordered, That a Bill be brought in for further limiting the Prerogative.

"Ordered, That it be a standing order of this H[ouse] that the merit of elections be not determined by the number of voices, or right of electors, but by weight; and that one Whig shall weigh down ten Tories.

"A motion being made, and the question being put, that when a Whig is detected of manifest bribery, and his competitor being a Tory, has ten to one a majority, there shall be a new election; it passed in the negative.

"Resolved, That for a K[ing] or Q[ueen] of this Realm, to read or examine a paper brought them to be signed by a j[un]to Minister, is arbitrary and illegal, and a violation of the liberties of the people."

* * * * *

These and the like reformations would, in all probability, be the first fruits of the Whigs' resurrection; and what structures such able artists might in a short time build upon such foundations, I leave others to conjecture. All hopes of a peace cut off; the nation industriously involved in further debts to a degree, that none would dare undertake the management of affairs, but those whose interest lay in ruining the constitution. I do not see how the wisest prince under such necessities could be able to extricate himself. Then, as to the Church, the bishops would by degrees be dismissed, first from the Parliament, next from their revenues, and at last from their office; and the clergy, instead of their idle claim of independency on the state, would be forced to depend for their daily bread on every individual. But what system of future government

was designed; whether it were already digested, or would have been left for time and incidents to mature, I shall not now *Examine*. Only upon this occasion I cannot help reflecting on a fact, which it is probable, the reader knows as well as myself. There was a picture drawn some time ago, representing five persons as large as the life, sitting at council together like a Pentarchy. A void space was left for a sixth, which was to have been the Qu[een], to whom they intended that honour: but her M[ajest]y having since fallen under their displeasure, they have made a shift to crowd in two better friends in her place, which makes it a complete Heptarchy.[9] This piece is now in the country, reserved till better times, and hangs in a hall, among the pictures of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, and some other predecessors.

I must now desire leave to say something to a gentleman, who has been pleased to publish a discourse against a paper of mine relating to the convocation.[10] He promises to set me right, without any undue reflections or undecent language. I suppose he means in comparison with others, who pretend to answer the "Examiner": So far he is right; but if he thinks he has behaved himself as becomes a candid antagonist, I believe he is mistaken. He says, in his title-page, my "representations are unfair, and my reflections unjust." And his conclusion is yet more severe,[11] where he "doubts I and my friends are enraged against the Dutch, because they preserved us from Popery and arbitrary power at the Revolution; and since that time, from being overrun by the exorbitant power of France, and becoming a prey to the Pretender." Because this author seems in general to write with an honest meaning, I would seriously put to him the question, whether he thinks I and my friends are for Popery, arbitrary power, France and the Pretender? I omit other instances of smaller moment, which however do not suit in my opinion with due reflection or decent language. The fact relating to the convocation, came from a good hand, and I do not find this author differs from me in any material circumstance about it. My reflections were no more than what might be obvious to any other gentleman, who had heard of their late proceedings. If the notion be right which this author gives us of a Lower House of Convocation, it is a very melancholy one,[12] and to me seems utterly inconsistent with that of a body of men whom he owns to have a negative; and therefore, since a great majority of the clergy differs from him in several points he advances, I shall rather choose to be of their opinion than his. I fancy, when the whole synod met in one house, as this writer affirms, they were upon a better foot with their bishops, and therefore whether this treatment so extremely *de haut en bas*, since their exclusion, be suitable to primitive custom or primitive humility towards brethren, is not my business to enquire. One may allow the divine or apostolic right of Episcopacy, and their great superiority over presbyters, and yet dispute the methods of exercising the latter, which being of human institution, are subject to encroachments and usurpations. I know, every clergyman in a diocese has a good deal of dependence upon his bishop, and owes him canonical obedience: but I was apt

to think, when the whole representative of the clergy met in a synod, they were considered in another light, at least since they are allowed to have a negative. If I am mistaken, I desire to be excused, as talking out of my trade: only there is one thing wherein I entirely differ from this author. Since in the disputes about privileges, one side must recede; where so very few privileges remain, it is a hundred to one odds, the encroachments are not on the inferior clergy's side; and no man can blame them for insisting on the small number that is left. There is one fact wherein I must take occasion to set this author right; that the person who first moved the QUEEN to remit the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, was an eminent instrument in the late turn of affairs;[13] and as I am told, has lately prevailed to have the same favour granted for the clergy of Ireland.[14]

But I must beg leave to inform the author, that this paper is not intended for the management of controversy, which would be of very little import to most readers, and only misspend time, that I would gladly employ to better purposes. For where it is a man's business to entertain a whole room-full, it is unmannerly to apply himself to a particular person, and turn his back upon the rest of the company.

1: No. 25 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: "They met and whispered together; and their entire aim was the confirmation of their own power and an oath for the destruction of their enemies." [T.S.]

3: The following is the passage in Sacheverell's sermon in which the nickname is used: "What dependence can there be upon a man of no principles? … In what moving and lively colours does the holy Psalmist paint out the crafty insidiousness of such wily Volpones!" Godolphin, in spite of Somers's protest against such action, brought about the preacher's impeachment, for this description of himself, as he took it. See also vol. v., p. 219 and note of present edition. [T.S.]

4: An attempt was made to repeal the Act for Naturalizing Foreign Protestants (7 Ann. c. 5), which received the royal assent, March 23rd, 170-8/9, by a Bill which passed the House of Commons, January 31st, 171-0/1, but was thrown out by the Lords, February 5th. Persons naturalized under this Act had to pay a fee of one shilling on taking the prescribed oath of allegiance. [T.S.]

5: See Nos. 20 and 23, *ante*, and notes pp. 118 and 141. [T.S.]]

6: Nicholas Lechmere (1675-1727), member for Appleby (1708-10), Cockermouth (1710-17), and Tewkesbury (1717-21), was one of the managers in the impeachment of Sacheverell. He, with Addison, Hoadly, and Minshull corrected Steele's draft of "The Crisis" for publication. He was created Lord Lechmere in 1721, after he had held the offices of solicitor-general (1714-18) and attorney-general (1718-20). See also vol. v., p. 326 note, of present edition. [T.S.]

7: "R.H. H.S. Esqs;" in both editions. In Faulkner's collected reprint the second name was altered to William Shippen, and Scott follows Faulkner; but there can be no doubt that the initials were intended for St. John, since the persons named were those who succeeded to the places of the dismissed ministers. Shippen was a prominent member of the October Club, but he did not hold any public office. [T.S.]

8: In No. 19 of "The Medley," the writer calls "The Examiner" to account for writing Abigail Masham, *spinster*. She was then Mrs. Masham. [T.S.]

9: See No. 23, *ante*, and notes p. 138. [T.S.]

10: "The Case of the Present Convocation Consider'd; In Answer to the Examiner's Unfair Representation of it, and Unjust Reflections upon it." 1711, See note p. 129. [T.S.]

11: "They [the Dutch] have a right to put us in mind, that without their assistance in 1688, Popery and arbitrary power must, without a miracle, have over-run us; and that even since that time, we must have sunk under the exorbitant power of France, and our Church and Queen must have been a prey to a Pretender imposed upon us by this exorbitant power, if that tottering commonwealth … had not heartily joined with us…. But I forget my self, and I doubt, allege those very things in their favour, for which the 'Examiner' and

his friends, are the most enraged against them." ("The Case," etc., p. 24). [T.S.]]

12: They [*i.e.* the bishops] say that the prolocutor is "the referendary of the lower house, *i.e.* one who is to carry messages and admonitions from the upper house to the lower, and to represent their sense, and to carry their petitions to the upper: That originally the synod met all in one house in this, as it still does in the other province." ("The Case," etc., p. 14). [T.S.]]

13: Bishop Burnet had made a similar proposal to Queen Mary several years before, "so that she was fully resolved, if ever she had lived to see peace and settlement, … to have applied it to the augmentation of small benefices." He had also laid it very fully before the Princess of Denmark in the reign of King William ("Hist. Own Times," ii. 370).

"This very project … was first set on foot by a great minister in the last reign. It was then far advanced, and would have been finished, had he stayed but a few months longer in the ministry" ("The Case," etc., p. 23). [T.S.]]

14: Swift's own Memorial to Harley, petitioning the Queen to surrender the first-fruits in Ireland is given in Scott's edition (vol. xv., pp. 381-4). It was on behalf of these first-fruits that Swift came to England, in 1707, on a commission from Archbishop King. Then he made his application as a Whig to a Whig government, but failing with Somers and Halifax both in this and in his hopes for advancement, he joined Harley's fortunes. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 27.[1]

FROM THURSDAY JANUARY 25, TO THURSDAY FEBRUARY 1, 1710-11.[2]

Ea autem est gloria, laus recte factorum, magnorumque in rempublicam meritorum: Quae cum optimi cujusque, tum etiam multitudinis testimonio comprobatur.[3]

I am thinking, what a mighty advantage it is to be entertained as a writer to a ruined cause. I remember a fanatic preacher, who was inclined to come into the Church, and take orders; but upon mature thoughts was diverted from that design, when he considered that the collections of the *godly* were a much heartier and readier penny, than he could get by wrangling for tithes. He certainly had reason, and the two cases are parallel. If you write in defence of a fallen party, you are maintained by contribution as a necessary person, you have little more to do than to carp and cavil at those who hold the pen on the other side; you are sure to be celebrated and caressed by all your party, to a man. You may affirm and deny what you please, without truth or probability, since it is but loss of time to contradict you. Besides, commiseration is often on your side, and you have a pretence to be thought honest and disinterested, for adhering to friends in distress. After which, if your party ever happens to turn up again, you have a strong fund of merit towards making your fortune. Then, you never fail to be well furnished with materials, every one bringing in his *quota*, and falsehood being naturally more plentiful than truth. Not to mention the wonderful delight of libelling men in power, and hugging yourself in a corner with mighty satisfaction for what you have done.

It is quite otherwise with us, who engage as volunteers in the service of a flourishing ministry, in full credit with the Q[uee]n, and beloved by the people, because they have no sinister ends or dangerous designs, but pursue with steadiness and resolution the true interests of both. Upon which account they little want or desire our assistance; and we may write till the world is weary of reading, without having our pretences allowed either to a place or a pension: besides, we are refused the common benefit of the party, to have our works cried up of course; the readers of our own side being as ungentle and hard to please, as if we writ against them; and our papers never make their way in the world, but barely in proportion to their merit. The design of *their* labours who write on the conquered side, is likewise of greater importance than ours; they are like cordials for dying men, which must be repeated; whereas ours are, in the Scripture phrase, but “meat for babes”: at least, all I can pretend, is to undeceive the ignorant and those at distance; but their task is to keep up the sinking spirits of a whole party.

After such reflections, I cannot be angry with those gentlemen for

perpetually writing against me: it furnishes them largely with topics, and is besides, their proper business: neither is it affectation, or altogether scorn, that I do not reply. But as things are, we both act suitable to our several provinces: mine is, by laying open some corruptions in the late management, to set those who are ignorant, right in their opinions of persons and things: it is theirs to cover with fig-leaves all the faults of their friends, as well as they can: When I have produced my facts, and offered my arguments, I have nothing farther to advance; it is their office to deny and disprove; and then let the world decide. If I were as they, my chief endeavour should certainly be to batter down the "Examiner," therefore I cannot but approve their design, Besides, they have indeed another reason for barking incessantly at this paper: they have in their prints openly taxed a most ingenious person as author of it;[4] one who is in great and very deserved reputation with the world, both on account of his poetical works, and his talents for public business. They were wise enough to consider, what a sanction it would give their performances, to fall under the animadversion of such a pen; and have therefore used all the forms of provocation commonly practised by little obscure pedants, who are fond of distinguishing themselves by the fame of an adversary. So nice a taste have these judicious critics, in pretending to discover an author by his style and manner of thinking: not to mention the justice and candour of exhausting all the stale topics of scurrility in reviling a paper, and then flinging at a venture the whole load upon one who is entirely innocent; and whose greatest fault, perhaps, is too much gentleness toward a party, from whose leaders he has received quite contrary treatment.

The concern I have for the ease and reputation of so deserving a gentleman, hath at length forced me, much against my interest and inclination, to let these angry people know who is *not* the author of the "Examiner."[5] For, I observed, the opinion began to spread, and I chose rather to sacrifice the honour I received by it, than let injudicious people entitle him to a performance, that perhaps he might have reason to be ashamed of: still faithfully promising, never to disturb those worthy advocates; but suffer them in quiet to roar on at the "Examiner," if they or their party find any ease in it; as physicians say there is, to people in torment, such as men in the gout, or women in labour.

However, I must acknowledge myself indebted to them for one hint, which I shall now pursue, though in a different manner. Since the fall of the late ministry, I have seen many papers filled with their encomiums; I conceive, in imitation of those who write the lives of famous men, where, after their deaths, immediately follow their characters. When I saw the poor virtues thus dealt at random, I thought the disposers had flung their names, like valentines into a hat, to be drawn as fortune pleased, by the j[u]nto and their friends. There, Crassus[6] drew liberty and gratitude; Fulvia,[7] humility and gentleness; Clodius,[8] piety and justice; Gracchus,[9] loyalty to his prince; Cinna,[10] love of his country and constitution; and so of the rest. Or, to quit

this allegory, I have often seen of late, the whole set of discarded statesmen, celebrated by their judicious hirelings, for those very qualities which their admirers owned they chiefly wanted. Did these heroes put off and lock up their virtues when they came into employment, and have they now resumed them since their dismissions? If they wore them, I am sure it was *under* their greatness, and without ever once convincing the world of their visibility or influence.

But why should not the present ministry find a pen to praise them as well as the last? This is what I shall now undertake, and it may be more impartial in me, from whom they have deserved so little. I have, *without being called*, served them half a year in quality of champion,[11] and by help of the Qu[een] and a majority of nine in ten of the kingdom, have been able to protect them against a routed cabal of hated politicians, with a dozen of scribblers at their head; yet so far have they been from rewarding me suitable to my deserts, that to this day they never so much as sent to the printer to enquire who I was; though I have known a time and a ministry, where a person of half my merit and consideration would have had fifty promises, and in the mean time a pension settled on him, whereof the *first quarter* should be honestly paid. Therefore my resentments shall so far prevail, that in praising those who are now at the head of affairs, I shall at the same time take notice of their defects.

Was any man more eminent in his profession than the present l[or]d k[eepe]r,[12] or more distinguished by his eloquence and great abilities in the House of Commons? And will not his enemies allow him to be fully equal to the great station he now adorns? But then it must be granted, that he is wholly ignorant in the speculative as well as practical part of polygamy: he knows not how to metamorphose a sober man into a lunatic:[13] he is no freethinker in religion, nor has courage to be patron of an atheistical book,[14] while he is guardian of the Qu[een]'s conscience. Though after all, to speak my private opinion, I cannot think these such mighty objections to his character, as some would pretend.

The person who now presides at the council,[15] is descended from a great and honourable father, not from the dregs of the people; he was at the head of the treasury for some years, and rather chose to enrich his prince than himself. In the height of favour and credit, he sacrificed the greatest employment in the kingdom to his conscience and honour: he has been always firm in his loyalty and religion, zealous for supporting the prerogative of the crown, and preserving the liberties of the people. But then, his best friends must own that he is neither Deist nor Socinian: he has never conversed with T[o]l[a]nd, to open and enlarge his thoughts, and dispel the prejudices of education; nor was he ever able to arrive at that perfection of gallantry, to ruin and imprison the husband, in order to keep the wife without disturbance.[16]

The present l[or]d st[ewa]rd[17] has been always distinguished for his wit and knowledge; is of consummate wisdom and experience in affairs; has continued constant to the true interest of the nation, which he espoused from

the beginning, and is every way qualified to support the dignity of his office: but in point of oratory must give place to his predecessor.[18]

The D. of Sh[rewsbur]y[19] was highly instrumental in bringing about the Revolution, in which service he freely exposed his life and fortune. He has ever been the favourite of the nation, being possessed of all the amiable qualities that can accomplish a great man; but in the agreeableness and fragrancy of his person, and the profoundness of his politics, must be allowed to fall very short of —— .[20]

Mr. H[arley] had the honour of being chosen Speaker successively to three Parliaments;[21] he was the first of late years, that ventured to restore the forgotten custom of treating his PRINCE with duty and respect. Easy and disengaged in private conversation, with such a weight of affairs upon his shoulders;[22] of great learning, and as great a favourer and protector of it; intrepid by nature, as well as by the consciousness of his own integrity, and a despiser of money; pursuing the true interest of his PRINCE and country against all obstacles. Sagacious to view into the remotest consequences of things, by which all difficulties fly before him. A firm friend, and a placable enemy, sacrificing his justest resentments, not only to public good, but to common intercession and acknowledgment. Yet with all these virtues it must be granted, there is some mixture of human infirmity: His greatest admirers must confess his skill at cards and dice to be very low and superficial: in horse-racing he is utterly ignorant:[23] then, to save a few millions to the public, he never regards how many worthy citizens he hinders from making up their plum. And surely there is one thing never to be forgiven him, that he delights to have his table filled with black coats, whom he uses as if they were gentlemen.

My Lord D[artmouth][24] is a man of letters, full of good sense, good nature and honour, of strict virtue and regularity in life; but labours under one great defect, that he treats his clerks with more civility and good manners, than others, in his station, have done the Qu[een].[25]

Omitting some others, I will close this character of the present ministry, with that of Mr. S[t. John],[26] who from his youth applying those admirable talents of nature and improvements of art to public business, grew eminent in court and Parliament at an age when the generality of mankind is employed in trifles and folly. It is to be lamented, that he has not yet procured himself a busy, important countenance, nor learned that profound part of wisdom, to be difficult of access. Besides, he has clearly mistaken the true use of books, which he has thumbed and spoiled with reading, when he ought to have multiplied them on his shelves:[27] not like a great man of my acquaintance, who knew a book by the back, better than a friend by the face, though he had never conversed with the former, and often with the latter.

1: No. 26 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Writing to Stella, under date February 3rd, 1710/1, Swift says: "They are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong [Mrs. Armstrong, Lady Lucy's sister], the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last

'Examiner,' the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry" (vol. ii., p. 112 of present edition.) [T.S.]]

3: "For that is true glory and praise for noble deeds that deserve well of the state, when they not only win the approval of the best men but also that of the multitude." [T.S.]]

4: It was reported that the author of "The Examiner" was Matthew Prior, late under-secretary of state. [T.S.]]

5: To Stella Swift wrote in his "Journal," under date February 9th:—"The account you give of that weekly paper [*i.e.* 'The Examiner,'] agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it, but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer" (vol. ii., p. 116 of present edition).]

6: The Duke of Marlborough. See "The Examiner," No. 28, p. 177. [T.S.]]

7: The Duchess of Marlborough. [T.S.]]

8: Earl of Wharton, notorious for his profligacy. [T.S.]]

9: This may refer to Godolphin. [T.S.]]

10: Probably Earl Cowper. [T.S.]]

11: This applies to the paper. "The Examiner" had existed for six months, but Swift had written it for only three months, at this time. [T.S.]]

12: Sir Simon Harcourt (1661?-1727) who was lord chancellor, 1713-14. He was made lord keeper, October 19th, 1710, after Cowper resigned the chancellorship. In the Sacheverell trial Harcourt was the doctor's counsel. He was created Baron Harcourt in 1711. See also note on p. 213 of vol. v. of present edition. [T.S.]]

13: This refers to the case of Richard, fifth Viscount Wenman, against whom Cowper, in 1709, granted a commission of lunacy. He was under the care of Francis Wroughton, Esq., whose sister, Susannah, he had married in the early part of 1709. His brother-in-law sued him for payment of his sister's portion, and asked that trustees be appointed for his estate. Cowper decided against Wenman, and the commission granted.

The case is referred to in No. 40 of "The Tatler" (July 12th, 1709). Campbell says ("Chancellors," iv. 330) the commission "very properly issued." Luttrell in his "Diary" (July 30th, 1709) notes that "the jury yesterday brought it in that he [Wenman] was no idiot" (vi. 470). Lord Wenman died November 28th, 1729. See also Nos. 18 and 23, *ante*, and note, p. 101. [T.S.]]

14: Tindal dedicated to Cowper "a pious work which was not altogether orthodox" (Campbell's "Chancellors," iv. 330). [T.S.]]

15: Laurence Hyde (1641-1711), created Earl of Rochester in 1682, was appointed lord president of the council, September 21st, 1710, succeeding Somers. See also No. 41, *post.* Swift unkindly sneers at Somers's low birth. See note on Somers on p. 29 of vol. i. of present edition. [T.S.]]

16: Mrs. Manley, in her "Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century," has something very characteristic to say on this subject. Speaking of Somers under the name Cicero, she says: "Cicero, Madam, is by birth a plebeian" … "Cicero himself, an oracle of wisdom, was whirled about by his lusts, at the pleasure of a fantastic worn-out mistress. He prostituted his inimitable sense, reason, and good nature, either to revenge, or reward, as her caprice directed; and what made this commerce more detestable, this mistress of his was a wife!" … "that she was the wife of an injured friend! a friend who passionately loved her, and had tenderly obliged him, rather heightened his desires" (i., 200; ii., 54, 83). The mistress is said to be Mrs. Blunt, daughter of Sir R. Fanshaw. [T.S.]]

17: John Sheffield (1647-1721), third Earl of Mulgrave, was created Marquess of Normanby, 1694, and Duke of Buckingham and Normanby in 1702/3. He succeeded the Duke of Devonshire as lord steward of the household on September 21st, 1710. He was the author of a poetical "Essay on Poetry," and an interesting prose "Account of the Revolution." As patron to Dryden he received the dedication of that poet's "Aurengzebe." Pope edited his collected works in 1722-23. [T.S.]]

18: William Cavendish (1673?-1729) succeeded his father as second Duke of Devonshire in 1707. He was lord steward, 1707-10, and lord president, 1716-17.]

19: Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, is styled by Swift elsewhere (Letter to Archbishop King, October 20th, 1713; Scott's edition, xvi. 71), "the finest gentleman we have" (see note on p. 377 of vol. v. of present edition). He was lord chamberlain, 1710-14. [T.S.]]

20: Henry de Grey (1664?-1740) succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Kent in 1702. He was created Marquess of Kent, 1706, and Duke of Kent, 1710. He held the office of lord chamberlain of the household from 1704 to 1710. [T.S.]]

21: Harley was first chosen Speaker, February 10th, 1700/1, for a Parliament that lasted nine months; then again,

December 30th, 1701, for a Parliament that lasted only six months; and finally October 20th or 21st, 1702. [T.S.]]

22: "The Queen dismissed the Earl of Godolphin from being lord treasurer, and put the treasury in commission: Lord Powlet was the first in form, but Mr. Harley was the person with whom the secret was lodged" (Burnet, "Own Times," ii. 552-3). He was appointed August 10th, 1710. [T.S.]]

23: Godolphin was very devoted to the turf. See Swift's poem entitled, "The Virtues of Sid Hamet's Rod" (Aldine edition, iii. 10). [T.S.]]

24: William Legge (1672-1750) succeeded his father as second Lord Dartmouth in 1691, and was created Earl of Dartmouth in 1711. On June 14th, 1710, he was appointed secretary of state in place of the Earl of Sunderland. See note on p. 229 of vol. v. of present edition. [T.S.]]

25: The Earl of Sunderland was rude and overbearing in his manner towards the Queen. [T.S.]]

26: Henry St. John (1678-1751) was created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1712. He was secretary of war, 1704-1708, and secretary of state, 1710-14. In 1715 he was attainted and left England to enter the service of the Pretender. See also Swift's "An Enquiry," etc. (vol. v., p. 430 of present edition). [T.S.]]

27: "Those more early acquaintance of yours, your books, which a friend of ours once wittily said, 'Your L — p had mistaken the true use of, by thumbing and spoiling them with reading'" ("A Letter to the Rt. Hon. the Ld. Viscount B — ke," 1714-15). [T.S.]]

NUMB. 28.[1]

FROM THURSDAY FEBRUARY 1, TO THURSDAY FEBRUARY 8, 1710-11.

Caput est in omni procuratione negotii et muneris publici, ut avaritiae pellatur etiam minima suspicio.[2]

There is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice: Those two which seem to rival it in this point, are lust and ambition: but, the former is checked by difficulties and diseases, destroys itself by its own pursuits, and usually declines with old age: and the latter requiring courage, conduct and fortune in a high degree, and meeting with a thousand dangers and oppositions, succeeds too seldom in an age to fall under common observation. Or, is avarice perhaps the same passion with ambition, only placed in more ignoble and dastardly minds, by which the object is changed from power to money? Or it may be, that one man pursues power in order to wealth, and another wealth in order to power; which last is the safer way, though longer about, and suiting with every period as well as condition of life, is more generally followed.

However it be, the extremes of this passion are certainly more frequent than of any other, and often to a degree so absurd and ridiculous, that if it were not for their frequency, they could hardly obtain belief. The *stage*, which carries other follies and vices beyond nature and probability, falls very short in the representations of avarice; nor are there any extravagances in this kind described by ancient or modern comedies, which are not outdone by an hundred instances, commonly told, among ourselves.

I am ready to conclude from hence, that a vice which keeps so firm a hold upon human nature, and governs it with so unlimited a tyranny, since it cannot be wholly eradicated, ought at least to be confined to particular objects, to thrift and penury, to private fraud and extortion, and never suffered to prey upon the public; and should certainly be rejected as the most unqualifying circumstance for any employment, where bribery and corruption can possibly enter.

If the mischiefs of this vice, in a public station, were confined to enriching only those particular persons employed, the evil would be more supportable; but it is usually quite otherwise. When a steward defrauds his lord, he must connive at the rest of the servants, while they are following the same practice in their several spheres; so that in some families you may observe a subordination of knaves in a link downwards to the very helper in the stables, all cheating by concert, and with impunity: And even if this were all, perhaps the master could bear it without being undone; but it so happens, that for every shilling the servant gets by his iniquity, the master loses twenty;

the perquisites of servants being but small compositions for suffering shopkeepers to bring in what bills they please.[3] It is exactly the same thing in a state: an avaricious man in office is in confederacy with the whole *clan* of his district or dependence, which in modern terms of art is called, "To live, and let live;" and yet *their* gains are the smallest part of the public's loss. Give a guinea to a knavish land-waiter, and he shall connive at the merchant for cheating the Queen of an hundred. A brewer gives a bribe to have the privilege of selling drink to the Navy; but the fraud is ten times greater than the bribe, and the public is at the whole loss.[4]

Moralists make two kinds of avarice; that of Catiline, *alieni appetens, sui profusus;*[5] and the other more generally understood by that name; which is, the endless desire of hoarding: But I take the former to be more dangerous in a state, because it mingles well with ambition, which I think the latter cannot; for though the same breast may be capable of admitting both, it is not able to cultivate them; and where the love of heaping wealth prevails, there is not in my opinion, much to be apprehended from ambition. The disgrace of that sordid vice is sooner apt to spread than any other, and is always attended with the hatred and scorn of the people: so that whenever those two passions happen to meet in the same subject, it is not unlikely that Providence hath placed avarice to be a check upon ambition; and I have reason to think, some great ministers of state have been of my opinion.

The divine authority of Holy Writ, the precepts of philosophers, the lashes and ridicule of satirical poets, have been all employed in exploding this insatiable thirst of money, and all equally controlled by the daily practice of mankind. Nothing new remains to be said upon the occasion, and if there did, I must remember my character, that I am an *Examiner* only, and not a Reformer.

However, in those cases where the frailties of particular men do nearly affect the public welfare, such as a prime minister of state, or a great general of an army; methinks there should be some expedient contrived, to let them know impartially what is the world's opinion in the point: Encompassed with a crowd of depending flatterers, they are many degrees blinder to their own faults than the common infirmities of human nature can plead in their excuse; Advice dares not be offered, or is wholly lost, or returned with hatred: and whatever appears in public against their prevailing vice, goes for nothing; being either not applied, or passing only for libel and slander, proceeding from the malice and envy of a party.

I have sometimes thought, that if I had lived at Rome in the time of the first Triumvirate, I should have been tempted to write a letter, as from an unknown hand, to those three great men, who had then usurped the sovereign power; wherein I would freely and sincerely tell each of them that fault which I conceived was most odious, and of most consequence to the commonwealth: That, to Crassus, should have been sent to him after his conquests in Mesopotamia, and in the following terms.[6]

"*To Marcus Crassus, health.*

"If you apply as you ought, what I now write,[7] you will be more obliged to me than to all the world, hardly excepting your parents or your country. I intend to tell you, without disguise or prejudice, the opinion which the world has entertained of you: and to let you see I write this without any sort of ill will, you shall first hear the sentiments they have to your advantage. No man disputes the gracefulness of your person; you are allowed to have a good and clear understanding, cultivated by the knowledge of men and manners, though not by literature. You are no ill orator in the Senate; you are said to excel in the art of bridling and subduing your anger, and stifling or concealing your resentments. You have been a most successful general, of long experience, great conduct, and much personal courage. You have gained many important victories for the commonwealth, and forced the strongest towns in Mesopotamia to surrender, for which frequent supplications have been decreed by the Senate. Yet with all these qualities, and this merit, give me leave to say, you are neither beloved by the patricians, or plebeians at home, nor by the officers or private soldiers of your own army abroad: And, do you know, Crassus, that this is owing to a fault, of which you may cure yourself, by one minutes reflection? What shall I say? You are the richest person in the commonwealth; you have no male child, your daughters are all married to wealthy patricians; you are far in the decline of life; and yet you are deeply stained with that odious and ignoble vice of covetousness:[8] It is affirmed, that you descend even to the meanest and most scandalous degrees of it; and while you possess so many millions, while you are daily acquiring so many more, you are solicitous how to save a single sesterce, of which a hundred ignominious instances are produced, and in all men's mouths. I will only mention that passage of the buskins,[9] which after abundance of persuasion, you would hardly suffer to be cut from your legs, when they were so wet and cold, that to have kept them on, would have endangered your life.

"Instead of using the common arguments to dissuade you from this weakness, I will endeavour to convince you, that you are really guilty of it, and leave the cure to your own good sense. For perhaps, you are not yet persuaded that this is your crime, you have probably never yet been reproached for it to your face, and what you are now told, comes from one unknown, and it may be, from an enemy. You will allow yourself indeed to be prudent in the management of your fortune; you are not a prodigal, like Clodius[10] or Catiline, but surely that deserves not the name of avarice. I will inform you how to be convinced. Disguise your person; go among the common people in Rome; introduce discourses about yourself; inquire your own character; do the same in your camp, walk about it in the evening, hearken at every tent, and if you do not hear every mouth censuring, lamenting, cursing this vice in you, and even you for this vice, conclude yourself innocent. If you are not yet persuaded, send for Atticus,[11] Servius Sulpicius, Cato or Brutus, they are all your friends; conjure them to tell you

ingenuously which is your great fault, and which they would chiefly wish you to correct; if they do not all agree in their verdict, in the name of all the gods, you are acquitted.

"When your adversaries reflect how far you are gone in this vice, they are tempted to talk as if we owed our success, not to your courage or conduct, but to those veteran troops you command, who are able to conquer under any general, with so many brave and experienced officers to lead them. Besides, we know the consequences your avarice hath often occasioned. The soldier hath been starving for bread, surrounded with plenty, and in an enemy's country, but all under safeguards and contributions; which if you had sometimes pleased to have exchanged for provisions, might at the expense of a few talents in a campaign, have so endeared you to the army, that they would have desired you to lead them to the utmost limits of Asia. But you rather chose to confine your conquests within the fruitful country of Mesopotamia, where plenty of money might be raised. How far that fatal greediness of gold may have influenced you, in breaking off the treaty[12] with the old Parthian King Orodes,[13] you best can tell; your enemies charge you with it, your friends offer nothing material in your defence; and all agree, there is nothing so pernicious, which the extremes of avarice may not be able to inspire.

"The moment you quit this vice, you will be a truly great man; and still there will imperfections enough remain to convince us, you are not a god. Farewell."

Perhaps a letter of this nature, sent to so reasonable a man as Crassus, might have put him upon *Examining* into himself, and correcting that little sordid appetite, so utterly inconsistent with all pretences to a hero. A youth in the heat of blood may plead with some shew of reason, that he is not able to subdue his lusts; An ambitious man may use the same arguments for his love of power, or perhaps other arguments to justify it. But, excess of avarice hath neither of these pleas to offer; it is not to be justified, and cannot pretend temptation for excuse: Whence can the temptation come? Reason disclaims it altogether, and it cannot be said to lodge in the blood, or the animal spirits. So that I conclude, no man of true valour and true understanding, upon whom this vice has stolen unawares, when he is convinced he is guilty, will suffer it to remain in his breast an hour.

1: No. 27 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: "It is of the greatest importance in the discharge of every office of trade, or of the public treasury, that the least suspicion of avarice should be avoided." [T.S.]

3: The Commissioners for examining the public accounts reported to the House of Commons (December 21st, 1711) that the Duke of Marlborough had received from Sir Solomon de Medina (army contractor for bread) and his predecessor, during the years 1702 to 1711, a sum of £63,319 3s. 7d. "In this report was contained the deposition of Sir Solomon Medina, charging the Duke of Marlborough and Adam Cardonell, his secretary, of various peculations, with regard to the contracts for bread and bread-wagons for the army in Flanders." The Duke admitted the fact in a letter to the Queen, dated November 10th, 1711, but said that the whole sum had "been constantly employed for the service of the public, in keeping secret correspondence, and in getting intelligence of the enemy's motions and designs" (Macpherson's "Great Britain," ii. 512; Tindal's "History," iv. 232; and "Journals of House of Commons," xvii. 16). [T.S.]

4: See the remarks in No. 39, *post*, p.250. [T.S.]

5: Sallust, "Catiline," 5. "Greedy of what was not his own, lavish of what was." Catiline was extravagant and

profligate, and quite unscrupulous in the pursuit of his many pleasures. [T.S.]]

6: A most severe censure on the Duke of Marlborough. [T.S.]]

7: Commenting on this "The Medley" (No. 20, February 12th, 1711) remarks: "Of all that ever made it their business to defame, there never was such a bungler sure as my friend. He writes a letter now to Crassus, as a man marked out for destruction, because that hint was given him six months ago; and does not seem to know yet that he is still employed, and that in attacking him, he affronts the Q[uee]n."

Writing to Stella, under date February 18th, Swift says: "Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called 'The Examiner,' for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the Secretary [St. John], who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore, that, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours" (vol. ii., p. 123 of present edition). [T.S.]]

8: To Stella Swift writes somewhat later (March 7th): "Yes, I do read the 'Examiners,' and they are written very finely as you judge. I do not think they are too severe on the Duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury" (vol. ii., p. 133 of present edition). [T.S.]]

9: Wet stockings. [FAULKNER.]]

10: Clodius Albinus, the Roman general, died 197 A.D. The reference here is to the Earl of Wharton (see No. 27, *ante*, p. 169). [T.S.]]

11: T. Pomponius Atticus, the friend and correspondent of Cicero. [T.S.]]

12: The Treaty of Gertruydenberg (see No. 14, *ante*, and note on p. 77; see also note on pp. 201-2 of vol. v. of present edition). [T.S.]]

13: Orodes I. (Arsaces XIV.), King of Parthia, defeated Crassus, B.C. 53. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 29.[1]

FROM THURSDAY FEBRUARY 8, TO THURSDAY FEBRUARY 15, 1710-11.

Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia?[2]

An Answer to the "Letter to the Examiner."[3]

London, Feb. 15, 1710/11.

Sir,

Though I have wanted leisure to acknowledge the honour of a letter you were pleased to write to me about six months ago; yet I have been very careful in obeying some of your commands, and am going on as fast as I can with the rest. I wish you had thought fit to have conveyed them to me by a more private hand, than that of the printing-house: for though I was pleased with a pattern of style and spirit which I proposed to imitate, yet I was sorry the world should be a witness how far I fell short in both.

I am afraid you did not consider what an abundance of work you have cut out for me; neither am I at all comforted by the promise you are so kind to make, that when I have performed my task,[4] "D[olbe]n shall blush in his grave among the dead, W[alpo]le among the living, and even Vol[pon]e shall feel some remorse." How the gentleman in his grave may have kept his countenance, I cannot inform you, having no acquaintance at all with the sexton; but for the other two, I take leave to assure you, there have not yet appeared the least signs of blushing or remorse in either, though some very good opportunities have offered, if they had thought fit to accept them; so that with your permission, I had rather engage to continue this work till they are in their graves too, which I am sure will happen much sooner than the other.

You desire I would collect "some of those indignities offered last year to her M[ajest]y." I am ready to oblige you; and have got a pretty tolerable collection by me, which I am in doubt whether to publish by itself in a large volume in folio, or scatter them here and there occasionally in my papers. Though indeed I am sometimes thinking to stifle them altogether; because such a history will be apt to give foreigners a monstrous opinion of our country. But since it is your absolute opinion, the world should be informed; I will with the first occasion pick out a few choice instances, and let them take their chance in the ensuing papers. I have likewise in my cabinet certain quires of paper filled with facts of corruption, mismanagement, cowardice, treachery, avarice, ambition, and the like, with an alphabetical table, to save trouble. And perhaps you will not wonder at the care I take to be so well provided, when you consider the vast expense I am at: I feed weekly two or three wit-starved writers, who have no other visible support; besides several others that live upon my offals. In short, I am like a nurse who suckles twins

at one time, and has likewise one or two whelps constantly to draw her breasts.

I must needs confess, (and it is with grief I speak it) that I have been the innocent cause of a great circulation of dullness: at the same time, I have often wondered how it has come to pass, that these industrious people, after poring so constantly upon the "Examiner,"[5] a paper writ with plain sense, and in a tolerable style, have made so little improvement. I am sure it would have fallen out quite otherwise with me; for, by what I have seen of their performances (and I am credibly informed they are all of a piece) if I had perused them till now, I should have been fit for little but to make an advocate in the same cause.

You, Sir, perhaps will wonder, as most others do, what end these angry folks propose, in writing perpetually against the "Examiner": it is not to beget a better opinion of the late ministry, or with any hope to convince the world that I am in the wrong in any one fact I relate; they know all that to be lost labour; and yet their design is important enough: they would fain provoke me by all sort of methods, within the length of their capacity, to answer their papers; which would render mine wholly useless to the public; for if it once came to rejoinder and reply, we should be all upon a level, and then their work would be done.

There is one gentleman indeed, who has written three small pamphlets upon "the Management of the War," and "the Treaty of Peace:"[6] These I had intended to have bestowed a paper in *Examining*, and could easily have made it appear, that whatever he says of truth, relates nothing at all to the evils we complain of, or controls one syllable of what I have ever advanced. Nobody that I know of did ever dispute the Duke of M[arlboroug]h's courage, conduct or success, they have been always unquestionable, and will continue to be so, in spite of the malice of his enemies, or, which is yet more, the *weakness of his advocates*. The nation only wished to see him taken out of ill hands, and put into better. But, what is all this to the conduct of the late m[i]n[i]stry, the shameful mismanagements in Spain, or the wrong steps in the treaty of peace, the secret of which will not bear the light, and is consequently by this author very poorly defended? These and many other things I would have shewn; but upon second thoughts determined to have done it in a discourse by itself,[7] rather than take up room here, and break into the design of this paper, from whence I have resolved to banish controversy as much as possible. But the postscript to his third pamphlet was enough to disgust me from having any dealings at all with such a writer; unless that part was left to some footman[8] he had picked up among the boys who follow the camp, whose character it would suit much better than that of the supposed author.[9] At least, the foul language, the idle impotent menace, and the gross perverting of an innocent expression in the 4th "Examiner,"[10] joined to that respect I shall ever have for the function of a divine, would incline me to believe so. But when he turns off his footman, and disclaims that postscript, I will tear it out, and see how far

the rest deserves to be considered.

But, Sir, I labour under a much greater difficulty, upon which I should be glad to hear your advice. I am worried on one side by the Whigs for being too severe, and by the Tories on the other for being too gentle. I have formerly hinted a complaint of this; but having lately received two peculiar letters, among many others, I thought nothing could better represent my condition, or the opinion which the warm men of both sides have of my conduct, than to send you a transcript of each. The former is exactly in these words.

"*To the 'Examiner.'*

"*MR. EXAMINER,*

"*By your continual reflecting upon the conduct of the late m[i]n[i]stry, and by your encomiums on the present, it is as clear as the sun at noon- day, that your are a Jesuit or Nonjuror, employed by the friends of the Pretender, to endeavour to introduce Popery, and slavery, and arbitrary power, and to infringe the sacred Act of Toleration of Dissenters. Now, Sir, since the most ingenious authors who write weekly against you, are not able to teach you better manners, I would have you to know, that those great and excellent men, as low as you think them at present, do not want friends that will take the first proper occasion to cut your throat, as all such enemies to moderation ought to be served. It is well you have cleared another person*[11] *from being author of your cursed libels; though d — mme, perhaps after all, that may be a bamboozle too. However I hope we shall soon ferret you out. Therefore I advise you as a friend, to let fall your pen, and retire betimes; for our patience is now at an end. It is enough to lose our power and employments, without setting the whole nation against us. Consider three years is the life of a party; and d — mme, every dog has his day, and it will be our turn next; therefore take warning, and learn to sleep in a whole skin, or whenever we are uppermost, by G — d you shall find no mercy.*"

The other letter was in the following terms.

"*To the 'Examiner.'*

"SIR,,

"*I am a country member, and constantly send a dozen of your papers down to my electors. I have read them all, but I confess not with the satisfaction I expected. It is plain you know a great deal more than you write; why will you not let us have it all out? We are told, that the Qu[een] has been a long time treated with insolence by those she has most obliged; Pray, Sir, let us have a few good stories upon that head. We have been cheated of several millions; why will you not set a mark on the knaves who are guilty, and shew us what ways they took to rob the public at such a rate? Inform us how we came to be disappointed of peace about two years ago: In short, turn the*

whole mystery of iniquity inside-out, that every body may have a view of it. But above all, explain to us, what was at the bottom of that same impeachment: I am sure I never liked it; for at that very time, a dissenting preacher in our neighbourhood, came often to see our parson; it could be for no good, for he would walk about the barns and stables, and desire to look into the church, as who should say, These will shortly be mine; and we all believed he was then contriving some alterations against he got into possession: And I shall never forget, that a Whig justice offered me then very high for my bishop's lease. I must be so bold to tell you, Sir, that you are too favourable: I am sure, there was no living in quiet for us while they were in the saddle. I was turned out of the commission, and called a Jacobite, though it cost me a thousand pound in joining with the Prince of Orange at the Revolution. The discoveries I would have you make, are of some facts for which they ought to be hanged; not that I value their heads, but I would see them exposed, which may be done upon the owners' shoulders, as well as upon a pole, &c."

These, Sir, are the sentiments of a whole party on one side, and of considerable numbers on the other: however, taking the *medium* between these extremes, I think to go on as I have hitherto done, though I am sensible my paper would be more popular, if I did not lean too much to the favourable side. For nothing delights the people more than to see their oppressors humbled, and all their actions, painted with proper colours, set out in open view. *Exactos tyrannos densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.*[12]

But as for the Whigs, I am in some doubt whether this mighty concern they shew for the honour of the late ministry, may not be affected, at least whether their masters will thank them for their zeal in such a cause. It is I think, a known story of a gentleman who fought another for calling him "son of a whore;" but the lady desired her son to make no more quarrels upon that subject, *because it was true*. For pray, Sir; does it not look like a jest, that such a pernicious crew, after draining our wealth, and discovering the most destructive designs against our Church and State, instead of thanking fortune that they are got off safe in their persons and plunder, should hire these bullies of the pen to defend their reputations? I remember I thought it the hardest case in the world, when a poor acquaintance of mine, having fallen among sharpers, where he lost all his money, and then complaining he was cheated, got a good beating into the bargain, for offering to affront gentlemen. I believe the only reason why these purloiners of the public, cause such a clutter to be made about their reputations, is to prevent inquisitions, that might tend towards making them refund: like those women they call shoplifters, who when they are challenged for their thefts, appear to be mighty angry and affronted, for fear of being searched.

I will dismiss you, Sir, when I have taken notice of one particular. Perhaps you may have observed in the tolerated factious papers of the week, that the E[arl] of R[ochester][13] is frequently reflected on for having been

ecclesiastical commissioner and lord treasurer, in the reign of the late King James. The fact is true; and it will not be denied to his immortal honour, that because he could not comply with the measures then taking, he resigned both those employments; of which the latter was immediately supplied by a commission, composed of two popish lords and the present E[ar]l of G[o]d[o]l[phi]n.[14]

1: No. 28 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Horace, "Epodes," xvii. 56.

"Safely shalt thou Cotytto's rites
Divulge?" — J. DUNCOMBE. [T.S.]]

3: "A Letter to the Examiner. Printed in the year, 1710," appeared shortly after the issue of the second number of "The Examiner." It was attributed to St. John. [T.S.]]

4: The writer of the "Letter" invited the "Examiner" to "paint … the present state of the war abroad, and expose to public view those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on … Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her Majesty…. When this is done, D —— n shall blush in his grave among the dead, W —— le among the living, and even Vol —— e shall feel some remorse." [T.S.]]

5: "The Medley" treated "The Examiner" with scant courtesy, and never failed to cast ridicule on its work. In No. 21 (February 19th, 1711) the writer says: "No man of common sense ever thought any body wrote the paper but Abel Roper, or some of his allies, there being not one quality in 'The Examiner' which Abel has not eminently distinguished himself by since he set up for a political writer. 'Tis true, Abel is the more modest of the two, and it never entered into his head to say, as my friend does of his paper, 'Tis writ with plain sense and in a tolerable style.'" In No. 23 (March 5th) he says: "There is indeed a great resemblance between his brother Abel and himself; and I find a great dispute among the party, to which of them to give the preference. They are both news writers, as they utter things which no body ever heard of *but from their papers*."

Abel Roper conducted the Tory paper called "The Post Boy." (See note on p. 290 of vol. v. of present edition.) [T.S.]]

6: Two of these pamphlets were already referred to in a postscript to No. 24 of "The Examiner" (see note, p. 151). The third was "The Negotiations for a Treaty of Peace, in 1709. Consider'd, In a Third Letter to a Tory-Member. Part the First." Dated December 22nd, 1710, The "Fourth Letter" was dated January 10th, 1710/11. [T.S.]]

7: It may be that Swift's intention was carried out in two pamphlets, one entitled, "An Examination of the Management of the War. In a Letter to My Lord * * *," published March 3rd, 1710/1; and the other styled, "An Examination of the Third and Fourth Letters to a Tory Member, relating to the Negociations for a Treaty of Peace in 1709. In a Second Letter to My Lord * * *" [With a Postscript to the Medley's Footman], published March 15th of the same year. [T.S.]]

8: The postscript to "An Examination of the Third and Fourth Letters" mentions a pamphlet, "An Answer to the Examination of the Management of the War," by the Medley's Footman. "The Medley," No. 21 (February 19th), remarks: "He could also prove there were wrong steps in the Treaty of Peace, the Allies would have all; but he won't do it, because he is treated like a footman." [T.S.]]

9: *I. e.* Dr. Francis Hare. [T.S.]]

10: Dr. Hare, in the postscript to his third pamphlet, said: "The Examiner is extremely mistaken, if he thinks I shall enter the lists with so prostitute a writer, who can neither speak truth, nor knows when he hears it." He calls the writer "a mercenary scribbler," and speaks of his paper as "weekly libels." He then quotes an expression from the fourth number (published before Swift undertook "The Examiner"), and concludes by saying that he had met more than his match in the ingenious writer of "The Medley," even were he much abler than he is.

The fourth "Examiner" had printed a "Letter from the Country," in which the following passage occurs: "Can any wise people think it possible, that the Crown should be so mad as to choose ministers, who would not support public credit? … This is such a wildness as is never … to be met with in the Roman story; except in a devouring Sejanus at home, or an ambitious Catiline at the head of a mercenary army."

The writer of "An Examination of the Third and Fourth Letters," says: "The words indeed are in the paper quoted, that

is, 'The Examiner,' No. 4, but the application is certainly the proper thought of the author of the postscript" (p. 28). [T.S.]]

11: *I. e.* Prior. See No. 27, p. 168. [T.S.]]

12: Horace, "Odes," II. xiii. 31-2.

"Tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song." — P. FRANCIS. [T.S.]]

13: Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was lord treasurer from 168 4/5 to 168 6/7, when five commissioners were appointed: Lord Belasyse, Lord Godolphin, Lord Dover, Sir John Ernle (chancellor of the exchequer), and Sir Stephen Foxe. [T.S.]]

14: "The Medley," No. 22 (February 26th, 1711) remarks on this: "He might have said with as much truth, 'twas supplied by my Lord G —— and two Protestant knights, Sir Stephen Fox and Sir John Ernle." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 30.[1]

FROM THURSDAY FEBRUARY 15, TO THURSDAY FEBRUARY 22, 1710-11.

Laus summa in fortunae bonis, non extulisse se in potestate, non fuisse insolentem in pecuniâ, non se praetulisse aliis propter abundantiam fortunae.[2]

I am conscious to myself that I write this paper with no other intention but that of doing good: I never received injury from the late ministry, nor advantage from the present, further than in common with every good subject. There were among the former one or two, who must be allowed to have possessed very valuable qualities; but proceeding by a system of politics, which our constitution could not suffer; and discovering a contempt of all religion, but especially of that which hath been so happily established among us ever since the Reformation, they seem to have been justly suspected of no very good inclinations to either.

It is possible, that a man may speculatively prefer the constitution of another country, or an Utopia of his own, before that of the nation where he is born and lives; yet from considering the dangers of innovation, the corruptions of mankind, and the frequent impossibility of reducing ideas to practice, he may join heartily in preserving the present order of things, and be a true friend to the government already settled. So in religion; a man may perhaps have little or none of it at heart; yet if he conceals his opinions, if he endeavours to make no proselytes, advances no impious tenets in writing or discourse: if, according to the common atheistical notion, he believes religion to be only a contrivance of politicians for keeping the vulgar in awe, and that the present model is better adjusted than any other to so useful an end: though the condition of such a man as to his own future state be very deplorable; yet Providence, which often works good out of evil, can make even such a man an instrument for contributing toward the preservation of the Church.

On the other side, I take a state to be truly in danger, both as to its religion and government, when a set of ambitious politicians, bred up in a hatred to the constitution, and a contempt for all religion, are forced upon exerting these qualities in order to keep or increase their power, by widening their bottom, and taking in (like Mahomet) some principles from every party, that is any way discontented at the present faith and settlement; which was manifestly our case. Upon this occasion I remember to have asked some considerable Whigs, whether it did not bring a disreputation upon their body, to have the whole herd of Presbyterians, Independents, Atheists, Anabaptists, Deists, Quakers and Socinians, openly and universally listed under their banners? They answered, that all this was absolutely necessary, in order to make a

balance against the Tories, and all little enough: for indeed, it was as much as they could possibly do, though assisted with the absolute power of disposing every employment; while the bulk of English gentry kept firm to their old principles in Church and State.

But notwithstanding whatever I have hitherto said, I am informed, several among the Whigs continue still so refractory, that they will hardly allow the heads of their party to have entertained any designs of ruining the constitution, or that they would have endeavoured it, if they had continued in power, I beg their pardon if I have discovered a secret; but who could imagine they ever intended it should be one, after those overt acts with which they thought fit to conclude their farce? But perhaps they *now* find it convenient to deny vigorously, that the question may remain; "Why was the old ministry changed?" which they urge on without ceasing, as if no occasion in the least had been given, but that all were owing to the insinuations of crafty men, practising upon the weakness of an easy pr[inc]e. I shall therefore offer among a hundred, one reason for this change, which I think would justify any monarch that ever reigned, for the like proceeding.

It is notorious enough, how highly princes have been blamed in the histories of all countries, particularly of our own; upon the account of minions; who have been ever justly odious to the people, for their insolence and avarice, and engrossing the favour of their masters. Whoever has been the least conversant in the English story cannot but have heard of Gaveston[3], the Spencers[4], and the Earl of Oxford[5]; who by the excess and abuse of their power, cost the princes they served, or rather governed, their crowns and lives. However, in the case of minions, it must at least be acknowledged that the prince is pleased and happy, though his subjects be aggrieved; and he has the plea of friendship to excuse him, which is a disposition of generous minds. Besides, a wise minion, though he be haughty to others, is humble and insinuating to his master, and cultivates his favour by obedience and respect. But *our* misfortune has been a great deal worse: we have suffered for some years under the oppression, the avarice and insolence of those, for whom the Qu[ee]n had neither esteem nor friendship; who rather seemed to snatch their own dues, than receive the favour of their sovereign, and were so far from returning respect, that they forgot common good manners. They imposed on their prince, by urging the necessity of affairs of their own creating: they first raised difficulties, and then offered them as arguments to keep themselves in power. They united themselves against nature and principle, to a party they had always abhorred, and which was now content to come in upon any terms, leaving them and their creatures in full possession of the court. Then they urged the formidable strength of that party, and the dangers which must follow by disobliging of it. So that it seems almost a miracle, how a prince, thus besieged on all sides, could *alone* have courage and prudence enough to extricate herself.

And indeed there is a point of history relating to this matter, which well

deserves to be considered. When her M[ajest]y came to the crown, she took into favour and employment, several persons who were esteemed the best friends of the old constitution; among whom none were reckoned further gone in the high church principles (as they are usually called) than two or three, who had at that time most credit, and ever since, till within these few months, possessed all power at court. So that the first umbrage given to the Whigs, and the pretences for clamouring against France and the Pretender, were derived from them. And I believe nothing appeared then more unlikely, than that such different opinions should ever incorporate; that party having upon former occasions treated those very persons with enmity enough. But some l[or]ds then about court, and in the Qu[een]'s good graces, not able to endure those growing impositions upon the prince and people, presumed to interpose, and were consequently soon removed and disgraced: However, when a most exorbitant grant was proposed,[6] antecedent to any visible merit, it miscarried in Parliament, for want of being seconded by those who had most credit in the House, and who having always opposed the like excesses in a former reign, thought it their duty to do so still, to shew the world that the dislike was not against persons but things. But this was to cross the oligarchy in the tenderest point, a point which outweighed all considerations of duty and gratitude to their prince, or regard to the constitution. And therefore after having in several private meetings concerted measures with their old enemies, and granted as well as received conditions, they began to change their style and their countenance, and to put it as a maxim in the mouths of their emissaries, that England must be saved by the Whigs. This unnatural league was afterwards cultivated by another incident; I mean the Act of Security,[7] and the consequences of it, which every body knows; when (to use the words of my correspondent)[8] "the sovereign authority was parcelled out among a faction, and made the purchase of indemnity for an offending M[iniste]r:" Thus the union of the two kingdoms improved that between the ministry and the j[u]nto, which was afterwards cemented by their mutual danger in that storm they so narrowly escaped about three years ago;[9] but however was not quite perfected till the Prince's death;[10] and then they went lovingly on together, both satisfied with their several shares, at full liberty to gratify their predominant inclinations; the first, their avarice and ambition; the other, their models of innovation in Church and State.

Therefore, whoever thinks fit to revive that baffled question, "Why was the late ministry changed?" may receive the following answer; That it was become necessary by the insolence and avarice of some about the Qu[een], who in order to perpetuate their tyranny had made a monstrous alliance with those who profess principles destructive to our religion and government: If this will not suffice, let him make an abstract of all the abuses I have mentioned in my former papers, and view them together; after which if he still remains unsatisfied, let him suspend his opinion a few weeks longer. Though after all, I think the question as trifling as that of the Papists, when they ask

us, "where was our religion before Luther?" And indeed, the ministry was changed for the same reason that religion was reformed, because a thousand corruptions had crept into the discipline and doctrine of the state, by the pride, the avarice, the fraud, and the ambition of those who administered to us in secular affairs.

I heard myself censured the other day in a coffee-house, for seeming to glance in the letter to Crassus,[11] against a great man, who is still in employment, and likely to continue so. What if I had really intended that such an application should be given it? I cannot perceive how I could be justly blamed for so gentle a reproof. If I saw a handsome young fellow going to a ball at court with a great smut upon his face, could he take it ill in me to point out the place, and desire him with abundance of good words to pull out his handkerchief and wipe it off; or bring him to a glass, where he might plainly see it with his own eyes? Does any man think I shall suffer my pen to inveigh against vices, only because they are charged upon persons who are no longer in power? Every body knows, that certain vices are more or less pernicious, according to the stations of those who possess them. For example, lewdness and intemperance are not of so bad consequences in a town rake as a divine. Cowardice in a lawyer is more supportable than in an officer of the army. If I should find fault with an admiral because he wanted politeness, or an alderman for not understanding Greek; that indeed would be to go out of my way, for an occasion of quarrelling; but excessive avarice in a g[enera]l, is I think the greatest defect he can be liable to, next to those of courage and conduct, and may be attended with the most ruinous consequences, as it was in Crassus, who to that vice alone owed the destruction of himself and his army.[12] It is the same thing in praising men's excellencies, which are more or less valuable, as the person you commend has occasion to employ them. A man may perhaps mean honestly, yet if he be not able to spell, he shall never have my vote for a secretary: Another may have wit and learning in a post where honesty, with plain common sense, are of much more use: You may praise a soldier for his skill at chess, because it is said to be a military game, and the emblem of drawing up an army; but this to a tr[easure]r would be no more a compliment, than if you called him a gamester or a jockey.[13]

P.S. I received a letter relating to Mr. Greenshields; the person who sent it may know, that I will say something to it in the next paper.

1: No. 29 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: "Tractanda in laudationibus etiam haec sunt naturae et fortunae bona, in quibus est summa laus: non extulisse," etc. — CICERO, *De Oratore* ii. 84.

"These blessings of nature and fortune fall within the province of panegyric, the highest strain of which is, that a man possessed power without pride, riches without insolence, and the fullness of fortune without the arrogance of greatness." — W. GUTHRIE. [T.S.]]

3: Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the favourite of Edward II. [T.S.]]

4: Hugh le Despencer, Earl of Winchester, and his son of the same name, both favourites of Edward II., and both

hanged in 1326. [T.S.]]

5: Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, favourite of Richard II. [T.S.]]

6: See No. 17, *ante*, and note, p. 95. [T.S.]]

7: The Bill of Security passed the Scottish Parliament in 1703, but was refused the Royal Assent. It provided for the separation of the Crowns of England and Scotland unless security was given to the latter for full religious and commercial independence. It was again passed in 1704. (See also note in vol. v., p. 336 of present edition.) [T.S.]]

8: The writer of the "Letter" does not ascribe this result to the Act of Security, but to the Queen raising some of her servants to the highest degree of power who were unable "to associate with, men of honester principles than themselves," which led to "subjection to the will of an arbitrary junto and to the caprice of an insolent woman." [T. S.]]

9: The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin threatened to resign in February, 1707/8, unless Harley was dismissed. [T.S.]]

10: Prince George died October 28th, 1708. [T.S.]]

11: "The Medley," No. 20 (February 12th) was largely taken up with remarks on this letter, which appeared in "The Examiner," No. 28. See passage there quoted in the note, p. 177. [T.S.]]

12: Crassus was defeated by Orodes, King of Parthia, through the treachery of Ariamnes. After Crassus was beheaded Orodes caused molten gold to be poured into his mouth. [T.S.]]

13: Godolphin. See No. 27, *ante*, p. 172. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 31.[1]

FROM THURSDAY FEBRUARY 22, TO THURSDAY MARCH 1, 1710-11.

Quae enim domus tam stabilis, quae tam firma civitas est, quae non odiis atque discidiis funditus possit everti?[2]

If we examine what societies of men are in closest union among themselves, we shall find them either to be those who are engaged in some evil design, or who labour under one common misfortune: Thus the troops of *banditti* in several countries abroad, the knots of highwaymen in our own nation, the several tribes of sharpers, thieves and pickpockets, with many others, are so firmly knit together, that nothing is more difficult than to break or dissolve their several gangs. So likewise those who are fellow-sufferers under any misfortune, whether it be in reality or opinion, are usually contracted into a very strict union; as we may observe in the Papists throughout this kingdom, under those real difficulties which are justly put on them; and in the several schisms of Presbyterians, and other sects, under that grievous persecution of the modern kind, called want of power. And the reason why such confederacies, are kept so sacred and inviolable, is very plain, because in each of those cases I have mentioned, the whole body is moved by one common spirit, in pursuit of one general end, and the interest of individuals is not crossed by each other, or by the whole.

Now, both these motives are joined to unite the high-flying Whigs at present: they have been always engaged in an evil design, and of late they are faster rivetted by that terrible calamity, the loss of power. So that whatever designs a mischievous crew of dark confederates may possibly entertain, who will stop at no means to compass them, may be justly apprehended from these.

On the other side, those who wish well to the public, and would gladly contribute to its service, are apt to differ in their opinions about the methods of promoting it, and when their party flourishes, are sometimes envious at those in power, ready to overvalue their own merit, and be impatient till it is rewarded by the measure they have prescribed for themselves. There is a further topic of contention, which a ruling party is apt to fall into, in relation to retrospections, and enquiry into past miscarriages; wherein some are thought too warm and zealous; others too cool and remiss; while in the meantime these divisions are industriously fomented by the discarded faction; which though it be an old practice, hath been much improved in the schools of the Jesuits, who when they despaired of perverting this nation to popery, by arguments or plots against the state, sent their emissaries to subdivide us into schisms.[3] And this expedient is now with great propriety taken up by our men

of incensed moderation, because they suppose themselves able to attack the strongest of our subdivisions, and so subdue us one after another. Nothing better resembles this proceeding, than that famous combat between the Horatii and Curiatii,[4] where two of the former being killed, the third, who remained entire and untouched, was able to kill his three wounded adversaries, after he had divided them by a stratagem. I well know with how tender a hand all this should be touched; yet at the same time I think it my duty to warn the friends as well as expose the enemies of the public weal, and to begin preaching up union upon the first suspicion that any steps are made to disturb it.

But the two chief subjects of discontent, which, in most great changes, in the management of public affairs, are apt to breed differences among those who are in possession, are what I have just now mentioned; a desire of punishing the corruptions of former managers; and the rewarding merit, among those who have been any way instrumental or consenting to the change. The first of these is a point so nice, that I shall purposely waive it; but the latter I take to fall properly within my district: By merit I here understand that value which every man puts upon his own deservings from the public. And I believe there could not be a more difficult employment found out, than that of paymaster general to this sort of merit; or a more noisy, crowded place, than a court of judicature, erected to settle and adjust every man's claim upon that article. I imagine, if this had fallen into the fancy of the ancient poets, they would have dressed it up after their manner into an agreeable fiction, and given us a genealogy and description of merit, perhaps not very different from that which follows.

A Poetical Genealogy and Description of MERIT.

That true Merit, was the son of Virtue and Honour; but that there was likewise a spurious child who usurped the name, and whose parents were Vanity and Impudence. That, at a distance, there was a great resemblance between them, and they were often mistaken for each other. That the bastard issue had a loud shrill voice, which was perpetually employed in cravings and complaints; while the other never spoke louder than a whisper, and was often so bashful that he could not speak at all. That in all great assemblies, the false Merit would step before the true, and stand just in his way; was constantly at court, or great men's levees, or whispering in some minister's ear. That the more you fed him, the more hungry and importunate he grew. That he often passed for the true son of Virtue and Honour, and the genuine for an impostor. That he was born distorted and a dwarf, but by force of art appeared of a handsome shape, and taller than the usual size; and that none but those who were wise and good, as well as vigilant, could discover his littleness or deformity. That the true Merit had been often forced to the indignity of applying to the false, for his credit with those in power, and to keep himself from starving. That he filled the antechambers with a crew of his dependants and creatures, such as projectors, schematises, occasional converts to a party, prostitute flatterers, starveling writers, buffoons, shallow politicians, empty

orators, and the like, who all owned him for their patron, and grew discontented if they were not immediately fed.

This metaphorical description of false Merit, is, I doubt, calculated for most countries in Christendom; and as to our own, I believe it may be said with a sufficient reserve of charity, that we are fully able to reward every man among us according to his real deservings. And I think I may add, without suspicion of flattery, that never any prince had a ministry with a better judgment to distinguish between false and real merit, than that which is now at the helm; or whose inclination as well as interest it is to encourage the latter. And it ought to be observed, that those great and excellent persons we see at the head of affairs, are of the Qu[een]'s own personal voluntary choice; not forced upon her by any insolent, overgrown favourite; or by the pretended necessity of complying with an unruly faction.

Yet these are the persons whom those scandals to the press, in their daily pamphlets and papers, openly revile at so ignominious a rate, as I believe was never tolerated before under any government. For surely no lawful power derived from a prince, should be so far affronted, as to leave those who are in authority exposed to every scurrilous libeller. Because in this point I make a mighty difference between those who are *in*, and those who are *out* of power; not upon any regard to their persons, but the stations they are placed in by the sovereign. And if my distinction be right, I think I might appeal to any man, whether if a stranger were to read the invectives which are daily published against the present ministry, and the outrageous fury of the authors against me for censuring the *last*; he would not conclude the Whigs to be at this time in full possession of power and favour, and the Tories entirely at mercy? But all this now ceases to be a wonder, since the Qu[een] herself is no longer spared; witness the libel published some days ago under the title of "A Letter to Sir J[aco]b B[an]ks,"[5] where the reflections upon her sacred Majesty are much more plain and direct, than ever the "Examiner" thought fit to publish against the most obnoxious persons in a m[inistr]y, discarded for endeavouring the ruin of their prince and country. Caesar indeed threatened to hang the pirates for presuming to disturb him while he was their prisoner aboard their ship.[6] But it was Caesar who did so, and he did it to a crew of public robbers; and it became the greatness of his spirit, for he lived to execute what he had threatened. Had *they* been in his power, and sent such a message, it could be imputed to nothing but the extremes of impudence, folly or madness.

I had a letter last week relating to Mr. Greenshields[7] an Episcopal clergyman of Scotland, and the writer seems to be a gentleman of that part of Britain. I remember formerly to have read a printed account of Mr. Greenshields's case, who has been prosecuted and silenced for no other reason beside reading divine service, after the manner of the Church of England, to his own congregation, who desired it: though, as the gentleman who writes to me says, there is no law in Scotland against those meetings; and he adds, that the sentence pronounced against Mr. Greenshields, "will soon be

affirmed, if some care be not taken to prevent it." I am altogether uninformed in the particulars of this case, and besides to treat it justly, would not come within the compass of my paper; therefore I could wish the gentleman would undertake it in a discourse by itself; and I should be glad he would inform the public in one fact, whether Episcopal assemblies are freely allowed in Scotland? It is notorious that abundance of their clergy fled from thence some years ago into England and Ireland, as from a persecution; but it was alleged by their enemies, that they refused to take the oaths to the government, which however none of them scrupled when they came among us. It is somewhat extraordinary to see our Whigs and fanatics keep such a stir about the sacred Act of Toleration, while their brethren will not allow a connivance in so near a neighbourhood; especially if what the gentleman insists on in his letter be true, that nine parts in ten of the nobility and gentry, and two in three of the commons, be Episcopal; of which one argument he offers, is the present choice of their representatives in both Houses, though opposed to the utmost by the preachings, threatenings and anathemas of the kirk. Such usage to a majority, may, as he thinks, be of dangerous consequence; and I entirely agree with him. If these be the principles of high kirk, God preserve at least the southern parts from their tyranny!

1: No. 30 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Cicero, "De Amicitiâ," vii. "For what family is so firmly rooted, what state so strong, as not to be liable to complete overthrow from hatred and strife." — G.H. Wells. [T.S.]

3: Refers to the October Club. See Swift's "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc. (vol. v., pp. 385-6 of present edition). [T.S.]

4: The contest is the subject of one of Macaulay's "Lays." Three brothers named Horatius fought with three named Curiatius, and the fight resulted in Publius Horatius being the sole survivor. [T.S.]

5: In his letter to the Earl of Peterborough, dated February, 1710/1 (Scott, vol. xv., pp. 422-3), Swift speaks more favourably of this pamphlet. His remarks to the Earl throw considerable light on Swift's own position as a Tory: "The piece is shrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended, if the dunces who write on each side would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country; for I dare swear nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to be the legislature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone; and I hardly ever saw a Whig and a Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article when I made them explain themselves."

The pamphlet was written by a Mr. Benson in reply to Sir Jacob Banks, who, as member for Minehead, had, in 1709-10 presented an address from his constituents in which it was pretty broadly avowed that subjects must obey their monarch, since he was responsible to God alone. The writer of the letter institutes a clever parallel between England and Sweden. See note to No. 14, *ante*, and No. 34, *post*, pp. 75 and 216. [T.S.]

6: Julius Caesar was captured by pirates off the coast of Miletus (*c.* 75 B.C.) and held to ransom. The threat of crucifixion he then held out to his captors he afterwards fulfilled. [T.S.]

7: The Rev. James Greenshields was imprisoned (September 15th, 1709) for conducting in Edinburgh the service according to the English Prayer Book. He appealed to the House of Lords, and the judgment against him was reversed, March 1st. 1710/1 ("Journals of House of Lords," xix). [T.S.]

NUMB. 32.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MARCH 1, TO THURSDAY MARCH 8, 1710-11.

—— *Garrit aniles Ex re fabellas*.[2]

I had last week sent me by an unknown hand, a passage out of Plato,[3] with some hints how to apply it. That author puts a fable into the mouth of Aristophanes, with an account of the original of love. That, mankind was at first created with four arms and legs, and all other parts double to what they are now; till Jupiter, as a punishment for his sins, cleft him in two with a thunderbolt, since which time we are always looking for our *other half*; and this is the cause of love. But Jupiter threatened, that if they did not mend their manners, he would give them t'other slit, and leave them to hop about in the shape of figures in *basso relievo*. The effect of this last threatening, my correspondent imagines, is now come to pass; and that as the first splitting was the original of love, by inclining us to search for our t'other half, so the second was the cause of hatred, by prompting us to fly from our other side, and dividing the same body into two, gave each slice the name of a party.

I approve the fable and application, with this refinement upon it. For parties do not only split a nation, but every individual among them, leaving each but half their strength, and wit, and honesty, and good nature; but one eye and ear for their sight and hearing, and equally lopping the rest of the senses: Where parties are pretty equal in a state, no man can perceive one bad quality in his own, or good one in his adversaries. Besides, party being a dry disagreeable subject, it renders conversation insipid or sour, and confines invention. I speak not here of the leaders, but the insignificant crowd of followers in a party, who have been the instruments of mixing it in every condition and circumstance of life. As the zealots among the Jews bound the law about their foreheads, and wrists, and hems of their garments; so the women among us have got the distinguishing marks of party in their muffs, their fans, and their furbelows. The Whig ladies put on their patches in a different manner from the Tories.[4] They have made schisms in the playhouse, and each have their particular sides at the opera: and when a man changes his party, he must infallibly count upon the loss of his mistress. I asked a gentleman the other day, how he liked such a lady? but he would not give me his opinion till I had answered him whether she were a Whig or a Tory. Mr. ——[5] since he is known to visit the present m[inist]ry, and lay some time under a suspicion of writing the "Examiner," is no longer a man of wit; his very poems have contracted a stupidity many years after they were printed.

Having lately ventured upon a metaphorical genealogy of Merit, I thought it would be proper to add another of Party, or rather, of Faction, (to avoid mistake) not telling the reader whether it be my own or a quotation, till I know

how it is approved; but whether I read or dreamed it, the fable is as follows.

"*Liberty, the daughter of Oppression, after having brought forth several fair children, as Riches, Arts, Learning, Trade, and many others, was at last delivered of her youngest daughter, called Faction; whom Juno, doing the office of the midwife, distorted in its birth, out of envy to the mother, from whence it derived its peevishness and sickly constitution. However, as it is often the nature of parents to grow most fond of their youngest and disagreeablest children, so it happened with Liberty, who doted on this daughter to such a degree, that by her good will she would never suffer the girl to be out of her sight. As Miss Faction grew up, she became so termagant and froward, that there was no enduring her any longer in Heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone; and her mother rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth. She landed at first in Greece, was expelled by degrees through all the Cities by her daughter's ill-conduct; fled afterwards to Italy, and being banished thence, took shelter among the Goths, with whom she passed into most parts of Europe; but driven out every where, she began to lose esteem, and her daughter's faults were imputed to herself. So that at this time, she has hardly a place in the world to retire to. One would wonder what strange qualities this daughter must possess, sufficient to blast the influence of so divine a mother, and the rest of her children: She always affected to keep mean and scandalous company; valuing nobody, but just as they agreed with her in every capricious opinion she thought fit to take up; and rigorously exacting compliance, though she changed her sentiments ever so often. Her great employment was to breed discord among friends and relations, and make up monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other. Whoever offered to contradict her, though in the most insignificant trifle, she would be sure to distinguish by some ignominious appellation, and allow them to have neither honour, wit, beauty, learning, honesty or common sense. She intruded into all companies at the most unseasonable times, mixed at balls, assemblies, and other parties of pleasure; haunted every coffee- house and bookseller's shop, and by her perpetual talking filled all places with disturbance and confusion. She buzzed about the merchant in the Exchange, the divine in his pulpit, and the shopkeeper behind his counter. Above all, she frequented public assemblies, where she sat in the shape of an obscene, ominous bird, ready to prompt her friends as they spoke*."

If I understand this fable of Faction right, it ought to be applied to those who set themselves up against the true interest and constitution of their country; which I wish the undertakers for the late m[inistr]y would please to take notice of; or tell us by what figure of speech they pretend to call so great and *unforced* a majority, with the Qu[een] at the head, by the name of "the Faction": which is unlike the phrase of the Nonjurors, who dignifying one or two deprived bishops, and half a score clergymen of the same stamp, with the title of the "Church of England," exclude all the rest as schismatics; or like the

Presbyterians, laying the same accusation, with equal justice, against the established religion.

And here it may be worth inquiring what are the true characteristics of a faction, or how it is to be distinguished from that great body of the people who are friends to the constitution? The heads of a faction, are usually a set of upstarts, or men ruined in their fortunes, whom some great change in a government, did at first, out of their obscurity produce upon the stage. They associate themselves with those who dislike the old establishment, religious and civil. They are full of new schemes in politics and divinity; they have an incurable hatred against the old nobility, and strengthen their party by dependants raised from the lowest of the people; they have several ways of working themselves into power; but they are sure to be called when a corrupt administration wants to be supported, against those who are endeavouring at a reformation; and they firmly observe that celebrated maxim of preserving power by the same arts it is attained. They act with the spirit of those who believe their *time is but short;* and their first care is to heap up immense riches at the public expense; in which they have two ends, beside that common one of insatiable avarice; which are, to make themselves necessary, and to keep the Commonwealth in dependence: Thus they hope to compass their design, which is, instead of fitting their principles to the constitution, to alter and adjust the constitution to their own pernicious principles.

It is easy determining by this test, to which side the name of faction most properly belongs. But however, I will give them any system of law or regal government, from William the Conqueror to this present time, to try whether they can tally it with their late models; excepting only that of Cromwell, whom perhaps they will reckon for a monarch.

If the present ministry, and so great a majority in the Parliament and Kingdom, be only a faction, it must appear by some actions which answers the idea we usually conceive from that word. Have they abused the prerogatives of the prince, or invaded the rights and liberties of the subject? Have they offered at any dangerous innovations in Church or State? Have they broached any doctrines of heresy, rebellion or tyranny? Have any of them treated their sovereign with insolence, engrossed and sold all her favours, or deceived her by base, gross misrepresentations of her most faithful servants? These are the arts of a faction, and whoever has practised them, they and their followers must take up with the name.

It is usually reckoned a Whig principle to appeal to the people; but that is only when they have been so wise as to poison their understandings beforehand: Will they now stand to this appeal, and be determined by their *vox populi*, to which side their title of faction belongs? And that the people are now left to the natural freedom of their understanding and choice, I believe our adversaries will hardly deny. They will now refuse this appeal, and it is reasonable they should; and I will further add, that if our people resembled the old Grecians, there might be danger in such a trial. A pragmatical orator told a

great man at Athens, that whenever the people were in their rage, they would certainly tear him to pieces; “Yes,” says the other, “and they will do the same to you, whenever they are in their wits.” But God be thanked, our populace is more merciful in their nature, and at present under better direction; and the orators among us have attempted to confound both prerogative and law, in their sovereign’s presence, and before the highest court of judicature, without any hazard to their persons.

1: No. 31 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Horace, “Satires,” II. vi. 77-8.
“To club his part in pithy tales.” — P. FRANCIS. [T.S.]]

3: The “Symposium,” 189-192. [T.S.]]

4: See “The Spectator,” No. 81 (June 2nd, 1711): “Their patches were placed in those different situations, as party signals to distinguish friends from foes.” [T.S.]]

5: Matthew Prior. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 33.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MARCH 8, TO THURSDAY MARCH 15, 1710-11.[2]

Non ea est medicina, cum sanae parti corporis scalpellum adhibetur, atque integrae; carnificina est ista, et crudelitas. Hi medentur Reipublicae qui exsecant pestem aliquam, tanquam strumam Civitatis.[3]

I am diverted from the general subject of my discourses, to reflect upon an event of a very extraordinary and surprising nature: A great minister, in high confidence with the Queen, under whose management the weight of affairs at present is in a great measure supposed to lie; sitting in council, in a royal palace, with a dozen of the chief officers of the state, is stabbed at the very board,[4] in the execution of his office, by the hand of a French Papist, then under examination for high treason. The assassin redoubles his blow, to make sure work; and concluding the chancellor was dispatched, goes on with the same rage to murder a principal secretary of state: and that whole noble assembly are forced to rise, and draw their swords in their own defence, as if a wild beast had been let loose among them.

This fact hath some circumstances of aggravation not to be paralleled by any of the like kind we meet with in history. Caesar's murder being performed in the Senate, comes nearest to the case; but that was an affair concerted by great numbers of the chief senators, who were likewise the actors in it, and not the work of a vile, single ruffian. Harry the Third of France was stabbed by an enthusiastic friar,[5] whom he suffered to approach his person, while those who attended him stood at some distance. His successor met the same fate in a coach, where neither he nor his nobles, in such a confinement, were able to defend themselves. In our own country we have, I think, but one instance of this sort, which has made any noise, I mean that of Felton, about fourscore years ago: but he took the opportunity to stab the Duke of Buckingham in passing through a dark lobby, from one room to another:[6] The blow was neither seen nor heard, and the murderer might have escaped, if his own concern and horror, as it is usual in such cases, had not betrayed him. Besides, that act of Felton will admit of some extenuation, from the motives he is said to have had: but this attempt of Guiscard seems to have outdone them all in every heightening circumstance, except the difference of persons between a king and a great minister: for I give no allowance at all to the difference of success (which however is yet uncertain and depending) nor think it the least alleviation to the crime, whatever it may be to the punishment.

I am sensible, it is ill arguing from particulars to generals, and that we ought not to charge upon a nation the crimes of a few desperate villains it is so unfortunate to produce: Yet at the same time it must be avowed, that the French have for these last centuries, been somewhat too liberal of their

daggers, upon the persons of their greatest men; such as the Admiral de Coligny,[7] the Dukes of Guise,[8] father and son, and the two kings I last mentioned. I have sometimes wondered how a people, whose genius seems wholly turned to singing and dancing, and prating, to vanity and impertinence; who lay so much weight upon modes and gestures; whose essentialities are generally so very superficial; who are usually so serious upon trifles, and so trifling upon what is serious, have been capable of committing such solid villanies; more suitable to the gravity of a Spaniard, or silence and thoughtfulness of an Italian: unless it be, that in a nation naturally so full of themselves, and of so restless imaginations, when any of them happen to be of a morose and gloomy constitution, that huddle of confused thoughts, for want of evaporating, usually terminates in rage or despair. D'Avila[9] observes, that Jacques Clément was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friars used to make sport with: but at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering his king.

But in the Marquis de Guiscard there seems to have been a complication of ingredients for such an attempt: He had committed several enormities in France, was extremely prodigal and vicious; of a dark melancholy complexion, and cloudy countenance, such as in vulgar physiognomy is called an ill look. For the rest, his talents were very mean, having a sort of inferior cunning, but very small abilities; so that a great man of the late m[inist]ry, by whom he was invited over,[10] and with much discretion raised at first step from a profligate popish priest to a lieutenant-general, and colonel of a regiment of horse, was forced at last to drop him for shame.[11]

Had such an accident happened[12] under that m[inis]try, and to so considerable a member of it, they would have immediately charged it upon the whole body of those they are pleased to call "the faction." This would have been styled a high-church principle; the clergy would have been accused as promoters and abettors of the fact; com[mittee]s would have been sent to promise the criminal his life provided they might have liberty to direct and dictate his confession: and a black list would have been printed of all those who had been ever seen in the murderer's company. But the present men in power hate and despise all such detestable arts, which they might now turn upon their adversaries with much more plausibility, than ever these did their honourable negotiations with Gregg.[13]

And here it may be worth observing how unanimous a concurrence there is between some persons once in great power, and a French Papist; both agreeing in the great end of taking away Mr. Harley's life, though differing in their methods: the first proceeding by subornation, the other by violence; wherein Guiscard seems to have the advantage, as aiming no further than his life; while the others designed to destroy at once both that and his reputation. The malice of both against this gentleman seems to have risen from the same cause, his discovering designs against the government. It was Mr. Harley who detected the treasonable correspondence of Gregg, and secured him betimes;

when a certain great man who shall be nameless, had, out of the depth of his politics, sent him a caution to make his escape; which would certainly have fixed the appearance of guilt[14] upon Mr. Harley: but when that was prevented, they would have enticed the condemned criminal with promise of a pardon, to write and sign an accusation against the secretary. But to use Gregg's own expression, "His death was nothing near so ignominious, as would have been such a life that must be saved by prostituting his conscience." The same gentleman lies now stabbed by his other enemy, a Popish spy, whose treason he has discovered. God preserve the rest of her Majesty's ministers from such Protestants, and from such Papists!

I shall take occasion to hint at some particularities in this surprising fact, for the sake of those at distance, or who may not be thoroughly informed.[15] The murderer confessed in Newgate, that his chief design was against Mr. Secretary St. John, who happened to change seats with Mr. Harley, for more convenience of examining the criminal:[16] and being asked what provoked him to stab the chancellor? he said, that not being able to come at the secretary, as he intended, it was some satisfaction to murder the person whom he thought Mr. St. John loved best.[17]

And here, if Mr. Harley has still any enemies left, whom his blood spilt in the public service cannot reconcile, I hope they will at least admire his magnanimity, which is a quality esteemed even in an enemy: and I think there are few greater instances of it to be found in story. After the wound was given, he was observed neither to change his countenance, nor discover any concern or disorder in his speech: he rose up, and walked along the room while he was able, with the greatest tranquillity, during the midst of the confusion. When the surgeon came, he took him aside, and desired he would inform him freely whether the wound were mortal, because in that case, he said, he had some affairs to settle, relating to his family. The blade of the penknife, broken by the violence of the blow against a rib, within a quarter of an inch of the handle, was dropt out (I know not whether from the wound, or his clothes) as the surgeon was going to dress him; he ordered it to be taken up, and wiping it himself, gave it some body to keep, saying, he thought "it now properly belonging to him." He shewed no sort of resentment, or spoke one violent word against Guiscard, but appeared all the while the least concerned of any in the company — a state of mind, which in such an exigency, nothing but innocence can give, and is truly worthy of a Christian philosopher.

If there be really so great a difference in principle between the high-flying Whigs, and the friends of France, I cannot but repeat the question, how come they to join in the destruction of the same man? Can his death be possibly for the interest of both? or have they both the same quarrel against him, that he is perpetually discovering and preventing the treacherous designs of our enemies? However it be, this great minister may now say with St. Paul, that he hath been "in perils by his own countrymen, and in perils by strangers."

In the midst of so melancholy a subject, I cannot but congratulate with our own country, that such a savage monster as the Marquis de Guiscard, is none of her production; a wretch perhaps more detestable in his own nature, than even this barbarous act has been yet able to represent him to the world. For there are good reasons to believe, from several circumstances, that he had intentions of a deeper dye, than those he happened to execute;[18] I mean such as every good subject must tremble to think on. He hath of late been frequently seen going up the back stairs at court, and walking alone in an outer room adjoining to her Ma[jest]y's bed-chamber. He has often and earnestly pressed for some time to have access to the Qu[een], even since his correspondence with France; and he has now given such a proof of his disposition, as leaves it easy to guess what was before in his thoughts, and what he was capable of attempting.

It is humbly to be hoped, that the legislature[19] will interpose on so extraordinary an occasion as this, and direct a punishment[20] some way proportionable to so execrable a crime.

Et quicunque tuum violavit vulnere corpus, Morte luat merita —— [21]

1: No. 32 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: To this number the writer of "The Political State of Great Britain" made a pretty tart reply. In the issue for April, 1711, pp. 315-320 he says: "One of the Tory writers, shall I call him? or rather libellers — one who presumptuously sets up for an Examiner — who, in order, as he fondly expects, to make his court to some men in power, with equal insolence and malice, makes it his weekly business to slander the moderate party; who, without the least provocation, brandishes his virulent pen against the best men … instances in the murders of Caesar, Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, and of the Duke of Buckingham; and having extenuated the last, 'from the motives Felton is said to have had,' he concludes," etc. The writer further goes on to say: "As to the imputation of villanous assassinations, which the Examiner charges so home on the French nation, I am heartily sorry he has given them so fair an opportunity to retort the unfair and unjust argument from particulars to generals. For, without mentioning Felton, whose crime this writer has endeavoured *to extenuate*, no foreign records can afford a greater number of murders, parricides, and, to use the Examiner's expression, solid villanies, than our English history." Swift retorted on this writer in No. 42, *post*, pp. 276, 277. [T.S.]]

3: Cicero, "Pro Sestio," 65. "But that is not a remedy when the knife is applied to some sound and healthy part of the body; that is the act of an executioner and mere inhumanity. Those are the men who really apply healing remedies to the republic, who cut out some pestilence as if it were a wen on the person of the state." — C.D. YONGE. [T.S.]]

4: This refers to the attempted assassination of Harley and St. John by the Marquis de Guiscard. See Swift's "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc. (vol. v., pp. 387-9 of present edition). [T.S.]]

5: Henri III. was assassinated by Jacques Clément, a Dominican friar, August 1st, 1589. Henri IV. was assassinated by François Ravaillac, May 14th, 1610. [T.S.]]

6: George Villiers, fourth Duke of Buckingham, was stabbed by Lieut. John Felton, August 23rd, 1628. [T.S.]]

7: Admiral de Coligny was assassinated August 23rd, 1572. [T.S.]]

8: Francois de Lorraine, Due de Guise, was shot in 1563. His son and successor (Henri le Balafré) was killed December 23rd, 1588. [T.S.]]

9: Davila was the author of "Historia delle Guerre Civili di Francia" (*c.* 1630). He was assassinated in 1631. [T.S.]]

10: "The first thing I would beg of this libeller," asks "The Medley" (No. 25, March 19th, 1711), "is to make out what

he affirms of his being 'invited over.' If he would but prove that one particular, I would forgive him all his lies past and yet to come."

Of course. Swift's extreme phrase of "invited over" referred to the fact that Guiscard had a Whig commission in the army. [T.S.]]

11: Antoine de Guiscard, at one time Abbé de la Bourlie, was born in 1658. For misconduct he was compelled, in 1703, to forsake his benefice and his country, and he undertook the cause of the Protestant Camisards in the Cevennes, in their insurrection against Louis XIV. It is known that he had been envoy to Turin, and had received a pension from Holland. On taking refuge in England he obtained a pension from the government, and by means of the influence of the Duke of Ormonde, who was his brother's friend, became a frequenter in fashionable circles. The death, however, of his friend Count Briançon seems to have deprived him of means. He fell into bad ways, became poor, and solicited a pension from the Queen, through St. John whose acquaintance he had made. A pension of £500 was granted him; but this sum Harley reduced. Afraid that even this means of a livelihood would be taken from him he opened a treasonable correspondence with one Moreau, a Parisian banker. The rest of the story of this poor wretch's life may be gathered from the excellent account of the Harley-Guiscard incident given by W. Sichel in his "Bolingbroke and his Times" (pp. 308-313).

N. Luttrell has several entries in his Diary relating to Guiscard and the attempted assassination of Harley, and there is a long account of him in Boyer's "Political State" (vol. i., pp. 275-314). See also Portland MS., vol. iv., Wentworth Papers, and Swift's "Journal to Stella," and "Some Remarks," etc. (vol. v. of present edition). [T.S.]]

12: "Had such an accident … against the secretary." The writer of "A Letter to the Seven Lords" (1711) quotes this passage, and remarks that "The Examiner" "intended seriously to charge you all, with subornation, in order to proceed to murder." See also Swift's "Some Remarks," etc. (vol. v., pp. 29-53 of present edition). [T.S.]]

13: See note on p. 263. Also note on p. 30 of vol. v. of present edition. [T.S.]]

14: William Gregg declared in his last confession that Mr. Harley "was not privy to my writing to France, directly nor indirectly," and he thanked God for touching his "conscience so powerfully … as to prevent my prostituting the same to save my life."—"William Gregg's Paper," "Published by Authority," 1708. Gregg told the Rev. Paul Lorrain "that he was profferred his life, and a great reward, if he would accuse his master" (F. Hoffman's "Secret Transactions," 1711, p. 8). [T.S.]]

15: Swift furnished Mrs. Manley with hints for her pamphlet entitled, "A True Narrative Of what pass'd at the Examination Of the Marquis De Guiscard," 1711. See note on p. 41 of vol. v. of present edition. [T.S.]]

16: "The matter was thus represented in the weekly paper called 'The Examiner'; which Mr. St. John perused before it was printed, but made no alteration in that passage." Swift's "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc. (vol v., p. 389 of present edition). [T.S.]]

17: Guiscard could hardly have been aware of St. John's true sentiments towards Harley. In 1717 Bolingbroke, writing in his "Letter to Sir William Windham," says: "I abhorred Oxford to that degree, that I could not bear to be joined with him in any case" (edit. 1753, p. 94). And yet, when it was feared that Harley might die from his wound, St. John remarked to Swift that "he was but an ill dissembler" and Harley's life was "absolutely necessary." [T.S.]]

18: "It was thought he had a design against the Queen's person, for he had tried by all the ways that he could contrive to be admitted to speak with her in private." (BURNET'S "Own Times," ii., 566). [T.S.]]

19: An Act to make an Attempt on the Life of a Privy Councillor in the Execution of his Office to be Felony without Benefit of Clergy (9 Ann. c. 21). This Act, which indemnified all those who had caused Guiscard's death, was recommended in a Royal Message, March 14th, introduced April 5th, passed the House of Commons, April 19th, and received the Royal Assent, May 16th, 1711. [T.S.]]

20: Writing to Stella, under date March 15th, Swift says: "I am sorry he [Guiscard] is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the Queen." Two days later he says: "The coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds." (Vol. ii., p. 139 of present edition.) [T.S.]]

21:
"He who profaned thy body by a wound
Must pay the penalty of death." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 34.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MARCH 15, TO THURSDAY MARCH 22, 1710-11.

De Libertate retinenda, qua certe nihil est dulcius, tibi assentior.[2]

The apologies of the ancient Fathers are reckoned to have been the most useful parts of their writings, and to have done greatest service to the Christian religion, because they removed those misrepresentations which had done it most injury. The methods these writers took, was openly and freely to discover every point of their faith, to detect the falsehood of their accusers, and to charge nothing upon their adversaries but what they were sure to make good. This example has been ill followed of later times; the Papists since the Reformation using all arts to palliate the absurdities of their tenets, and loading the Reformers with a thousand calumnies; the consequence of which has been only a more various, wide, and inveterate separation. It is the same thing in civil schisms: a Whig forms an image of a Tory, just after the thing he most abhors, and that image serves to represent the whole body.

I am not sensible of any material difference there is between those who call themselves the Old Whigs, and a great majority of the present Tories; at least by all I could ever find, from examining several persons of each denomination. But it must be confessed that the present body of Whigs, as they now constitute that party, is a very odd mixture of mankind, being forced to enlarge their bottom by taking in every heterodox professor either in religion or government, whose opinions they were obliged to encourage for fear of lessening their number; while the bulk of the landed men and people were entirely of the old sentiments. However, they still pretended a due regard to the monarchy and the Church, even at the time when they were making the largest steps towards the ruin of both: but not being able to wipe off the many accusations laid to their charge, they endeavoured, by throwing of scandal, to make the Tories appear blacker than themselves, that so the people might join with *them*, as the smaller evil of the two.

But among all the reproaches which the Whigs have flung upon their adversaries, there is none hath done them more service than that of *passive obedience*, as they represent it, with the consequences of non-resistance, arbitrary power, indefeasible right, tyranny, popery, and what not? There is no accusation which has passed with more plausibility than this, nor any that is supported with less justice. In order therefore to undeceive those who have been misled by false representations, I thought it would be no improper undertaking to set this matter in a fair light, which I think has not yet been done. A Whig asks whether you hold passive obedience? you affirm it: he then immediately cries out, “You are a Jacobite, a friend of France and the Pretender;” because he makes you answerable for the definition he has formed

of that term, however different it be from what you understand. I will therefore give two descriptions of passive obedience; the first as it is falsely charged by the Whigs; the other as it is really professed by the Tories, at least by nineteen in twenty of all I ever conversed with.

Passive Obedience as charged by the Whigs.

The doctrine of passive obedience is to believe that a king, even in a limited monarchy, holding his power only from God, is only answerable to Him. That such a king is above all law, that the cruellest tyrant must be submitted to in all things; and if his commands be ever so unlawful, you must neither fly nor resist, nor use any other weapons than prayers and tears. Though he should force your wife or daughter, murder your children before your face, or cut off five hundred heads in a morning for his diversion, you are still to wish him a long prosperous reign, and to be patient under all his cruelties, with the same resignation as under a plague or a famine; because to resist him would be to resist God in the person of His vicegerent. If a king of England should go through the streets of London, in order to murder every man he met, passive obedience commands them to submit. All laws made to limit him signify nothing, though passed by his own consent, if he thinks fit to break them. God will indeed call him to a severe account, but the whole people, united to a man, cannot presume to hold his hands, or offer him the least active disobedience. The people were certainly created for him, and not he for the people. His next heir, though worse than what I have described, though a fool or a madman, has a divine undefeasible right to succeed him, which no law can disannul; nay though he should kill his father upon the throne, he is immediately king to all intents and purposes, the possession of the crown wiping off all stains. But whosoever sits on the throne without this title, though never so peaceably, and by consent of former kings and parliaments, is an usurper, while there is any where in the world another person who hath a nearer hereditary right, and the whole kingdom lies under mortal sin till that heir be restored; because he has a divine title which no human law can defeat.

This and a great deal more hath, in a thousand papers[3] and pamphlets, been laid to that doctrine of passive obedience, which the Whigs are pleased to charge upon us. This is what they perpetually are instilling into the people to believe, as the undoubted principles by which the present ministry, and a great majority in Parliament, do at this time proceed. This is what they accuse the clergy of delivering from the pulpits, and of preaching up as doctrines absolutely necessary to salvation. And whoever affirms in general, that passive obedience is due to the supreme power, he is presently loaden by our candid adversaries with such consequences as these. Let us therefore see what this doctrine is, when stripped of such misrepresentations, by describing it as really taught and practised by the Tories, and then it will appear what grounds our adversaries have to accuse us upon this article.

Passive Obedience, as professed and practised by the Tories.

They think that in every government, whether monarchy or republic, there is placed a supreme, absolute, unlimited power, to which passive obedience is due. That wherever is entrusted the power of making laws, that power is without all bounds, can repeal or enact at pleasure whatever laws it thinks fit, and justly demands universal obedience and non-resistance. That among us, as every body knows, this power is lodged in the king or queen, together with the lords and commons of the kingdom; and therefore all decrees whatsoever, made by that power, are to be actively or passively obeyed. That the administration or executive part of this power is in England solely entrusted with the prince, who in administering those laws, ought to be no more resisted than the legislative power itself. But they do not conceive the same absolute passive obedience to be due to a limited prince's commands, when they are directly contrary to the laws he has consented to, and sworn to maintain. The crown may be sued as well as a private person; and if an arbitrary king of England should send his officers to seize my lands or goods against law, I can lawfully resist them. The ministers by whom he acts are liable to prosecution and impeachment, though his own person be sacred. But if he interposes his royal authority to support their insolence, I see no remedy, till it grows a general grievance, or till the body of the people have reason to apprehend it will be so; after which it becomes a case of necessity, and then I suppose a free people may assert their own rights, yet without any violation to the person or lawful power of the prince. But although the Tories allow all this, and did justify it by the share they had in the Revolution, yet they see no reason for entering upon so ungrateful a subject, or raising controversies upon it, as if we were in daily apprehensions of tyranny, under the reign of so excellent a princess, and while we have so many laws[4] of late years made to limit the prerogative; when according to the judgment of those who know our constitution best, things rather seem to lean to the other extreme, which is equally to be avoided. As to the succession; the Tories think an hereditary right to be the best in its own nature, and most agreeable to our old constitution; yet at the same time they allow it to be defeasible by Act of Parliament, and so is Magna Charta *too, if the legislature thinks fit; which is a truth so manifest, that no man who understands the nature of government, can be in doubt concerning it.*

These I take to be the sentiments of a great majority among the Tories, with respect to passive obedience: and if the Whigs insist, from the writings or common talk of warm and ignorant men, to form a judgment of the whole body, according to the first account I have here given, I will engage to produce as many of their side, who are utterly against passive obedience even to the legislature; who will assert the last resort of power to be in the people, against those whom they have chosen and trusted as their representatives, with the prince at the head; and who will put wild improbable cases to shew the reasonableness and necessity of resisting the legislative power, in such imaginary junctures. Than which however nothing can be more idle; for I dare

undertake in any system of government, either speculative or practic, that was ever yet in the world, from Plato's "Republic" to Harrington's "Oceana,"[5] to put such difficulties as cannot be answered.

All the other calumnies raised by the Whigs may be as easily wiped off; and I have charity to wish they could as fully answer the just accusations we have against them. Dodwell, Hicks, and Lesley,[6] are gravely quoted, to prove that the Tories design to bring in the Pretender; and if I should quote them to prove that the same thing is intended by the Whigs, it would be full as reasonable, since I am sure they have at least as much to do with Nonjurors as we. But our objections against the Whigs are built upon their constant practice for many years, whereof I have produced a hundred instances, against any single one of which no answer hath yet been attempted, though I have been curious enough to look into all the papers I could meet with that are writ against the "Examiner"; such a task as I hope no man thinks I would undergo for any other end, but that of finding an opportunity to own and rectify my mistakes; as I would be ready to do upon call of the meanest adversary. Upon which occasion, I shall take leave to add a few words.

I flattered myself last Thursday, from the nature of my subject, and the inoffensive manner I handled it, that I should have one week's respite from those merciless pens, whose severity will some time break my heart; but I am deceived, and find them more violent than ever. They charge me with two lies and a blunder. The first lie is a truth, that Guiscard was invited over:[7] but it is of no consequence; I do not tax it as a fault; such sort of men have often been serviceable: I only blamed the indiscretion of raising a profligate abbot, at the first step, to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, without staying some reasonable time, as is usual in such cases, till he had given some proofs of his fidelity, as well as of that interest and credit he pretended to have in his country: But that is said to be another lie, for he was a Papist, and could not have a regiment. However this other lie is a truth too; for a regiment he had, and paid by us, to his agent Monsieur Le Bas, for his use. The third is a blunder, that I say Guiscard's design was against Mr. Secretary St. John, and yet my reasonings upon it, are, as if it were personal against Mr. Harley. But I say no such thing, and my reasonings are just; I relate only what Guiscard said in Newgate, because it was a particularity the reader might be curious to know (and accordingly it lies in a paragraph by itself, after my reflections)[8] but I never meant to be answerable for what Guiscard said, or thought it of weight enough for me to draw conclusions from thence, when I had the Address of both Houses to direct me better; where it is expressly said,[9] "That Mr. Harley's fidelity to her Majesty, and zeal for her service, have drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of Popery and faction."[10] This is what I believe, and what I shall stick to.

But alas, these are not the passages which have raised so much fury against me. One or two mistakes in facts of no importance, or a single blunder, would not have provoked them; they are not so tender of my

reputation as a writer. All their outrage is occasioned by those passages in that paper, which they do not in the least pretend to answer, and with the utmost reluctancy are forced to mention. They take abundance of pains to clear Guiscard from a design against Mr. Harley's life, but offer not one argument to clear their other friends, who in the business of Gregg, were equally guilty of the same design against the same person; whose tongues were very swords, and whose penknives were axes.

1: No. 33 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Cicero, "Ep. ad Att.," xv. 13. "As to the maintenance of liberty — surely the most precious thing in the world — I agree with you." — E.S. SHUCKBURGH.]

3: The following pamphlets may be instanced:—"Julian the Apostate," [by S. Johnson], 1682; "[Passive Obedience] A Sermon preached before the … Lord Mayor," etc., by B. Calamy, 1683; "Passive Obedience Stated and Asserted," by T. Pomfret, 1683; "The Doctrine of Non-Resistance," [by E. Bohun], 1689; "History of Passive Obedience," [by A. Seller], 1689; "A Discourse concerning the Unreasonableness," etc. [by E. Stillingfleet], 1689; "Christianity, a Doctrine of the Cross," [by J. Kettlewell], 1691; and "The Measures of Submission," by B. Hoadly, 1706. [T.S.]]

4: The Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject (1 Will. and Mary, Sess. 2, c. 2), and the Act for the Further Limitation of the Crown (12 and 13 Will. III. c. 2), limited the power of the Crown in various respects. [T.S.]]

5: "The Commonwealth of Oceana," by James Harrington, 1656. [T.S.]]

6: Henry Dodwell (1641-1711), non-juror, and author of "An Admonitory Discourse … Schism" (1704), "Occasional Communion" (1705), etc.

George Hickes (1642-1715), non-juror. Dean of Worcester (1683-91), and author of "The Pretences of the Prince of Wales Examined, and Rejected" (1701).

Charles Leslie, see No. 16, *ante*, and note, p. 85. [T.S.]]

7: "Such, a vile slanderer is the 'Examiner,' who says: 'he was invited over by the late ministry, preferred to a regiment, and made lieut.-general,' when there is an Act of Parliament against Papists being so."—"The Medley," No. 25 (March 19th). [T.S.]]

8: See No. 33, *ante*, p. 212. [T.S.]]

9: This is fairly quoted, changing the person. See Swift's remarks in the following number. [T.S.]]

10: "A Letter to the Seven Lords" says: "The Examiner knows *you* are as much intended by 'faction,' as Guiscard was by 'Popery.'" [T.S.]]

NUMB. 35.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MARCH 22, TO THURSDAY MARCH 29, 1711.

— Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi; Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.[2]

I begin to be heartily weary of my employment as *Examiner*; which I wish the m[inist]ry would consider, with half so much concern as I do, and assign me some other with less pains, and a larger pension. There may soon be a vacancy, either on the bench, in the revenue, or the army, and I am *equally* qualified for each: but this trade of *Examining*, I apprehend may at one time or other go near to sour my temper. I did lately propose that some of those ingenious pens, which are engaged on the other side, might be employed to succeed me, and I undertook to bring them over for *t'other crown;* but it was answered, that those gentlemen do much better service in the stations where they are. It was added, that abundance of abuses yet remained to be laid open to the world, which I had often promised to do, but was too much diverted by other subjects that came into my head. On the other side, the advice of some friends, and the threats of many enemies, have put me upon considering what would become of me if *times should alter.* This I have done very maturely, and the result is, that I am in no manner of pain. I grant, that what I have said upon occasion, concerning the late men in power, may be called satire by some unthinking people, as long as that faction is down; but if ever they come into play again, I must give them warning beforehand, that I shall expect to be a favourite, and that those pretended advocates of theirs, will be pilloried for libellers. For I appeal to any man, whether I ever charged that party, or its leaders, with one single action or design, which (if we may judge by their former practices) they will not openly profess, be proud of, and score up for merit, when they come again to the head of affairs? I said, they were insolent to the Qu[een]; will they not value themselves upon that, as an argument to prove them bold assertors of the people's liberty? I affirmed they were against a peace; will they be angry with me for setting forth the refinements of their politics, in pursuing the *only* method left to preserve them in power? I said, they had involved the nation in debts, and engrossed much of its money; they go beyond me, and boast they have got it all, and the credit too. I have urged the probability of their intending great alterations in religion and government: if they destroy both at their next coming, will they not reckon my foretelling it, rather as a panegyric than an affront? I said,[3] they had formerly a design against Mr. H[arle]y's life: if they were now in power, would they not immediately cut off his head, and thank me for justifying the sincerity of their intentions? In short, there is nothing I ever said of those worthy patriots, which may not be as well excused; therefore, as soon as they

resume their places, I positively design to put in my claim; and, I think, may do it with much better grace, than many of that party who now make their court to the present m[inist]ry. I know two or three great men, at whose levees you may daily observe a score of the most forward faces, which every body is ashamed of, except those that wear them. But I conceive my pretensions will be upon a very different foot: Let me offer a parallel case. Suppose, King Charles the First had entirely subdued the rebels at Naseby, and reduced the kingdom to his obedience: whoever had gone about to reason, from the former conduct of those *saints*, that if the victory had fallen on their side, they would have murdered their prince, destroyed monarchy and the Church and made the king's party compound for their estates as delinquents; would have been called a false, uncharitable libeller, by those very persons who afterwards gloried in all this, and called it the "work of the Lord," when they happened to succeed. I remember there was a person fined and imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*, because he said the Duke of York was a Papist; but when that prince came to be king, and made open profession of his religion, he had the justice immediately to release his prisoner, who in his opinion had put a compliment upon him, and not a reproach: and therefore Colonel Titus,[4] who had warmly asserted the same thing in Parliament, was made a privy-councillor.

By this rule, if that which, for some politic reasons, is now called scandal upon the late m[inist]ry, proves one day to be only an abstract of such a character as they will assume and be proud of; I think I may fairly offer my pretensions, and hope for their favour. And I am the more confirmed in this notion by what I have observed in those papers, that come weekly out against the "Examiner." The authors are perpetually telling me of my ingratitude to my masters, that I blunder, and betray the cause; and write with more bitterness against those that hire me, than against the Whigs. Now I took all this at first only for so many strains of wit, and pretty paradoxes to divert the reader; but upon further thinking I find they are serious. I imagined I had complimented the present ministry for their dutiful behaviour to the Queen; for their love of the old constitution in Church and State; for their generosity and justice, and for their desire of a speedy, honourable peace: but it seems I am mistaken, and they reckon all this for satire, because it is directly contrary to the practice of all those whom they set up to defend, and utterly against all their notions of a good ministry. Therefore I cannot but think they have reason on their side: for suppose I should write the character of an honest, a religious, and a learned man; and send the first to Newgate, the second to the Grecian Coffee-house, and the last to White's;[5] would they not all pass for satires, and justly enough, among the companies to whom they were sent?

Having therefore employed several papers in such sort of panegyrics, and but very few on what they understand to be satires; I shall henceforth upon occasion be more liberal of the latter, of which they are like to have a taste, in the remainder of this present paper.

Among all the advantages which the kingdom hath received by the late change of ministry, the greatest must be allowed to be the calling of the present Parliament, upon the dissolution of the last. It is acknowledged, that this excellent assembly hath entirely recovered the honour of P[arliamen]ts, which had been unhappily prostituted for some years past by the factious proceedings of an unnatural majority, in concert with a most corrupt administration. It is plain, by the present choice of members, that the electors of England, when left to themselves, do rightly understand their true interest. The moderate Whigs begin to be convinced that we have been all this while in wrong hands, and that things are now as they should be. And as the present House of Commons is the best representative of the nation that hath ever been summoned in our memories; so they have taken care in their first session, by that noble Bill of Qualification,[6] that future Parliaments should be composed of landed men, and our properties lie no more at mercy of those who have none themselves, or at least only what is transient or imaginary. If there be any gratitude in posterity, the memory of this assembly will be always celebrated; if otherwise, at least we, who share in the blessings they derive to us, ought with grateful hearts to acknowledge them.

I design, in some following papers, to draw up a list (for I can do no more) of the great things this Parliament hath already performed, the many abuses they have detected; their justice in deciding elections without regard of party; their cheerfulness and address in raising supplies for the war, and at the same time providing for the nation's debts; their duty to the Queen, and their kindness to the Church. In the mean time I cannot forbear mentioning two particulars, which in my opinion do discover, in some measure, the temper of the present Parliament; and bear analogy to those passages related by Plutarch, in the lives of certain great men; which, as himself observes, "Though they be not of actions which make any great noise or figure in history, yet give more light into the characters of persons, than we could receive from an account of their most renowned achievements."

Something like this may be observed from two late instances of decency and good nature, in that illustrious assembly I am speaking of. The first was, when after that inhuman attempt upon Mr. Harley, they were pleased to vote an Address to the Queen,[7] wherein they express their utmost detestation of the fact, their high esteem and great concern for that able minister, and justly impute his misfortunes to that zeal for her Majesty's service, which had "drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of Popery and faction." I dare affirm, that so distinguishing a mark of honour and good will from such a Parliament, was more acceptable to a person of Mr. H[arle]y's generous nature, than the most bountiful grant that was ever yet made to a subject; as her Majesty's answer, filled with gracious expressions in his favour, adds more to his real glory, than any *titles* she could bestow. The prince and representatives of the whole kingdom, join in their concern for so important a life. These are the true rewards of virtue, and this is the commerce between

noble spirits, in a coin which the giver knows where to bestow, and the receiver how to value, though neither avarice nor ambition would be able to comprehend its worth.

The other instance I intended to produce of decency and good nature, in the present House of Commons, relates to their most worthy Speaker;[8] who having unfortunately lost his eldest son,[9] the assembly, moved with a generous pity for so sensible an affliction, adjourned themselves for a week, that so good a servant of the public, might have some interval to wipe away a father's tears: And indeed that gentleman has too just an occasion for his grief, by the death of a son, who had already acquired so great a reputation for every amiable quality, and who might have lived to be so great an honour and an ornament to his ancient family.

Before I conclude, I must desire one favour of the reader, that when he thinks it worth his while to peruse any paper writ against the "Examiner," he will not form his judgment by any mangled quotation out of it which he finds in such papers, but be so just to read the paragraph referred to; which I am confident will be found a sufficient answer to all that ever those papers can object. At least I have seen above fifty of them, and never yet observed one single quotation transcribed with common candour.

[Footnote: 1 No. 34 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

[Footnote: 2 Virgil, "Aeneid," i. 461-2.
"Even here
Has merit its reward. Woe wakens tears,
And mortal sufferings touch the heart of man." — R. KENNEDY. [T.S.]]

3: See No. 33, *ante*, p. 211. [T.S.]]

4: Silas Titus (1622-1704) was the author of "Killing no Murder," published in 1657. He sat in Parliament successively for Ludgershall, Lostwithiel, Hertfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Ludlow, In 1688 he was made a privy councillor. In his notes on Burnet Swift says: "Titus was the greatest rogue in England" (Burnet's "Own Times," i. 11). [T.S.]]

5: For the signification of these coffee-houses see the remarks prefixed to the "Tatlers" in this volume, p. 4. [T.S.]]

6: An Act for Securing the Freedom of Parliaments (9 Ann. c. 5) provided that English members should show a land qualification. It was introduced December 13th, 1710, and received the Royal Assent, February 28th. See also No. 45, *post*, p. 294. [T.S.]]

7: The Address to the Queen was presented on March 13th, Swift somewhat strengthens the language of the address, the original words stating that the Houses had "to our great concern been informed," etc.; and "we cannot but be most deeply affected to find such an instance of inveterate malice, against one employed in your Majesty's council," etc. The Queen, in her reply, referred to "that barbarous attempt on Mr. Harley, whose zeal and fidelity in my service must appear yet more eminently by that horrid endeavour," etc.—"Journals of House of Lords," xix.; "Journals of House of Commons," xvi. [T.S.]]

8: William Bromley (1664-1732) was Speaker from 1710 till 1713. See note on p. 334 of vol. v. of present edition. [T.S.]]

9: Clobery Bromley (1688-1711) was elected M.P. for Coventry, December, 1710. Only a few days before his death he had been appointed one of the commissioners to examine the public accounts. "The House being informed [March 20th] that Clobery Bromley, Esq., son to the Speaker, died that morning; out of respect to the father, and to give him time, both to perform the funeral rites, and to indulge his just affliction, they thought fit to adjourn to" the 26th.

—"Hist. and Proc. of House of Commons," iv. 199.

Swift wrote to Stella on the matter under date March 20th, 1711: "The Speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small pox, and the House is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much" (vol. ii., p. 141 of present edition). [T.S.]]

NUMB. 36.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MARCH 29, TO THURSDAY APRIL 5, 1711.

Nullo suo peccato impediantur, quo minus alterius peccata demonstrare possint.[2]

I have been considering the old constitution of this kingdom, comparing it with the monarchies and republics whereof we meet so many accounts in ancient story, and with those at present in most parts of Europe: I have considered our religion, established here by the legislature soon after the Reformation: I have likewise examined the genius and disposition of the people, under that reasonable freedom they possess: Then I have turned my reflections upon those two great divisions of Whig and Tory, (which, some way or other, take in the whole kingdom) with the principles they both profess, as well as those wherewith they reproach one another. From all this, I endeavour to determine, from which side her present M[ajest]y may reasonably hope for most security to her person and government, and to which she ought, in prudence, to trust the administration of her affairs. If these two rivals were really no more than *parties*, according to the common acceptation of the word, I should agree with those politicians who think, a prince descends from his dignity by putting himself at the head of either; and that his wisest course is, to keep them in a balance; raising or depressing either as it best suited with his designs. But when the visible interest of his crown and kingdom lies on one side, and when the other is but a faction, raised and strengthened by incidents and intrigues, and by deceiving the people with false representations of things; he ought, in prudence, to take the first opportunity of opening his subjects' eyes, and declaring himself in favour of those, who are for preserving the civil and religious rights of the nation, wherewith his own are so interwoven.

This was certainly our case: for I do not take the heads, advocates, and followers of the Whigs, to make up, strictly speaking, a national party; being patched up of heterogeneous, inconsistent parts, whom nothing served to unite but the common interest of sharing in the spoil and plunder of the people; the present dread of their adversaries, by whom they apprehended to be called to an account, and that general conspiracy, of endeavouring to overturn the Church and State; which, however, if they could have compassed, they would certainly have fallen out among themselves, and broke in pieces, as *their predecessors* did, after they destroyed the monarchy and religion. For, how could a Whig, who is against all discipline, agree with a Presbyterian, that carries it higher than the Papists themselves? How could a Socinian adjust his models to either? Or how could any of these cement with a Deist or Freethinker, when they came to consult upon settling points of faith? Neither

would they have agreed better in their systems of government, where some would have been for a king, under the limitations of a Duke of Venice; others for a Dutch republic; a third party for an aristocracy, and most of them all for some new fabric of their own contriving.

But however, let us consider them as a party, and under those general tenets wherein they agreed, and which they publicly owned, without charging them with any that they pretend to deny. Then let us *Examine* those principles of the Tories, which their adversaries allow them to profess, and do not pretend to tax them with any actions contrary to those professions: after which, let the reader judge from which of these two parties a prince hath most to fear; and whether her M[ajest]y did not consider the ease, the safety and dignity of her person, the security of her crown, and the transmission of monarchy to her Protestant successors, when she put her affairs into the present hands.

Suppose the matter were now entire; the Qu[een] to make her choice, and for that end, should order the principles on both sides to be fairly laid before her. First, I conceive the Whigs would grant, that they have naturally no very great veneration for crowned heads; that they allow, the person of the prince may, upon many occasions, be resisted by arms; and that they do not condemn the war raised against King Charles the First, or own it to be a rebellion, though they would be thought to blame his murder. They do not think the prerogative to be yet sufficiently limited, and have therefore taken care (as a particular mark of their veneration for the illustrious house of Hanover) to clip it closer against next reign; which, consequently, they would be glad to see done in the present: not to mention, that the majority of them, if it were put to the vote, would allow, that they prefer a commonwealth before a monarchy. As to religion; their universal, undisputed maxim is, that it ought to make no distinction at all among Protestants; and in the word Protestant they include every body who is not a Papist, and who will, by an oath, give security to the government. Union in discipline and doctrine, the offensive sin of schism, the notion of a Church and a hierarchy, they laugh at as foppery, cant and priestcraft. They see no necessity at all that there should be a national faith; and what we usually call by that name, they only style the "religion of the magistrate."[3] Since the Dissenters and we agree in the main, why should the difference of a few speculative points, or modes of dress, incapacitate them from serving their prince and country, in a juncture when we ought to have all hands up against the common enemy? And why should they be forced to take the sacrament from our clergy's hands, and in our posture, or indeed why compelled to receive it at all, when they take an employment which has nothing to do with religion?

These are the notions which most of that party avow, and which they do not endeavour to disguise or set off with false colours, or complain of being misrepresented about, I have here placed them on purpose, in the same light which themselves do, in the very apologies they make for what we accuse

them of; and how inviting even these doctrines are, for such a monarch to close with, as our law, both statute and common, understands a King of England to be, let others decide. But then, if to these we should add other opinions, which most of their own writers justify, and which their universal practice has given a sanction to, they are no more than what a prince might reasonably expect, as the natural consequence of those avowed principles. For when such persons are at the head of affairs, the low opinion they have of princes, will certainly tempt them to violate that respect they ought to bear; and at the same time, their own want of duty to their sovereign is largely made up, by exacting greater submissions to themselves from their fellow-subjects: it being indisputably true, that the same principle of pride and ambition makes a man treat his equals with insolence, in the same proportion as he affronts his superiors; as both Prince and people have sufficiently felt from the late m[inist]ry.

Then from their confessed notions of religion, as above related, I see no reason to wonder, why they countenanced not only all sorts of Dissenters, but the several gradations of freethinkers among us (all which were openly enrolled in their party); nor why they were so very averse from the present established form of worship, which by prescribing obedience to princes from the topic of conscience, would be sure to thwart all their schemes of innovation.

One thing I might add, as another acknowledged maxim in that party, and in my opinion, as dangerous to the constitution as any I have mentioned; I mean, that of preferring, on all occasions, the moneyed interest before the landed; which they were so far from denying, that they would gravely debate the reasonableness and justice of it; and at the rate they went on, might in a little time have found a majority of representatives, fitly qualified to lay those heavy burthens on the rest of the nation, which themselves would not touch with one of their fingers.

However, to deal impartially, there are some motives which might compel a prince, under the necessity of affairs, to deliver himself over to that party. They were *said* to possess the great bulk of cash, and consequently of credit in the nation, and the heads of them had the reputation of presiding over those societies who have the great direction of both:[4] so that all applications for loans to the public service, upon any emergency, must be made through them; and it might prove highly dangerous to disoblige them, because in that case, it was not to be doubted, that they would be obstinate and malicious, ready to obstruct all affairs, not only by shutting their own purses, but by endeavouring to sink credit, though with some present imaginary loss to themselves, only to shew, it was a creature of their own.

From this summary of Whig-principles and dispositions, we find what a prince may reasonably fear and hope from that party. Let us now very briefly consider, the doctrines of the Tories, which their adversaries will not dispute. As they prefer a well-regulated monarchy before all other forms of

government; so they think it next to impossible to alter that institution here, without involving our whole island in blood and desolation. They believe, that the prerogative of a sovereign ought, at least, to be held as sacred and inviolable as the rights of his people, if only for this reason, because without a due share of power, he will not be able to protect them. They think, that by many known laws of this realm, both statute and common, neither the person, nor lawful authority of the prince, ought, upon any pretence whatsoever, to be resisted or disobeyed. Their sentiments, in relation to the Church, are known enough, and will not be controverted, being just the reverse to what I have delivered as the doctrine and practice of the Whigs upon that article.

But here I must likewise deal impartially too, and add one principle as a characteristic of the Tories, which has much discouraged some princes from making use of them in affairs. Give the Whigs but power enough to insult their sovereign, engross his favours to themselves, and to oppress and plunder their fellow-subjects; they presently grow into good humour and good language towards the crown; profess they will stand by it with their lives and fortunes; and whatever rudenesses they may be guilty of in private, yet they assure the world, that there never was so gracious a monarch. But to the shame of the Tories, it must be confessed, that nothing of all this hath been ever observed in them; in or out of favour, you see no alteration, further than a little cheerfulness or cloud in their countenances; the highest employments can add nothing to their loyalty, but their behaviour to their prince, as well as their expressions of love and duty, are, in all conditions, exactly the same.

Having thus impartially stated the avowed principles of Whig and Tory; let the reader determine, as he pleases, to which of these two a wise prince may, with most safety to himself and the public, trust his person and his affairs; and whether it were rashness or prudence in her M[ajest]y to make those changes in the ministry, which have been so highly extolled by some, and condemned by others.

1: No. 35 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: "None are prevented by their own faults from pointing out the faults of another." — H.T. RILEY. [T.S.]]

3: See Swift's "Letter Concerning the Sacramental Test" (vol. iv., p. 11 of present edition). [T.S.]]

4: The Bank and the East India Company. The former was so decidedly in the Whig interest, that the great Doctor Sacheverell, on appearing to give his vote for choosing governors and directors for the Bank, was very rudely treated. Nor were the ministry successful in an attempt made about that time to put these great companies under Tory management. [S.] And see No. 25, *ante*, pp. 154-5. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 37.[1]

FROM THURSDAY APRIL 5, TO THURSDAY APRIL 12, 1711.

Tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta Una dies dedit exitio —— [2]

I write this paper for the sake of the Dissenters, whom I take to be the most spreading branch of the Whig party, that professeth Christianity, and the only one that seems to be zealous for any particular system of it; the bulk of those we call the Low Church, being generally indifferent, and undetermined in that point; and the other subdivisions having not yet taken either the Old or New Testament into their scheme. By the Dissenters therefore, it will easily be understood, that I mean the Presbyterians, as they include the sects of Anabaptists, Independents, and others, which have been melted down into them since the Restoration. This sect, in order to make itself national, having gone so far as to raise a Rebellion, murder their king, destroy monarchy and the Church, was afterwards broken in pieces by its own divisions; which made way for the king's return from his exile. However, the zealous among them did still entertain hopes of recovering the "dominion of grace;" whereof I have read a remarkable passage, in a book published about the year 1661 and written by one of their own side. As one of the regicides was going to his execution, a friend asked him, whether he thought the cause would revive? He answered, "The cause is in the bosom of Christ, and as sure as Christ rose from the dead, so sure will the cause revive also."[3] And therefore the Nonconformists were strictly watched and restrained by penal laws, during the reign of King Charles the Second; the court and kingdom looking on them as a faction, ready to join in any design against the government in Church or State: And surely this was reasonable enough, while so many continued alive, who had voted, and fought, and preached against both, and gave no proof that they had changed their principles. The Nonconformists were then exactly upon the same foot with our Nonjurors now, whom we double tax, forbid their conventicles, and keep under hatches; without thinking ourselves possessed with a persecuting spirit, because we know they want nothing but the power to ruin us. This, in my opinion, should altogether silence the Dissenters' complaints of persecution under King Charles the Second; or make them shew us wherein they differed, at that time, from what our Jacobites are now.

Their inclinations to the Church were soon discovered, when King James the Second succeeded to the crown, with whom they unanimously joined in its ruin, to revenge themselves for that restraint they had most justly suffered in the foregoing reign; not from the persecuting temper of the clergy, as their clamours would suggest, but the prudence and caution of the legislature. The same indulgence against law, was made use of by them and the Papists, and they amicably employed their power, as in defence of one common interest.

But the Revolution happening soon after, served to wash away the memory of the rebellion; upon which, the run against Popery, was, no doubt, as just and seasonable, as that of fanaticism, after the Restoration: and the dread of Popery, being then our latest danger, and consequently the most fresh upon our spirits, all mouths were open against that; the Dissenters were rewarded with an indulgence by law; the rebellion and king's murder were now no longer a reproach; the former was only a civil war, and whoever durst call it a rebellion, was a Jacobite, and friend to France. This was the more unexpected, because the Revolution being wholly brought about by Church of England hands, they hoped one good consequence of it, would be the relieving us from the encroachments of Dissenters, as well as those of Papists, since both had equally confederated towards our ruin; and therefore, when the crown was new settled, it was hoped at least that the rest of the constitution would be restored. But this affair took a very different turn; the Dissenters had just made a shift to save a tide, and joined with the Prince of Orange, when they found all was desperate with their protector King James. And observing a party, then forming against the old principles in Church and State, under the name of Whigs and Low-Churchmen, they listed themselves of it, where they have ever since continued.

It is therefore, upon the foot they now are, that I would apply myself to them, and desire they would consider the different circumstances at present, from what they were under, when they began their designs against the Church and monarchy, about seventy years ago. At that juncture they made up the body of the party, and whosoever joined with them from principles of revenge, discontent, ambition, or love of change, were all forced to shelter under their denomination; united heartily in the pretences of a further and purer Reformation in religion, and of advancing the "great work" (as the cant was then) "that God was about to do in these nations," received the systems of doctrine and discipline prescribed by the Scots, and readily took the Covenant;[4] so that there appeared no division among them, till after the common enemy was subdued.

But now their case is quite otherwise, and I can hardly think it worth being of a party, upon the terms they have been received of late years; for suppose the whole faction should at length succeed in their design of destroying the Church; are they so weak to imagine, that the new modelling of religion, would be put into their hands? Would their brethren, the Low-Churchmen and Freethinkers, submit to their discipline, their synods or their classes, and divide the lands of bishops, or deans and chapters, among them? How can they help observing that their allies, instead of pretending more sanctity than other men, are some of them for levelling all religion, and the rest for abolishing it? Is it not manifest, that they have been treated by their confederates, exactly after the same manner, as they were by King James the Second, made instruments to ruin the Church, not for their sakes, but under a pretended project of universal freedom in opinion, to advance the dark designs

of those who employ them? For, excepting the anti-monarchical principle, and a few false notions about liberty, I see but little agreement betwixt them; and even in these, I believe, it would be impossible to contrive a frame of government, that would please them all, if they had it now in their power to try. But however, to be sure, the Presbyterian institution would never obtain. For, suppose they should, in imitation of their predecessors, propose to have no King but our Saviour Christ, the whole clan of Freethinkers would immediately object, and refuse His authority. Neither would their Low-Church brethren use them better, as well knowing what enemies they are to that doctrine of unlimited toleration, wherever they are suffered to preside. So that upon the whole, I do not see, as their present circumstances stand, where the Dissenters can find better quarter, than from the Church of England.

Besides, I leave it to their consideration, whether, with all their zeal against the Church, they ought not to shew a little decency, and how far it consists with their reputation, to act in concert with such confederates. It was reckoned a very infamous proceeding in the present most Christian king, to assist the Turk against the Emperor: policy, and reasons of state, were not allowed sufficient excuses, for taking part with an infidel against a believer. It is one of the Dissenters' quarrels against the Church, that she is not enough reformed from Popery; yet they boldly entered into a league with Papists and a popish prince, to destroy her. They profess much sanctity, and object against the wicked lives of some of our members; yet they have been long, and still continue, in strict combination with libertines and atheists, to contrive our ruin. What if the Jews should multiply, and become a formidable party among us? Would the Dissenters join in alliance with them likewise, because they agree already in some general principles, and because the Jews are allowed to be a "stiffnecked and rebellious people"?

It is the part of wise men to conceal their passions, when they are not in circumstances of exerting them to purpose: the arts of getting power, and preserving indulgence, are very different. For the former, the reasonable hopes of the Dissenters, seem to be at an end; their comrades, the Whigs and Freethinkers, are just in a condition proper to be forsaken; and the Parliament, as well as the body of the people, will be deluded no longer. Besides, it sometimes happens for a cause to be exhausted and worn out, as that of the Whigs in general, seems at present to be: the nation has had enough of it. It is as vain to hope restoring that decayed interest, as for a man of sixty to talk of entering on a new scene of life, that is only proper for youth and vigour. New circumstances and new men must arise, as well as new occasions, which are not like to happen in our time. So that the Dissenters have no game left, at present, but to secure their indulgence: in order to which, I will be so bold to offer them some advice.

First, That until some late proceedings are a little forgot, they would take care not to provoke, by any violence of tongue or pen, so great a majority, as there is now against them, nor keep up any longer that combination with their

broken allies, but disperse themselves, and lie dormant against some better opportunity: I have shewn, they could have got no advantage if the late party had prevailed; and they will certainly lose none by its fall, unless through their own fault. They pretend a mighty veneration for the Queen; let them give proof of it, by quitting the ruined interest of those who have used her so ill; and by a due respect to the persons she is pleased to trust at present with her affairs: When they can no longer hope to govern, when struggling can do them no good, and may possibly hurt them, what is left but to be silent and passive?

Secondly, Though there be no law (beside that of God Almighty) against *occasional conformity*,[5] it would be prudence in the Dissenters to use it as tenderly as they can: for, besides the infamous hypocrisy of the thing itself, too frequent practice would perhaps make a remedy necessary. And after all they have said to justify themselves in this point, it still continues hard to conceive, how those consciences can pretend to be scrupulous, upon which an employment has more power than the love of unity.

In the last place, I am humbly of opinion, That the Dissenters would do well to drop that lesson they have learned from their directors, of affecting to be under horrible apprehensions, that the Tories are in the interests of the Pretender, and would be ready to embrace the first opportunity of inviting him over. It is with the worst grace in the world, that they offer to join in the cry upon this article: as if those, who alone stood in the gap against all the encroachments of Popery and arbitrary power, are not more likely to keep out both, than a set of schismatics, who to gratify their ambition and revenge, did, by the meanest compliances, encourage and spirit up that unfortunate prince, to fell upon such measures, as must, at last, have ended in the ruin of our liberty and religion.

I wish those who give themselves the trouble to write to the "Examiner" would consider whether what they send be proper for such a paper to take notice of: I had one letter last week, written, as I suppose, by a divine, to desire I would offer some reasons against a Bill now before the Parliament for Ascertaining the Tithe of Hops;[6] from which the writer apprehends great damage to the clergy, especially the poorer vicars: If it be, as he says, (and he seems to argue very reasonably upon it) the convocation now sitting, will, no doubt, upon due application, represent the matter to the House of Commons; and he may expect all justice and favour from that great body, who have already appeared so tender of their rights.

A gentleman, likewise, who hath sent me several letters, relating to personal hardships he received from some of the late ministry; is advised to publish a narrative of them, they being too large, and not proper for this paper.

1: No. 36 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2:
"Three different forms, of threefold threads combined,
The selfsame day in common ruin joined." [T.S.]]

3: It is recorded in "The Speeches and Prayers of … Mr. John Carew," 1660, and in "Rebels no Saints," 1661, that at the execution of John Carew, on October 15th, 1660: "One asked him if he thought there would be a resurrection of the cause? He answered, he died in the faith of that, as much as he did that his body should rise again." [T.S.]]

4: The Scotch General Assembly approved the "Solemn League and Covenant" on August 17th, 1643; it was publicly taken by the House of Commons at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on September 25th. [T.S.]]

5: Such a law was passed December 20th, 1711. It was entitled "An Act for preserving the Protestant Religion" (10 Ann, c. 6), and required persons appointed to various offices to conform to the Church of England for one year and to receive the Sacrament three times. [T.S.]]

6: Leave was given for a Bill for Ascertaining the Tithe of Hops, March 26th, 1711, and the Bill was presented May 10th. It does not appear to have gone any further. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 38.[1]

FROM THURSDAY APRIL 12, TO THURSDAY APRIL 19, 1711.

Semper causae eventorum magis movent quam ipsa eventa.[2]

I am glad to observe, that several among the Whigs have begun very much to change their language of late. The style is now among the reasonable part of them, when they meet a man in business, or a Member of Parliament; "Well, gentlemen, if you go on as you have hitherto done, we shall no longer have any pretence to complain." They find, it seems, that there have been yet no overtures made to bring in the Pretender, nor any preparatory steps towards it. They read no enslaving votes, nor bills brought in to endanger the subject. The indulgence to scrupulous consciences,[3] is again confirmed from the throne, inviolably preserved, and not the least whisper offered that may affect it. All care is taken to support the war; supplies cheerfully granted, and funds readily subscribed to, in spite of the little arts made use of to discredit them. The just resentments of some, which are laudable in themselves, and which at another juncture it might be proper to give way to, have been softened or diverted by the calmness of others. So that upon the article of present management, I do not see how any objection of weight can well be raised.

However, our adversaries still allege, that this great success was wholly unexpected, and out of all probable view. That in public affairs, we ought least of all others, to judge by events; that the attempt of changing a ministry, during the difficulties of a long war, was rash and inconsiderate: That if the Qu[een] were disposed by her inclinations, or from any personal dislike, for such a change, it might have been done with more safety, in a time of peace: That if it had miscarried by any of those incidents, which in all appearance might have intervened, the consequences would perhaps have ruined the whole confederacy; and, therefore, however it hath now succeeded, the experiment was too dangerous to try.

But this is what we can by no means allow them. We never will admit rashness or chance to have produced all this harmony and order. It is visible to the world, that the several steps towards this change were slowly taken, and with the utmost caution. The movers observed as they went on, how matters would bear, and advanced no farther at first, than so as they might be able to stop or go back, if circumstances were not mature. Things were grown to such a height, that it was no longer the question, whether a person who aimed at an employment, were a Whig or a Tory, much less, whether he had merit or proper abilities for what he pretended to: he must owe his preferment only to the favourites; and the crown was so far from nominating, that they would not allow it a negative. This, the Qu[een] was resolved no longer to endure, and began to break into their prescription, by bestowing one or two places of

consequence,[4] without consulting her ephori; after they had fixed them for others, and concluded as usually, that all their business was to signify their pleasure to her M[ajest]y. But though the persons the Qu[een] had chosen, were such as no objection could well be raised against upon the score of party; yet the oligarchy took the alarm;[5] their sovereign authority was, it seems, called in question; they grew into anger and discontent, as if their undoubted rights were violated. All former obligations to their sovereign now became cancelled; and they put themselves upon the foot of people, who were hardly used after the most eminent services.

I believe all men, who know any thing in politics, will agree, that a prince thus treated, by those he has most confided in, and perpetually loaded with his favours, ought to extricate himself as soon as possible; and is then only blamable in his choice of time, when he defers one minute after it is in his power; because, from the monstrous encroachments of exorbitant avarice and ambition, he cannot tell how long it may continue to be so. And it will be found, upon enquiring into history, that most of those princes, who have been ruined by favourites, have owed their misfortune to the neglect of early remedies; deferring to struggle till they were quite sunk.

The Whigs are every day cursing the ungovernable rage, the haughty pride, and unsatiable covetousness of a certain person,[6] as the cause of their fall; and are apt to tell their thoughts, that one single removal might have set all things right. But the interests of that single person, were found, upon experience, so complicated and woven with the rest, by love, by awe, by marriage, by alliance, that they would rather confound heaven and earth, than dissolve such an union.

I have always heard and understood, that a king of England, possessed of his people's hearts, at the head of a free Parliament, and in full agreement with a great majority, made the true figure in the world that such a monarch ought to do, and pursued the real interest of himself and his kingdom. Will they allow her M[ajest]y to be in those circumstances at present? And was it not plain by the addresses sent from all parts of the island,[7] and by the visible disposition of the people, that such a Parliament would undoubtedly be chosen? And so it proved, without the court's using any arts to influence elections.

What people then, are these in a corner, to whom the constitution must truckle? If the whole nation's credit cannot supply funds for the war, without humble application from the entire legislature to a few retailers of money, it is high time we should sue for a peace. What new maxims are these, which neither we nor our forefathers ever heard of before, and which no wise institution would ever allow? Must our laws from henceforward pass the Bank and East India Company, or have their royal assent before they are in force?

To hear some of those worthy reasoners talking of credit, that she is so nice, so squeamish, so capricious; you would think they were describing a lady troubled with vapours or the colick, to be only removed by a course of

steel, and swallowing a bullet. By the narrowness of their thoughts, one would imagine they conceived the world to be no wider than Exchange Alley. It is probable they may have such a sickly dame among them, and it is well if she has no worse diseases, considering what hands she passes through. But the national credit is of another complexion; of sound health, and an even temper, her life and existence being a quintessence drawn from the vitals of the whole kingdom. And we find these money-politicians, after all their noise, to be of the same opinion, by the court they paid her, when she lately appeared to them in the form of a *lottery*.[8]

As to that mighty error in politics, they charge upon the Qu[een], for changing her ministry in the height of a war, I suppose, it is only looked upon as an error under a Whiggish administration; otherwise, the late King has much to answer for, who did it pretty frequently. And it is well known, that the late ministry of famous memory, was brought in during this present war,[9] only with this circumstance, that two or three of the chief, did first change their own principles, and then took in suitable companions.

But however, I see no reason why the Tories should not value their wisdom by events, as well as the Whigs. Nothing was ever thought a more precipitate rash counsel, than that of altering the coin at the juncture it was done;[10] yet the prudence of the undertaking was sufficiently justified by the success. Perhaps it will be said, that the attempt was necessary, because the whole species of money, was so grievously clipped and counterfeit. And, is not her Majesty's authority as sacred as her coin? And has not that been most scandalously clipped and mangled, and often counterfeited too?

It is another grievous complaint of the Whigs, that their late friends, and the whole party, are treated with abundance of severity in print, and in particular by the "Examiner." They think it hard, that when they are wholly deprived of power, hated by the people, and out of all hope of re-establishing themselves, their infirmities should be so often displayed, in order to render them yet more odious to mankind. This is what they employ their writers to set forth in their papers of the week; and it is humoursome enough to observe one page taken up in railing at the "Examiner" for his invectives against a discarded ministry; and the other side filled with the falsest and vilest abuses, against those who are now in the highest power and credit with their sovereign, and whose least breath would scatter them into silence and obscurity. However, though I have indeed often wondered to see so much licentiousness taken and connived at, and am sure it would not be suffered in any other country of Christendom; yet I never once invoked the assistance of the gaol or the pillory, which upon the least provocation, was the usual style during their tyranny. There hath not passed a week these twenty years without some malicious paper, scattered in every coffee-house by the emissaries of that party, whether it were down or up. I believe, they will not pretend to object the same thing to us. Nor do I remember any constant weekly paper, with reflections on the late ministry or j[u]nto. They have many weak,

defenceless parts, they have not been used to a regular attack, and therefore it is that they are so ill able to endure one, when it comes to be their turn. So that they complain more of a few months' truths from us, than we did of all their scandal and malice, for twice as many years.

I cannot forbear observing upon this occasion, that those worthy authors I am speaking of, seem to me, not fairly to represent the sentiments of their party; who in disputing with us, do generally give up several of the late m[inist]ry, and freely own many of their failings. They confess the monstrous debt upon the navy, to have been caused by most scandalous mismanagement; they allow the insolence of some, and the avarice of others, to have been insupportable: but these gentlemen are most liberal in their praises to those persons, and upon those very articles, where their wisest friends give up the point. They gravely tell us, that such a one was the most faithful servant that ever any prince had; another the most dutiful, a third the most generous, and a fourth of the greatest integrity. So that I look upon these champions, rather as retained by a cabal than a party, which I desire the reasonable men among them would please to consider.

1: No. 37 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Cicero, "Ep. ad Att.," ix. 5. "I am always more affected by the causes of events than by the events themselves." — E.S. SHUCKBURGH. [T.S.]]

3: "I am resolved … to maintain the indulgence by law allowed to scrupulous consciences" (Queen Anne's Speech, November 27th, 1710). [T.S.]]

4: The Queen appointed Earl Rivers to the lieutenancy of the Tower without the Duke of Marlborough's concurrence. See "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc. (vol. v., pp. 375-7 of present edition). [T.S.]]

5: "Upon the fall of that great minister and favourite [Godolphin], that whole party became dispirited, and seemed to expect the worst that could follow". (Swift's "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc., vol v., p. 378 of present edition). [T.S.]]

6: The Duchess of Marlborough. [T.S.]]

7: "The bulk of the high-church, or Tory-party … were both very industrious in procuring addresses, which, under the pretence of expressing their loyalty to the Queen, and affection to the Church established, were mainly levelled, like so many batteries, against the ministry and Parliament," etc. (Boyer's "Annals of Queen Anne," ix. 158-9). [T.S.]]

8: An Act for reviving … certain Duties (9 Ann., c. 6), provided that £1,500,000 should be raised "by way of a lottery." It was introduced February 15th, and received the Royal Assent March 6th, 1710/1 [T.S.]]

9: The Queen appointed a ministry with Lord Godolphin as lord treasurer in the first months of her reign, May-July, 1702. [T.S.]]

10: The clipping of coin had become so widespread that it was absolutely imperative that steps should be taken to readjust matters. It was resolved, therefore, in 1695, to call in all light money and recoin it. The matter was placed in charge of the then chancellor of the exchequer, Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and he, with the assistance of Sir Isaac Newton, successfully accomplished the very arduous task. It cost the nation about £2,200,000, and a considerable inconvenience owing to lack of coins. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 39.[1]

FROM THURSDAY APRIL 19, TO THURSDAY APRIL 26, 1711.

Indignum est in ed civitate, quae legibus continetur, discedi a legibus.[2]

I[3] have been often considering how it comes to pass, that the dexterity of mankind in evil, should always outgrow, not only the prudence and caution of private persons, but the continual expedients of the wisest laws contrived to prevent it. I cannot imagine a knave to possess a greater share of natural wit or genius, than an honest man. I have known very notable sharpers at play, who upon all other occasions, were as great dunces, as human shape can well allow; and I believe, the same might be observed among the other knots of thieves and pickpockets, about this town. The proposition however is certainly true, and to be confirmed by an hundred instances. A scrivener, an attorney, a stock-jobber, and many other retailers of fraud, shall not only be able to overreach others, much wiser than themselves, but find out new inventions, to elude the force of any law made against them. I suppose, the reason of this may be, that as the aggressor is said to have generally the advantage of the defender; so the makers of the law, which is to defend our rights, have usually not so much industry or vigour, as those whose interest leads them to attack it. Besides, it rarely happens that men are rewarded by the public for their justice and virtue; neither do those who act upon such principles, expect any recompense till the next world: whereas fraud, where it succeeds, gives present pay; and this is allowed the greatest spur imaginable both to labour and invention. When a law is made to stop some growing evil, the wits of those, whose interest it is to break it with secrecy or impunity, are immediately at work; and even among those who pretend to fairer characters, many would gladly find means to avoid, what they would not be thought to violate. They desire to reap the advantage, if possible, without the shame, or at least, without the danger. This art is what I take that dexterous race of men, sprung up soon after the Revolution, to have studied with great application ever since, and to have arrived at great perfection in it. According to the doctrine of some Romish casuists, they have found out *quam propè ad peccatum sine peccato possint accedere*.[3] They can tell how to go within an inch of an impeachment, and yet come back untouched. They know what degree of corruption will just forfeit an employment, and whether the bribe you receive be sufficient to set you right, and put something in your pocket besides. How much to a penny, you may safely cheat the Qu[ee]n, whether forty, fifty or sixty *per cent.* according to the station you are in, and the dispositions of the persons in office, below and above you. They have computed the price you may securely take or give for a place, or what part of the salary you ought to reserve. They can discreetly distribute five hundred

pounds in a small borough, without any danger from the statutes, against bribing elections. They can manage a bargain for an office, by a third, fourth or fifth hand, so that you shall not know whom to accuse; and win a thousand guineas at play, in spite of the dice, and send away the loser satisfied: They can pass the most exorbitant accounts, overpay the creditor with half his demands, and sink the rest.

It would be endless to relate, or rather indeed impossible to discover, the several arts which curious men have found out to enrich themselves, by defrauding the public, in defiance of the law. The military men, both by sea and land, have equally cultivated this most useful science: neither hath it been altogether neglected by the other sex; of which, on the contrary, I could produce an instance, that would make ours blush to be so far outdone.

Besides, to confess the truth, our laws themselves are extremely defective in many articles, which I take to be one ill effect of our best possession, liberty. Some years ago, the ambassador of a great prince was arrested,[4] and outrages committed on his person in our streets, without any possibility of redress from Westminster-Hall, or the prerogative of the sovereign; and the legislature was forced to provide a remedy against the like evils in times to come. A commissioner of the stamped paper[5] was lately discovered to have notoriously cheated the public of great sums for many years, by counterfeiting the stamps, which the law had made capital. But the aggravation of his crime, proved to be the cause that saved his life; and that additional heightening circumstance of betraying his trust, was found to be a legal defence. I am assured, that the notorious cheat of the brewers at Portsmouth,[6] detected about two months ago in Parliament, cannot by any law now in force, be punished in any degree, equal to the guilt and infamy of it. Nay, what is almost incredible, had Guiscard survived his detestable attempt upon Mr. Harley's person, all the inflaming circumstances of the fact, would not have sufficed, in the opinion of many lawyers, to have punished him with death;[7] and the public must have lain under this dilemma, either to condemn him by a law, *ex post facto* (which would have been of dangerous consequence, and form an ignominious precedent) or undergo the mortification to see the greatest villain upon earth escape unpunished, to the infinite triumph and delight of Popery and faction. But even this is not to be wondered at, when we consider, that of all the insolences offered to the Qu[een] since the Act of Indemnity, (at least, that ever came to my ears) I can hardly instance above two or three, which, by the letter of the law could amount to high treason.

From these defects in our laws, and the want of some discretionary power safely lodged, to exert upon emergencies; as well as from the great acquirements of able men, to elude the penalties of those laws they break, it is no wonder, the injuries done to the public, are so seldom redressed. But besides, no individual suffers, by any wrong he does to the commonwealth, in proportion to the advantage he gains by doing it. There are seven or eight millions who contribute to the loss, while the whole gain is sunk among a few.

The damage suffered by the public, is not so immediately or heavily felt by particular persons, and the zeal of prosecution is apt to drop and be lost among numbers.

But imagine a set of politicians for many years at the head of affairs, the game visibly their own, and by consequence acting with great security: may not these be sometimes tempted to forget their caution, by length of time, by excess of avarice and ambition, by the insolence or violence of their nature, or perhaps by a mere contempt for their adversaries? May not such motives as these, put them often upon actions directly against the law, such as no evasions can be found for, and which will lay them fully open to the vengeance of a prevailing interest, whenever they are out of power? It is answered in the affirmative. And here we cannot refuse the late m[inistr]y their due praises, who foreseeing a storm, provided for their own safety, by two admirable expedients, by which, with great prudence, they have escaped the punishments due to pernicious counsels and corrupt management. The first, was to procure, under pretences hardly specious, a general Act of Indemnity,[8] which cuts off all impeachments. The second, was yet more refined: suppose, for instance, a counsel is to be pursued, which is necessary to carry on the dangerous designs of a prevailing party, to preserve them in power, to gratify the immeasurable appetites of a few leaders, civil and military, though by hazarding the ruin of the whole nation: this counsel, desperate in itself, unprecedented in the nature of it, they procure a majority to form into an address,[9] which makes it look like the sense of the nation. Under that shelter they carry on their work, and lie secure against after-reckonings.

I must be so free to tell my meaning in this, that among other things, I understand it of the address made to the Qu[een] about three years ago, to desire that her M[ajest]y would not consent to a peace, without the entire restitution of Sp[ai]n.[10] A proceeding, which to people abroad, must look like the highest strain of temerity, folly, and gasconade. But we at home, who allow the promoters of that advice to be no fools, can easily comprehend the depth and mystery of it. They were assured by this means, to pin down the war upon us, consequently to increase their own power and wealth, and multiply difficulties on the Qu[een] and kingdom, till they had fixed their party too firmly to be shaken, whenever they should find themselves disposed to reverse their address, and give us leave to wish for a peace.

If any man entertains a more favourable opinion of this monstrous step in politics; I would ask him what we must do, in case we find it impossible to recover Spain? Those among the Whigs who believe a God, will confess, that the events of war lie in His hands; and the rest of them, who acknowledge no such power, will allow, that Fortune hath too great a share in the good or ill success of military actions, to let a wise man reason upon them, as if they were entirely in his power. If Providence shall think fit to refuse success to our arms, with how ill a grace, with what shame and confusion, shall we be obliged to recant that precipitate address, unless the world will be so

charitable to consider, that parliaments among us, differ as much as princes, and that by the fatal conjunction of many unhappy circumstances, it is very possible for our island to be represented sometimes by those who have the least pretensions to it. So little truth or justice there is in what some pretend to advance, that the actions of former senates, ought always to be treated with respect by the latter; that those assemblies are all equally venerable, and no one to be preferred before another: by which argument, the Parliament that began the rebellion against King Charles the First, voted his trial, and appointed his murderers, ought to be remembered with respect.

But to return from this digression; it is very plain, that considering the defectiveness of our laws, the variety of cases, the weakness of the prerogative, the power or the cunning of ill-designing men, it is possible, that many great abuses may be visibly committed, which cannot be legally punished: especially if we add to this, that some enquiries might probably involve those, whom upon other accounts, it is not thought convenient to disturb. Therefore, it is very false reasoning, especially in the management of public affairs, to argue that men are innocent, because the law hath not pronounced them guilty.

I am apt to think, it was to supply such defects as these, that satire was first introduced into the world; whereby those whom neither religion, nor natural virtue, nor fear of punishment, were able to keep within the bounds of their duty, might be withheld by the shame of having their crimes exposed to open view in the strongest colours, and themselves rendered odious to mankind. Perhaps all this may be little regarded by such hardened and abandoned natures as I have to deal with; but, next to taming or binding a savage animal, the best service you can do the neighbourhood, is to give them warning, either to arm themselves, or not come in its way.

Could I have hoped for any signs of remorse from the leaders of that faction, I should very gladly have changed my style, and forgot or passed by their million of enormities. But they are every day more fond of discovering their impotent zeal and malice: witness their conduct in the city about a fortnight ago,[11] which had no other end imaginable, beside that of perplexing our affairs, and endeavouring to make things desperate, that themselves may be thought necessary. While they continue in this frantic mood, I shall not forbear to treat them as they deserve; that is to say, as the inveterate, irreconcilable enemies to our country and its constitution.

1: No. 38 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: "It is a shameful thing in a state which is governed by laws, that there should be any departure from them." [T.S.]

3: This paper called forth a reply which was printed in two forms, one with the title: "A Few Words upon the Examiner's Scandalous Peace" (London, 1711), and the other, "Reflections upon the Examiner's Scandalous Peace" (London: A. Baldwin, 1711). A careful comparison of these pamphlets shows that the text corresponds page for page. The author commences: "Though 'The Examiner' be certainly the most trifling, scurrilous, and malicious writer that ever appeared, yet, in spite of all his gross untruths and absurd notions, by assuming to himself an air of authority, and speaking in the person of one employed by the ministry, he sometimes gives a kind of weight to what he says, so as to make impressions of terror upon honest minds." Then, after quoting several of the Queen's Speeches to Parliament, and the Addresses in reply, he observes: "The 'Examiner' is resolved to continue so faithful to his principal quality of speaking untruths, that he has industriously taken care not to recite truly the very Address he makes it his business to rail at;" and he points out that it was not the "restitution of Spain," but the restoration of the Spanish Monarchy to the House of Austria that was desired. [T.S.]

3: “How near to sin they can go without actually sinning.” [T.S.]]

4: The Muscovite Ambassador (A.A. Matveof) was arrested and taken out of his coach by violence. A Bill was brought into the House of Commons “for preserving the Privileges of Ambassadors,” February 7th, 1708/9, and obtained the Royal Assent, April 21st, 1709 (7 Ann. c. 12).

Matveof, it seemed, was arrested by his creditors, who feared that, since he had taken leave at Court, they would never be paid. Peter the Great was angry at the indignity thus offered his representative, and was only unwillingly pacified by the above Act. [T.S.]]

5: Richard Dyet, J.P., “is discovered to have counterfeited stamped paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the Queen of £100,000” (Swift’s “Journal to Stella,” October 3rd, 1710, vol. ii., p. 20 of present edition). He was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, January 13th, 1710/1, and was acquitted, because his offence was only a breach of trust. He was, however, re-committed for trial on the charge of misdemeanour. [T.S.]]

6: “Some very considerable abuses,” the chancellor of the exchequer informed the House of Commons on January 3rd, 1710/1, “have been discovered in the victualling.” It appears that the seamen in the navy were allowed seven pints of beer per day, during the time they were on board. In port, of course the sailors were permitted to go ashore, but the allowance was still charged to the ship’s account; and became a perquisite of the purser. It often happened that the contractors did not send in the full amount of beer paid for, but gave the purser money in exchange for the difference. The scandal was brought to the attention of the House as stated, and a committee was appointed to inquire into the abuse. On February 15th the House considered the committee’s report, and it was found that Thomas Ridge, Member for Portsmouth, contracted to supply 5,513 tons of beer, and had delivered only 3,213. Several other brewers of Portsmouth had been guilty of the same fraud. Mr. Ridge was expelled the House the same day. [T.S.]]

7: See Swift’s “Journal,” quoted in notes to No. 33, *ante*, p. 214. [T.S.]]

8: This Act was passed in 1708. See No. 18, *ante*, and note, p. 105. [T.S.]]

9: The Address from both Houses, presented to the Queen, February 18th, 1709/10, prayed that she “would be pleased to order the Duke of Marlborough’s immediate departure for Holland, where his presence will be equally necessary, to assist at the negotiations of peace, and to hasten the preparations for an early campaign,” etc. [T.S.]]

10: The Address of both Houses to the Queen, presented on December 23rd, 1707, urged: “That nothing could restore a just balance of power in Europe, but the reducing the whole Spanish monarchy to the obedience of the House of Austria; and … That no peace can be honourable or safe, for your Majesty or your allies, if Spain, the West Indies, or any part of the Spanish Monarchy, be suffered to remain under the power of the House of Bourbon.” The resolutions as carried in the House of Lords on December 19th did not include the words “or any part of the Spanish Monarchy”; these words were introduced on a motion by Somers who was in the chair when the Select Committee met on December 20th to embody the resolutions in proper form. The altered resolution was quickly hurried through the Lords and agreed to by the Commons, and the Address as amended was presented to the Queen. By this bold move Somers prolonged the war indefinitely. See also note at the commencement of this number. [T.S.]]

11: This refers to the election of the governor and directors of the Bank of England on April 12th and 13th. All the Whig candidates were returned, and Sir H. Furnese was on the same day chosen Alderman for Bridge Within. See also No. 41, *post*, p. 267, [T.S.]]

NUMB. 40.[1]

FROM THURSDAY APRIL 26, TO THURSDAY MAY 3, 1711.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?[2]

There have been certain topics of reproach, liberally bestowed for some years past, by the Whigs and Tories, upon each other. We charge the former with a design of destroying the established Church, and introducing fanaticism and freethinking in its stead. We accuse them as enemies to monarchy; as endeavouring to undermine the present form of government, and to build a commonwealth, or some new scheme of their own, upon its ruins. On the other side, their clamours against us, may be summed up in those three formidable words, Popery, Arbitrary Power, and the Pretender. Our accusations against them we endeavour to make good by certain overt acts; such as their perpetually abusing the whole body of the clergy; their declared contempt for the very order of priesthood; their aversion for episcopacy; the public encouragement and patronage they gave to Tindall, Toland, and other atheistical writers; their appearing as professed advocates, retained by the Dissenters, excusing their separation, and laying the guilt of it to the obstinacy of the Church; their frequent endeavours to repeal the test, and their setting up the indulgence to scrupulous consciences, as a point of greater importance than the established worship. The regard they bear to our monarchy, hath appeared by their open ridiculing the martyrdom of King Charles the First, in their Calves-head Clubs,[3] their common discourses and their pamphlets: their denying the unnatural war raised against that prince, to have been a rebellion; their justifying his murder in the allowed papers of the week; their industry in publishing and spreading seditious and republican tracts; such as Ludlow's "Memoirs," Sidney "Of Government,"[4] and many others; their endless lopping of the prerogative, and mincing into nothing her M[ajest]y's titles to the crown.

What proofs they bring for our endeavouring to introduce Popery, arbitrary power, and the Pretender, I cannot readily tell, and would be glad to hear; however, those important words having by dexterous management, been found of mighty service to their cause, though applied with little colour, either of reason or justice; I have been considering whether they may not be adapted to more proper objects.

As to Popery, which is the first of these, to deal plainly, I can hardly think there is any set of men among us, except the professors of it, who have any direct intention to introduce it among us: but the question is, whether the principles and practices of us, or the Whigs, be most likely to make way for it? It is allowed, on all hands, that among the methods concerted at Rome, for bringing over England into the bosom of the Catholic Church; one of the chief

was, to send Jesuits and other emissaries, in lay habits, who personating tradesmen and mechanics, should mix with the people, and under the pretence of a further and purer reformation, endeavour to divide us into as many sects as possible, which would either put us under the necessity of returning to our old errors, to preserve peace at home; or by our divisions make way for some powerful neighbour, with the assistance of the Pope's permission, and a consecrated banner, to convert and enslave us at once. If this hath been reckoned good politics (and it was the best the Jesuit schools could invent) I appeal to any man, whether the Whigs, for many years past, have not been employed in the very same work? They professed on all occasions, that they knew no reason why any one system of speculative opinions (as they termed the doctrines of the Church) should be established by law more than another; or why employments should be confined to the religion of the magistrate, and that called the Church established. The grand maxim they laid down was, That no man, for the sake of a few notions and ceremonies, under the names of doctrine and discipline, should be denied the liberty of serving his country: as if places would go a begging, unless Brownists, Familists, Sweet-singers, Quakers, Anabaptists and Muggletonians, would take them off our hands.

I have been sometimes imagining this scheme brought to perfection, and how diverting it would look to see half a dozen Sweet-singers on the bench in their ermines, and two or three Quakers with their white staves at court. I can only say, this project is the very counterpart of the late King James's design, which he took up as the best method for introducing his own religion, under the pretext of an universal liberty of conscience, and that no difference in religion, should make any in his favour. Accordingly, to save appearances, he dealt some employments among Dissenters of most denominations; and what he did was, no doubt, in pursuance of the best advice he could get at home or abroad; and the Church thought it the most dangerous step he could take for her destruction. It is true, King James admitted Papists among the rest, which the Whigs would not; but this is sufficiently made up by a material circumstance, wherein they seem to have much outdone that prince, and to have carried their liberty of conscience to a higher point, having granted it to all the classes of Freethinkers, which the nice conscience of a Popish prince would not give him leave to do; and was therein mightily overseen; because it is agreed by the learned, that there is but a very narrow step from atheism, to the other extreme, superstition. So that upon the whole, whether the Whigs had any real design of bringing in Popery or no, it is very plain, that they took the most effectual step towards it; and if the Jesuits had been their immediate directors, they could not have taught them better, nor have found apter scholars.

Their second accusation is, That we encourage and maintain arbitrary power in princes, and promote enslaving doctrines among the people. This they go about to prove by instances, producing the particular opinions of certain divines in King Charles the Second's reign; a decree of Oxford

University,[5] and some few writers since the Revolution. What they mean, is the principle of passive obedience and non-resistance, which those who affirm, did, I believe, never intend should include arbitrary power. However, though I am sensible that it is not reckoned prudent in a dispute, to make any concessions without the last necessity; yet I do agree, that in my own private opinion, some writers did carry that tenet of passive obedience to a height, which seemed hardly consistent with the liberties of a country, whose laws can be neither enacted nor repealed, without the consent of the whole people. I mean not those who affirm it due in general, as it certainly is to the Legislature, but such as fix it entirely in the prince's person. This last has, I believe, been done by a very few; but when the Whigs quote authors to prove it upon us, they bring in all who mention it as a duty in general, without applying it to princes, abstracted from their senate.

By thus freely declaring my own sentiments of passive obedience, it will at least appear, that I do not write for a party: neither do I, upon any occasion, pretend to speak their sentiments, but my own. The majority of the two Houses, and the present ministry (if those be a party) seem to me in all their proceedings, to pursue the real interest of Church and State: and if I shall happen to differ from particular persons among them, in a single notion about government, I suppose they will not, upon that account, explode me and my paper. However, as an answer once for all, to the tedious scurrilities of those idle people, who affirm, I am hired and directed what to write;[6] I must here inform them, that their censure is an effect of their principles: The present m[inistr]y are under no necessity of employing prostitute pens; they have no dark designs to promote, by advancing heterodox opinions.

But (to return) suppose two or three private divines, under King Charles the Second, did a little overstrain the doctrine of passive obedience to princes; some allowance might be given to the memory of that unnatural rebellion against his father, and the dismal consequences of resistance. It is plain, by the proceedings of the Churchmen before and at the Revolution, that this doctrine was never designed to introduce arbitrary power.[7]

I look upon the Whigs and Dissenters to be exactly of the same political faith; let us, therefore, see what share each of them had in advancing arbitrary power. It is manifest, that the fanatics made Cromwell the most absolute tyrant in Christendom:[8] The Rump abolished the House of Lords; the army abolished the Rump; and by this army of *saints*, he governed. The Dissenters took liberty of conscience and employments from the late King James, as an acknowledgment of his dispensing power; which makes a King of England as absolute as the Turk. The Whigs, under the late king, perpetually declared for keeping up a standing army, in times of peace; which has in all ages been the first and great step to the ruin of liberty. They were, besides, discovering every day their inclinations to destroy the rights of the Church; and declared their opinion, in all companies, against the bishops sitting in the House of Peers: which was exactly copying after their predecessors of 'Forty-one. I

need not say their real intentions were to make the king absolute, but whatever be the designs of innovating men, they usually end in a tyranny: as we may see by an hundred examples in Greece, and in the later commonwealths of Italy, mentioned by Machiavel.

In the third place, the Whigs accuse us of a design to bring in the Pretender; and to give it a greater air of probability, they suppose the Qu[een] to be a party in this design; which however, is no very extraordinary supposition in those who have advanced such singular paradoxes concerning Gregg and Guiscard. Upon this article, their charge is general, without ever offering to produce an instance. But I verily think, and believe it will appear no paradox, that if ever he be brought in, the Whigs are his men. For, first, it is an undoubted truth, that a year or two after the Revolution, several leaders of that party had their pardons sent them by the late King James,[9] and had entered upon measures to restore him, on account of some disobligations they received from King William. Besides, I would ask, whether those who are under the greatest ties of gratitude to King James, are not at this day become the most zealous Whigs? And of what party those are now, who kept a long correspondence with St. Germains?

It is likewise very observable of late, that the Whigs upon all occasions, profess their belief of the Pretender's being no impostor, but a real prince, born of the late Queen's body:[10] which whether it be true or false, is very unseasonably advanced, considering the weight such an opinion must have with the vulgar, if they once thoroughly believe it. Neither is it at all improbable, that the Pretender himself puts his chief hopes in the friendship he expects from the Dissenters and Whigs, by his choice to invade the kingdom when the latter were most in credit: and he had reason to count upon the former, from the gracious treatment they received from his supposed father, and their joyful acceptance of it. But further, what could be more consistent with the Whiggish notion of a revolution-principle, than to bring in the Pretender? A revolution-principle, as their writings and discourses have taught us to define it, is a principle perpetually disposing men to revolutions: and this is suitable to the famous saying of a great Whig, "That the more revolutions the better"; which how odd a maxim soever in appearance, I take to be the true characteristic of the party.

A dog loves to turn round often; yet after certain revolutions, he lies down to rest: but heads, under the dominion of the moon, are for perpetual changes, and perpetual revolutions: besides, the Whigs owe all their wealth to wars and revolutions; like the girl at Bartholomew-fair, who gets a penny by turning round a hundred times, with swords in her hands.[11]

To conclude, the Whigs have a natural faculty of bringing in pretenders, and will therefore probably endeavour to bring in the great one at last: How many *pretenders* to wit, honour, nobility, politics, have they brought in these last twenty years? In short, they have been sometimes able to procure a majority of pretenders in Parliament; and wanted nothing to render the work

complete, except a Pretender at their head.

1: No. 39 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Juvenal, “Satires,” ii. 24.

”Who his spleen could rein,
And hear the Gracchi of the mob complain?” — W. GIFFORD. [T.S.]]

3: The Calves-Head Club “was erected by an impudent set of people, who have their feast of calves-heads in several parts of the town, on the 30th of January; in derision of the day, and defiance of monarchy” (“Secret History of the Calves-Head Club,” 1703). [T.S.]]

4: These works can hardly be called “tracts.” Algernon Sidney’s
“Discourses concerning Government” (1698), is a portly folio of 467
pages, and Ludlow’s “Memoirs” (1698-9) occupy three stout octavo volumes. [T.S.]]

5: On July 21st, 1683, the University of Oxford passed a decree condemning as “false, seditious, and impious,” a series of twenty-seven propositions, among which were the following:

“All civil authority is derived originally from the people.”

“The King has but a co-ordinate power, and may be over-ruled by the Lords and Commons.”

“Wicked kings and tyrants ought to be put to death.”

“King Charles the First was lawfully put to death.”

The decree was reprinted in 1709/10 with the title, “An Entire
Confutation of Mr. Hoadley’s Book, of the Original of Government.” It was
burnt by the order of the House of Lords, dated March 23rd, 1709/10. [T.S.]]

6: In a letter to Dr. Chenevix, Bishop of Waterford (dated May 23rd, 1758), Lord Chesterfield, speaking of Swift’s “Last Four Years,” says that it “is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as Lord Bolingbroke who had read it often assured me, *was coined and delivered out to him, to write ‘Examiners’ and other political papers upon*” (Chesterfield’s “Works,” ii. 498, edit. 1777). [T.S.]]

7: From this and many previous passages it is obvious, that, in joining the Tories, Swift reserved to himself the right of putting his own interpretation upon the speculative points of their political creed. [S.]]

8: See Swift’s “Presbyterians’ Plea of Merit,” and note, vol. iv., p. 36, of present edition. [T.S.]]

9: James II. sent a Declaration to England, dated April 20th, 1692, in which he promised to pardon all those who should return to their duty. He made a few exceptions, and among these were Ormonde, Sunderland, Nottingham, Churchill, etc. It is said that of Churchill James remarked that he never could forgive him until he should efface the memory of his ingratitude by some eminent service. [T.S.]]

10: “The Pretended Prince of Wales,” as he is styled in several Acts of Parliament, was first called “the Pretender” in Queen Anne’s speech to Parliament on March 11th, 1707/8. She then said: “The French fleet sailed from Dunkirk, Tuesday, at three in the morning, northward, with the Pretender on board.” The same epithet is employed in the Addresses by the two Houses in reply to this speech.

It was currently reported that he was not a son of James II. and Queen Mary. Several pamphlets were written by “W. Fuller,” to prove that he was the son of a gentlewoman named Grey, who was brought to England from Ireland in 1688 by the Countess of Tyrconnel. See also note on p. 409 of vol. v. of present edition. [T.S.]]

11: An exhibition described at length in Ward’s “London Spy.” The wonder and dexterity of the feat consisted in the damsel sustaining a number of drawn swords upright upon her hands, shoulders, and neck, and turning round so nimbly as to make the spectators giddy. [S.]]

NUMB. 41.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MAY 3, TO THURSDAY MAY 10, 1711.[2]

Dos est magna parentium virtus.[3]

I took up a paper[4] some days ago in a coffee-house; and if the correctness of the style, and a superior spirit in it, had not immediately undeceived me, I should have been apt to imagine, I had been reading an "Examiner." In this paper, there were several important propositions advanced. For instance, that "Providence raised up Mr. H[arle]y to be an instrument of great good, in a very critical juncture, when it was much wanted." That, "his very enemies acknowledge his eminent abilities, and distinguishing merit, by their unwearied and restless endeavours against his person and reputation": That "they have had an inveterate malice against both": That he "has been wonderfully preserved from *some* unparalleled attempts"; with more to the same purpose. I immediately computed by rules of arithmetic, that in the last cited words there was something more intended than the attempt of Guiscard, which I think can properly pass but for *one* of the "some." And, though I dare not pretend to guess the author's meaning; yet the expression allows such a latitude, that I would venture to hold a wager, most readers, both Whig and Tory, have agreed with me, that this plural number must, in all probability, among other facts, take in the business of Gregg.[5]

See now the difference of styles. Had I been to have told my thoughts on this occasion; instead of saying how Mr. H[arle]y was "treated by some persons," and "preserved from some unparalleled attempts"; I should with intolerable bluntness and ill manners, have told a formal story, of a com[mitt]ee[6] sent to a condemned criminal in Newgate, to bribe him with a pardon, on condition he would swear high treason against his master, who discovered his correspondence, and secured his person, when a certain grave politician had given him warning to make his escape: and by this means I should have drawn a whole swarm of hedge-writers to exhaust their catalogue of scurrilities against me as a liar, and a slanderer. But with submission to the author of that forementioned paper, I think he has carried that expression to the utmost it will bear: for after all this noise, I know of but two "attempts" against Mr. H[arle]y, that can really be called "unparalleled," which are those aforesaid of Gregg and Guiscard; and as to the rest, I will engage to parallel them from the story of Catiline, and others I could produce.

However, I cannot but observe, with infinite pleasure, that a great part of what I have charged upon the late prevailing faction, and for affirming which, I have been adorned with so many decent epithets, hath been sufficiently confirmed at several times, by the resolutions of one or the other House of Parliament.[7] I may therefore now say, I hope, with good authority, that there

have been "some unparalleled attempts" against Mr. Harley. That the late ministry were justly to blame in some management, which occasioned the unfortunate battle of Almanza,[8] and the disappointment at Toulon.[9] That the public has been grievously wronged by most notorious frauds, during the Whig administration. That those who advised the bringing in the Palatines,[10] were enemies to the kingdom. That the late managers of the revenue have not duly passed their accounts,[11] for a great part of thirty-five millions, and ought not to be trusted in such employments any more. Perhaps in a little time, I may venture to affirm some other paradoxes of this kind, and produce the same vouchers. And perhaps also, if it had not been so busy a period, instead of one "Examiner," the late ministry might have had above four hundred, each of whose little fingers would be heavier than my loins. It makes me think of Neptune's threat to the winds:

Quos ego — sed motos praestat componere fluctus.[12]

Thus when these sons of Aeolus, had almost sunk the ship with the tempests they raised, it was necessary to smooth the ocean, and secure the vessel, instead of pursuing the offenders.

But I observe the general expectation at present, instead of dwelling any longer upon conjectures who is to be punished for past miscarriages, seems bent upon the rewards intended to those, who have been so highly instrumental in rescuing our constitution from its late dangers. It is the observation of Tacitus, in the life of Agricola, that his eminent services had raised a general opinion of his being designed, by the emperor, for praetor of Britain. *Nullis in hoc suis sermonibus, sed quia par videbatur:* and then he adds, *Non semper errat fama, aliquando et eligit.*[13] The judgment of a wise prince, and the general disposition of the people, do often point at the same person; and sometimes the popular wishes, do even foretell the reward intended for some superior merit. Thus among several deserving persons, there are two,[14] whom the public vogue hath in a peculiar manner singled out, as designed very soon to receive the choicest marks of the royal favour. One of them to be placed in a very high station, and both to increase the number of our nobility. This, I say, is the general conjecture; for I pretend to none, nor will be chargeable if it be not fulfilled; since it is enough for their honour, that the nation thinks them worthy of the greatest rewards.

Upon this occasion I cannot but take notice, that of all the heresies in politics, profusely scattered by the partisans of the late administration, none ever displeased me more, or seemed to have more dangerous consequences to monarchy, than that pernicious talent so much affected, of discovering a contempt for birth, family, and ancient nobility. All the threadbare topics of poets and orators were displayed to discover to us, that merit and virtue were the only nobility; and that the advantages of blood, could not make a knave or a fool either honest or wise. Most popular commotions we read of in histories of Greece and Rome, took their rise from unjust quarrels to the nobles; and in the latter, the plebeians' encroachments on the patricians, were the first cause

of their ruin.

Suppose there be nothing but opinion in the difference of blood; every body knows, that authority is very much founded on opinion. But surely, that difference is not wholly imaginary. The advantages of a liberal education, of choosing the best companions to converse with; not being under the necessity of practising little mean tricks by a scanty allowance; the enlarging of thought, and acquiring the knowledge of men and things by travel; the example of ancestors inciting to great and good actions. These are usually some of the opportunities, that fall in the way of those who are born, of what we call the better families; and allowing genius to be equal in them and the vulgar, the odds are clearly on their side. Nay, we may observe in some, who by the appearance of merit, or favour of fortune, have risen to great stations, from an obscure birth, that they have still retained some sordid vices of their parentage or education, either insatiable avarice, or ignominious falsehood and corruption.

To say the truth, the great neglect of education, in several noble families, whose sons are suffered to pass the most improvable seasons of their youth, in vice and idleness, have too much lessened their reputation; but even this misfortune we owe, among all the rest, to that Whiggish practice of reviling the Universities, under the pretence of their instilling pedantry, narrow principles, and high-church doctrines.

I would not be thought to undervalue merit and virtue, wherever they are to be found; but will allow them capable of the highest dignities in a state, when they are in a very great degree of eminence. A pearl holds its value though it be found in a dunghill; but however, that is not the most probable place to search for it. Nay, I will go farther, and admit, that a man of quality without merit, is just so much the worse for his quality; which at once sets his vices in a more public view, and reproaches him for them. But on the other side, I doubt, those who are always undervaluing the advantages of birth, and celebrating personal merit, have principally an eye to their own, which they are fully satisfied with, and which nobody will dispute with them about; whereas they cannot, without impudence and folly, pretend to be nobly born: because this is a secret too easily discovered: for no men's parentage is so nicely inquired into, as that of assuming upstarts; especially when they affect to make it better than it is, as they often do, or behave themselves with insolence.

But whatever may be the opinion of others upon this subject, whose philosophical scorn for blood and families, reaches even to those that are royal, or perhaps took its rise from a Whiggish contempt of the latter; I am pleased to find two such instances of extraordinary merit, as I have mentioned, joined with ancient and honourable birth, which whether it be of real or imaginary value, hath been held in veneration by all wise, polite states, both ancient and modern. And, as much a foppery, as men pretend to think it, nothing is more observable in those who rise to great place or wealth, from

mean originals, than their mighty solicitude to convince the world that they are not so low as is commonly believed. They are glad to find it made out by some strained genealogy, that they have some remote alliance with better families. Cromwell himself was pleased with the impudence of a flatterer, who undertook to prove him descended from a branch of the royal stem. I know a citizen,[15] who adds or alters a letter in his name with every plum he acquires: he now wants but the change of a vowel, to be allied to a sovereign prince in Italy; and that perhaps he may contrive to be done, by a *mistake* of the graver upon his tombstone.

When I am upon this subject of nobility, I am sorry for the occasion given me, to mention the loss of a person who was so great an ornament to it, as the late lord president;[16] who began early to distinguish himself in the public service, and passed through the highest employments of state, in the most difficult times, with great abilities and untainted honour. As he was of a good old age, his principles of religion and loyalty had received no mixture from late infusions, but were instilled into him by his illustrious father, and other noble spirits, who had exposed their lives and fortunes for the royal martyr.

—— *Pulcherrima proles, Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis.*[17]

His first great action was, like Scipio, to defend his father,[18] when oppressed by numbers; and his filial piety was not only rewarded with long life, but with a son, who upon the like occasion, would have shewn the same resolution. No man ever preserved his dignity better when he was out of power, nor shewed more affability while he was in. To conclude: his character (which I do not here pretend to draw) is such, as his nearest friends may safely trust to the most impartial pen; nor wants the least of that allowance which, they say, is required for those who are dead.

1: No. 40 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Writing to Stella, May 14th, 1711, Swift informs her: "Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published called 'The State of Wit,' giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called 'The Examiner,' and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift" (vol. ii., p. 176, of present edition). [T.S.]]

3: Horace, "Odes," III. xxiv. 21.

"The lovers there for dowry claim
The father's virtue, and the mother's fame."
P. FRANCIS. [T.S.]]

4: "The Congratulatory Speech of William Bromley, Esq., … together with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Answer." — See also No. 42, *post*, pp. 273-4. [T.S.]]

5: See No. 33, *ante*, pp. 207-14. [T.S.]]

6: The writer of "A Letter to the Seven Lords" says this means "that there was a committee of seven lords, sent to a condemned criminal in Newgate, to bribe him with a pardon, on condition he would swear high treason, against his master."

In Hoffman's "Secret Transactions" (pp. 14, 15) the matter is thus referred to: "Who those persons were that offered Gregg his life, with great preferments and advantages (if he would but accuse his master) may not uneasily be guessed at, for most of the time he was locked up none but people of note, were permitted to come near him, who made him strange promises, and often repeated them." [T.S.]]

7: "He does, with his own impudence, and with the malice of a devil, bring in both Houses of P —— to say and mean the same thing…. It is matter of wonder … to see the greatest ministers of state we ever had (till now) treated by a poor paper-pedlar, every Thursday, like the veriest rascals in the kingdom…. I could, if it were needful, bring a great many instances, of this licentious way of the scum of mankind's treating the greatest peers in the nation" ("A Letter to the Seven

Lords"). [T.S.]]

8: The Earl of Galway was defeated by the Duke of Berwick at this battle on April 25th, 1707. [T.S.]]

9: The Allies, under the Duke of Savoy, unsuccessfully laid siege to Toulon from July 26th to August 21st, 1707. [T.S.]]

10: The Palatines, who were mostly Lutherans, came over to England in great numbers in May and June of 1709. So large was the immigration that the House of Commons, on April 14th, 1711, passed a resolution declaring that the inviting and bringing over of the Palatines "at the public expense, was an extravagant and unreasonable charge to the kingdom, and a scandalous misapplication of the public money." Whoever advised it, said the resolution, "was an enemy to the Queen and this kingdom." [T.S.]]

11: A Committee, appointed January 13th, 1710/1, reported in April, 1711, that accounts for £35,302,107 18s. 9-5/8d. (*sic*) had not been passed. On February 21st, 1711/2, the auditors presented a statement which showed that of these accounts (which went back to 1681), £*6,133,571 had then been passed, and that a considerable portion of the remainder was waiting for technicalities only. On June 11th, 1713, it was reported that* £24,624,436 had been either passed or "adjusted." See "Journals of House of Commons," xvi., xvii. [T.S.]]

12: Virgil, "Aeneid," i. 135.
"Whom I — but first this uproar must be quelled." — R. KENNEDY. [T.S.]]

13: Tacitus, "Agricola," 9. (Tacitus wrote "Haud semper," etc.) "An opinion not founded upon any suggestions of his own, but upon his being thought equal to the station. Common fame does not always err, sometimes it even directs a choice" ("Oxford Translation" revised). [T.S.]]

14: Harley, who was created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, May 23rd, 1711, and Sir Simon Harcourt, made Baron Harcourt, September 3rd, 1711. [T.S.]]

15: Sir Henry Furnese (1658-1712), Bart. He obtained his baronetcy June 18th, 1707, and was the first to receive that dignity since the Union. He sat in the House as Member for Bramber and Sandwich, and was twice expelled. He was, however, re-elected for Sandwich and represented that constituency until his death on November 30th, 1712.

The variety of ways in which his name has been spelt is quite remarkable. In the "Calendar of State Papers" for 1691 and 1692, the name is given as Furness, Furnese, and Furnes. The "Journals of the House of Commons," recording his expulsion, speaks of him as Furnesse. When he was knighted (October 11th, 1691), the "Gazette" of October 19th printed it Furnace, and when he was made a baronet, the same journal had it Furnese. In the official "Return of Names of Members," the name is given successively as, Furnace, Furnac, Furnice, Furnise, Furness and Furnese. [T.S.]]

16: Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of the first Earl of Clarendon (see No. 27, *ante*, p. 170). He undertook the defence of his father when the latter was impeached by the House of Commons, October 30th, 1667, on a charge of high treason. [T.S.]]

17: Virgil, "Aeneid," vi. 648-9.

"Warriors, high souled, in better ages born,
Great Teucer's noble race, these plains adorn." — J.M. KING. [T.S.]]

18: "When the tumultuous perplexed charge of accumulated treasons was preferred against him by the Commons; his son Laurence, then a Member of that House, stept forth with this brave defiance to his accusers, that, if they could make out any proof of any one single article, he would, as he was authorized, join in the condemnation of his father" (Burton's "Genuineness of Clarendon's History," p. 111). [T.S.]]

NUMB. 42.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MAY 10, TO THURSDAY MAY 17, 1711.

—— — *Quem cur distringere coner, Tutus ab infestis latronibus?*[2]

I never let slip an opportunity of endeavouring to convince the world, that I am not partial, and to confound the idle reproach of my being hired or directed what to write in defence of the present ministry,[3] or for detecting the practices of the former. When I first undertook this paper, I firmly resolved, that if ever I observed any gross neglect, abuse or corruption in the public management, which might give any just offence to reasonable people, I would take notice of it with that innocent boldness which becomes an honest man, and a true lover of his country; at the same time preserving the respect due to persons so highly entrusted by so wise and excellent a Queen. I know not how such a liberty might have been resented; but I thank God there has been no occasion given me to exercise it; for I can safely affirm, that I have with the utmost rigour, examined all the actions of the present ministry, as far as they fall under general cognizance, without being able to accuse them of one ill or mistaken step. Observing indeed some time ago, that seeds of dissension[4] had been plentifully scattered from a certain corner, and fearing they began to rise and spread, I immediately writ a paper on the subject; which I treated with that warmth I thought it required: but the prudence of those at the helm soon prevented this growing evil; and at present it seems likely to have no consequences.

I have had indeed for some time a small occasion of quarrelling, which I thought too inconsiderable for a formal subject of complaint, though I have hinted at it more than once. But it is grown at present to as great a height, as a matter of that nature can possibly bear; and therefore I conceive it high time that an effectual stop should be put to it. I have been amazed at the flaming licentiousness of several weekly papers, which for some months past, have been chiefly employed in barefaced scurrilities against those who are in the greatest trust and favour with the Qu[een], with the first and last letters of their names frequently printed; or some periphrasis describing their station, or other innuendoes, contrived too plain to be mistaken. The consequence of which is, (and it is natural it should be so) that their long impunity hath rendered them still more audacious.

At this time I particularly intend a paper called the “Medley”; whose indefatigable, incessant railings against me, I never thought convenient to take notice of, because it would have diverted my design, which I thought was of public use.[5] Besides, I never yet observed that writer, or those writers, (for it is every way a “Medley”) to argue against any one material point or fact that I had advanced, or make one fair quotation. And after all, I knew very well how

soon the world grow weary of controversy. It is plain to me, that three or four hands at least have been joined at times in that worthy composition; but the outlines as well as the finishing, seem to have been always the work of the same pen, as it is visible from half a score beauties of style inseparable from it. But who these Meddlers are, or where the judicious leaders have picked them up, I shall never go about to conjecture: factious rancour, false wit, abandoned scurrility, impudent falsehood, and servile pedantry, having so many fathers, and so few to own them, that curiosity herself would not be at the pains to guess. It is the first time I ever did myself the honour to mention that admirable paper: nor could I imagine any occasion likely to happen, that would make it necessary for me to engage with such an adversary. This paper is weekly published, and as appears by the number, has been so for several months, and is next to the "Observator,"[6] allowed to be the best production of the party. Last week my printer brought me that of May 7, Numb. 32. where there are two paragraphs[7] relating to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and to Mr. Harley; which, as little as I am inclined to engage with such an antagonist, I cannot let pass, without failing in my duty to the public: and if those in power will suffer such infamous insinuations to pass with impunity, they act without precedent from any age or country of the world.

I desire to open this matter, and leave the Whigs themselves to determine upon it. The House of Commons resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the Speaker should congratulate Mr. Harley's escape and recovery[8] in the name of the House, upon his first attendance on their service. This is accordingly done; and the speech, together with the chancellor of the exchequer's, are printed by order of the House.[9] The author of the "Medley" takes this speech to task the very next week after it is published, telling us, in the aforesaid paper, that the Speaker's commending Mr. Harley, for being "an instrument of great good" to the nation, was "ill-chosen flattery"; because Mr. Harley had brought the "nation under great difficulties, to say no more:" He says, that when the Speaker tells Mr. Harley, that Providence has "wonderfully preserved" him "from some unparalleled attempts" (for that the "Medley" alludes to) he only "revives a false and groundless calumny upon other men"; which is "an instance of impotent, but inveterate malice,"[10] that makes him [the Speaker] "still appear more vile and contemptible." This is an extract from his first paragraph. In the next this writer says, that the Speaker's "praying to God for the continuance of Mr. Harley's life, as an invaluable blessing,[11] was a fulsome piece of insincerity, which exposes him to shame and derision"; because he is "known to bear ill will to Mr. Harley, to have an extreme bad opinion of him, and to think him an obstructor of those fine measures he would bring about."

I now appeal to the Whigs themselves, whether a great minister of state, in high favour with the Qu[een], and a Speaker of the House of Commons, were ever publicly treated after so extraordinary a manner, in the most licentious times? For this is not a clandestine libel stolen into the world, but

openly printed and sold, with the bookseller's name and place of abode at the bottom. And the juncture is admirable, when Mr. H[arle]y is generally believed upon the very point to be made an earl, and promoted to the most important station of the kingdom:[12] nay, the very marks of esteem he hath so lately received from the whole representative body of the people, are called "ill-chosen flattery," and "a fulsome piece of insincerity," exposing the donors "to shame and derision."

Does this intrepid writer think he has sufficiently disguised the matter, by that stale artifice of altering the story, and putting it as a supposed case? Did any man who ever saw the congratulatory speech, read either of those paragraphs in the "Medley," without interpreting them just as I have done? Will the author declare upon his great sincerity, that he never had any such meaning? Is it enough, that a jury at Westminster-Hall would, perhaps, not find him guilty of defaming the Speaker and Mr. Harley in that paper? which however, I am much in doubt of too; and must think the law very defective, if the reputation of such persons must lie at the mercy of such pens. I do not remember to have seen any libel, supposed to be writ with caution and double meaning, in order to prevent prosecution, delivered under so thin a cover, or so unartificially made up as this; whether it were from an apprehension of his readers' dullness, or an effect of his own. He hath transcribed the very phrases of the Speaker, and put them in a different character, for fear they might pass unobserved, and to prevent all possibility of being mistaken. I shall be pleased to see him have recourse to the old evasion, and say, that I who make the application, am chargeable with the abuse: let any reader of either party be judge. But I cannot forbear asserting, as my opinion, that for a m[inist]ry to endure such open calumny, without calling the author to account, is next to deserving it. And this is an omission I venture to charge upon the present m[inist]ry, who are too apt to despise little things, which however have not always little consequences.

When this paper was first undertaken, one design, among others, was, to *Examine* some of those writings so frequently published with an evil tendency, either to religion or government; but I was long diverted by other enquiries, which I thought more immediately necessary, to animadvert upon men's actions, rather than their speculations: to shew the necessity there was of changing the ministry, that our constitution in Church and State might be preserved; to expose some dangerous principles and practices under the former administration, and prove by many instances, that those who are now at the helm, are entirely in the true interest of prince and people. This I may modestly hope, hath in some measure been already done, sufficient to answer the end proposed, which was to inform the ignorant and those at distance, and to convince such as are not engaged in a party, from other motives than that of conscience. I know not whether I shall have any appetite to continue this work much longer; if I do, perhaps some time may be spent in exposing and overturning the false reasonings of those who engage their pens on the other

side, without losing time in vindicating myself against their scurrilities, much less in retorting them. Of this sort there is a certain humble companion, a French *maître de langues*,[13] who every month publishes an extract from votes, newspapers, speeches and proclamations, larded with some insipid remarks of his own; which he calls "The Political State of Great Britain:"[14] This ingenious piece he tells us himself, is constantly translated into French, and printed in Holland, where the Dutch, no doubt, conceive most noble sentiments of us, conveyed through such a vehicle. It is observable in his account for April, that the vanity, so predominant in many of his nation, has made him more concerned for the honour of Guiscard, than the safety of Mr. H[arle]y: And for fear we should think the worse of his country upon that assassin's account,[15] he tells us, there have been more murders, parricides and villanies, committed in England, than any other part of the world. I cannot imagine how an illiterate foreigner, who is neither master of our language, or indeed of common sense, and who is devoted to a faction, I suppose, for no other reason, but his having more Whig customers than Tories, should take it into his head to write politic tracts of our affairs. But I presume, he builds upon the foundation of having being called to an account for his insolence in one of his former monthly productions,[16] which is a method that seldom fails of giving some vogue to the foolishest composition. If such a work must be done, I wish some tolerable hand would undertake it; and that we would not suffer a little whiffling Frenchman to neglect his trade of teaching his language to our children, and presume to instruct foreigners in our politics.

1: No. 41 in the reprint. [T.S.]

2: Horace, "Satires," II. i. 41-2.
"Safe it lies
Within the sheath, till villains round me rise." — P. FRANCIS. [T.S.]

3: See No. 40, *ante*, and note, p. 259. [T.S.]

4: In "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions … Athens and Rome," 1701 (vol. i., pp. 227-270, of present edition). See also Swift's reference to this pamphlet in his "Memoirs Relating to that Change," etc. (vol. v., p. 379). [T.S.]

5: "The Medley," under Maynwaring, with occasional help from Addison and Steele, seems to have been published for the sole purpose of replying to the "Examiner." No. 40 (July 2nd, 1711) begins: "The 'Examiner' is grown so insipid and contemptible that my acquaintance are offended at my troubling myself about him." No. 45 (the final number, August 6th, 1711) expresses the writer's "deep concern" for the loss of his "dear friend 'The Examiner,' who has at once left the world and me, quite unprovided for so great a blow." When the "Examiner" was revived by W. Oldisworth in December, 1711, it was soon followed by a reappearance of "The Medley." It started afresh with Numb. I. on March 3rd, 1712 (*i.e.* 1711/2), and continued until August 4th, 1712, the date of the publication of Numb. XLV. [T.S.]

6: See No. 16, *ante*, and note p. 85. [T.S.]

7: The two paragraphs appeared in No. 32 of "The Medley," and the writer introduces them by a reference to "praise and censure, which I choose out of all the rest, because it only concerns the 'Examiner' to be well instructed in them, he having no other business but to flatter the new m[inistry], and abuse the old." The first paragraph runs:

"In the first place, whenever any body would praise another, all he can

say will have no weight or effect, if it be not true or probable. If therefore, for example, my friend should take it into his head to commend a man, *for having been an instrument of great good to a nation*, when in truth that very person had brought that same nation under great difficulties, to say no more; such ill-chosen flattery would be of no use or moment, nor add the least credit to the person so commended. Or if he should take that occasion to revive any false and groundless calumny upon other men, or another party of men; such an instance of *impotent but inveterate malice*, would make him still appear more vile and contemptible. The reason of all which is, that what he said was neither just, proper, nor real, and therefore must needs want the force of true eloquence, which consists in nothing else but in well representing things as they really are. I advise therefore my friend, before he praises any more of his heroes, to learn the common rules of writing; and particularly to read over and over a certain chapter in Aristotle's first book of Rhetoric, where are given very proper and necessary directions, *for praising a man who has done nothing that he ought to be praised for*."

There is no reference here to the Speaker. The reference is to the "Examiner"; nor is there any mention of Providence having wonderfully preserved him from some unparalleled attempts.

The second paragraph runs:

"But the ancients did not think it enough for men to speak what was true or probable, they required further that their orators should be heartily in earnest; and that they should have all those motions and affections in their own minds which they endeavoured to raise in others. He that thinks, says Cicero, to warm others with his eloquence, must first be warm himself. And Quintilian says, We must first be affected ourselves, before we can move others. This made Pliny's panegyric upon Trajan so well received by his hearers, because every body knew the wonderful esteem and affection which he had for the person he commended: and therefore, when he concluded with a prayer to Jupiter, that he would take care of the life and safety of that great and good man, which he said contained in it all other blessings; though the expression was so high, it passed very well with those that heard him, as being agreeable to the known sentiments and affection of the speaker. Whereas, if my friend should be known to bear ill-will to another person, or to have an extreme bad opinion of him, or to think him an abstractor of those fine measures he would bring about, and should yet in one of his panegyrics pray to God for the continuance of that very person's life, as '*an invaluable blessing*'; such a fulsome piece of insincerity would only expose him to shame and derision." [T.S.]]

8: The House of Commons resolved on April 11th, that the Speaker should congratulate Mr. Harley when he was able to attend the House. This was done on April 26th. [T.S.]]

9: The House of Commons, on April 27th, ordered, "That Mr. Speaker be desired to print his congratulatory speech …

with the Answer of Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer to the same." [T.S.]]

10: The Speaker thanks God that Harley's enemies had "not been able to accomplish what their inveterate, but impotent, malice, had designed." [T.S.]]

11: The Speaker prayed that Providence might "continue still to preserve so invaluable a life." [T.S.]]

12: Harley was appointed lord treasurer, May 30th, 1711, and created Earl of Oxford, May 23rd. [T.S.]]

13: Abel Boyer (1667-1729), author of a French dictionary, a French grammar, "History of William III.," "History of Queen Anne," "The Political State," "The Post Boy" (1705-9), and many other works. [T.S.]]

14: "The Political State of Great Britain" was started in January, 1710/1, and continued monthly until 1740. [T.S.]]

15: See No. 33, *ante*, and note, p. 207. [T.S.]]

16: Boyer appeared before the House of Lords, March 6th, 1710/1, and owned that he was the compiler of "The Political State of Great Britain." He was kept in custody till March 12th, when he was reprimanded, and discharged after he had paid his fees. His offence was that "an account is pretended to be given of the Debates and Proceedings of this House" ("Journals of House of Lords," xix). The third number of "The Political State," Boyer issued on March 17th, giving his reason for the delay in its appearance: "An unavoidable and unvoluntary avocation, of which I may give you an account hereafter, has obliged me to write to you a fortnight later than usual." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 43.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MAY 17, TO THURSDAY MAY 24, 1711.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane; donec templa refeceris,
Aedesque labentes deorum —— [2]

Several letters have been lately sent me, desiring I would make honourable mention of the pious design of building fifty churches, in several parts of London and Westminster, where they are most wanted; occasioned by an address of the convocation to the Queen,[3] and recommended by her Majesty to the House of Commons; who immediately promised, they would enable her "to accomplish so excellent a design," and are now preparing a Bill accordingly. I thought to have deferred any notice of this important affair till the end of this session; at which time I proposed to deliver a particular account of the great and useful things already performed by this present Parliament. But in compliance to those who give themselves the trouble of advising me; and partly convinced by the reasons they offer; I am content to bestow a paper upon a subject, that indeed so well deserves it.

The clergy, and whoever else have a true concern for the constitution of the Church, cannot but be highly pleased with one prospect in this new scene of public affairs. They may very well remember the time, when every session of Parliament, was like a cloud hanging over their heads; and if it happened to pass without bursting into some storm upon the Church, we thanked God, and thought it an happy escape till the next meeting; upon which we resumed our secret apprehensions, though we were not allowed to believe any danger. Things are now altered; the Parliament takes the necessities of the Church into consideration, receives the proposals of the clergy met in convocation, and amidst all the exigencies of a long expensive war, and under the pressure of heavy debts, finds a supply for erecting fifty edifices for the service of God. And it appears by the address of the Commons to her Majesty upon this occasion (wherein they discovered a true spirit of religion) that the applying the money granted "to accomplish so excellent a design,"[4] would, in their opinion, be the most effectual way of carrying on the war; that it would (to use their own words) "be a means of drawing down blessings on her Majesty's undertakings, as it adds to the number of those places, where the prayers of her devout and faithful subjects, will be daily offered up to God, for the prosperity of her government at home, and the success of her arms abroad."

I am sometimes hoping, that we are not naturally so bad a people, as we have appeared for some years past. Faction, in order to support itself, is

generally forced to make use of such abominable instruments, that as long as it prevails, the genius of a nation is overpressed, and cannot appear to exert itself: but when *that* is broke and suppressed, when things return to the old course, mankind will naturally fall to act from principles of reason and religion. The Romans, upon a great victory, or escape from public danger, frequently built a temple in honour of some god, to whose peculiar favour they imputed their success or delivery: and sometimes the general did the like, *at his own expense*, to acquit himself of some pious vow he had made. How little of any thing resembling this hath been done by us after all our victories! and perhaps for that reason, among others, they have turned to so little account. But what could we expect? We acted all along as if we believed nothing of a God or His providence; and therefore it was consistent to offer up our edifices only to those, whom we looked upon as givers of all victory, in His stead.

I have computed, that fifty churches may be built by a medium, at six thousand pound for a church; which is somewhat *under* the price of a subject's palace: yet perhaps the care of above two hundred thousand souls, with the benefit of their prayers for the prosperity of their Queen and country, may be almost put in the balance with the domestic convenience, or even magnificence of any subject whatsoever.

Sir William Petty, who under the name of Captain Graunt, published some observations upon bills of mortality about five years after the Restoration;[5] tells us, the parishes in London, were even then so unequally divided, that some were two hundred times larger than others. Since that time, the increase of trade, the frequency of Parliaments, the desire of living in the metropolis, together with that genius for building, which began after the fire, and hath ever since continued, have prodigiously enlarged this town on all sides, where it was capable of increase; and those tracts of land built into streets, have generally continued of the same parish they belonged to, while they lay in fields; so that the care of above thirty thousand souls, hath been sometimes committed to one minister, whose church would hardly contain the twentieth part of his flock: neither, I think, was any family in those parishes obliged to pay above a groat a year to their spiritual pastor. Some few of those parishes have been since divided; in others were erected chapels of ease, where a preacher is maintained by general contribution. Such poor shifts and expedients, to the infinite shame and scandal, of so vast and flourishing a city, have been thought sufficient for the service of God and religion; as if they were circumstances wholly indifferent.

This defect, among other consequences of it, hath made schism a sort of necessary evil, there being at least three hundred thousand inhabitants in this town, whom the churches would not be able to contain, if the people were ever so well disposed: and in a city not overstocked with zeal, the only way to preserve any degree of religion, is to make all attendance upon the duties of it, as easy and cheap as possible: whereas on the contrary, in the larger parishes,

the press is so great, and the pew-keeper's tax so exorbitant, that those who love to save trouble and money, either stay at home, or retire to the conventicles. I believe there are few examples in any Christian country of so great a neglect for religion; and the dissenting teachers have made their advantages largely by it, "sowing tares among the wheat while men slept;" being much more expert at procuring contributions, which is a trade they are bred up in, than men of a liberal education.

And to say truth, the way practised by several parishes in and about this town, of maintaining their clergy by voluntary subscriptions, is not only an indignity to the character, but hath many pernicious consequences attending it; such a precarious dependence, subjecting a clergyman, who hath not more than ordinary spirit and resolution, to many inconveniences, which are obvious to imagine: but this defect will, no doubt, be remedied by the wisdom and piety of the present Parliament; and a tax laid upon every house in a parish, for the support of their pastor. Neither indeed can it be conceived, why a house, whose purchase is not reckoned above one-third less than land of the same yearly rent, should not pay a twentieth part annually (which is half tithe) to the support of the minister. One thing I could wish, that in fixing the maintenance to the several ministers in these new intended parishes, no determinate sum of money may be named, which in all perpetuities ought by any means to be avoided; but rather a tax in proportion to the rent of each house, though it be but a twentieth or even a thirtieth part. The contrary of this, I am told, was done in several parishes of the city after the fire; where the incumbent and his successors were to receive for ever a certain sum; for example, one or two hundred pounds a year. But the lawgivers did not consider, that what we call at present, one hundred pounds, will, in process of time, have not the intrinsic value of twenty; as twenty pounds now are hardly equal to forty shillings, three hundred years ago. There are a thousand instances of this all over England, in reserved rents applied to hospitals, in old chiefries, and even among the clergy themselves, in those payments which, I think, they call a *modus*.[6]

As no prince had ever better dispositions than her present Majesty, for the advancement of true religion, so there was never any age that produced greater occasions to employ them on. It is an unspeakable misfortune, that any designs of so excellent a Queen, should be checked by the necessities of a long and ruinous war, which the folly or corruption of modern politicians have involved us in, against all the maxims whereby our country flourished so many hundred years: else her Majesty's care of religion would certainly have reached even to her American plantations. Those noble countries, stocked by numbers from hence, whereof too many are in no very great reputation for faith or morals, will be a perpetual reproach to us, till some better care is taken for cultivating Christianity among them. If the governors of those several colonies were obliged, at certain times, to transmit an exact representation of the state of religion, in their several districts; and the

legislature here would, in a time of leisure, take that affair under their consideration, it might be perfected with little difficulty, and be a great addition to the glories of her Majesty's reign.

But to waive further speculations upon so remote a scene, while we have subjects enough to employ them on at home; it is to be hoped, the clergy will not let slip any proper opportunity of improving the pious dispositions of the Queen and kingdom, for the advantage of the Church; when by the example of times past, they consider how rarely such conjunctures are like to happen. What if some method were thought on towards repairing of churches? for which there is like to be too frequent occasions, those ancient Gothic structures, throughout this kingdom, going every year to decay. That expedient of repairing or rebuilding them by charitable collections, seems in my opinion not very suitable, either to the dignity and usefulness of the work, or to the honour of our country; since it might be so easily done, with very little charge to the public, in a much more decent and honourable manner, while Parliaments are so frequently called. But these and other regulations must be left to a time of peace, which I shall humbly presume to wish may soon be our share, however offensive it may be to any, either abroad or at home, who are gainers by the war.

1: No. 42 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Horace, "Odes," III. vi. 1-3.

"Those ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke."

EARL OF ROSCOMMON (1672). [T.S.]]

3: The minister and churchwardens of Greenwich applied to the House of Commons on February 14th, 1710/1, for aid in the rebuilding of their church. The House referred the application to a committee. On February 28th the lower house of Convocation sent a deputation to the Speaker expressing their satisfaction at what had been done. On his reporting this to the House on the following day, they expressed their readiness to receive information. The lower house of Convocation prepared a scheme and presented it to the Speaker on March 9th; this was referred to the committee on the 10th. Acting on a hint received from the court, the bishops and clergy presented an Address to the Queen on March 26th, and this was followed by a Message from Her Majesty, on the 29th, to the House of Commons, recommending that Parliament should undertake "the great and necessary work of building more churches." On April 9th the House of Commons replied in an Address, promising to make provision, and resolved, on May 1st, to grant a supply for building fifty new churches in or about London and Westminster. On May 8th it fixed the amount at a sum "not exceeding £350,000." In pursuance of this a Bill was introduced on May 18th, which received the Royal Assent on June 12th (9 Ann. c. 17). This Bill granted £350,000 (to be raised by a duty on coals) for building fifty new churches in London and Westminster.

In this connection it is interesting to remember that Swift, two years before, had recommended the building of more churches as part of his suggestions for "the advancement of religion." See his "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (vol. iii., p. 45 of present edition). [T.S.]]

4: In their Address, on April 9th, 1711, the House of Commons said: "Neither the long expensive war, in which we are engaged, nor the pressure of heavy debts, under which we labour, shall hinder us from granting to your Majesty whatever is necessary, to accomplish so excellent a design, which, we hope, may be a means of drawing down blessings from Heaven on all your Majesty's other undertakings, as it adds to the number of those places, where the prayers of your devout and faithful subjects will be daily offered up to God, for the prosperity of your Majesty's government at home, and the success of your arms abroad." [T.S.]]

5: "Natural and Political Observations … upon the Bills of Mortality." By John Graunt, 1662. The writer says in chap. x. that Cripplegate parish was two hundred times as big as some of the parishes

in the city. [T.S.]]

6: An abbreviation of *modus decimandi*, a composition in lieu of payment of tithes. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 44.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MAY 24, TO THURSDAY MAY 31, 1711.

Scilicet, ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum.[2]

Having been forced in my papers to use the cant-words of Whig and Tory, which have so often varied their significations, for twenty years past; I think it necessary to say something of the several changes those two terms have undergone since that period; and then to tell the reader what I have always understood by each of them, since I undertook this work. I reckon that these sorts of conceited appellations, are usually invented by the vulgar; who not troubling themselves to examine through the merits of a cause, are consequently the most violent partisans of what they espouse; and in their quarrels, usually proceed to their beloved argument of *calling names*, till at length they light upon one which is sure to stick; and in time, each party grows proud of that appellation, which their adversaries at first intended for a reproach. Of this kind were the Prasini and Veneti,[3] the Guelfs and Ghibellines,[4] Huguenots and Papists, Roundheads and Cavaliers,[5] with many others, of ancient and modern date. Among us of late there seems to have been a barrenness of invention in this point, the words Whig and Tory,[6] though they are not much above thirty years old, having been pressed to the service of many successions of parties, with very different ideas fastened to them. This distinction, I think, began towards the latter part of King Charles the Second's reign, was dropped during that of his successor, and then revived at the Revolution, since which it has perpetually flourished, though applied to very different kinds of principles and persons. In that Convention of Lords and Commons,[7] some of both Houses were for a regency to the Prince of Orange, with a reservation of style and title to the absent king, which should be made use of in all public acts. Others, when they were brought to allow the throne vacant, thought the succession should immediately go to the next heir, according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, as if the last king were actually dead. And though the dissenting lords (in whose House the chief opposition was) did at last yield both those points, took the oaths to the new king, and many of them employments, yet they were looked upon with an evil eye by the warm zealots of the other side; neither did the court ever heartily favour any of them, though some were of the most eminent for abilities and virtue, and served that prince, both in his councils and his army, with untainted faith. It was apprehended, at the same time, and perhaps it might have been true, that many of the clergy would have been better pleased with that scheme of a regency, or at least an uninterrupted lineal succession, for the sake of those whose consciences were truly scrupulous; and they thought there were some circumstances, in the case of the deprived bishops,[8] that

looked a little hard, or at least deserved commiseration.

These, and other the like reflections did, as I conceive, revive the denominations of Whig and Tory.

Some time after the Revolution the distinction of high and low-church came in, which was raised by the Dissenters, in order to break the Church party, by dividing the members into high and low; and the opinions raised, that the high joined with the Papists, inclined the low to fall in with the Dissenters.

And here I shall take leave to produce some principles, which in the several periods of the late reign, served to denote a man of one or the other party. To be against a standing army in time of peace, was all high-church, Tory and Tantivy.[9] To differ from a majority of b[isho]ps was the same. To raise the prerogative above law for serving a turn, was low-church and Whig. The opinion of the majority in the House of Commons, especially of the country-party or landed interest, was high-flying[10] and rank Tory. To exalt the king's supremacy beyond all precedent, was low-church, Whiggish and moderate. To make the least doubt of the pretended prince being supposititious, and a tiler's son, was, in their phrase, "top and topgallant," and perfect Jacobitism. To resume the most exorbitant grants, that were ever given to a set of profligate favourites, and apply them to the public, was the very quintessence of Toryism; notwithstanding those grants were known to be acquired, by sacrificing the honour and the wealth of England.

In most of these principles, the two parties seem to have shifted opinions, since their institution under King Charles the Second, and indeed to have gone very different from what was expected from each, even at the time of the Revolution. But as to that concerning the Pretender, the Whigs have so far renounced it, that they are grown the great advocates for his legitimacy: which gives me the opportunity of vindicating a noble d[uke] who was accused of a blunder in the House, when upon a certain lord's mentioning the pretended Prince, his g[race] told the lords, he "must be plain with them, and call that person, not the pretended prince, but the pretended impostor:" which was so far from a blunder in that polite l[or]d, as his ill-willers give out, that it was only a refined way of delivering the avowed sentiments of his whole party.

But to return, this was the state of principles when the Qu[een] came to the crown; some time after which, it pleased certain great persons, who had been all their lives in the altitude of Tory-profession, to enter into a treaty with the Whigs, from whom they could get better terms than from their old friends, who began to be resty, and would not allow monopolies of power and favour; nor consent to carry on the war entirely at the expense of this nation, that they might have pensions from abroad; while another people, more immediately concerned in the war, traded with the enemy as in times of peace. Whereas, the other party, whose case appeared then as desperate, was ready to yield to any conditions that would bring them into play. And I cannot help affirming, that this nation was made a sacrifice to the immeasurable appetite

of power and wealth in a very few, that shall be nameless, who in every step they made, acted directly against what they had always professed. And if his Royal Highness the Prince[11] had died some years sooner (who was a perpetual check in their career) it is dreadful to think how far they might have proceeded.

Since that time, the bulk of the Whigs appears rather to be linked to a certain set of persons, than any certain set of principles: so that if I were to define a member of that party, I would say, he was one "who believed in the late m[inist]ry." And therefore, whatever I have affirmed of Whigs in any of these papers, or objected against them, ought to be understood, either of those who were partisans of the late men in power, and privy to their designs; or such who joined with them, from a hatred to our monarchy and Church, as unbelievers and Dissenters of all sizes; or men in office, who had been guilty of much corruption, and dreaded a change; which would not only put a stop to further abuses for the future, but might, perhaps, introduce examinations of what was past. Or those who had been too highly obliged, to quit their supporters with any common decency. Or lastly, the money-traders, who could never hope to make their markets so well of *premiums* and exorbitant interest, and high remittances, under any other administration.

Under these heads, may be reduced the whole body of those whom I have all along understood for Whigs: for I do not include within this number, any of those who have been misled by ignorance, or seduced by plausible pretences, to think better of that sort of men than they deserve, and to apprehend mighty danger from their disgrace: because, I believe, the greatest part of such well-meaning people, are now thoroughly converted.

And indeed, it must be allowed, that those two fantastic names of Whig and Tory, have at present very little relation to those opinions, which were at first thought to distinguish them. Whoever formerly professed himself to approve the Revolution, to be against the Pretender, to justify the succession in the house of Hanover, to think the British monarchy not absolute, but limited by laws, which the executive power could not dispense with, and to allow an indulgence to scrupulous consciences; such a man was content to be called a Whig. On the other side, whoever asserted the Queen's hereditary right; that the persons of princes were sacred; their lawful authority not to be resisted on any pretence; nor even their usurpations, without the most extreme necessity: that breaches in the succession were highly dangerous; that schism was a great evil, both in itself and its consequences; that the ruin of the Church, would probably be attended with that of the State; that no power should be trusted with those who are not of the established religion; such a man was usually called a Tory. Now, though the opinions of both these are very consistent, and I really think are maintained at present by a great majority of the kingdom; yet, according as men apprehend the danger greater, either from the Pretender and his party, or from the violence and cunning of other enemies to the constitution; so their common discourses and reasonings,

turn either to the first or second set of these opinions I have mentioned, and are consequently styled either Whigs or Tories. Which is, as if two brothers apprehended their house would be set upon, but disagreed about the place from whence they thought the robbers would come, and therefore would go on different sides to defend it. They must needs weaken and expose themselves by such a separation; and so did we, only our case was worse: for in order to keep off a weak, remote enemy, from whom we could not suddenly apprehend any danger, we took a nearer and a stronger one into the house. I make no comparison at all between the two enemies: Popery and slavery are without doubt the greatest and most dreadful of any; but I may venture to affirm, that the fear of these, have not, at least since the Revolution, been so close and pressing upon us, as that from another faction; excepting only one short period, when the leaders of that very faction, invited the abdicating king to return; of which I have formerly taken notice.

Having thus declared what sort of persons I have always meant, under the denomination of Whigs, it will be easy to shew whom I understand by Tories. Such whose principles in Church and State, are what I have above related; whose actions are derived from thence, and who have no attachment to any set of ministers, further than as these are friends to the constitution in all its parts, but will do their utmost to save their prince and country, whoever be at the helm.

By these descriptions of Whig and Tory, I am sensible those names are given to several persons very undeservedly; and that many a man is called by one or the other, who has not the least title to the blame or praise I have bestowed on each of them throughout my papers.

1: No. 43 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: Horace, "Epistles," II. ii. 44.
"Fair truth from falsehood to discern." — P. FRANCIS.
[T.S.]]

3: There were four factions, or parties, distinguished by their colours, which contended in the ancient circus at Constantinople. The white and the red were the most ancient. In the sixth century the dissension between the green (or Prasini) and the blue (or Veneti) was so violent, that 40,000 men were killed, and the factions were abolished from that time. See also Gibbon's "Rome," chap. xl. [T.S.]]

4: The Guelfs were the Papal and popular party in Italy, and the Ghibellines were the imperial and aristocratic. It is said that these names were first used as war cries at the battle of Weinsberg in 1140. [T.S.]]

5: These terms came into use about 1641. [T.S.]]

6: Writing under date, 1681, Burnet says "At this time the distinguishing names of Whig and Tory came to be the denominations of the parties" ("Hist. Own Times," i. 499) [T.S.]

Whig a more was a nick name given to the western peasantry of Scotland, from then using the words frequently in driving strings of horses. Hence, as connected with Calvinistical principles in religion, and republican doctrines in policy, it was given as a term of reproach to the opposition party in the latter years of Charles II. These retorted upon the courtiers the word *Tory*, signifying an Irish free-booter, and particularly applicable to the Roman Catholic followers of the Duke of York. [S]

Macaulay's explanation of the origin of these two terms is somewhat different from that given by Scott. "In Scotland," he says, "some of the persecuted Covenanters, driven mad by oppression, had lately murdered the Primate, had taken aims against the government," etc. "These zealots were most numerous among the rustics of the western lowlands, who were vulgarly called Whigs. Thus the appellation of Whig was fastened on the Presbyterian zealots of Scotland, and was transferred to those English politicians who showed a disposition to oppose the court, and to treat Protestant Nonconformists with indulgence. The bogs of Ireland, at the same time, afforded a refuge to Popish outlaws, much resembling those who were afterwards known as Whiteboys. These men were then called Tories. The name of Tory was therefore given to Englishmen who refused to concur in excluding a Roman Catholic prince from the throne." ("History of England," vol. i, chap. ii) [T.S.]]

7: The Convention was summoned by the Prince of Orange in December, 1688. After a lengthened debate they resolved, on February 12th, 1688/9, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should "be declared King and Queen." The Sovereigns were proclaimed on February 13th, and on the 20th the Convention was voted a Parliament. [T.S.]]

8: The bishops who were deprived for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to King William were: Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Ken, Bishop of Bath; White, Bishop of Peterborough; Turner, Bishop of Ely; Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester; and Lloyd, Bishop of Norwich. [T.S.]]

9: Writing to Stella, under date October 10th, 1711, Swift complains that "The Protestant Post-Boy" says "that an ambitious tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry," etc. (vol. ii., p. 258, of present edition). [T.S.]]

10: "The most virtuous and pious enemy to their wicked principles [*i.e.*, to those of the Calves-Head Club] is always cried down as a high-flyer, a Papist, and a traitor to his country" ("Secret History of the Calves-Head Club," 7th edit., 1709). [T.S.]]

11: Prince George of Denmark died October 28th, 1708. [T.S.]]

NUMB. 45.[1]

FROM THURSDAY MAY 31, TO THURSDAY JUNE 7, 1711.[2]

Magna vis est, magnum nomen, unum et idem sentieritis Senatus.[3]

Whoever calls to mind the clamour and the calumny, the artificial fears and jealousies, the shameful misrepresentation of persons and of things, that were raised and spread by the leaders and instruments of a certain party, upon the change of the last ministry, and dissolution of Parliament; if he be a true lover of his country, must feel a mighty pleasure, though mixed with some indignation, to see the wishes, the conjectures, the endeavours, of an inveterate faction entirely disappointed; and this important period wholly spent, in restoring the prerogative to the prince, liberty to the subject, in reforming past abuses, preventing future, supplying old deficiencies, providing for debts, restoring the clergy to their rights, and taking care of the necessities of the Church: and all this unattended with any of those misfortunes which some men hoped for, while they pretended to fear.

For my own part, I must confess, the difficulties appeared so great to me, from such a noise and shew of opposition, that I thought nothing but the absolute necessity of affairs, could ever justify so daring an attempt. But, a wise and good prince, at the head of an able ministry, and of a senate freely chosen; all united to pursue the true interest of their country, is a power, against which, the little inferior politics of any faction, will be able to make no long resistance. To this we may add one additional strength, which in the opinion of our adversaries, is the greatest and justest of any; I mean the *vox populi*, so indisputably declarative on the same side. I am apt to think, when these discarded politicians begin seriously to consider all this, they will think it proper to give out, and reserve their wisdom for some more convenient juncture.

It was pleasant enough to observe, that those who were the chief instruments of raising the noise, who started fears, bespoke dangers, and formed ominous prognostics, in order scare the allies, to spirit the French, and fright ignorant people at home; made use of those very opinions themselves had broached, for arguments to prove, that the change of ministers was dangerous and unseasonable. But if a house be swept, the more occasion there is for such a work, the more dust it will raise; if it be going to ruin, the repairs, however necessary, will make a noise, and disturb the neighbourhood a while. And as to the rejoicings made in France,[4] if it be true, that they had any, upon the news of those alterations among us; their joy was grounded upon the same hopes with that of the Whigs, who comforted themselves, that a change of ministry and Parliament, would infallibly put us all into confusion, increase our divisions, and destroy our credit; wherein, I suppose, by this time they are

equally undeceived.

But this long session, being in a manner ended,[5] which several circumstances, and one accident, altogether unforeseen, have drawn out beyond the usual time; it may be some small piece of justice to so excellent an assembly, barely to mention a few of those great things they have done for the service of their QUEEN and country; which I shall take notice of, just as they come to my memory.

The credit of the nation began mightily to suffer by a discount upon exchequer bills, which have been generally reckoned the surest and most sacred of all securities. The present lord treasurer, then a member of the House of Commons, proposed a method, which was immediately complied with, of raising them to a *par* with *specie*;[6] and so they have ever since continued.

The British colonies of Nevis and St. Christopher's,[7] had been miserably plundered by the French, their houses burnt, their plantations destroyed, and many of the inhabitants carried away prisoners: they had often, for some years past, applied in vain for relief from hence; till the present Parliament, considering their condition as a case of justice and mercy, voted them one hundred thousand pound by way of recompense, in some manner, for their sufferings.

Some persons, whom the voice of the nation authorizes me to call her enemies, taking advantage of the general Naturalization Act, had invited over a great number of foreigners of all religions, under the name of Palatines;[8] who understood no trade or handicraft, yet rather chose to beg than labour;[9] who besides infesting our streets, bred contagious diseases, by which we lost in natives, thrice the number of what we gained in foreigners. The House of Commons, as a remedy against this evil, brought in a bill for repealing that Act of general Naturalization, which, to the surprise of most people, was rejected by the L[or]ds.[10] And upon this occasion, I must allow myself to have been justly rebuked by one of my weekly monitors, for pretending in a former paper, to hope that law would be repealed; wherein the Commons being disappointed, took care however to send many of the Palatines away, and to represent their being invited over, as a pernicious counsel.[11]

The Qualification Bill,[12] incapacitating all men to serve in Parliament, who have not some estate in land, either in possession or certain reversion, is perhaps the greatest security that ever was contrived for preserving the constitution, which otherwise might, in a little time, lie wholly at the mercy of the moneyed interest: And since much the greatest part of the taxes is paid, either immediately from land, or from the productions of it, it is but common justice, that those who are the proprietors, should appoint what portion of it ought to go to the support of the public; otherwise, the engrossers of money, would be apt to lay heavy loads on others, which themselves never touch with one of their fingers.

The public debts were so prodigiously increased, by the negligence and

corruption of those who had been managers of the revenue; that the late m[iniste]rs, like careless men, who run out their fortunes, were so far from any thoughts of payment, as they had not the courage to state or compute them. The Parliament found that thirty-five millions had never been accounted for; and that the debt on the navy, wholly unprovided for, amounted to nine millions.[13] The late chancellor of the exchequer, suitable to his transcendent genius for public affairs, proposed a fund to be security for that immense debt, which is now confirmed by a law, and is likely to prove the greatest restoration and establishment of the kingdom's credit.[14] Nor content with this, the legislature hath appointed commissioners of accompts, to inspect into past mismanagements of the public money, and prevent them for the future.[15]

I have, in a former paper, mentioned the Act for building fifty new Churches in London and Westminster,[16] with a fund appropriated for that pious and noble work. But while I am mentioning acts of piety, it would be unjust to conceal my lord high treasurer's concern for religion, which have extended even to another kingdom: his lordship having some months ago, obtained of her Majesty a remission of the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy of Ireland,[17] as he is known to have formerly done for that reverend body in this kingdom.

The Act for carrying on a Trade to the South-Sea,[18] proposed by the same great person, whose thoughts are perpetually employed, and always with success, on the good of his country, will, in all probability, if duly executed, be of mighty advantage to the kingdom, and an everlasting honour to the present Parliament.[19]

I might go on further, and mention that seasonable law against excessive gaming;[20] the putting a stop to that scandalous fraud of false musters in the Guards;[21] the diligent and effectual enquiry made by the Commons into several gross abuses.[22] I might produce many instances of their impartial justice in deciding controverted election, against former example, and great provocations to retaliate.[23] I might shew their cheerful readiness in granting such vast supplies; their great unanimity, not to be broken by all the arts of a malicious and cunning faction; their unfeigned duty to the QUEEN; and lastly, that representation made to her Majesty from the House of Commons, discovering such a spirit and disposition in that noble assembly, to redress all those evils, which a long mal-administration had brought upon us.[24]

It is probable, that trusting only to my memory, I may have omitted many things of great importance; neither do I pretend further in the compass of this paper, than to give the world some general, however imperfect idea, how worthily this great assembly hath discharged the trust of those who so freely chose them; and what we may reasonably hope and expect from the piety, courage, wisdom, and loyalty of such excellent patriots, in a time so fruitful of occasions to exert the greatest abilities.

And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers, is fully executed. A great majority of the nation is at length thoroughly convinced,

that the Qu[een] proceeded with the highest wisdom, in changing her ministry and Parliament. That under a former administration, the greatest abuses of all kinds were committed, and the most dangerous attempts against the constitution for some time intended. The whole kingdom finds the present persons in power, directly and openly pursuing the true service of their QUEEN and country; and to be such whom their most bitter enemies cannot tax with bribery, covetousness, ambition, pride, insolence, or any pernicious principles in religion or government.

For my own particular, those little barking pens which have so constantly pursued me, I take to be of no further consequence to what I have writ, than the scoffing slaves of old, placed behind the chariot, to put the general in mind of his mortality;[25] which was but a thing of form, and made no stop or disturbance in the shew. However, if those perpetual snarlers against me, had the same design, I must own they have effectually compassed it; since nothing can well be more mortifying, than to reflect that I am of the same species with creatures capable of uttering so much scurrility, dullness, falsehood and impertinence, to the scandal and disgrace of human nature.

1: No. 44 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: To Stella, about this time, Swift wrote giving a decided hint of the end of his term on "The Examiner." Under date June 7th, 1711, he says: "As for the 'Examiner,' I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this Parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's 'Examiner' the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more" (vol. ii., pp. 192-3 of present edition). [T.S.]]

3: "Great is the power, great the name, of a Senate which is unanimous in its opinions." — H.T. RILEY, [T.S.]]

4: See No. 24, *ante*, and note on p. 145. [T.S.]]

5: The session did not actually close till June 12th. [T.S.]]

6: The House of Commons had resolved on January 16th, 1710/1, to provide for converting all non-specie exchequer bills into specie. [T.S.]]

7: The Act for licensing and regulating hackney coaches, etc. (9 Ann. c. 16) provided that a sum of £103,003 11s. 4d. should be distributed among those proprietors and inhabitants of Nevis and St. Christopher's who had suffered "very great losses by a late invasion of the French." [T.S.]]

8: See note on p. 264. [T.S.]]

9: A petition was presented to the House of Commons on January 15th, 1710/1, against the Palatines as likely to spread disease and to become chargeable to the parish. [T.S.]

The exactions of the French armies in the Palatinate, in the year 1709, drove from their habitations six or seven thousand persons of all descriptions and professions, who came into Holland with a view of emigrating to British America. It was never accurately ascertained, with what view, or by whose persuasions, their course was changed, but, by direction from the English ministers, they were furnished with shipping to come to England. In the settlements, they would have been a valuable colony; but in the vicinity of London, this huge accession to the poor of the metropolis was a burthen and a nuisance. They were encamped on Blackheath, near Greenwich, where, so soon as their countrymen heard that they were supported by British charity, the number of the fugitives began to increase by recruits from the Continent, till government prohibited further importation. A general Naturalization Act, passed in favour of the French Protestants, greatly encouraged this influx of strangers. This matter was inquired into by the Tory Parliament, who voted,

that the bringing over the Palatines was an oppression on the nation, and a waste of the public money, and that he who advised it was an enemy to his country. The unfortunate fugitives had been already dispersed; some of them to North America, some to Ireland, and some through Britain. The pretence alleged for the vote against them, was the apprehension expressed by the guardians of the poor in several parishes, that they might introduce contagious diseases; but the real reason was a wish to gratify the prejudice of the common people against foreigners, and to dimmish the number of Dissenters. [S.]]

10: See No. 26, *ante*, and note on p. 160. [T.S.]]

11: On the invitation of the lord lieutenant 3,000 Palatines were sent into Ireland in August, 1709, and 800 in the following February. Many of them subsequently returned to England in the hope that they would be sent to Carolina. Large numbers had been brought to England from Holland at the Queen's expense, after the passing of the Naturalization Act. The government spent £22,275 in transporting 3,300 of them to New York and establishing them there, undertaking to maintain them until they could provide for themselves. These sums were to be repaid within four years. [T.S.]]

12: See No. 35, *ante*, and note on p. 225. [T.S.]]

13: See No. 41, *ante*, and note on p. 264. The debt on the navy is a portion of the thirty-five millions referred to. [T.S.]]

14: Harley proposed a scheme, on May 2nd, 1711, by which all public and national debts and deficiencies were to be satisfied. Resolutions were passed on May 3rd, and a Bill brought in on the 17th, which was the origin of the celebrated South Sea scheme referred to later in the text. [T.S.]]

15: The Bill for examining the Public Accounts (9 Ann. c. 18) became law on May 16th. [T.S.]]

16: See No. 43, *ante*, pp. 278 *et seq.* [T.S.]]

17: On August 15th, 1711, Swift wrote to Archbishop King: "He [the lord treasurer] told me, 'he had lately received a letter from the bishops of Ireland, subscribed (as I remember) by seventeen, acknowledging his favour about the first-fruits'" (Scott's edition, xv. 465). [T.S.]]

18: The South Sea Company was established in pursuance of the Act 9 Ann. c. 15. [T.S.]]

19: The disastrous results of the South Sea scheme, when the company failed in 1720-21, are matter of history. [T.S.]]

20: A Bill for the better preventing of Excessive and Deceitful Gaming, was introduced January 25th, 1710/1, passed April 11th, and obtained the Royal Assent, May 16th (9 Ann. c. 19). A similar bill, which had passed the House of Commons in 1709/10, was dropped in the House of Lords. [T.S.]]

21: A committee of the House of Commons was appointed, on February 5th, 1710/1 to inquire into alleged false musters in the Guards. A petition was presented to the House on February 13th, complaining that tradesmen were listed in Her Majesty's Guards "to screen and protect them from their creditors." A clause was inserted in the Recruiting Bill to remedy this evil (10 Ann. c. 12; see sec. 39), and the House passed a strong resolution against the practice, on May 26th, when considering the report of the committee. [T.S.]]

22: The House of Commons, on June 4th, presented a representation to the Queen on mismanagements and abuses. [T.S.]]

23: A large number of petitions to the House of Commons concerning controverted elections had been considered in December, 1710. [T.S.]]

24: Towards the close of the very long representation addressed to the Queen on June 4th, the Commons said: "We … beseech your Majesty … that you would employ in places of authority and trust such only, as have given good testimonies of their duty to your Majesty, and of their affection to the true interest of your kingdom." [T.S.]]

25: In a Roman triumph a slave accompanied the victorious general to whisper in his ear: "Remember that thou art but a man." [T.S.]]

NUMB. 46.[1]

FROM THURSDAY JUNE 7, TO THURSDAY JUNE 14, 1711.[2]

Melius non tangere clamo.[3]

When a general has conquered an army, and reduced a country to obedience, he often finds it necessary to send out small bodies, in order to take in petty castles and forts, and beat little straggling parties, which are otherwise, apt to make head and infest the neighbourhood: This case exactly resembles mine; I count the main body of the Whigs entirely subdued; at least, till they appear with new reinforcements, I shall reckon them as such; and therefore do now find myself at leisure to *Examine* inferior abuses. The business I have left, is, to fall on those wretches that will be still keeping the war on foot, when they have no country to defend, no forces to bring into the field, nor any thing remaining, but their bare good-will towards faction and mischief: I mean, the present set of writers, whom I have suffered, without molestation, so long to infest the town. Were there not a concurrence from prejudice, party, weak understanding, and misrepresentation, I should think them too inconsiderable in themselves to deserve correction: But as my endeavour hath been to expose the gross impositions of the fallen party, I will give a taste, in the following petition, of the sincerity of these their factors, to shew how little those writers for the Whigs were guided by conscience or honour, their business being only to gratify a prevailing interest.

"*To the Right Honourable the present M[inist]ry, the humble Petition of the Party Writers to the late M[inist]ry.*

"HUMBLY SHEWETH,

"That your petitioners have served their time to the trade of writing pamphlets and weekly papers, in defence of the Whigs, against the Church of England, and the Christian religion, and her Majesty's prerogative, and her title to the crown: That since the late change of ministry, and meeting of this Parliament, the said trade is mightily fallen off, and the call for the said pamphlets and papers, much less than formerly; and it is feared, to our further prejudice, that the 'Examiner' may discontinue writing, whereby some of your petitioners will be brought to utter distress, forasmuch as through false quotations, noted absurdities, and other legal abuses, many of your petitioners, to their great comfort and support, were enabled to pick up a weekly subsistence out of the said 'Examiner.'

"That your said poor petitioners, did humbly offer your Honours to write in defence of the late change of ministry and Parliament, much cheaper than they did for your predecessors, which your Honours were pleased to refuse.

"Notwithstanding which offer, your petitioners are under daily apprehension, that your Honours will forbid them to follow the said trade any longer; by which your petitioners, to the number of fourscore, with their wives and families, will inevitably starve, having been bound to no other calling.

"Your petitioners desire your Honours will tenderly consider the premisses, and suffer your said petitioners to continue their trade (those who set them at work, being still willing to employ them, though at lower rates) and your said petitioners will give security to make use of the same stuff, and dress it in the same manner, as they always did, and no other. *And your petitioners" &c.*

1: No. 45 in the reprint. [T.S.]]

2: In his "Journal to Stella," under date June 22nd, 1711, Swift writes: "Yesterday's was a sad 'Examiner,' and last week was very indifferent, though, some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed." (vol. ii., p, 195).

On November 2nd he gives the following account: "I have sent to Leigh the set of 'Examiners'; the first thirteen were written by several hands; some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman" (vol. ii., p. 273). [T.S.]]

3: Horace, "Satires," II. i. 45.

"'Better not touch me, friend,' I loud exclaim." — P. FRANCIS. [T.S.]]

CONTENTS

NOTE.
THE SPECTATOR, NUMB. L.[1]
PARAGRAPH, AUGUST, 1714

NOTE.

"THE SPECTATOR," projected by Steele, assisted and made famous by Addison, was first started on March 1st, 1710/1, and continued to be issued daily until December 6th, 1712. An interval of eighteen months then occurred, during six of which these two writers were busy with "The Guardian." On June 18th, 1714, however, "The Spectator" was resumed, and appeared daily until its final number on December 20th of that year. As with "The Tatler," so with "The Spectator," its success proved too great a temptation to be resisted; so that we find a spurious "Spectator" also. This was begun on Monday, January 3rd, 1714/5, and concluded August 3rd of the same year. Its sixty numbers (for it was issued twice a week) were afterwards published as "The Spectator, volume ninth and last." The principal writer to this spurious edition was said to be Dr. George Sewell.

Of the contributions to Steele's "Spectator," by far the greater number were written by the projector and Addison. The other contributors were Eustace Budgell, John Hughes, John Byrom, Henry Grove, Thomas Parnell, "Orator" Henley, Dr. Zachary Pearce, Philip Yorke, and a few others whose identity is doubtful. Swift's contribution consisted of one paper only, and (probably) a single paragraph in another. [T.S.]

THE SPECTATOR, NUMB. L.[1]

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit. JUV.[2]

FRIDAY, APRIL 27. 1711.

When the four Indian kings[3] were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of everything that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their landlord the upholsterer[4] relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul.

"On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments; of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as polished marble;[5] and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was

begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotions in. And indeed, there are several reasons which make us think, that the natives of this Country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of those holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour: There was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the Deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtsying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

"The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

"Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners.[6] These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

"These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of porters who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

"We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to

have seen the great men of their country running down a stag or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the men of the greatest perfections in their country;[7] but instead of that, they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

"As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots[8] that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning."

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal; when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.[9]

1: On March 16th, 1711, Swift writes to Stella: "Have you seen the 'Spectator' yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his 'Tatlers,' and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club." On April 28th he writes again: "'The Spectator' is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his 'Tatlers,' about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too" (vol. ii., pp. 139 and 166 of present edition). [T.S.]]

2: Juvenal, "Satires," xiv. 321.

"Nature and wisdom never are at strife." — W. GIFFORD. [T.S.]]

3: Steele's paper on the four Indian kings appeared in "The Tatler" for May 13th, 1710 (No. 171):—"Who can convince the world that four kings shall come over here, and He at the Two Crowns and Cushion, and one of them fall sick, and the place be called King Street, and all this by mere accident?" — The so-called kings were four Iroquois chiefs who came over to see Queen Anne. The Queen saw them on April 19th, 1710. During their visit here Colonel Schuyler and Colonel Francis Nicholson were appointed to attend them. [T.S.]]

4: They lodged over the shop of Mr. Arne — father of Dr. Arne and Mrs. Cibber — in King Street, Covent Garden. [T.S.]]

5: The edition of 1712 has, "as the surface of a pebble." [T.S.]]

6: In "The Tatler" for February 4th, 1709/10 (No. 129), Steele prints a letter from "Pasquin of Rome," in which he says: "It would also be very acceptable here to receive an account of those two religious orders which are lately sprung up amongst you, the Whigs and the Tories, with the points of doctrine, severities in discipline, penances, mortifications, and good works, by which they differ one from another." [T.S.]]

7: The edition of 1712 has: "the persons of the greatest abilities among them." [T.S.]]

8: See "The Spectator," No. 81, and "The Examiner," No. 32. The "black spots" are the patches ladies stuck on their

faces. [T.S.]]

9: This paper is signed “C.”, in the edition of 1712, which is one of the signatures used by Addison. See, however, Swift’s “Journal,” quoted above. [T.S.]]

* * * * *

PARAGRAPH, AUGUST, 1714

[The following paragraph in "The Spectator," No. 575 Monday, August 2. 1714. is believed to have been contributed by Swift.]

"The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: Which of these two cases would you make your choice?"

CONTENTS

NOTE.
THE INTELLIGENCER, NUMB. 1.[1]
THE INTELLIGENCER, NUMB. III.[1]
THE INTELLIGENCER, NUMB. XIX[1].

NOTE.

"THE INTELLIGENCER" was published in Dublin, commencing May 11th, 1728, and continued for nineteen numbers. On June 12th, 1731, Swift, writing to Pope, gives some account of its inception, and the amount of writing he did for it: "Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an 'Intelligencer.' But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself, and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropped. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions,) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated [Richard Tighe],) the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before, with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town: and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining" (Scott's edition, xvii. 375-6).

Of the contributions thus acknowledged, Nos. 1, 3, and 19 are reprinted here from the original edition; Nos. 5 and 7 were included by Pope in the fourth volume of "Miscellanies," under the title "An Essay on the Fates of Clergymen"; No. 9 he entitled "An Essay on Modern Education"; No. 15 was a reprint of the pamphlet "A Short View of the State of Ireland" — these will be found in this edition under the above titles. The verses in No. 8 ("Mad Mullinix and Timothy") and in No. 10 ("Tim and the Fables") are in Swift's "Poems," Aldine edition, vol. iii., pp. 132-43.

The nineteen numbers of "The Intelligencer" were collected and published in one volume, which was reprinted in London in 1729, "and sold by A. Moor in St. Paul's Church-yard." Monck Mason never saw a copy of the London reprint referred to by Swift. He had in his possession the original papers; "they are twenty in number," he says; "the last is double." The second London edition, published in 12mo in 1730, as "printed for Francis Cogan, at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleet-street," includes No. 20, "Dean Smedley, gone to seek his Fortune," and also a poem, "The Pheasant and the Lark. A Fable." In the poem, several writers are compared to birds, Swift being the nightingale:

"At length the nightingale was heard,

For voice and wisdom long revered,
Esteemed of all the wise and good,
The guardian genius of the wood;" etc.

The poem was written by Swift's friend, Dr. Delany. The title-page of this second edition ascribes the authorship, "By the Author of a Tale of a Tub."

"The Intelligencer," in the words of W. Monck Mason, "served as a vehicle of satire against the Dean's political and literary enemies; of these the chief were, Richard Tighe, Sir Thomas Prendergast, and Jonathan Smedley, Dean of Clogher" ("Hist, and Antiq. of St. Patrick's," pp. 376-7). [T.S.]

THE INTELLIGENCER, NUMB. 1.[1]

SATURDAY, MAY 11, TO BE CONTINUED WEEKLY.

It may be said, without offence to other cities, of much greater consequence in the world, that our town of Dublin doth not want its due proportion of folly, and vice, both native and imported; and as to those imported, we have the advantage to receive them last, and consequently after our happy manner to improve, and refine upon them.

But, because there are many effects of folly and vice among us, whereof some are general, others confined to smaller numbers, and others again, perhaps to a few individuals; there is a society lately established, who at great expense, have erected an office of Intelligence, from which they are to receive weekly information of all important events and singularities, which this famous metropolis can furnish. Strict injunctions are given to have the truest information: in order to which, certain qualified persons are employed to attend upon duty in their several posts; some at the play-house, others in churches, some at balls, assemblies, coffee-houses, and meetings for quadrille,[2] some at the several courts of justice, both spiritual and temporal, some at the college, some upon my lord mayor, and aldermen in their public affairs; lastly, some to converse with favourite chamber-maids, and to frequent those ale-houses, and brandy-shops, where the footmen of great families meet in a morning; only the barracks and Parliament-house are excepted; because we have yet found no *enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their persons at either. Out of these and some other store-houses, we hope to gather materials enough to inform, or divert, or correct, or vex the town.

But as facts, passages, and adventures of all kinds, are like to have the greatest share in our paper, whereof we cannot always answer for the truth; due care shall be taken to have them applied to feigned names, whereby all just offence will be removed; for if none be guilty, none will have cause to blush or be angry; if otherwise, then the guilty person is safe for the future upon his present amendment, and safe for the present, from all but his own conscience.

There is another resolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general discontent, and is of so singular a nature, that I have hardly confidence enough to mention it, although it be absolutely necessary by way of apology, for so bold and unpopular an attempt. But so it is, that we have taken a desperate counsel to produce into the world every distinguished action, either of justice, prudence, generosity, charity, friendship, or public spirit, which comes well attested to us. And although we shall neither here be

so daring as to assign names, yet we shall hardly forbear to give some hints, that perhaps to the great displeasure of such deserving persons may endanger a discovery. For we think that even virtue itself, should submit to such a mortification, as by its visibility and example, will render it more useful to the world. But however, the readers of these papers, need not be in pain of being overcharged, with so dull and ungrateful a subject. And yet who knows, but such an occasion may be offered to us, once in a year or two, after we shall have settled a correspondence round the kingdom.

But after all our boasts of materials, sent us by our several emissaries, we may probably soon fall short, if the town will not be pleased to lend us further assistance toward entertaining itself. The world best knows its own faults and virtues, and whatever is sent shall be faithfully returned back, only a little embellished according to the custom of authors. We do therefore demand and expect continual advertisements in great numbers, to be sent to the printer of this paper, who hath employed a judicious secretary to collect such as may be most useful for the public.

And although we do not intend to expose our own persons by mentioning names, yet we are so far from requiring the same caution in our correspondents, that on the contrary, we expressly *charge* and *command* them, in all the facts they send us, to set down the names, titles, and places of abode at length; together with a very particular description of the persons, dresses, and dispositions of the several lords, ladies, squires, madams, lawyers, gamesters, toupees, sots, wits, rakes, and informers, whom they shall have occasion to mention; otherwise it will not be possible for us to adjust our style to the different qualities, and capacities of the persons concerned, and treat them with the respect or familiarity, that may be due to their stations and characters, which we are determined to observe with the utmost strictness, that none may have cause to complain.

1: In the "Contents" to both the editions of 1729 and 1730, this is called "Introduction." Each of the numbers has a special title in this table, as follows:

No. I. Introduction.
II. The Inhospitable Temper of 'Squire Wether.
III. A Vindication of Mr. Gay, and the Beggar's Opera.
IV. The Folly of Gaming.
V. A Description of what the World calls Discretion.
VI. A Representation of the Present Condition of Ireland.
VII. The Character of Corusodes and Eugenio.
VIII. A Dialogue between Mullinix and Timothy.
IX. The foolish Methods of Education among the Nobility.
X. Tim and Gay's Fables.
XI. Proposals in Prose and Verse for, An Universal View of all the eminent Writers on the Holy Scriptures, &c.
XII. Sir Ralph the Patriot turned Courtier.
XIII. The Art of Story-Telling.
XIV. Prometheus's Art of Man-making: And the Tale of the T — d.
XV. The Services the Drapier has done his Country, and the Steps taken to ruin it.
XVI. The Adventures of the three Brothers, George, Patrick, and Andrew.
XVII. The Marks of Ireland's Poverty, shewn to be evident Proofs of its Riches.
XVIII. St. Andrew's Day, and the Drapier's Birth-Day.
XIX. The Hardships of the Irish being deprived of their Silver, and

decoyed into America.
[XX. Dean Smedley, gone to seek his Fortune.
The Pheasant and the Lark. A Fable.]-[T.S.]]

2: A fashionable card game of the time. See also Swift's poem,
"The Journal of a Modern Lady" (Aldine edition, vol. i., pp. 214-23), and
"A New Proposal for the better regulation … of Quadrille," written by
Dr. Josiah Hort, Bp. of Kilmore, in 1735/6 (afterwards Abp. of Tuam), and
included by Scott in his edition of Swift (vii. 372-7). [T.S.]]

THE INTELLIGENCER, NUMB. III.[1]

— Ipse per omnes Ibit personas, et turbam reddet in unam.[2]

The players having now almost done with the comedy, called the "Beggar's Opera,"[3] for this season, it may be no unpleasant speculation, to reflect a little upon this dramatic piece, so singular in the subject, and the manner, so much an original, and which hath frequently given so very agreeable an entertainment.[4]

Although an evil taste be very apt to prevail, both here, and in London, yet there is a point which whoever can rightly touch, will never fail of pleasing a very great majority; so great, that the dislikers, out of dullness or affectation will be silent, and forced to fall in with the herd; the point I mean, is what we call humour, which in its perfection is allowed to be much preferable to wit, if it be not rather the most useful, and agreeable species of it.

I agree with Sir William Temple, that the word is peculiar to our English tongue, but I differ from him in the opinion, that the thing itself is peculiar to the English nation,[5] because the contrary may be found in many Spanish, Italian and French productions, and particularly, whoever hath a taste for true humour, will find a hundred instances of it in those volumes printed in France, under the name of *Le Théâtre Italien*,[6] to say nothing of Rabelais, Cervantes, and many others.

Now I take the comedy or farce, (or whatever name the critics will allow it) called the "Beggar's Opera"; to excel in this article of humour; and, upon that merit, to have met with such prodigious success both here, and in England.

As to poetry, eloquence and music, which are said to have most power over the minds of men, it is certain that very few have a taste or judgment of the excellencies of the two former, and if a man succeeds in either, it is upon the authority of those few judges, that lend their taste to the bulk of readers, who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good judges in music, and that among those who crowd the operas, nine in ten go thither merely out of curiosity, fashion, or affectation.

But a taste for humour is in some manner fixed to the very nature of man, and generally obvious to the vulgar, except upon subjects too refined, and superior to their understanding.

And as this taste of humour is purely natural, so is humour itself, neither is it a talent confined to men of wit, or learning; for we observe it sometimes among common servants, and the meanest of the people, while the very owners are often ignorant of the gift they possess.

I know very well, that this happy talent is contemptibly treated by critics,

under the name of low humour, or low comedy; but I know likewise, that the Spaniards and Italians, who are allowed to have the most wit of any nation in Europe, do most excel in it, and do most esteem it.

By what disposition of the mind, what influence of the stars, or what situation of the climate this endowment is bestowed upon mankind, may be a question fit for philosophers to discuss. It is certainly the best ingredient toward that kind of satire, which is most useful, and gives the least offence; which instead of lashing, laughs men out of their follies, and vices, and is the character which gives Horace the preference to Juvenal.

And although some things are too serious, solemn or sacred to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuses of them are certainly not, since it is allowed that corruption in religion, politics, and law, may be proper topics for this kind of satire.

There are two ends that men propose in writing satire, one of them less noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than personal satisfaction, and pleasure of the writer; but without any view towards personal malice; the other is a public spirit, prompting men of genius and virtue, to mend the world as far as they are able. And as both these ends are innocent, so the latter is highly commendable. With regard to the former, I demand whether I have not as good a title to laugh, as men have to be ridiculous, and to expose vice, as another hath to be vicious. If I ridicule the follies and corruptions of a court, a ministry, or a senate; are they not amply paid by pensions, titles, and power, while I expect and desire no other reward, than that of laughing with a few friends in a corner. Yet, if those who take offence, think me in the wrong, I am ready to change the scene with them, whenever they please.

But if my design be to make mankind better, then I think it is my duty, at least I am sure it is the interest of those very courts and ministers, whose follies or vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good intentions; for, if it be reckoned a high point of wisdom to get the laughers on our side, it is much more easy, as well as wise to get those on our side, who can make millions laugh when they please.

My reason for mentioning courts, and ministers, (whom I never think on, but with the most profound veneration) is because an opinion obtains that in the "Beggar's Opera" there appears to be some reflection upon courtiers and statesmen, whereof I am by no means a judge[7].

It is true indeed that Mr. Gay, the author of this piece, hath been somewhat singular in the course of his fortunes, for it hath happened, that after fourteen years attending the court, with a large stock of real merit, a modest, and agreeable conversation, a hundred promises, and five hundred friends [he] hath failed of preferment, and upon a very weighty reason. He lay under the suspicion of having written a libel, or lampoon against a great m[inister][8]. It is true that great m[inister] was demonstratively convinced, and publicly owned his conviction, that Mr. Gay was not the author; but having lain under the suspicion, it seemed very just, that he should suffer the

punishment; because in this most reformed age, the virtues of a great m[inister] are no more to be suspected, than the chastity of Caesar's wife.

It must be allowed, that the "Beggar's Opera" is not the first of Mr. Gay's works, wherein he hath been faulty, with regard to courtiers and statesmen. For, to omit his other pieces even in his Fables, published within two years past, and dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, for which he was promised a reward[9]; he hath been thought somewhat too bold upon courtiers. And although it is highly probable, he meant only the courtiers of former times, yet he acted unwarily, by not considering that the malignity of some people might misinterpret what he said to the disadvantage of present persons, and affairs.

But I have now done with Mr. Gay as a politician, and shall consider him henceforward only as author of the "Beggar's Opera," wherein he hath by a turn of humour, entirely new, placed vices of all kinds in the strongest and most odious light; and thereby done eminent service, both to religion and morality. This appears from the unparalleled success he hath met with. All ranks parties and denominations of men, either crowding to see his opera, or reading it with delight in their closets, even ministers of state, whom he is thought to have most offended (next to those whom the actors more immediately represent) appearing frequently at the theatre, from a consciousness of their own innocence, and to convince the world how unjust a parallel, malice, envy, and disaffection to the government have made.

I am assured that several worthy clergymen in this city, went privately to see the "Beggar's Opera" represented; and that the fleering coxcombs in the pit, amused themselves with making discoveries, and spreading the names of those gentlemen round the audience.

I shall not pretend to vindicate a clergyman, who would appear openly in his habit at a theatre, among such a vicious crew, as would probably stand round him, and at such lewd comedies, and profane tragedies as are often represented. Besides I know very well, that persons of their function are bound to avoid the appearance of evil, or of giving cause of offence. But when the lords chancellors, who are keepers of the king's conscience, when the judges of the land, whose title is *reverend*, when ladies, who are bound by the rules of their sex, to the strictest decency, appear in the theatre without censure, I cannot understand, why a young clergyman who goes concealed out of curiosity to see an innocent and moral play, should be so highly condemned; nor do I much approve the rigour of a great p[rela]te, who said, "he hoped none of his clergy were there." I am glad to hear there are no weightier objections against that reverend body, planted in this city, and I wish there never may. But I should be very sorry that any of them should be so weak, as to imitate a court chaplain in England, who preached against the "Beggar's Opera," which will probably do more good than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a divine[10].

In this happy performance of Mr. Gay, all the characters are just, and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice. It discovers

the whole system of that commonwealth, or that *imperium in imperio* of iniquity, established among us, by which neither our lives, nor our properties are secure, either in the highways, or in public assemblies, or even in our own houses. It shews the miserable lives, and the constant fate of those abandoned wretches; for how little they sell their lives and souls; betrayed by their whores, their comrades, and the receivers and purchasers of these thefts and robberies. This comedy contains likewise a satire, which, although it doth by no means affect the present age, yet might have been useful in the former, and may possibly be so in ages to come. I mean where the author takes occasion of comparing those common robbers to robbers of the public;[11] and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other,[12] to the several arts of politicians in times of corruption.

This comedy likewise exposeth with great justice, that unnatural taste for Italian music among us,[13] which is wholly unsuitable to our northern climate, and the genius of the people, whereby we are over-run with Italian effeminacy, and Italian nonsense. An old gentleman said to me, that many years ago, when the practice of an unnatural vice grew so frequent in London, that many were prosecuted for it, he was sure it would be a forerunner[14] of Italian operas, and singers; and then we should want nothing but stabbing or poisoning, to make us perfect Italians.

Upon the whole, I deliver my judgment, that nothing but servile attachment to a party, affectation of singularity, lamentable dullness, mistaken zeal, or studied hypocrisy, can have the least reasonable objection against this excellent moral performance of the celebrated Mr. Gay.

1: See title in note above, p. 313. [T.S.]]

2: "He will go among the people, and will draw a crowd together." [T.S.]]

3: Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" was produced by Rich at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, January 29th, 1727/8, and published in book form in 1728. It was shortly afterwards performed in Dublin, Bath, and other places. [T.S.]]

4: Writing to Pope, May 10th, 1728, Swift says: "Mr. Gay's
Opera has been acted here twenty times, and my lord lieutenant tells me
it is very well performed; he has seen it often, and approves it much….
'The Beggar's Opera' has done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*"
(Scott's edition, xvii. 188-9). [T.S.]]

5: In his essay "Of Poetry," Sir William Temple, writing of dramatic poetry, says: "Yet I am deceived, if our English has not in some kind excelled both the modern and the ancient, which has been by force of a vein natural perhaps to our country, and which with us is called humour, a word peculiar to our language too, and hard to be expressed in any other;" etc. —"Works," vol. i., p. 247 (1720). [T.S.]]

6: "Le Théâtre Italian, ou le Recueil de toutes les Comédies et Scènes Françoises, qui out été jouées sur le Théâtre Italian." The collection was edited by Evariste Gherardi, and published in 1695. Two further volumes were issued in 1698, the third containing complete plays. The collection was afterwards extended to six volumes. [T.S.]]

7: A modern writer says of it: "It bristles with keen, well-pointed satire on the corrupt and venal politicians and courtiers of the day" (W.H. Husk in Grove's "Dict. of Music").[T.S.]]

8: In the character of Robin of Bagshot Gay intended Sir Robert
Walpole.[T.S.]]

9: Gay's "Fables" was first published in 1727, with a dedication "To his Highness William Duke of Cumberland." The

Fables are said to have been “invented for his amusement.” Cumberland was the second son of George, Prince of Wales, and was afterwards known as “the butcher.”[T.S.]]

10: Dr. Thomas Herring, preacher at Lincoln’s Inn, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached a sermon against “The Beggar’s Opera” in March, 1727-8. It is referred to in a letter to the “Whitehall Evening Post,” dated March 30th, 1728, reprinted in the Appendix to “Letters from Dr. T. Herring to W. Duncombe,” 1777. As Archbishop of York, Herring interested himself greatly, during the rebellion of 1745, in forming an association for the defence of the liberties of the people and the constitution of the country. Writing to Swift, under date May 16th, 1728, Gay remarks: “I suppose you must have heard, that I had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court-chaplain, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame” (Scott, xvii. 194). [T.S.]]

11: The edition of 1729 has “those common robbers of the public.” [T.S.]]

12: Peachum says: “Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it?” — Act II., sc. x. [T.S.]]

13: The rivalry between Handel and the Italian composers had then been keen for nearly twenty years. [T.S.]]

14: The edition of 1729 has “the fore-runner.” [T.S.]]

THE INTELLIGENCER, NUMB. XIX[1].

Having on the 12th of October last, received a letter signed ANDREW DEALER, *and* PATRICK PENNYLESS; *I believe the following* PAPER, *just come to my hands, will be a sufficient answer to it*[2].

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves. VlRG.[3]

SIR,

I am a country gentleman, and a Member of Parliament, with an estate of about 1400*l*. a year, which as a Northern landlord, I receive from above two hundred tenants, and my lands having been let, near twenty years ago, the rents, till very lately, were esteemed to be not above half value; yet by the intolerable scarcity of silver[4], I lie under the greatest difficulties in receiving them, as well as in paying my labourers, or buying any thing necessary for my family from tradesmen, who are not able to be long out of their money. But the sufferings of me, and those of my rank, are trifles in comparison, of what the meaner sort undergo; such as the buyers and sellers, at fairs, and markets; the shopkeepers in every town, the farmers in general. All those who travel with fish, poultry, pedlary-ware, and other conveniencies to sell: But more especially handicrafts-men, who work for us by the day, and common labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both these kinds of people, I am forced to employ, till their wages amount to a double pistole,[5] or a moidore, (for we hardly have any gold of lower value left among us) to divide it among themselves as they can; and this is generally done at an ale-house or brandy shop; where, besides the cost of getting drunk, (which is usually the case) they must pay tenpence or a shilling, for changing their piece into silver, to some huckstering fellow, who follows that trade. But what is infinitely worse, those poor men for want of due payment, are forced to take up their oatmeal, and other necessaries of life, at almost double value, and consequently are not able, to discharge half their score, especially under the scarceness of corn, for two years past, and the melancholy disappointment of the present crop.

The causes of this, and a thousand other evils, are clear and manifest to you and all other thinking men, though hidden from the vulgar: these indeed complain of hard times, the dearth of corn, the want of money, the badness of seasons; that their goods bear no price, and the poor cannot find work; but their weak reasonings never carry them to the hatred, and contempt, borne us by our neighbours, and brethren, without the least grounds of provocation, who rejoice at our sufferings, although sometimes to their own disadvantage; of the dead weight upon every beneficial branch of our trade;[6] of half our revenues sent annually to England, and many other grievances peculiar to this

unhappy kingdom, excepted for our sins, which keep us from enjoying the common benefits of mankind, as you and some other lovers of their country, have so often observed, with such good inclinations, and so little effect.

It is true indeed, that under our circumstances in general, this complaint for the want of silver, may appear as ridiculous, as for a man to be impatient, about a cut finger, when he is struck with the plague; and yet a poor fellow going to the gallows, may be allowed to feel the smart of wasps, while he is upon Tyburn Road. This misfortune is too urging,[7] and vexatious in every kind of small traffic, and so hourly pressing upon all persons in the country whatsoever, that a hundred inconveniences, of perhaps greater moment in themselves, have been timely[8] submitted to, with far less disquietude and murmurs. And the case seems yet the harder, if it be true, what many skilful men assert, that nothing is more easy, than a remedy; and, that the want of silver, in proportion to the little gold remaining among us, is altogether as unnecessary, as it is inconvenient. A person of distinction assured me very lately, that, in discoursing with the lord lieutenant,[9] before his last return to England, his excellency said, "He had pressed the matter often, in proper time and place, and to proper persons; and could not see any difficulty of the least moment, that could prevent us from being easy upon that article."[10]

Whoever carries to England, twenty-seven English shillings, and brings back one moidore, of full weight, is a gainer of ninepence Irish; in a guinea, the advantage is threepence, and twopence in a pistole. The BANKERS, who are generally masters of all our gold, and silver, with this advantage, have sent over as much of the latter, as came into their hands. The value of one thousand moidores in silver, would thus amount in clear profit, to 37*l.* 10,*s.* The shopkeepers, and other traders, who go to London to buy goods, followed the same practice, by which we have been driven into this insupportable distress.

To a common thinker, it should seem, that nothing would be more easy, than for the government to redress this evil, at any time they shall please. When the value of guineas was lowered in England, from 21*s.* 6*d.* to only 21*s.*[11] the consequences to this kingdom, were obvious, and manifest to us all; and a sober man, may be allowed at least to wonder, though he dare not complain, why a new regulation of coin among us, was not then made; much more, why it hath never been since. It would surely require no very profound skill in algebra, to reduce the difference of ninepence in thirty shillings, or threepence in a guinea, to less than a farthing; and so small a fraction could be no temptation, either to bankers, to hazard their silver at sea, or tradesmen to load themselves with it, in their journeys to England. In my humble opinion, it would be no unseasonable condescension, if the government would graciously please, to signify to the poor loyal Protestant subjects of Ireland, either that this miserable want of silver, is not possible to be remedied in any degree, by the nicest skill in arithmetic; or else, that it doth not stand with the good pleasure of England, to suffer any silver at all among us. In the former case, it

would be madness, to expect impossibilities: and in the other, we must submit: For, lives, and fortunes are always at the mercy of the CONQUEROR.

The question hath been often put in printed papers, by the DRAPIER,[12] and others, or perhaps by the same WRITER, under different styles, why this kingdom should not be permitted to have a mint of its own, for the coinage of gold, silver, and copper, which is a power exercised by many bishops, and every petty prince in Germany. But this question hath never been answered, nor the least application that I have heard of, made to the Crown from hence, for the grant of a public mint, although it stands upon record, that several cities, and corporations here, had the liberty of coining silver. I can see no reasons, why we alone of all nations, are thus restrained, but such as I dare not mention; only thus far, I may venture, that Ireland is the first imperial kingdom, since Nimrod, which ever wanted power, to coin their own money.

I know very well, that in England it is lawful for any subject, to petition either the Prince, or the Parliament, provided it be done in a dutiful, and regular manner; but what is lawful for a subject of Ireland, I profess I cannot determine; nor will undertake, that your printer shall not be prosecuted, in a court of justice, for publishing my wishes, that a poor shopkeeper might be able to change a guinea, or a moidore, when a customer comes for a crown's worth of goods. I have known less crimes punished with the utmost severity, under the title of disaffection: And, I cannot but approve the wisdom of the ancients, who, after Astraea had fled from the earth,[13] at least took care to provide three upright judges for Hell. Men's ears among us, are indeed grown so nice, that whoever happens to think out of fashion, in what relates to the welfare of this kingdom, dare not so much as complain of the toothache, lest our weak and busy dabblers in politic should be ready to swear against him for disaffection.

There was a method practised by Sir Ambrose Crawley,[14] the great dealer in iron-works, which I wonder the gentlemen o£ our country, under this great exigence, have not thought fit to imitate. In the several towns, and villages, where he dealt, and many miles round, he gave notes, instead of money, from twopence, to twenty shillings, which passed current in all shops, and markets, as well as in houses, where meat, or drink was sold. I see no reason, why the like practice, may not be introduced among us, with some degree of success, or at least may not serve, as a poor expedient, in this our blessed age of paper, which, as it dischargeth all our greatest payments, may be equally useful in the smaller, and may just keep us alive, till an English Act of Parliament shall forbid it.

I have been told, that among some of our poorest American colonies, upon the continent, the people enjoy the liberty of cutting the little money among them into halves, and quarters, for the conveniences of small traffic. How happy should we be in comparison of our present condition, if the like privilege, were granted to us, of employing the shears, for want of a mint,

upon our foreign gold; by clipping it into half-crowns, and shillings, and even lower denominations; for beggars must be content to live upon scraps; and it would be our felicity, that these scraps would never[15] be exported to other countries, while any thing better was left.

If neither of these projects will avail, I see nothing left us, but to truck and barter our goods, like the wild Indians, with each other, or with our too powerful neighbours; only with this disadvantage on our side, that the Indians enjoy the product of their own land, whereas the better half of ours is sent away without so much as a recompense in bugles, or glass, in return.

It must needs be a very comfortable circumstance, in the present juncture, that some thousand families are gone, or going, or preparing to go, from hence, and settle themselves in America. The poorer sort, for want of work; the farmers whose beneficial bargains, are now become a rack-rent, too hard to be borne. And those who have any ready money, or can purchase any, by the sale of their goods, or leases; because they find their fortunes hourly decaying; that their goods will bear no price, and that few or none, have any money to buy the very necessaries of life, are hastening to follow their departed neighbours. It is true, corn among us, carries a very high price; but it is for the same reason, that rats, and cats, and dead horses, have been often bought for gold, in a town besieged.

There is a person of quality in my neighbourhood, who twenty years ago, when he was just come to age, being unexperienced, and of a generous temper, let his lands, even as times went then, at a low rate, to able tenants, and consequently by the rise of land, since that time, looked upon his estate, to be set at half value. But numbers of these tenants, or their descendants are now offering to sell their leases by cant, even those which were for lives, some of them renewable for ever, and some fee-farms, which the landlord himself hath bought in, at half the price they would have yielded seven years ago. And some leases let at the same time, for lives, have been given up to him, without any consideration at all.

This is the most favourable face of things at present among us, I say, among us of the North, who are esteemed the only thriving people of the kingdom: And how far, and how soon, this misery and desolation may spread, is easy to foresee.

The vast sums of money daily carried off, by our numerous adventurers to America, have deprived us of our gold in these parts, almost as much as of our silver.

And the good wives who came[16] to our houses, offer us their pieces of linen, upon which their whole dependence lies, for so little profit, that it can neither half pay their rents, nor half support their families.

It is remarkable, that this enthusiasm spread among our northern people, of sheltering themselves in the continent of America, hath no other foundation, than their present insupportable condition at home. I have made all possible inquiries, to learn what encouragement our people have met with,

by any intelligence from those plantations, sufficient to make them undertake so tedious, and hazardous a voyage in all seasons of the year; and so ill accommodated in their ships, that many of them have died miserably in their passage; but, could never get one satisfactory answer. Somebody, they know not who, had written a letter to his friend, or cousin, from thence, inviting him by all means, to come over; that it was a fine fruitful country, and to be held for ever, at a penny an acre. But the truth of the fact is this, The English established in those colonies, are in great want of men to inhabit that tract of ground, which lies between them, and the wild Indians, who are not reduced under their dominion. We read of some barbarous people, whom the Romans placed in their armies, for no other service, than to blunt their enemies' swords, and afterwards to fill up trenches with their dead bodies. And thus our people who transport themselves, are settled in those interjacent tracts, as a screen against the insults of the savages, and many have as much land, as they can clear from the woods, at a very reasonable rate, if they can afford to pay about a hundred years' purchase by their labour. Now beside the fox's reasons which inclines all those, who have already ventured thither, to represent everything, in a false light, as well for justifying their own conduct, as for getting companions, in their misery; so, the governing people in those plantations, have wisely provided,[17] that no letters shall be suffered to pass from thence hither, without being first viewed by the council, by which our people here, are wholly deceived in the opinions, they have of the happy condition of their friends, gone before them. This was accidentally discovered some months ago, by an honest man who having transported himself, and family thither, and finding all things directly contrary to his hope, had the luck to convey a private note, by a faithful hand, to his relation here, entreating him, not to think of such a voyage, and to discourage all his friends from attempting it. Yet this, although it be a truth well known, hath produced very little effects; which is no manner of wonder, for as it is natural to a man in a fever to turn often, although without any hope of ease, or when he is pursued to leap down a precipice, to avoid an enemy just at his back; so, men in the extremest degree of misery, and want, will naturally fly to the first appearance of relief, let it be ever so vain, or visionary.

You may observe, that I have very superficially touched the subject I began with, and with the utmost caution: for I know how criminal the least complaint hath been thought, however seasonable or just, or honestly intended, which hath forced me to offer up my daily prayers, that it may never, at least in my time, be interpreted by innuendoes as a false scandalous, seditious, and disaffected action, for a man to roar under an acute fit of the gout, which beside the loss and the danger, would be very inconvenient to one of my age, so severely afflicted with that distemper.

I wish you good success, but I can promise you little, in an ungrateful office you have taken up, without the least view, either to reputation or profit. Perhaps your comfort is, that none but villains, and betrayers of their country,

can be your enemies. Upon which, I have little to say, having not the honour, to be acquainted with many of that sort, and therefore, as you easily may believe, am compelled to lead a very retired life.

I am Sir,
Your most obedient,
Humble servant,

A. NORTH.

County of Down,
Dec. 2d. 1728.

1: See title for this in note above to No. 1, p. 313. [T.S.]]

2: No. 19 of "The Intelligencer" is a reprint of a tract which I have not been able to find. It appeared again in 1736 under the title: "A Letter from the Revd. J.S.D.S.P.D. to a Country Gentleman in the North of Ireland."[T.S.]]

3: "Apud Donati Vitam," 17:

"Thus do ye sheep grow fleeces for others." — W.F.H. KING. [T.S.]]

4: Writing to Dr. Sheridan, under date September 18th, 1728, Swift says: "I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver deserves a paper, since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent" (Scott, xvii. 204). [T.S.]]

5: The price of the pistole in Ireland was fixed at 18*s*. 6*d*., the double pistole at £1 17*s*., and the moidore £1 10*s*. These prices were fixed by order of the Lords Justices, July 30th, 1712. In 1737 the moidore was reduced to £1 9*s*. 3*d*. [T.S.]]

6: "A Letter," etc., referred to in note on preceding page, has: "They consider not the dead weight upon every beneficial branch of our trade; that half our revenues are annually sent to England; with many other grievances peculiar to this unhappy kingdom; which keep us," etc. [T.S.]]

7: The 1736 edition of "A Letter," etc., has "is so urging." [T.S.]]

8: The 1736 edition of "A Letter," etc., has "tamely." [T.S.]]

9: John Carteret (1690-1763) succeeded his father as second Baron Carteret in 1695, and his mother as Earl Granville in 1744. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1724 to 1730. See Swift's "Vindication of … Lord Carteret" in vol. vi. of present edition. [T.S.]]

10: "A Letter," etc. (1736 edition), has "being made easy upon this article." [T.S.]]

11: On December 22nd, 1717, the price of the guinea was reduced, by a proclamation, from 21*s*. 6*d*. to 21*s*. [T.S.]]

12: See vol. vii. of present edition of Swift's Works, dealing with the Drapier Letters. [T.S.]]

13: Astraea withdrew from the earth at the close of the Golden Age. [T.S.]]

14: Sir Ambrose Crowley (or Crawley), Liveryman of the Drapers' Company and Alderman for Dowgate Ward, sat in Parliament for Andover in 1713. He was satirized in "The Spectator" (No. 299, February 12th, 1711/2) as Sir John Enville, and in "The Tatler" (No. 73, September 27th, 1709) as Sir Arthur de Bradley. [T.S.]]

15: "A Letter," etc. (1736), has "could never." [T.S.]]

16: The reprint of 1730, and "A Letter," etc. (1736), have "who come." [T.S.]]

17: "A Letter," etc. (1736), has: "The governing people in those plantations, have also wisely provided," etc. [T.S.]]

The Poetry Collection

The Vanhomrigh family home at Celbridge, near Dublin. Swift became acquainted with the Vanhomrigh family in the 1710s and became involved with one of the daughters, Esther, aged 19. Swift gave Esther the nickname "Vanessa" and she features as one of the main characters in his poem 'Cadenus and Vanessa'. The poem and their correspondence suggests that Esther was infatuated with Swift, and that he may have reciprocated her affections, only to regret this and then try to break off the relationship. Esther followed Swift to Ireland in 1714 and was his main companion whilst writing 'Gulliver's Travels'.

Esther Vanhomrigh, 'Vanessa', (1688-1723), an Irish woman of Dutch descent, was Swift's long-time lover and correspondent. Although Swift remained unmarried all his life, they were together from 1714 till Esther's early death in 1723, aged 35.

Esther Vanhomrigh by John Everett Millais, 1868. The Pre-Raphaelite artist painted this fancy portrait over 100 years after Esther's death. The painting depicts 'Vanessa' holding a letter, presumably written to or from Swift.

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

The works of Jonathan Swift in prose and verse so mutually illustrate each other, that it was deemed indispensable, as a complement to the standard edition of the Prose Works, to issue a revised edition of the Poems, freed from the errors which had been allowed to creep into the text, and illustrated with fuller explanatory notes. My first care, therefore, in preparing the Poems for publication, was to collate them with the earliest and best editions available, and this I have done.

But, thanks to the diligence of the late John Forster, to whom every lover of Swift must confess the very greatest obligation, I have been able to do much more. I have been able to enrich this edition with some pieces not hitherto brought to light — notably, the original version of "Baucis and Philemon," in addition to the version hitherto printed; the original version of the poem on "Vanbrugh's House"; the verses entitled "May Fair"; and numerous variations and corrections of the texts of nearly all the principal poems, due to Forster's collation of them with the transcripts made by Stella, which were found by him at Narford formerly the seat of Swift's friend, Sir Andrew Fountaine — see Forster's "Life of Swift," of which, unfortunately, he lived to publish only the first volume. From Swift's own copy of the "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," 1727-32, with notes in his own handwriting, sold at auction last year, I was able to make several corrections of the poems contained in those four volumes, which serve to show how Swift laboured his works, and revised and improved them whenever he had an opportunity of doing so. It is a mistake to suppose that he was indifferent to literary fame: on the contrary, he kept some of his works in manuscript for years in order to perfect them for publication, of which "The Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Verses on his own Death" are examples.

I am indebted to Miss Wilmot-Chetwode, of Wordbrooke, for the loan of a manuscript volume, from which I obtained some various readings. By the advice of Mr. Elrington Ball, I applied to the librarians of Trinity College and of the National Library, and from the latter I received a number of pieces; but I found that the harvest had already been reaped so fully, that there was nothing left to glean which could with certainty be ascribed to Swift. On the whole, I believe that this edition of the Poems will be found as complete as it is now possible to make it.

In the arrangement of the poems, I have adopted nearly the same order as in the Aldine edition, for the pieces seem to fall naturally into those divisions; but with this difference, that I have placed the pieces in their chronological order in each division. With regard to the notes in illustration of the text, many of them in the Dublin editions were evidently written by Swift, especially the notes to the "Verses on his own Death." And as to the notes of

previous editors, I have retained them so far as they were useful and correct: but to many of them I have made additions or alterations wherever, on reference to the authorities cited, or to other works, correction became necessary. For my own notes, I can only say that I have sought to make them concise, appropriate to the text, and, above all, accurate.

Swift and the educated men of his time thought in the classics, and his poems, as well as those of his friends, abound with allusions to the Greek and Roman authors, especially to the latter. I have given all the references, and except in the imitations and paraphrases of so familiar a writer as Horace, I have appended the Latin text. Moreover, Swift was, like Sterne, very fond of curious and recondite reading, in which it is not always easy to track him without some research; but I believe that I have not failed to illustrate any matter that required elucidation.

W. E. B.

May 1910.

CONTENTS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
RIDDLES BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS. WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724
POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL
POLITICAL POETRY
POEMS CHIEFLY RELATING TO IRISH POLITICS
TRIFLES
VERSES ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Swift," after citing with approval Delany's character of him, as he describes him to Lord Orrery, proceeds to say: "In the poetical works there is not much upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard laboured expression or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style — they consist of 'proper words in proper places.'"

Of his earliest poems it is needless to say more than that if nothing better had been written by him than those Pindaric Pieces, after the manner of Cowley — then so much in vogue — the remark of Dryden, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet," would have been fully justified. But conventional praise and compliments were foreign to his nature, for his strongest characteristic was his intense sincerity. He says of himself that about that time he had writ and burnt and writ again upon all manner of subjects more than perhaps any man in England; and it is certainly remarkable that in so doing his true genius was not sooner developed, for it was not till he became chaplain in Lord Berkeley's household that his satirical humour was first displayed — at least in verse — in "Mrs. Frances Harris' Petition." — His great prose satires, "The Tale of a Tub," and "Gulliver's Travels," though planned, were reserved to a later time. — In other forms of poetry he soon afterwards greatly excelled, and the title of poet cannot be refused to the author of "Baucis and Philemon"; the verses on "The Death of Dr. Swift"; the "Rhapsody on Poetry"; "Cadenus and Vanessa"; "The Legion Club"; and most of the poems addressed to Stella, all of which pieces exhibit harmony, invention, and imagination.

Swift has been unduly censured for the coarseness of his language upon Certain topics; but very little of this appears in his earlier poems, and what there is, was in accordance with the taste of the period, which never hesitated to call a spade a spade, due in part to the reaction from the Puritanism of the preceding age, and in part to the outspeaking frankness which disdained hypocrisy. It is shown in Dryden, Pope, Prior, of the last of whom Johnson said that no lady objected to have his poems in her library; still more in the dramatists of that time, whom Charles Lamb has so humorously defended, and in the plays of Mrs. Aphra Behn, who, as Pope says, "fairly puts all characters to bed." But whatever coarseness there may be in some of Swift's poems, such as "The Lady's Dressing Room," and a few other pieces, there is nothing licentious, nothing which excites to lewdness; on the contrary, such pieces create simply a feeling of repulsion. No one, after reading the

"Beautiful young Nymph going to bed," or "Strephon and Chloe," would desire any personal acquaintance with the ladies, but there is a moral in these pieces, and the latter poem concludes with excellent matrimonial advice. The coarseness of some of his later writings must be ascribed to his misanthropical hatred of the "animal called man," as expressed in his famous letter to Pope of September 1725, aggravated as it was by his exile from the friends he loved to a land he hated, and by the reception he met with there, about which he speaks very freely in his notes to the "Verses on his own Death."

On the morning of Swift's installation as Dean, the following scurrilous lines by Smedley, Dean of Clogher, were affixed to the doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral:

To-day this Temple gets a Dean
  Of parts and fame uncommon,
Us'd both to pray and to prophane,
  To serve both God and mammon.
When Wharton reign'd a Whig he was;
  When Pembroke — that's dispute, Sir;
In Oxford's time, what Oxford pleased,
  Non-con, or Jack, or Neuter.
This place he got by wit and rhime,
  And many ways most odd,
And might a Bishop be in time,
  Did he believe in God.
Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray,
  On thine own church and steeple;
Convert thy Dean on this great day,
  Or else God help the people.
And now, whene'er his Deanship dies,
  Upon his stone be graven,
A man of God here buried lies,
  Who never thought of heaven.

It was by these lines that Smedley earned for himself a niche in "The Dunciad." For Swift's retaliation, see the poems relating to Smedley at the end of the first volume, and in volume ii, at p. 124, note.

This bitterness of spirit reached its height in "Gulliver's Travels," surely the severest of all satires upon humanity, and writ, as he tells us, not to divert, but to vex the world; and ultimately, in the fierce attack upon the Irish Parliament in the poem entitled "The Legion Club," dictated by his hatred of tyranny and oppression, and his consequent passion for exhibiting human nature in its most degraded aspect.

But, notwithstanding his misanthropical feelings towards mankind in general, and his "scorn of fools by fools mistook for pride," there never

existed a warmer or sincerer friend to those whom he loved — witness the regard in which he was held by Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Congreve, and his readiness to assist those who needed his help, without thought of party or politics. Although, in some of his poems, Swift rather severely exposed the follies and frailties of the fair sex, as in "The Furniture of a Woman's Mind," and "The Journal of a Modern Lady," he loved the companionship of beautiful and accomplished women, amongst whom he could count some of his dearest and truest friends; but He loved to be bitter at A lady illiterate; and therefore delighted in giving them literary instruction, most notably in the cases of Stella and Vanessa, whose relations with him arose entirely from the tuition in letters which they received from him. Again, when on a visit at Sir Arthur Acheson's, he insisted upon making Lady Acheson read such books as he thought fit to advise, and in the doggerel verses entitled "My Lady's Lamentation," she is supposed to resent his "very imperious" manner of instruction:

No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.

As a contrast to his imperiousness, there is an affectionate simplicity in the fancy names he used to bestow upon his female friends. Sir William Temple's wife, Dorothea, became Dorinda; Esther Johnson, Stella; Hester Vanhomrigh, Vanessa; Lady Winchelsea, Ardelia; while to Lady Acheson he gave the nicknames of Skinnybonia, Snipe, and Lean. But all was taken by them in good part; for his rather dictatorial ways were softened by the fascinating geniality and humour which he knew so well how to employ when he used to "deafen them with puns and rhyme."

Into the vexed question of the relations between Swift and Stella I do not purpose to enter further than to record my conviction that she was never more to him than "the dearest friend that ever man had." The suggestion of a concealed marriage is so inconsistent with their whole conduct to each other from first to last, that if there had been such a marriage, instead of Swift having been, as he was, a man of *intense sincerity*, he must be held to have been a most consummate hypocrite. In my opinion, Churton Collins settled this question in his essays on Swift, first published in the "Quarterly Review," 1881 and 1882. Swift's relation with Vanessa is the saddest episode in his life. The story is amply told in his poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa," and in the letters which passed between them: how the pupil became infatuated with her tutor; how the tutor endeavoured to dispel her passion, but in vain, by reason; and how, at last, she died from love for the man who was unable to give love in

return. That Swift ought, as soon as Hester disclosed her passion for him, at once to have broken off the intimacy, must be conceded; but how many men possessed of his kindness of heart would have had the courage to have acted otherwise than he did? Swift seems, in fact, to have been constitutionally incapable of the *passion* of love, for he says, himself, that he had never met the woman he wished to marry. His annual tributes to Stella on her birthdays express the strongest regard and esteem, but he "ne'er admitted love a guest," and he had been so long used to this Platonic affection, that he had come to regard women as friends, but never as lovers. Stella, on her part, had the same feeling, for she never expressed the least discontent at her position, or ever regarded Swift otherwise than as her tutor, her counsellor, her friend. In her verses to him on his birthday, 1721, she says:

Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow
One day alone, then die tomorrow.

Stella naturally expected to survive Swift, but it was not to be. She died in the evening of the 28th January 1727-8; and on the same night he began the affecting piece, "On the Death of Mrs. Johnson." (See "Prose Works," vol. xi.)

With the death of Stella, Swift's real happiness ended, and he became more and more possessed by the melancholy which too often accompanies the broadest humour, and which, in his case, was constitutional. It was, no doubt, to relieve it, that he resorted to the composition of the doggerel verses, epigrams, riddles, and trifles exchanged betwixt himself and Sheridan, which induced Orrery's remark that "Swift composing Riddles is Titian painting draught-boards;" on which Delany observes that "a Riddle may be as fine painting as any other in the world. It requires as strong an imagination, as fine colouring, and as exact a proportion and keeping as any other historical painting"; and he instances "Pethox the Great," and should also have alluded to the more learned example—"Louisa to Strephon."

On Orrery's seventh Letter, Delany says that if some of the "coin is base," it is the fine impression and polish which adds value to it, and cites the saying of another nobleman, that "there is indeed some stuff in it, but it is Swift's stuff." It has been said that Swift has never taken a thought from any writer ancient or modern. This is not literally true, but the instances are not many, and in my notes I have pointed out the lines snatched from Milton, Denham, Butler — the last evidently a great favourite.

It seems necessary to state shortly the causes of Swift not having obtained higher preferment. Besides that Queen Anne would never be reconciled to the

author of the "Tale of a Tub" — the true purport of which was so ill-understood by her — he made an irreconcilable enemy of her friend, the Duchess of Somerset, by his lampoon entitled "The Windsor Prophecy." But Swift seldom allowed prudence to restrain his wit and humour, and admits of himself that he "had too much satire in his vein"; and that "a genius in the reverend gown must ever keep its owner down"; and says further:

Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconciled divinity and wit.

But that was what his enemies could not do.

Whatever the excellences and defects of the poems, Swift has erected, not only by his works, but by his benevolence and his charities, a *monumentum aere perennius,* and his writings in prose and verse will continue to afford instruction and delight when the malevolence of Jeffrey, the misrepresentations of Macaulay, and the sneers and false statements of Thackeray shall have been forgotten.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ODE TO DOCTOR WILLIAM SANCROFT LATE LORD BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WRITTEN IN MAY, 1689, AT THE DESIRE OF THE LATE LORD BISHOP OF ELY

I

Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heaven,
Bright effluence of th'immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day;
First of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in every sublunary dance;
How shall we find Thee then in dark disputes?
How shall we search Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th'artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's swords,)
Contrived to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II

But where is even thy Image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since Heaven will claim its residence, as well as birth,
And God himself has said, He shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but Heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass;
Which all the mimic forms express,

Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely dress;
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye,
And catch the living landscape through a scanty light,
The figures all inverted show,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie,
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjointing shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder, then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what, or where it is;
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st,
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend ghost?

III

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue, be
(High Truth) the best resemblance of exalted Thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With those two powerful swords, submission and humility,
Sounds truly good, or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
In the divinity of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heaven-born Truth below;
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Following opinion, dark and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleased with an empty swelling to be counted great,
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
  Rapt through the wide expanse of thought,
  And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place;
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
    Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
    Through many a heedless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
  And thousand incoherent journeys take,
    Whilst all th'advantage by it got,
    Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
  Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
    By gazing upward giddy grow,
    And think the church itself does so;
  Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
  Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
    Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

V

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
  Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
    In gath'ring follies from the wise;
  Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,
    And some kind power for once dispense
  Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense,
To make them understand, and feel me when I write;
  The muse and I no more revenge desire,
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire;
  Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins,
    (Say, hapless isle, although
    It is a bloody list we know,)
Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
    Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;

Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring:
Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds,
And every stinking weed so lofty grows,
As if 'twould overshade the Royal Rose;
The Royal Rose, the glory of our morn,
But, ah! too much without a thorn.

VI

Forgive (original mildness) this ill-govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
In the pollution of these days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas, the occasions are so few:
None e'er but you,
And your Almighty Master, knew
With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of popular rage,
And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
The Son of God pronounced by the same breath
Which straight pronounced his death;
And though I should but ill be understood,
In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance make use,)
And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
With endless and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of the Jews,
That those forsaken wretches who to-day
Revile his great ambassador,
Seem to discover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wondrous proud,
  Though very turbulent and very loud;
    The crazy composition shows,
Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
  Made up of iron mixt with clay,
  This crumbles into dust,
  That moulders into rust,
  Or melts by the first shower away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
    And those, alas, do show,
  Like all transcendent excellence below;
    In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
    Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high
    To be observed by vulgar eye,
    And rolls the silent year
    On his own secret regular sphere,
And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence here.

VIII

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence here,
  Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
  For, sure, we want some guide from Heaven, to show
  The way which every wand'ring fool below
    Pretends so perfectly to know;
  And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
      The world has wholly miss'd;
  I mean the way which leads to Christ:
Mistaken idiots! see how giddily they run,
  Led blindly on by avarice and pride,
    What mighty numbers follow them;
    Each fond of erring with his guide:
  Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high Son
  In Caesar's court, or in Jerusalem:
    Others, ignorantly wise,
Among proud doctors and disputing Pharisees:
What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;

Their faith was so uncourtly, when they said
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
That the world's Saviour had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
To mend dilapidations in the last?
And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty Prince,
Thinks Heaven has cancell'd all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good:
And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
Of a declining church, by faction, her worst foe, oppress'd,
Finding the mitre almost grown
A load as heavy as the crown,
Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X

Ah! may no unkind earthquake of the state,
Nor hurricano from the crown,
Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of late,
Which, in its dusky march along the plain,
Swept up whole churches as it list,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
Such were the storms good Sancroft long has borne;
The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
Was, like his Master's Crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
The bitter cup is from him past:
Fortune in both extremes

Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;
And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen,
Confesses ignorance to judge between;
And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide.
Why should the Sun, alas! be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud?
Though fringed with evening gold the cloud appears so gay,
'Tis but a low-born vapour kindled by a ray:
At length 'tis overblown and past,
Puff'd by the people's spiteful blast,
The dazzling glory dims their prostituted sight,
No deflower'd eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From strength of its own native seed,
This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of old,
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
For, whate'er theologic levellers dream,
There are degrees above, I know,
As well as here below,
(The goddess Muse herself has told me so),
Where high patrician souls, dress'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day.
There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be given,
In the metropolis of Heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there.

XII

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
  Either our blindness or our fate,
  To lose the providence of thy cares
Pity a miserable church's tears,
  That begs the powerful blessing of thy prayers.
  Some angel, say, what were the nation's crimes,
  That sent these wild reformers to our times:
    Say what their senseless malice meant,
    To tear religion's lovely face:
  Strip her of every ornament and grace;
In striving to wash off th'imaginary paint?
  Religion now does on her death-bed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
  One end in both, and the design the same;
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
  Is but the patient's death, and gain —
  Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
  Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of an outcast age
Provoke the honour of my Muse's rage,
  Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
  Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd —

[The rest of the poem is lost.]

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

WRITTEN AT MOOR-PARK IN JUNE 1689

I

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Deposed from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchymy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life, in hopes of golden rules.

III

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For learning's mighty treasures look
Into that deep grave, a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she died;
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priests, her train, and followers, show
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th'expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
And, sick with dregs and knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV

Curst be the wretch! nay, doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy,)
Who learn'd himself that heresy first,
(Which since has seized on all the rest,)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scaped this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learned, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,

We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compared to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Caesar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War, that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss, or victory, a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th'artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire, the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII

The wily shafts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
  Because the cords escape their eye,
    Wonder to see the motions fly,)
  Methinks, when you expose the scene,
  Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
    How plain I see through the deceit!
    How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!
 Look where the pulley's tied above!
 Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
    On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
 What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
 Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
 Scared at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
      Lo! it appears!
 See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII

 Then tell, dear favourite Muse!
 What serpent's that which still resorts,
 Still lurks in palaces and courts?
   Take thy unwonted flight,
   And on the terrace light.
    See where she lies!
   See how she rears her head,
   And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
   Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
    So wore he his within,

Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite;
Till, at last, tired with loss of time and ease,
Resolved to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX

Sing, beloved Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain,
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go, publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
Thy Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led,
To the loved pastures where he used to feed,
Runs violent o'er his usual course.
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-loved streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town;
And murmurs as she glides away.

X

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;

Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see,
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierced by the blunt rays of sight,)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitious upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your nobler pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade:
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's galleys tied:
In vain I strive to cross the spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar;
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
  The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
  Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
    And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
    In wisdom and philosophy:
    In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
      Where nought but weeds will grow
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
      By an equivocal birth,
    Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ODE TO KING WILLIAM

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND

To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown,
  Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
  And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
  The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
  And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
  (Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
  And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
  What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could so well a dying nation save,
  At once deserve a crown, and gain it too.

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
  You saw th'impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
  Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
  Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
  Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
  To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
  Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
  An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
  That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amazed, thy action at the Boyne we see!
  When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
  The impulse, the fight, th'event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
  You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
  And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
  To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
  Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
  Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by fate,
  Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY

Moor Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I

As when the deluge first began to fall,
  That mighty ebb never to flow again,
When this huge body's moisture was so great,
  It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain which was highest, first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight;
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
  It be as great as 'tis in fame,
  And nigh to Heaven as is its name;
So, after the inundation of a war,
When learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,
  At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
  And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
  To crown the happy conqueror,
  To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
  When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
  When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,
  On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the first that grew,

The first of plants after the thunder, storm and rain,)
  And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
  Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.
  And the Dove-Muse is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war,)
  And now discovers from afar
  A peaceful and a flourishing shore:
    No sooner did she land
  On the delightful strand,
  Than straight she sees the country all around,
  Where fatal Neptune ruled erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
    And many a pleasant wood;
  As if the universal Nile
  Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
  Preserved by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
      Famed Delos did of old;
  And the transported Muse imagined it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
      Or the much-talk'd-of oracular grove;
  When, with amazing joy, she hears
An unknown music all around,
      Charming her greedy ears
      With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love;
While angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
  In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
  And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen;
  Forgive a young and (almost) virgin Muse,
  Whom blind and eager curiosity
      (Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
      Has forced to grope her uncouth way,

After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye:
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natured and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit, that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise.
And our good brethren of the surly sect,
Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
From us, the blind and thoughtless crowd,
Like the famed hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV

But censure's to be understood
Th'authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and good,
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage,
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,

Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic, and concluding laws,
Do own th'effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or anything at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms justling in a heap:
Which, from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun:
They're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfied to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
Is wonderfully moved by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,

(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye,)
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th'impertinence of being known:
Else why should the famed Lydian king,
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienced glories wait,)
Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring?

VII

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is, perhaps, as hard t'imagine right,
As to paint Echo to the sight,
I would not draw the idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days:
These days! where e'en th'extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimseys, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,
Enthroned with heavenly Wit!

Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due:
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly, slippery God, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you, to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in ignorance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himself to help him out.

IX

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools' and madmen's hands than sages',
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restored her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

X

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part,
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th'unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have even increased their pride and cruelty.

Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us;
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus.
Well — though you've raised her to this high degree,
Ourselves are raised as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve, this nobler work, most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourished under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled,

(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet shall the traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign:
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO MR. CONGREVE

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1693

Thrice, with a prophet's voice, and prophet's power,
  The Muse was called in a poetic hour,
And insolently thrice the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then with that grief we form in spirits divine,
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine.
  Once highly honoured! false is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence!
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungenerous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and loved, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the Muse you send,
Like a cast mistress, to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practise such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms, of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
  Thus did the Muse severe unkindly blame
This offering long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no power beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf, unpassable betwixt.
  Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;

There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing.
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
  Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Softening the Muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight,
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T'avert th'impending judgments of my pen.
  Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage:
For never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gains those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.
  Yet want your critics no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain.
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its partent beam,
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers, and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,
Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light,

Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
  What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since,
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies:
For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaux
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those powers the critics, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worshipp'd cats, and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
  Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short, and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.
  Last year, a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;

Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts;
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote,
Last just as long as every cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools are used by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed:
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-Inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named every player on his fingers' ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bayes:
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.
  Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rendering shades things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws every rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favours that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find,
But thanks his stars, that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To every lewd pretender of the town.
Troth, I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;

Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll bet my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.
  Perish the Muse's hour thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;
In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private Muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her innocent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet!
  Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave:
'Tis the world's watery hour-glass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th'utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors' footsteps still in view;
Here would we sing — But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes: you are all malicious slanders by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse and I.
  Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant,
Take this short lesson from the god of bays,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
    But give the vigorous fancy room.
  For when, like stupid alchymists, you try
    To fix this nimble god,
      This volatile mercury,
  The subtile spirit all flies up in fume;
  Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than *fade* insipid mixture left behind.

While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The Muse like some bright country virgin shows
Fallen by mishap among a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep,
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chattering throng,
To think what cattle she is got among;
But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th'offensive herd avoid.
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.
In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind,
Nought it contains is common or unclean,
And once drawn up, is ne'er let down again.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1693

Strange to conceive, how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time, Deduction's broken chain
Meets, and salutes her sister link again;
Or haunted Fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead Imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her sun;
Or loves the Muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:
  Be what it will; late near yon whispering stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme;
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up Nature's tears,
Still every tree the pendent sorrow wears;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting woe.
  As when, to scare th'ungrateful or the proud,
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the blest sun, to give kind dawn of grace,
Darts weeping beams across Heaven's watery face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown:
Such to unhallow'd sight the Muse divine
Might seem, when first she raised her eyes to mine.
  What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!

Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listen while the Muse thus teaches thee to sing:
  As parent earth, burst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.
  You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face:
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.
And if so black the cloud that Heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be seen?
Thus when Dorinda wept, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day;
So nature's crazed convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead. —
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse:
Ah, favourite youth, how happy is thy lot! —
But I'm deceived, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.
  Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;

Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these!
  Malignant goddess! bane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspirest I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fool's commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
Th'appeal of dulness in the last resort:
Heaven, with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor blaze about me shine,
And passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scattering loose features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poets' eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,
Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes:
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapour, like thy sister fame.
But if thou be'st what thy mad votaries prate,
A female power, loose govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou stay,
So highly courted by the brisk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assign'd for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th'impression of his footsteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which bow'd by evening breeze with bending stalks,
Salutes the weary traveller as he walks;
But o'er the afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad scythe, and tramples on his face.

Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrow'd as he mows:
See, Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year;
Since hope his last and greatest foe is fled,
Despair and he lodge ever in its stead;
March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scattering desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great:
"Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T'expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem—"
  Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds. —
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary power;
And since thy essence on my breath depends
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698

Peruse my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint;"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes" —
"Madam, I die without your grace" —
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
To think that your brains' issue is
Exposed to th'excrement of his,
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION, 1699

This, the most humorous example of *vers de société* in the English language, well illustrates the position of a parson in a family of distinction at that period. — *W. E. B.*

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber,
because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence,
(besides farthings) in money and gold;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was
unript,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have
sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?"—"Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that I went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box, ty'd in a rag, the money was
found.
So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadgar came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have

had?"
"Nay," says she, "my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad:
For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary, says he, "I have been a servant this five and twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward, "I remember when I was at my Lord Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *gooseberries*."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now, you must know, of all things in the world I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slily about:
"Mrs. Duke," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happened out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse:
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs. Duke, you know, and everybody understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she, (blessing herself,) "if ever I saw't!"
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as thof I had call'd her all to naught.
So, you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:
"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN will be here anon."
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*" said I, "can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know, he hates to be called *Parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says, d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a Parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my lord call'd me: "Harry," said my lord, "don't cry;

I'll give you something toward thy loss." "And," says my lady, "so will I."
Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the Chaplain won't come to?
For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies), I must petition you.
The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies' letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the Chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*,) as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, 1699

My Lord, to find out who must deal,
  Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
  To find the doctor out.

But then his honour cried, Gadzooks!
  And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
  But he thinks upon Jack How.

My lady, though she is no player,
  Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedged in corner of a chair,
  Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
  For pair royals and sequents;
But, wisely cautious of her pence,
  The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
  I'd won it, on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
  And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
  On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
  'Twill just new dye the lining.

“With these is Parson Swift,
  Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
  To deafen them with puns and rhyme.”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1702

I

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
  A friar would need show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to ‘t in the midst of a verse,
  Because he could find no word to come pat in;
        Then all in the place
        He left a void space,
    And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill’d up in the middle.
  CHO. Let censuring critics then think what they list on’t;
    Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II

This put me the friar into an amazement;
  For he wisely consider’d it must be a sprite;
That he came through the keyhole, or in at the casement;
  And it needs must be one that could both read and write;
        Yet he did not know,
        If it were friend or foe,
  Or whether it came from above or below;
Howe’er, it was civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne’er could have fill’d it so well of himself.
    CHO. Let censuring, &c.

III

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains

In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
He had mixt little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DISCOVERY

When wise Lord Berkeley first came here,
  Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
  Ere a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
  When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state
  To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush with new state airs,
  His lordship's premier minister;
And who in all profound affairs,
  Is held as needful as his clyster.
With head reclining on his shoulder,
  He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
  Asks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
  The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
  Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my lord and Bush
  Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good King Phys and good King Ush,
  While all the rest stood gaping round.
At length a spark, not too well bred,
  Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanced on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
  To overhear the grand dispute;
To learn what Northern kings design,
  Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
  For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
  Disguised in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
  How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
  The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's snout,

And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleased, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our listener stood awhile confused,
But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enraged to see the world abused,
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PROBLEM, "THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS WHEN HE IS IN LOVE"

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
The ladies vow and swear, they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws;
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh — .
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of Cupid's bow,
Once on a time was an a — gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t — ;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human a — .
Thus, when you feel a hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-string at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then,
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
  And now, the ladies all are bent,
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f —
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.

My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F — ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be none so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f — d first and then he spoke.
The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink! by G — d, you lie,
Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear;
Let's not fall out; we all had share;
And, by the most I can discover,
My lord's a universal lover.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER, 1705

From Pliny, "Hist. Nat.," lib. x, 67; lib. xxix.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd *Pompey, Scipio*, and *Caesar;*
As pies and daws are often styl'd
With Christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion, Eagle, Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er since men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire.*
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump?*
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump.*
Are these too low? — then find out grander,
Call my LORD CUTTS a *Salamander.*
'Tis well; — but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers by.
First, then, our author has defined
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has raised a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant — why then, look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Further, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether thro' rage or lust or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Carleton cheap, or famed Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcass to pursue,
As from the Salamander's spue;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each bystander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strewn,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,

Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE UNION

The queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD; OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY. 1707

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some Beauty by a new receipt, Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans'd from ev'ry spurious grain
Of nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition FLOYD.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE REVERSE

(TO SWIFT'S VERSES ON BIDDY FLOYD); OR, MRS. CLUDD

Venus one day, as story goes,
But for what reason no man knows,
In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudged it away to Jove's high court;
And there his Godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhorr'd by man and every god.
Jove, ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refused a lady's prayer,
Straight oped 'scrutoire, and forth he took
A neatly bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there,
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarce had he turn'd a page or two, —
It might be more, for aught I knew;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no squares, I guess.
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews;
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide,
A clumsy air and awkward pride;
From lady's toilet next he brought
Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.
These Jove put in an old close-stool,
And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
  But now came on his greatest care,
Of what he should his paste prepare;
For common clay or finer mould
Was much too good, such stuff to hold.

At last he wisely thought on mud;
So raised it up, and call'd it — *Cludd.*
With this, the lady well content,
Low curtsey'd, and away she went.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

APOLLO OUTWITTED

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH, UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA

Phoebus, now short'ning every shade,
  Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
  Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
  Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
  Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
  From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
  Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant —
  But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
  Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
  "Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
  The god could not refuse her prayer:
He way'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
  But she the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
  Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
  But made his leg and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
  When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
  For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
  "Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
  I'll disappoint its nobler part.

“Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
  And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev’ry Muse to grace thy song,
  May’st thou despise a poet’s name!

“Of modest poets be thou first;
  To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
  Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

“And last, my vengeance to compleat,
  May you descend to take renown,
Prevail’d on by the thing you hate,
  A Whig! and one that wears a gown!”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWER TO LINES FROM MAY FAIR

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

I

In pity to the empty'ng Town,
  Some God May Fair invented,
When Nature would invite us down,
  To be by Art prevented.

II

What a corrupted taste is ours
  When milk maids in mock state
Instead of garlands made of Flowers
  Adorn their pails with plate.

III

So are the joys which Nature yields
  Inverted in May Fair,
In painted cloth we look for fields,
  And step in Booths for air.

IV

Here a Dog dancing on his hams
  And puppets mov'd by wire,
Do far exceed your frisking lambs,
  Or song of feather'd quire.

V

Howe’er, such verse as yours I grant
  Would be but too inviting:
Were fair Ardelia not my Aunt,
  Or were it Worsley’s writing.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead 'em a dance of many a mile,
Then rear 'em to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent power;
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets and elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  Now Poets feel this art is lost,
Both to their own and landlord's cost.
Not one of all the tuneful throng
Can hire a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
That poets were a numerous race;
And if they all had power to build,
The earth would very soon be fill'd:
Materials would be quickly spent,
And houses would not give a rent.
The God of Wealth was therefore made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving to wits the spacious air,
With license to build castles there:
In right whereof their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
There is a worm by Phoebus bred,
By leaves of mulberry is fed,
Which unprovided where to dwell,
Conforms itself to weave a cell;
Then curious hands this texture take,
And for themselves fine garments make.
Meantime a pair of awkward things
Grow to his back instead of wings;

He flutters when he thinks he flies,
Then sheds about his spawn and dies.
Just such an insect of the age
Is he that scribbles for the stage;
His birth he does from Phoebus raise,
And feeds upon imagin'd bays;
Throws all his wit and hours away
In twisting up an ill spun Play:
This gives him lodging and provides
A stock of tawdry shift besides.
With the unravell'd shreds of which
The under wits adorn their speech:
And now he spreads his little fans,
(For all the Muses Geese are Swans)
And borne on Fancy's pinions, thinks
He soars sublimest when he sinks:
But scatt'ring round his fly-blows, dies;
Whence broods of insect-poets rise.
  Premising thus, in modern way,
The greater part I have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strain than we began.
  Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a Herald and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In each capacity to build.
As Herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And poets, if they had their due,
By ancient right are builders too:
This made him to Apollo pray
For leave to build — the poets way.
His prayer was granted, for the God
Consented with the usual nod.
  After hard throes of many a day
Van was delivered of a play,
Which in due time brought forth a house,
Just as the mountain did the mouse.
One story high, one postern door,
And one small chamber on a floor,
Born like a phoenix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;

As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, nor juice.
So modern rhymers strive to blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, having wisely overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE, BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead 'em a dance of many a mile,
Then rear 'em to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent power;
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now Poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observed they grew a numerous race;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil, therefore, to prevent,
He wisely changed their element:
On earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the Wits the spacious air,
With license to build castles there:
And 'tis conceived their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
  Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.
  Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a Herald and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As Herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;

Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cried, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
  Jove smiled, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolved to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, "a *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest;
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks,
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid;
Th'experienced bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second hand,)
Now move, and now in order stand.
  The building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit —
And first the prologue built a wall;
So wide as to encompass all.

The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fift.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place, not decent here to name.
  Now, Poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van;
Looked high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the Poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.
Thither in haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:
  "Thrice happy Poet! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail:
Or harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt,
Can'st make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contrived, tho' thou art small:
For ev'ry Wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as Poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phoenix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;

So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1706. IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID

In ancient time, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
  It happen'd on a winter's night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Came to a village hard by Rixham,
Ragged and not a groat betwixt 'em.
It rain'd as hard as it could pour,
Yet they were forced to walk an hour
From house to house, wet to the skin,
Before one soul would let 'em in.
They call'd at every door: "Good people,
My comrade's blind, and I'm a creeple!
Here we lie starving in the street,
'Twould grieve a body's heart to see't,
No Christian would turn out a beast,
In such a dreadful night at least;
Give us but straw and let us lie
In yonder barn to keep us dry."
Thus in the stroller's usual cant,
They begg'd relief, which none would grant.
No creature valued what they said,
One family was gone to bed:
The master bawled out half asleep,
"You fellows, what a noise you keep!
So many beggars pass this way,
We can't be quiet, night nor day;
We cannot serve you every one;
Pray take your answer, and be gone."
One swore he'd send 'em to the stocks;
A third could not forbear his mocks;

But bawl'd as loud as he could roar
"You're on the wrong side of the door!"
One surly clown look't out and said,
"I'll fling the p — pot on your head:
You sha'nt come here, nor get a sous!
You look like rogues would rob a house.
Can't you go work, or serve the King?
You blind and lame! 'Tis no such thing.
That's but a counterfeit sore leg!
For shame! two sturdy rascals beg!
If I come down, *I'll* spoil your trick,
And cure you both with a good stick."
  Our wand'ring saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd thereabout good man Philemon;
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor house to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
Whilst he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Which tost up in a pan with batter,
And served up in an earthen platter,
Quoth Baucis, "This is wholesome fare,
Eat, honest friends, and never spare,
And if we find our victuals fail,
We can but make it out in ale."
  To a small kilderkin of beer,
Brew'd for the good time of the year,
Philemon, by his wife's consent,
Stept with a jug, and made a vent,
And having fill'd it to the brink,
Invited both the saints to drink.
When they had took a second draught,
Behold, a miracle was wrought;
For, Baucis with amazement found,
Although the jug had twice gone round,
It still was full up to the top,
As they ne'er had drunk a drop.

You may be sure so strange a sight,
Put the old people in a fright:
Philemon whisper'd to his wife,
"These men are — Saints — I'll lay my life!"
The strangers overheard, and said,
"You're in the right — but be'nt afraid:
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their village shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
  Scarce had they spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall went clambering after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
  The wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
But what adds to the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flyer, altho't had leaden feet,
Would turn so quick you scarce could see't;
But, now stopt by some hidden powers,
Moves round but twice in twice twelve hours,
While in the station of a jack,
'Twas never known to turn its back,
A friend in turns and windings tried,
Nor ever left the chimney's side.
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;

And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
  The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge insect, up the wall;
There stuck, and to a pulpit grew,
But kept its matter and its hue,
And mindful of its ancient state,
Still groans while tattling gossips prate.
The mortar only chang'd its name,
In its old shape a font became.
  The porringers, that in a row,
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
  The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Chevy Chase, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Enlarged in picture, size, and letter,
And painted, lookt abundance better,
And now the heraldry describe
Of a churchwarden, or a tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Composed of timber many a load,
Such as our grandfathers did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which yet their former virtue keep
By lodging folk disposed to sleep.
  The cottage, with such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The holy men desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Replied in complimental style:
"Your goodness, more than my desert,
Makes you take all things in good part:
You've raised a church here in a minute,
And I would fain continue in it;
I'm good for little at my days,
Make me the parson if you please."
  He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat reach down his heels;

The sleeves new border'd with a list,
Widen'd and gather'd at his wrist,
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
A shambling awkward gait he took,
With a demure dejected look,
Talk't of his offerings, tythes, and dues,
Could smoke and drink and read the news,
Or sell a goose at the next town,
Decently hid beneath his gown.
Contriv'd to preach old sermons next,
Chang'd in the preface and the text.
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine.
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Carried it to his equals higher,
But most obedient to the squire.
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors, — he ne'er mist 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace.
"Plain Goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes.
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife:
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard, to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!" —
"Sprout;" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!

But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too —
Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if ‘twere taking root.”
  Description would but tire my Muse,
In short, they both were turn’d to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He’ll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folk to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, ’tis hard to be believ’d
How much the other tree was griev’d,
Grew scrubby, dy’d a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb’d and burnt it.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1706. IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
  It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
  Our wand'ring saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what was wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.

The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What *art*!"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folk, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flyer, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;

But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like an huge snail, half up the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.
  The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
  The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.
  A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folk disposed to sleep.
  The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."
  He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;

But, being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors, — he ne'er mist 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace.
"Plain Goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes.
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife:
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!" —
"Sprout;" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too — Nay, — now
I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;

He’ll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folk to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, ’tis hard to be believ’d
How much the other tree was griev’d,
Grew scrubby, dy’d a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb’d and burnt it.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE 1708

When Mother Cludd had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smiled,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
  But, when he found the boys at play
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observed them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admired, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolved a house to build:
A real house, with rooms and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than Miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of play or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
  From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the Second:
No wonder, since wise authors show,

That best foundations must be low:
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
  But raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mouse-trap man chief engineer.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A GRUB-STREET ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE ALMANACK MAKER. 1708

Well; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guest,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd,
Ere he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun hath rose and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' Equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.
A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planet's science.
Besides, that slow-paced sign Böötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it *boots*.
The horned moon, which heretofore

Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry,)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacks or shoes.
  Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
  Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
  Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side;
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell.
  Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Caesars are.
  Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.
  Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,

May’st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phoebus newly tann’d and dry’d;
For thee they Argo’s hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The points of Sagittarius’ dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo’s side,
She’ll strain a point, and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE EPITAPH

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1709, AND FIRST PRINTED IN “THE TATLER”

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, show’d the ruddy morn’s approach.
Now Betty from her master’s bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod ‘prentice from his master’s door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl’d her mop with dext’rous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel’s edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown’d in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship’s gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream’d through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

WRITTEN IN OCT., 1710; AND FIRST PRINTED IN "THE TATLER," NO. 238

Careful observers may foretell the hour,
(By sure prognostics,) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then, go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old a-ches throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,

Stays till ’tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck’d-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil’d umbrella’s sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box’d in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o’er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison’d hero quaked for fear.
  Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odour, seem to tell
What street they sail’d from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre’s shape their course,
And in huge confluence join’d at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweeping from butchers’ stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown’d puppies, stinking sprats, all drench’d in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK 1710

Whoever pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow, Poet Joe,
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast,
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground:
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
  This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.
  The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
  A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out:
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
  A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
  Warburton took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it;
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710

Scene, the Royal Exchange

CORYDON

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frost can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold, their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

CORYDON

When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road:
Fleet Street, transform'd, become a flowery green,

And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing, this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's, that play off his plum.

PHILLIS

But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Exposed in vain my glossy ribbons shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

CORYDON

Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distrest,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best;
As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that: so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in Park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHILLIS

And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

CORYDON

She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHILLIS

With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be placed,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

CORYDON

What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHILLIS

I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

CORYDON

However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight,
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;

Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN SIR HARRY PIERCE'S CHARIOT, AND MRS. D. STOPFORD'S CHAIR

CHARIOT

My pretty dear Cuz, tho' I've roved the town o'er,
To dispatch in an hour some visits a score;
Though, since first on the wheels, I've been every day
At the 'Change, at a raffling, at church, or a play;
And the fops of the town are pleased with the notion
Of calling your slave the perpetual motion; —
Though oft at your door I have whined [out] my love
As my Knight does grin his at your Lady above;
Yet, ne'er before this, though I used all my care,
I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
Let's e'en, as they say, set our horses together.

CHAIR

By your awkward address, you're that thing which should carry,
With one footman behind, our lover Sir Harry.
By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
He that makes love to me, must make it in French.
Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
Canst thou vainly e'er hope, I'll answer thy suit?
Though sometimes you pretend to appear with your six,
No regard to their colour, their sexes you mix:
Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
With your new-fashion'd glasses, and nasty old seat.
Thus a beau I have seen strut with a cock'd hat,
And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.
You may think that you make a figure most shining,
But it's plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
Are those double-gilt nails? Where's the lustre of Kerry,
To set off the Knight, and to finish the Jerry?
If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due

In George's-lane for you, ere I'll buckle to.

CHARIOT

Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very alert;
Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox:
Who is it that values your —— or your fox?
Sure 'tis to her honour, he ever should bed
His bloody red hand to her bloody red head.
You're proud of your gilding; but I tell you each nail
Is only just tinged with a rub at her tail;
And although it may pass for gold on a ninny,
Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does black it,
Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her placket.
I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much duller, —
The fire she carries hath changed its colour.
Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine;
They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and spare,
Drawn damnably low by your sorrel mare.
We know how your lady was on you befriended;
You're not to be paid for 'till the lawsuit is ended:
But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
She is two or three years above being out.
Could my Knight be advised, he should ne'er spend his vigour
On one he can't hope of e'er making *bigger*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE OCTOBER 31, 1713

Among the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquired and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew;
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light;
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.
  How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phoebus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancied every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.

The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspired to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupified them all to stocks.
The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purified her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combined,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
  Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting skill and power to chuse,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But, when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
  Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
  Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PHYLLIS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716

Desponding Phyllis was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling.
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
  At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame,
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way!
  Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
  See here again the devil to do!

For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
  Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honour'd father — these—"
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others used in the like cases.
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in Heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife."
One argument she summ'd up all in,
"The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favour when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was — his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all, attend the Muse,
Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horse and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodgings worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventured out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,

When first for her he quitted Peg.
  But what adventures more befell ‘em,
The Muse hath now no time to tell ‘em;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten’d, fawn’d,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn’d:
How oft she broke her marriage vows,
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil’d the trade;
For now the surgeon must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
  When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep, at Stains, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING, 1718

Virtue conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure;
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame,
In good and evil times, the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,
Stand in your sacred presence awed;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
  Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine.
The man who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run;
That man is ready to defend,
With life, his country or his friend.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO MR. DELANY,

OCT. 10, 1718 NINE IN THE MORNING

To you whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Placed you in life too far behind:
Or, what I should repine at more,
Placed me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose;
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
  Three gifts for conversation fit
Are humour, raillery, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceived, though not defined;
For, sure by wit is only meant
Applying what we first invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here only nature acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight,
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd;
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
  Our conversation to refine,
True humour must with wit combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein French writers most excel;
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:

He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.
  But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can afford to buy gold lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refined,
Because the diff'rence lies abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse,
To show their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
  Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
  The mettled and the vicious steed
Do not more differ in their breed,
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to repartee.
  If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If named with scorn, gives just offence.
  What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost:
And half the company is teazed
That came together to be pleased:
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.
  When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,

You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame;
For though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest when 'tis their own.
  You wonder now to see me write
So gravely where the subject's light;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend of yours and mine;
Who full of humour, fire, and wit,
Not always judges what is fit,
But loves to take prodigious rounds,
And sometimes walks beyond his bounds,
You must, although the point be nice,
Venture to give him some advice;
Few hints from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him like you, observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indiscreetly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
  If he be guilty, you must mend him;
  If he be innocent, defend him.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER; WHO DIED ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison underground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possesst
Bestow, to bury him, one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd 'em full as kindly as himself.
  Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
  He that cou'd once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his int'rest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
  Oh London Tavern! thou hast lost a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
  Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize;
"But as the gold he weigh'd, grim death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And, as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cry'd down since his change.
  The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!

A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH ON THE SAME

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise,
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better self alive.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT, ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT

You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the Fates have decreed they by halves should be treated.
In the days of good John if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
O Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Wouldst thou but agree to this humble request!
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the deans, make the deanery double.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON ANOTHER WINDOW

A bard, on whom Phoebus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t'acknowledge the bounty he owed,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear most of th'expense;
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phoebus to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720

Right Trusty, and so forth — we let you know
We are very ill used by you mortals below.
For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
(Though I know nothing on't,) it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That, since I was born, I hardly have spied it.
Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals, those curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the College,
Whom, if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender in rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
  But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake have used better than any,
And, of my mere motion, and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth, seditiously came,
With a certain false trait'ress, one Stella by name,
To the Deanery-house, and on the North glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, vi et armis, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write,
While Stella, aforesaid, stood by with a light.
My sister hath lately deposed upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;

And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey:
And by the description, I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued,
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the North, where I never once went:
That the letters appear'd reversed through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes were placed right again;
Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line,
And presently guessed the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the Parson whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
  Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown,
The reason is plain, they are none of his own;
And observe while you live that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly steal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear they are all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcribed it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
Thro' the zodiac around, it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
  He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend:
I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolved the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick
(For I think in my conscience he deals with old Nick,)
And from my own stock provided with topics,

He gets to a window beyond both the tropics,
There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany that writes like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
We Phoebus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany hath dared, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture in shape of the Spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And under the pain of our highest displeasure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much revenged already by Time,
In return of her scorn, I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases.
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover
Though she lives till she's grey as a badger all over.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS BY DR. DELANY

OCCASIONED BY "APOLLO TO THE DEAN" 1720

Parnassus, February the twenty-seventh.
The poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Convened by Apollo, who gave them to know
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declared that no bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit:
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believed he'd a right to the place;
So, finding the assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaethon's fate:
'Twas urged to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phoebus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determined that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
  First, one who believed he excell'd in translation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration:
"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the convention will quickly agree." —
"Agree;" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?
Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
Begone, sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,
And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."
To the next says the God, "Though now I won't chuse you,
I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
Love's Goddess has oft to her parents complain'd,
Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
That at my instigation, a poem you writ,
Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment and wit;
That, to make you a Laureate, I gave the first voice,
Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
The Goddess of Beauty what God can deny?
She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise higher."
  The next that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.

’Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward:
The God, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,
“You were sent by Astraea her envoy to France:
You bend your ambition to rise in the state;
I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great.”
  Then a bard who had been a successful translator,
“The convention allows me a versificator.”
Says Apollo, “You mention the least of your merit;
By your works, it appears you have much of my spirit.
I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
The greatest objection against you’s your youth;
Then be not concern’d you are now laid aside;
If you live you shall certainly one day preside.”
  Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
“’Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the streets.”
  You taught them to walk! why, they knew it before;
But give me the bard that can teach them to soar.
Whenever he claims, ’tis his right, I’ll confess,
Who lately attempted my style with success;
Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
And therefore ’tis just I distinguish his merit:
Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;
Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
But excels even Virgil in elegant praise:
Who admires the ancients, and knows ’tis their due
Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
Though none with more ease their depths can explore,
Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store;
Though I’m fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
In scorning to borrow from any but me:
It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays.
This said, the whole audience soon found out his drift:
The convention was summon’d in favour of SWIFT.

APOLLO'S EDICT OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS"

Ireland is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there.
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
  No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
  When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.
  No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
  The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
  When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second-sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upwards rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies:
For who can hope to place one there,

As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies;
Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
  If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon days:
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of "deep, yet clear."
  Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phoenix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaethon to hold the reins.
  When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
  Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With woman compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleased in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply blest at home?
  Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endued with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST

Given by O'Rourke, a powerful chieftain of Ulster in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, previously to his making a visit to her court. A song was composed upon the tradition of the feast, the fame of which having reached Swift, he was supplied with a literal version, from which he executed the following very spirited translation. — *W. E. B.*

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH. 1720

O'ROURKE'S noble fare
  Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
  Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
  We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
  Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
  In pails was brought up,
A hundred at least,
  And a madder our cup.

O there is the sport!
  We rise with the light
In disorderly sort,
  From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd!
  My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
  I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
  Of mantle and kercher,
Why then fare them well,
  The de'el take the searcher.

Come, harper, strike up;
  But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
  Ah! this hath some savour.

O'Rourke's jolly boys
  Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, roused by the noise,
  And musical clatter,

They bounce from their nest,
  No longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest,
  Without one Ave-Mary.

They dance in a round,
  Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
  Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
  With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
  Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
  Laughlin O'Enagin!
But, my hand, you dance rarely.
  Margery Grinagin.

Bring straw for our bed,
  Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
  The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,

Fill the bowl up again:
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a Yean.

Good lord! what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least
The length of their skeans.

What stabs and what cuts,
What clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks!

With cudgels of oak,
Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
And Carrick Drumrusk:

The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurst by their mother.

Ask that of old madam:
She'll tell you who's who,

As far up as Adam,
  She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
  If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
  Or a kick on the a —— se.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1719

When first Diana leaves her bed,
  Vapours and steams her looks disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
  Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
  Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
  Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon,
  All parallels exactly run;
If Celia should appear too soon,
  Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
  All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
  Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

The soot or powder which was wont
  To make her hair look black as jet,
Falls from her tresses on her front,
  A mingled mass of dirt and sweat.

Three colours, black, and red, and white
  So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different light,
  They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily slips
  Into the precincts of the rose,

And takes possession of the lips,
  Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
  All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, the black and red,
  Though still in sight, had changed their ground.

The black, which would not be confined,
  A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
  And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

The paint by perspiration cracks,
  And falls in rivulets of sweat,
On either side you see the tracks
  While at her chin the conflu'nts meet.

A skilful housewife thus her thumb,
  With spittle while she spins anoints;
And thus the brown meanders come
  In trickling streams betwixt her joints.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
  By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
  And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
  But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
  The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
  Celia's the wonder of her sex;
Say, which among the heavenly powers

Could cause such wonderful effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead, and Lusitanian dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings;
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere;
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister star;
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

In the Pall Mall when passing by,
Keep up the glasses of your chair,
Then each transported fop will cry,
"G —— d d —— n me, Jack, she's wondrous fair!"

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail if matter brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
  For, all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
  When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge wisely shows the cause
  Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws
  Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
  From her pale cheeks pretends to show
That swain Endymion is not sound,
  Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But let the cause be what it will,
  In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed can, with all his skill,
  See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
  Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
  When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
  Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
  To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
  To think of oil and soot is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
  Nor will her teeth return again.

Two balls of glass may serve for eyes,
  White lead can plaister up a cleft;
But these, alas, are poor supplies
  If neither cheeks nor lips be left.

Ye powers who over love preside!
  Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supplied,
  Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE

AETATIS SUAE fifty-two,
A reverend Dean began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
But Cupid in disdain could scarce
Forbear to bid them kiss his ——
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow bedropt with rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
  Whate'er these dire forebodings meant,
In joy the marriage-day was spent;
The marriage-*day*, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smirking face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
  And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
The Dean desires his coffee soon,

She rises to her tea at noon.
While the Dean goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing at her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her finger ends she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
  At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who used to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach's gone;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of the household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
  Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You feed her lust as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
  If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes.
She drops him at the church, to pray,

While she drives on to see the play.
He like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
The Dean gets in and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
  But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas! is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
The Dean you see, is past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the Bath.
  For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find;
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs horn;
Or bathe beneath the Cross their limbs
Where fruitful matter chiefly swims.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
  Hither, though much against his grain

The Dean has carried Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
Was ever such a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was bribed to make the Dean agree.
  Here, all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there;
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
  So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle;
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
  The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
  The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool!
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
  But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise, and harder fare,
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
  Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.
  But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,

His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper.
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-Street rings.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virûm, tabulaeque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
VIRG.

For particulars of this famous scheme for reducing the National Debt, projected by Sir John Blunt, who became one of the Directors of it, and ultimately one of the greatest sufferers by it, when the Bubble burst, see Smollett's "History of England," vol. ii; Pope's "Moral Essays," Epist. iii, and notes; and Gibbon's "Memoirs," for the violent and arbitrary proceedings against the Directors, one of whom was his grandfather. — *W. E. B.*

Ye wise philosophers, explain
  What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main;
  Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
  Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
  Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
  Then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling,
  The pond'rous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
  Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight:
  Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,

I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round!
A coach-and-six, and served in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears — in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them fast;

The wax is melted by the height,
  And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
  The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
  And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
  He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
  In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
  Why in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
  Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
  A flock of geese jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
  And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
  Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
  Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
  And then get off with money stored;
But, if a sharper once comes in,
  He throws it all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
  The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea;

The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night,
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
Cries out a sage among the crowd;
An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the Queen of Love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
  I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
  For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus, by directors we are told,
  "Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
  Look round, and see how thick it lies:

"We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
  We'll come, and hold you by the chin." —
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
  Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind,
  Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
  The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
  The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
  And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
  At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying glass,
  Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the Southern seas,
  Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
  Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
  Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
  And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
  He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
  All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
  And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
  Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it:

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,
  Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as Hell —
  'Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
  Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
  The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
  And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
  And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"Now buried in the depth below,
  Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
  At their wits' end, like drunken men."

Meantime, secure on Garway cliffs,

A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For, where directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace roofs, and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;

Alcides held him in his arms,
  And sent him up in air to Hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
  Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tamed another way,
  Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for ’tis you I warn,
  By long experience we have found
What planet ruled when you were born;
  We see you never can be drown’d.

Beware, nor overbulky grow,
  Nor come within your cully’s reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
  To leave you dry upon the beach,

You’ll owe your ruin to your bulk:
  Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder’d hulk,
  While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
  The coasters crowd to seize the spoil:
The monster into parts divide,
  And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
  These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
  Driven from the South Sea to the Red!

May he, whom Nature’s laws obey,
  Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
“Quiet the raging of the sea,

And still the madness of the crowd!”

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possest)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors’ promises but wind,
South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

FABULA CANIS ET UMBRAE

ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido praedae melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et altè
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice praeceps
Ore cibus, nee non simulacrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A PROLOGUE BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS SENT WITH THE PROLOGUE

The enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not allowing you to act, unless you would pay him £300 per annum; upon which you got a license from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers. The prologue supposes, that upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the playhouse, and your clothes, etc. to act in.

Our set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a license from our good lord mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player:
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
  Stay! let me see — Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in town!—'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens, and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six;
A score of guineas given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad that's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?

I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a license, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum:
Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the players are come;
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him in the smoothest way I could,
All this, and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And, as a stroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers, for your sakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last:
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversion miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPILOGUE TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY

HOLD! hold, my good friends; for one moment, pray stop ye,
I return ye my thanks, in the name of poor Hoppy.
He's not the first person who never did write,
And yet has been fed by a benefit-night.
The custom is frequent, on my word I assure ye,
In our famed elder house, of the Hundreds of Drury.
But then you must know, those players still act on
Some very good reasons, for such benefaction.
A deceased poet's widow, if pretty, can't fail;
From Cibber she holds, as a tenant in tail.
Your emerited actors, and actresses too,
For what they have done (though no more they can do)
And sitters, and songsters, and Chetwood and G —— ,
And sometimes a poor sufferer in the South Sea;
A machine-man, a tire-woman, a mute, and a spright,
Have been all kept from starving by a benefit-night.
Thus, for Hoppy's bright merits, at length we have found
That he must have of us ninety-nine and one pound,
Paid to him clear money once every year:
And however some think it a little too dear,
Yet, for reasons of state, this sum we'll allow,
Though we pay the good man with the sweat of our brow.
First, because by the King to us he was sent,
To guide the whole session of this parliament.
To preside in our councils, both public and private,
And so learn, by the by, what both houses do drive at.
When bold B —— roars, and meek M —— raves,
When Ash prates by wholesale, or Be —— h by halves,
When Whigs become Whims, or join with the Tories;
And to himself constant when a member no more is,
But changes his sides, and votes and unvotes;
As S —— t is dull, and with S —— d, who dotes;
Then up must get Hoppy, and with voice very low,
And with eloquent bow, the house he must show,
That that worthy member who spoke last must give
The freedom to him, humbly most, to conceive,
That his sentiment on this affair isn't right;
That he mightily wonders which way he came by't:

That, for his part, God knows, he does such things disown;
And so, having convinced him, he most humbly sits down.
  For these, and more reasons, which perhaps you may hear,
Pounds hundred this night, and one hundred this year,
And so on we are forced, though we sweat out our blood,
To make these walls pay for poor Hoppy's good;
To supply with rare diet his pot and his spit;
And with richest Margoux to wash down a tit-bit.
To wash oft his fine linen, so clean and so neat,
And to buy him much linen, to fence against sweat:
All which he deserves; for although all the day
He ofttimes is heavy, yet all night he's gay;
And if he rise early to watch for the state,
To keep up his spirits he'll sit up as late.
Thus, for these and more reasons, as before I did say
Hop has got all the money for our acting this play,
Which makes us poor actors look *je ne sçai quoy*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PROLOGUE TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. SHERIDAN. SPOKEN BY MR. ELRINGTON. 1721

Great cry, and little wool — is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom;
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
Provoked, in loud complaints to you they cry;
Ladies, relieve the weavers; or they die!
Forsake your silks for stuff's; nor think it strange
To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell —
The men will like you every bit as well.
  See I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff,
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough;
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
And if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds;
Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds;
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclined —
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reason to conclude,
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes;
Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.
  How sweet and innocent's the country maid,
With small expense in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her, in wool
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove!
While wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,

We’ll all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPILOGUE TO A BENEFIT PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY THE DEAN. SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay — let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely give a day —
The poet had no more who made the play.
  But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learn it not at sermons, or at prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dress in manufactures made at home;
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb.
We'll rig from Meath Street Egypt's haughty queen
And Antony shall court her in ratteen.
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid,
In drugget drest, of thirteen pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fired with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolved this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the court.
  O! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see the play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse kings;

But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:
And, next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits:
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs.
And to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit, than in the player's dressing.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWER TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE. IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. DELANY.

Femineo generi tribuantur.

The Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictured maids;
Far above mortal dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian Robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in concert rhyme, and huff
And fret these Muses with their playhouse stuff?
  The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.
  The cotton plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injured plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
  Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such wool-gathering sonnetteers as these?
Hence, then, ye homespun witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
Shall the wide hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under petticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,

When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be flower'd as well as they?
  In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintz diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky ticking full:
And all this for the benefit of wool!
  "But where," say they, "shall we bestow these weavers,
That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers?"
The silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay too much for what they give!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE

THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ. BY DR. DELANY

’Tis so old and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You’re sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain in’t;
’Tis so large, you may lodge a few friends with ease in’t,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in’t;
’Tis so little, the family live in a press in’t,
And poor Lady Betty has scarce room to dress in’t;
’Tis so cold in the winter, you can’t bear to lie in’t,
And so hot in the summer, you’re ready to fry in’t;
’Tis so brittle, ’twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
’Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you’re forced every year in some part to renew it;
’Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
’Tis so staunch and so crazy, so strong and so brittle,
’Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse —
wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE COUNTRY LIFE

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE, THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Baron, Lord Chief Baron Rochfort. *George*, his eldest son. *Nim*, his second son, John, so called from his love of hunting. *Dan*, Mr. Jackson, a parson. Gaulstown, the Baron's seat. *Sheridan*, a pedant and pedagogue. *Delany*, chaplain to Sir Constantine Phipps, when Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Dragon, the name of the boat on the canal. Dean Percival and his wife, friends of the Baron and his lady.

Thalia, tell, in sober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's wit grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse! First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious,
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten my lady comes and hectors
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us, down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who never time nor order kept,
But by peculiar whimseys drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn:
O'ersees the work, or Dragon rows,

Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
Or — but proceed we in our journal —
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling,
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end;
My lord and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake;
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them
And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water brought, and dinner done;
With "Church and King" the ladies gone.
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to doze away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hammond —
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then, again, boys, to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed,)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late — the old and younger pairs,
By Adam lighted, walk up stairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber,
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls and all is done.
  I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset.
For brevity I have retrench'd

How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And saved his oar, but lost his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex:
I might have told how oft Dean Perceval
Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows:
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
But now there needs no more be said on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shews all her secrets of housekeeping:
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
Tells everything that you can think of,
How she cured Charley of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were killed by weasels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
  But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all Whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every syllable is true:
And since he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the czar;
"Why, Muscovy is not so far;
Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
And in a month he's at your gates;
Perhaps from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,

What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tamed, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arrived Clem and his wife —
This grand event has broke our measures;
Their reign began with cruel seizures;
The Dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie;
Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his Jordan,
(My lady says, she can't afford one,)
George is half scared out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsyturvy;
They talk of farther alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. DELANY'S VILLA

WOULD you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
  You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields:
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
  Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
  A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,

A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
  In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE

A bard, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enraged god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant?
“Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
’Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the Styx, to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train.”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CARBERIAE RUPES

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. SCRIPSIT JUN. ANN. DOM. 1723

Ecce ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisono stridore tenant, et ad aethera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Aequorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in praeceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum coelo jaculâsse gigantum.
  Saepe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phoebo
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocae.
  Sed, cum saevit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obsessae arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicus saevit in urbes,
Exaequant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.
  Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellae,
Vi salientis aquae de summo praecipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt.
  Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CARBERY ROCKS

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amid the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Prone on the wave the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound:
The dreadful murmur Heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves:
For, long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush Earth's rebel sons beneath the load.
  Oft too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Presents an orifice on either side.
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.
  But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without control,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride and blasts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the shocks
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,

Now, pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
  The goats, while, pendent from the mountain top,
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th'unfathom'd deep.
  The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD

COME, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whispering, charged me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
  The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;
And every belle that since arose,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot;
For, true or false, they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior.
  In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun, or Irish phrase)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,

A foot-boy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody **** stands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.
  I thought my very spleen would burst,
When fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons' names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their gaol is broke.
  If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park and Stephen's Green;
And Dawson Street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall Mall.
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight, and raise your malice.
The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a-quart for stum.
Then for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Mounthermer;
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet, though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
  Can you on Dublin look with scorn?

Yet here were you and Ormond born.
O! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears, "Belcamp is, to his taste,
As fine as Hampton-court at least."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit;
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel.
You for the news are ne'er to seek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week;
You happy folks are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long;
But, since you are convinced at last,
We'll pardon you for what has past.
So — let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve pence a corner, if you dare.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON DREAMS AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS

Petronii Fragmenta, xxx.

THOSE dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t — d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,

Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he were awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise:
And Dick, the scavenger, with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in Walpole's face.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT, IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724

Dear Sir, I think, ’tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr’d.
Can anything be more unkind?
Must I not see, ‘cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you, —
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb’d of that delight,
When you can be no loser by’t
Nay, when ’tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard you’d be no gainer?
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr’d:
Your business, sir, is to be heard.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE ANSWER

The wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
  'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other,
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb reacts.
  But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant, as one head can bear,
Yet Galen most acutely shows you,
(Consult his book *de partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grandam always stuff her ears

Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have used their toes.
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW. 1724

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurried out and clapt the door.
  Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will,) thy house is worse than Hell.
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D — n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it.
  Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour.
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Received a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z — ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd send her far enough away ——
Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.
  Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believed him when he said it?

Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She served him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate:
And what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones:
Without, they pelted him with stones;
The 'prentices procured a riding,
To act his patience and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are used like Dick, and bear the blame.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS
1726

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
  Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
  Not yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
  O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
  And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
  Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
  To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope;
  And when he sets to write,
No letter with an envelope
  Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
  Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
  And swear they are your own.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

WRITTEN JUNE, 1727, JUST AFTER THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF GEORGE I, WHO DIED THE 12TH OF THAT MONTH IN GERMANY

This poem was written when George II succeeded his father, and bore the following explanatory introduction:

Richmond Lodge is a house with a small park belonging to the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

"Marble Hill is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bedchamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond Lodge. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the above dialogue." — *Dublin Edition*, 1734.

In spight of Pope, in spight of Gay,
And all that he or they can say;
Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.
  Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For, by old proverbs, it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE HILL

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,

Your mistress now is grown a queen;
You'll find it soon by woful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promised me
To raise me to a high degree:
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE HILL

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;
For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their masters' fall:
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICHMOND LODGE

My master, scarce a fortnight since,

Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE HILL

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my (no) wine;
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND LODGE

Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To spunge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
While Lady Charlotte, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm,
His hat, for show, beneath his arm.

MARBLE HILL

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste:
Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND LODGE

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE HILL

Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down

Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND LODGE

I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness — and so adieu.

MARBLE HILL

Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DESIRE AND POSSESSION 1727

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Possession, and Desire, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said, their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about;
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects, fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strew'd;
But overcharged, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Desire had now the goal in sight;

It was a tower of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire, in rapture, gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
  Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON CENSURE 1727

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong.
  Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say!
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
  The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is — to let them talk.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND 1727

A set of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
  In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
  If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rously her husband teaze,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick

At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.
  In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
  O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, boys; God save the King!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, "Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side!
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lie!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle.
My honest friend Wild (may he long hold his place)
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without prayer-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE, WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE “DUNCIAD”

1727

POPE has the talent well to speak,
  But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
  The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
  Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book;
  Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design’d
  For those who more will need ‘em,
Are fill’d with hints, and interlined,
  Himself can hardly read ‘em.

Each atom by some other struck,
  All turns and motions tries;
Till in a lump together stuck,
  Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the Dean his share allot;
  He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
  Is *causa sine quâ non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
  For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,

You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock, thus, for preaching framed
The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he rang the bell.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A LOVE POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS

WRITTEN AT LONDON

By poets we are well assured
That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all;
What colic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in cavern pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hemorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival named,
I feel my body all inflamed;
Which, breaking out in boils and blains,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Small-beer I guzzle till I burst;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpus;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BOUTS RIMEZ ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA

Our schoolmaster may roar i' th' fit,
  Of classic beauty, *haec et illa*;
Not all his birch inspires such wit
  As th'ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champaign,
  Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
  In Berkeley's tar, or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's Fields I've much admired
  The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
  The gliding air of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
  The flying footsteps of Camilla;
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
  He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
  For thinking ill of his Placilla:
And deuce take London! if some knight
  O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,
  Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
  Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
  Piled on the mules of king At-tila,

Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
  Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
  Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
 — bused much my heart, and was a damn'd let
  To verse — but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
  To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
  To the snow-white hands of Domitilla.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HELTER SKELTER; OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT

Now the active young attorneys
Briskly travel on their journeys,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Marses
With their tilters at their a — s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destined far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim —
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;

Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage:
Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and —— run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people are all quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over — then,
Hey, for London town again.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PUPPET-SHOW

The life of man to represent,
  And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppet-show invent,
  Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
  And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
  And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
  The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
  And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
  That trees might rise from human forms;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
  And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
  That man's a blockhead, have confest:
Powel and Stretch the hint pursue;
  Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea has proved
  On that famed theatre, the alley;
Where thousands, by directors moved
  Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
  The same a Harlequin is now;

The former was buffoon above,
  The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
  Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
  Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
  False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators ranged in state
  Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
  And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
  And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
  And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
  And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
  Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
  Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
  Of pleasure, folly, war, or love:
This mimic race brings all to view:
  Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
  Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,

Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728

SIR, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceased to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, etc.

[Here several verses are omitted.]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
  'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame,
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,

And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
  By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel,)
The modern dame is waked by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon,)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"Why, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,

And to each other give the sign.”
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o’er their evening ale.
  Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
“Observe this pattern — there’s a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard —
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.”
  This business of importance o’er,
And madam almost dress’d by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, “Madam, dinner stays.”
She answers, in her usual style,
“The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I’m hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick.”
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
“I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day —
But really ’tis my spouse’s way!
He’s so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!”
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment’s rest,
In phrases batter’d, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
  But let me now a while survey
Our madam o’er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans,
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,

Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
  Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now 'tis known to common fame."
  Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prude condemns the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,

That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, “Lord, the world is so censorious!”
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho’s hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
  Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o’er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Raised ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.
  Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.
  But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits;
“And was not Tom this morning sent?
I’d lay my life he never went;
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole.”
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
“Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!

And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap" —
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
  The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
  How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan, a moment, if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When Lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding ring

Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn — past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears,)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED

Logicians have but ill defined
As rational, the human kind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione praeditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit ‘em,
And must, in spite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals’ pride;
And that brute beasts are far before ‘em.
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault or battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O’er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport
Nor know who’s in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat, as dearest friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place:
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne’er go
To folks at Paternoster Row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,

Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his lurking passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors;
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manner still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE ELEPHANT; OR, THE PARLIAMENT MAN

WRITTEN MANY YEARS SINCE; AND TAKEN FROM COKE'S FOURTH INSTITUTE THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT, CAP. I

Sir E. Coke says: "Every member of the house being a counsellor should have three properties of the elephant; first that he hath no gall; secondly, that he is inflexible and cannot bow; thirdly, that he is of a most ripe and perfect memory … first, to be without gall, that is, without malice, rancor, heat, and envy: … secondly, that he be constant, inflexible, and not be bowed, or turned from the right either for fear, reward, or favour, nor in judgement respect any person: … thirdly, of a ripe memory, that they remembering perils past, might prevent dangers to come." — *W. E. B.*

Ere bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
Observe an elephant, says he,
And let him like your member be:
First take a man that's free from *Gaul*,
For elephants have none at all;
In flocks or parties he must keep;
For elephants live just like sheep.
Stubborn in honour he must be;
For elephants ne'er bend the knee.
Last, let his memory be sound,
In which your elephant's profound;
That old examples from the wise
May prompt him in his noes and ayes.
  Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyer's wit:
And then, with Latin and all that,
Shows the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my lord is wrong,
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue:
Now, men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like elephants of shows;
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence;

To get their master half-a-crown,
They spread the flag, or lay it down:
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise every pliant gesture,
Opening their trunk for every tester.
Siam, for elephants so famed,
Is not with England to be named:
Their elephants by men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM

BY MR. LINDSAY

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he, who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?" —
This Paulus preach'd: — When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT

Lindsay mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greased his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poets' brains
With penniless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause —
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phoebus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phoebus first produced to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see Astraea stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers' gold.
  Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,

At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics, which, though I abomine 'em,
May serve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.
  I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs;
I own, his conscience always free,
(Provided he has got his fee,)
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.
  Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the gospel seems to say,
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for saving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
  With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick, with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix!

A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
  The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse:
While he at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
  Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discern'd,
To get the name of counsel-learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes *a non lucendo*,)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
  'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man, who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion,

To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd:
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M — l, C — y, and Dick Tighe.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D. IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II, SATIRE I

"Sunt quibus in Satirâ," etc.

WRITTEN BY MR. LINDSAY, IN 1729

DR. SWIFT

Since there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose,
Either in verse or humorous prose:
And to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER

Since you are pleased to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit

Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT

Must I commend against my conscience,
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense;
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom, Fate;
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;

And you on Drapier's hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON BURNING A DULL POEM

1729

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts;
I found my head begin to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
  How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
  And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
  For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
  And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber and would have caress'd her;
  But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

The dean he pursued, to recover his game;
  And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
  They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
  And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
  'Twas what all his life he had practised before.
He made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

The dean, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
  Resolved for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade

Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And grieved that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine *jure ecclesiae*;
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor,)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre, and rochet,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's shape,
For sodomy hang'd; as thou for a rape.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing;
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and saved a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His troubles and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
  Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
  No devil nor dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the dean's neck for committing a rape.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
  For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
  And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON STEPHEN DUCK THE THRESHER, AND FAVOURITE POET

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw!
  Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
  Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
  And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side:
On such a point, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.
  Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair:
A fore-head cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flour, to stop the steams
Exhaled from sour unsavoury streams:
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distil'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy bason stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The bason takes whatever comes,

The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Here petticoats in frouzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coifs, and pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It shew'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spight?
In vain the workman shew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes:
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolved to go thro' thick and thin.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,

When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from up the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."
As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, tho' with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And toast them at the clearest fire;
If from upon the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When drop'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the part from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round ev'ry room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon slunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh — !"
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,

And still appearing in contrast.
  I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
  When Celia in her glory shews,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;)
He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd sight to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CASSINUS AND PETER: A TRAGICAL ELEGY

1731

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits and lovers both,
Conferring, as they used to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn,
With threads of different colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for nightgown he had none,)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs, to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dyed,
And half unsmoked, lay by his side.
  Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to drink it hot.
  Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?

Then gave him some familiar thumps,
A college joke to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cried, Celia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must — is Celia dead?
How happy I, were that the worst!
But I was fated to be curst!
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injured lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divined
A crime, that shocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply —
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times —
"Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And dying, never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark;

And there — behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry:
I come! I come! Medusa see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
"Avaunt — ye cannot say 'twas I."
  Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Celia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
  To force it out, my heart must rend;
Yet when conjured by such a friend —
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
 (How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed —
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu:
Nor wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh — !

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX. 1731

Corinna, pride of Drury-Lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-Garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dext'rously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contrived to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her chancres, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.

She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p — st,
A pigeon pick'd her issue-pease:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight
Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gath'ring up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE 1731

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
By ev'ry size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel;
No humours gross, or frouzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water:
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country dances, not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
  Dear Venus, hide this wond'rous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses ev'ry swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
What billets-doux, and clouded canes!
  But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,

He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down,
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the Temple porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue;
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
She, by the tender Graces drest,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phoebus sung th'epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet;
With other parts, that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot;
And, should he struggle, I know what —
Why, let it go, if I must tell it —

He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
While she, a goddess dyed in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
Exhaled ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
  Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read,)
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By vent'ring on his heavenly wife!
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a school-boy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!
  While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
  Now, "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them ev'ry afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it ev'ry sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O! think what evils must ensue;

Miss Moll, the jade, will burn it blue;
And, when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, even when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all passion sympathetic;
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
  In bed we left the married pair;
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolved to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
  Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
  Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,

And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
  Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cried out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, —— ?
But when he smelt a noisome steam
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream;
(Salerno both together joins,
As sov'reign med'cines for the loins:)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;
He found her while the scent increast,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions prest
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspired with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side;
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase;
Let fly a rouser in her face.
  The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
  Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
  How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,

Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
  Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's fire;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
  To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
  O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
  Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
  Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly lasts the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,

It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
  What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
  Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect;
Some shew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
  Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
  A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Raised on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,

And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
  On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive,
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED 1731

Apollo, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ,
Refined all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own, 'twas but a coach-and-four,
For Jupiter allows no more.
  Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
  Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That moved the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to B in *alt*:
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED 1731

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place:
But, if HELL may by logical rules be defined
The place of the damn'd — I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators bribed, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
An horrid vision seized my head;
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, *learning*, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
And you, who never fell — *through pride*:
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd;
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you;)
— The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
— I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! — Go, go, you're *bit*."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

JUDAS. 1731

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engaged him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;
Which though his conscience forced him to restore,
(And parsons tell us, no man can do more,)
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two inch-board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
  As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place,
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take!"

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY 1731

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to choose
For triee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old:
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!
But princely Douglas, and his glorious dame,
Advanced thy fortune, and preserved thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapplied,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phoebus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below:
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of human kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretell.
And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his gear,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer:
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To shew the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds, a rapid flood

Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
  Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince, as well as he.
The ducal coffers trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid;
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
  Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squires,
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
  Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th'unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
  The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice before he gives the pill.
But the state empiric acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
  But how can I describe the ravenous breed?

Then let me now by negatives proceed.
  Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he bribed you with a brace of tench?
  Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or soothe his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humble airs
Request it of him, to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
  Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
  A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And, should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.
  Some, when an heir succeeds, go bodily on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;

No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
  A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the panel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
  In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashler'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs.
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same,)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
  I knew a brazen minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, when will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, his master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
The work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, Sir Spencer? or will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He owed his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observed his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
  Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own.

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE

After venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
  Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi — culty.
  You would teach me to be wise:
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
  But it was decreed by Fate —
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
  Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Drest like any lady mayoress:

Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day —
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
  Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refined and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduced into a poem.
  But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
  Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with dogg'rel rhyme.
'Tis but just, you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;

With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
  Think not cards my chief diversion:
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like laudanum.
We, by play, as men, by drinking,
Pass our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
  Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
  Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.
  Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile;
Clear your looks, and smooth your style;
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel ***** may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
  Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think;
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.

Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to every guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough:
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instil?
  To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey,
Nor against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spight.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the strutting chattering vermin;
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon?
  When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;

How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the waterman of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage:
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could;)
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to d'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance;
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
  Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:
  If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins.
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on; for, as
It is well observed by Horace,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world than sour.

Horses thus, let jockeys judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.
  Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention.
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.
  I who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king:
That they might some better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but by sneer.
As my method of reforming,
Is by laughing, not by storming,
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault,)
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals,
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?
  If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.

You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.
  Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierced the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown.
See what mirth the sport creates!
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop;
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart a while;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason!
  Thus we both shall gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM ON THE BUSTS IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732

“Sic siti laetantur docti.”

With honour thus by Carolina placed,
How are these venerable bustoes graced!
O queen, with more than regal title crown’d,
For love of arts and piety renown’d!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANOTHER

Louis the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head;
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER

Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head:
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go, and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

Her majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK, FINELY BOUND, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1732. BY JOHN, EARL OF ORRERY

To thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Tho' tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Tho' pasteboards, glitt'ring like a tinsell'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state,
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise,
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes;
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled cov'ring, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty graced, with shape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY. BY DR. DELANY

Hither from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot Dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor:
Not strolling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchased me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
  This done, to Hermes I applied:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age;
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die!"
  "I grant your suit," the God replied,
And here he left me to reside.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS

A paper book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be placed:
As trophies of a Muse deceased;
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long-departed wit,
Be graved on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN WITH AN EAGLE QUILL, ON HEARING OF THE PRESENTS BY THE EARL OF ORRERY AND DR. DELANY.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To every art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.
I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's sky-dipt pencils rise
Such heavenly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
Then shall the world my wondrous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY, IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT

Mighty Thomas, a solemn senatus I call,
To consult for Sapphira; so come one and all;
Quit books, and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk, and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir; and as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it, I've *aliud mercedis*;
For Letty, one filbert, whereon to regale;
And a peach for pale Constance, to make a full meal;
And for your cruel part, who take pleasure in blood,
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health:
High raised be her worth above titles or wealth.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST, ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732

PREFACE

I have been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother citizens; but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves, by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London: half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy, forty thousand politicians, and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted: I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology, and geography, even of present times. I compute, that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind, for one among us in Dublin; besides two-thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized: whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more to our farther mortification, there is no one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education, who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only

allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses: and yet he has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man!

When beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day,)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout,)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
  The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he loved a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;

Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
  The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
  The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was grieved to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
  The Goat advanced with decent pace,
And first excused his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity, as monks do now:
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.
  Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human kind.
Some faults we own; but can you guess?
 — Why, virtue's carried to excess,

Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeezed a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term;
While others of the learned robe,
Would break the patience of a Job.
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.
The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But owns he had a stubborn spirit.
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it, for his heart,
Sometimes to act the parson's part:

Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance;
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food:
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a-day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practised to their shame.
  The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view,
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station:
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.

He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him license to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations,
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame,)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.
  The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contrived a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
  I own the moral not exact,
Besides, the tale is false, in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up,
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face,
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid,
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;

Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be stroked, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis;*
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human kind;
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PARSON'S CASE

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
  But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean:
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small, and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
And license to reside in town:
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court:
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place:
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES 1733

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
’Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not, I can see no cause,)
The men should slave at cards from morn to night
And female pleasures be to read and write.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A LOVE SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
  Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart:
I a slave in thy dominions;
  Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming
  Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
  All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
  Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
  Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
  Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
  Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
  Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
  Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
  Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
  Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
  Swiftly purling in a round,

On thy margin lovers wander,
  With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping
  Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
  Melody resigns to fate.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE STORM MINERVA'S PETITION

Pallas, a goddess chaste and wise
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm, to drown that rascal Hort,
And she would kindly thank him for't:
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
  The god, who favour'd her request,
Assured her he would do his best:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop loved a whore,
And had enlarged her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.
At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishops' bench,
Till Hort arrived, ne'er kept a wench;
If Hort must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate:
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam.*
And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.
  Then Proteus urged the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,
To drown him all attempts are vain.
Hort can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
Can creep, or run, or fly, or swim;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind;
Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
As well against as with the tide.
But, Pallas, you've applied too late;
For, 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate,
That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,

And who but Hort can be employ'd?
You need not then have been so pert,
In sending Bolton to Clonfert.
I found you did it, by your grinning;
Your business is to mind your spinning.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows;
Or who regarded your report;
For never were you seen at court.
And if you must have your petition,
There's Berkeley in the same condition;
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
If one must drown, the other must;
But, if you'll leave us Bishop Judas,
We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
Now, if 'twill gratify your spight,
To put him in a plaguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly tost.
You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram)
His ghastly visage with an air
Of reprobation and despair;
Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
For fear the rest should say he squeaks;
Or, as Fitzpatrick did before,
Resolve to perish with his whore;
Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And, but for shame, would say his prayers.
Or, would you see his spirits sink?
Relaxing downwards in a stink?
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good madam Pallas, pray be easy.
To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
But he'll come back the knave he went."
The goddess, who conceived a hope
That Hort was destined to a rope,
Believed it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend;
But, fearing Berkeley might be scared,
She left him virtue for a guard.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ODE ON SCIENCE

O, heavenly born! in deepest dells
If fairest science ever dwells
  Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
  And flowery carpets lave.

For, Melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
  With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
  Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
  Obstructed and depress'd;
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspired, to shine,
  By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
  Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
  That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
  To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
  In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along,
  In metaphysic dreams;
While raptured bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold,
  In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destined land,
  By Folly led astray:
Iërne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar, and sing
  Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
  Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown’d,
To sculpture turn’d by magic sound
  And petrifying song.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND

Blow, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong:
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres, with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue,
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:

Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1731

Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucauld, “Dans l’adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.”

This maxim was No. 99 in the edition of 1665, and was one of those suppressed by the author in his later editions. In the edition published by Didot Freres, 1864, it is No. 15 in the first supplement. See it commented upon by Lord Chesterfield in a letter to his son, Sept. 5, 1748, where he takes a similar view to that expressed by Swift. — *W. E. B.*

AS Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature, I believe ’em true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
  This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
“In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.”
  If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our *equal* raised above our *size.*
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,

A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rackt with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
  What poet would not grieve to see
His breth'ren write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
He'd wish his rivals all in hell.
  Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heav'n has blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
  To all my foes, dear Fortune, send

Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
  Thus much may serve by way of proem:
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
  The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
Tho' it is hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear 'em speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plyes you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion'd wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
  "For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen; —
But there's no talking to some men!"
  And then their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:

Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
Then hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
  In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes:
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "*Worse and worse!*")
Wou'd please 'em better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophecy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
  Yet, shou'd some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'llers round my bed.
  My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.
  Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes."—"The Dean is dead."
  Before the Passing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town has run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?" —
"I know no more than what the news is;

’Tis all bequeath’d to public uses.” —
“To public use! a perfect whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all — but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!”
  Now, Grub-Street wits are all employ’d;
With elegies the town is cloy’d:
Some paragraph in ev’ry paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
  The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
“We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For, when we open’d him, we found,
That all his vital parts were sound.”
  From Dublin soon to London spread,
’Tis told at court, “the Dean is dead.”
Kind Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, “Is he gone! ’tis time he shou’d.
He’s dead, you say; why, let him rot:
I’m glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was a princess then;
But now, as consort of a king,
You know, ’tis quite a different thing.”
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert’s levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
“Why, is he dead without his shoes,”
Cries Bob, “I’m sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!”
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift’s remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters:
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
  Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
  St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry — but we all must die!"
  Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When *we* are lash'd, *they* kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
  The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
  My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (and what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight:
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My Lady Club wou'd take it ill,
If he shou'd fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean — (I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
  Why do we grieve that friends should die?

No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this fav'rite of Apollo!
Departed: — and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
  Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste;
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penned
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
  "Here's Woolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour (who can read),

Are taught to use them for their creed.
The rev'rend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
  Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indiff'rent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
  The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court.
As for his works in verse and prose
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
"Sir, I have heard another story:
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died."
  Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters! —
  "He should have left them for his betters,
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen. —
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;

Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp — all one to him. —
"But why should he, except he slobber't,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sov'reign power
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!"
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool, and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him,
Would rather slip aside and chuse
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
"With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;

For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spared his tongue and pen
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
"And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn League and Cov'nant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:

His friends in exile, or the tower,
Himself within the frown of power,
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of slaves and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were, to be his foes;
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their int'rest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state,
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian:
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
"In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.

This into gen'ral odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more — because he's dead.
What writings has he left behind?
I hear, they're of a different kind;
A few in verse; but most in prose —
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose; —
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the Pretender;
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite;
Perhaps his travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word —
Offensive to a loyal ear:
But not one sermon, you may swear."
His friendships there, to few confined
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
[Biennial] squires to market brought;
Who sell their souls and [votes] for nought;
The [nation stripped,] go joyful back,
To *** the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with [rogues and rapparees,]
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or barrack to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.

”Perhaps I may allow the Dean,
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seem’d determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash’d the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr’d that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer’d to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne’er offended with a jest;
But laugh’d to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn’d by rote.
”Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
Must be or ridiculed or lash’d.
If you resent it, who’s to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to ‘scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
”He knew an hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
”He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show’d by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.”
And, since you dread no farther lashes
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.

ON POETRY A RHAPSODY. 1733

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
  Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates,
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
  Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litter'd under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate

To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phoebus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub Street line.
  Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
  Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,

Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
  Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
  To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
  Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
  Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle;
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,

Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest dogg'rel Grub Street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
  Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant:
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South Sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess, or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link,
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support

A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
  But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
And may you ever have the luck
To rhyme almost as ill as Duck;
And, though you never learn'd to scan verse
Come out with some lampoon on D'Anvers.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
Display the blessings of the nation,
And praise the whole administration.
Extol the bench of bishops round,
Who at them rail, bid —— confound;
To bishop-haters answer thus:
(The only logic used by us)
What though they don't believe in ——
Deny them Protestants — thou lyest.
  A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,

Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
His panegyrics then are ceased,
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast.
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams,
Project excise and South-Sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
  Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
  But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,

And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu.
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
  A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous*:
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
  At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness

For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
  Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius placed in Phooebus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves or lose his pension.
  But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;

While others do as much for him.
  The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite ‘em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub Street at each other’s doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us:
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
  O Grub Street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow’d them food.
  Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard’s time,
How few have reach’d the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish’d Blackmore’s reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the “Hollow Tree.”
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!

A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
  In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The Laureate leaves him far behind.
Concanen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
  O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
  Perhaps you say, Augustus shines,
Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
And Horace brought the tuneful quire,
To sing his virtues on the lyre;
Without reproach for flattery, true,
Because their praises were his due.
For in those ages kings, we find,
Were animals of human kind.
But now, go search all *Europe* round
Among the *savage monsters* ——
With vice polluting every *throne*,

(I mean all thrones except our own;)
In vain you make the strictest view
To find a —— in all the crew,
With whom a footman out of place
Would not conceive a high disgrace,
A burning shame, a crying sin,
To take his morning's cup of gin.
  Thus all are destined to obey
Some beast of burthen or of prey.
  'Tis sung, Prometheus, forming man,
Through all the brutal species ran,
Each proper quality to find
Adapted to a human mind;
A mingled mass of good and bad,
The best and worst that could be had;
Then from a clay of mixture base
He shaped a —— to rule the race,
Endow'd with gifts from every brute
That best the * * nature suit.
Thus think on —— s: the name denotes
Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons, and goats.
To represent in figure just,
Sloth, folly, rapine, mischief, lust;
Oh! were they all but Neb-cadnezers,
What herds of —— s would turn to grazers!
  Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,

(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown,
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
  The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director;
Of wit and learning chief protector,
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
  Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd

Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
  Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be laced so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
Caetera desiderantur.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND. BY DR. J. SICAN

(Horace speaking.)

You've read, sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birth-day been invited,
(But I was forced in verse to write it,)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I'm used to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iërnian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my common suit)
My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in my birth-day dress:
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;
To which I've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns,
Have at your levee paid attendance,
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's staff,
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,

Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your loved hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle, Hippocrates;
Since Tully lived before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.
  You'll plead, perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing's bad!" — But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes, and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my frame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—"which way?" — TRANSLATE.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER. 1733

“Here learn from moral truth and wit refined,
How vice and folly have debased mankind;
Strong sense and humour arm in virtue’s cause;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws:
While bold and free the glowing colours strike;
Blame not the picture, if the picture’s like.”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON PSYCHE

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit;
For her taste is almost as refined as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN AND DUKE 1734

James Brydgesand the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduked; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James, to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
O! wert thou not a duke, my good Duke Humphry,
From bailiffs claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother(far thy better) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so please the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1734

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT, TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED

DOCTOR. Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone.
ANSWER. Except the first, the fault's your own.
DOCTOR. To all my friends a burden grown.
ANSWER. Because to few you will be shewn.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.
DOCTOR. No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.
ANSWER. Then write and read, 'twill do as well.
DOCTOR. At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.
ANSWER. Think then of thunder when you f — t.
DOCTOR. Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.
ANSWER. A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder:
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend;
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b'ye.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER

"IN SYLLABAM LONGAM IN VOCE VERTIGINOSUS A. D. SWIFT CORREPTAM"

Musarum antistes, Phoebi numerosus alumnus,
  Vix omnes numeros Vertiginosus habet.
Intentat charo capiti vertigo ruinam:
  Oh! servet cerebro nata Minerva caput.
Vertigo nimium longa est, divina poeta;
  Dent tibi Pierides, donet Apollo, brevem.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN

APPLES

Come buy my fine wares,
Plums, apples, and pears.
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS

Ripe ‘sparagrass
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
O, ’tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS

Come, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer,
You’ll feed like a farmer;
For this is every cook’s opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil’d,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil’d:

Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known:
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS

Charming oysters I cry:
My masters, come buy,
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide,
Better never was tried.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a-dozen, to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES

Come buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming, when squeezed in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER

Happiest of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound!
And the muscly swelling breast,
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
  With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower,
(Secret circle, mystic power,)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers.
  With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart and kindle love.

Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame!
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS

SEVERAL OF THEM WRITTEN IN 1726

I. ON A WINDOW AT AN INN

We fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines, and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy-chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

II. AT AN INN IN ENGLAND

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
  Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions Love has stirr'd,
  It darkens Reason's light.

III. ON A WINDOW AT THE FOUR CROSSES IN THE WATLING-STREET ROAD, WARWICKSHIRE

Fool, to put up four crosses at your door,
Put up your wife, she's CROSSER than all four.

IV. ANOTHER, AT CHESTER

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
  Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
  And empty both within.

V. ANOTHER, AT CHESTER

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d — l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye;
The wine is so sour,
‘Twill give you a scour,
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale.
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

VI. ANOTHER, AT CHESTER

 The walls of this town
  Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round ‘em:
  But as for the dwellers,
  Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang ‘em, or drown ‘em.

VII. ANOTHER WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!

Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

VIII. ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS

The sage, who said he should be proud
  Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
  That might not be confest;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
  His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
  The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER

By Satan taught, all conjurors know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
  And thine, I swear, are such.

X. ANOTHER

That love is the devil, I'll prove when required;
  Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspired,
  And the devil's a damnable poet.

XI. ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD

O Neptune! Neptune! must I still

Be here detain’d against my will?
Is this your justice, when I’m come
Above two hundred miles from home;
O’er mountains steep, o’er dusty plains,
Half choked with dust, half drown’d with rains,
Only your godship to implore,
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you’re like Baal, fast asleep.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO JANUS, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1726

Two-faced Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phoebus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new year's gift;
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
  God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor Isle's approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
  Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me time when coming on;
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New-years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burnishes an old-year's face.
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD

WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN, WHOSE SIGN WAS THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Jason, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchis brought the Golden Fleece;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jasons, that’s enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful dragon,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY INVETERATE LIBELS

The greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injured innocence escape;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unrevenged, the greatest merit wound.
  What's to be done? Shall wit and learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CATULLUS DE LESBIA

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY

I marched three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where, thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO BETTY, THE GRISETTE

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty,
Never may the Muse forget ye,
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
  And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
  Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply;
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Christian folks:
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times;
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where, in the eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery.
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
  Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer and gibe, and laugh and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice —
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM ADDED BY STELLA

When Margery chastises Ned,
She calls it combing of his head;
A kinder wife was never born:
She combs his head, and finds him horn.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

JOAN CUDGELS NED

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS

Behold, those monarch oaks, that rise
With lofty branches to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below:
Two bards that now in fashion reign,
Most aptly this device explain:
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a saw-pit seen
A skill'd mechanic, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,
Who hired a subterraneous friend
To take his iron by the end;
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above or under ground.
  The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a saw-pit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES, AND LADY MEATH

Under this stone lies Dick and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a-year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.
Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late;
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate;
And Cuffe grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest —— *sic transit gloria mundi*!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT

My latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY

Grave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you who so lately were writing of drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in,
No Protestant Prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right, or most reverend face:
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets,
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crochets!

[The rest is wanting.]

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION

The furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night:
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserved than show:
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

H. S. E.

[*text centered]
CAROLUS Comes de BERKELEY, Vicecomes DURSLEY,
Baro BERKELEY, de Berkeley Cast., MOWBRAY, SEGRAVE,
Et BRUCE, è nobilissimo Ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod spectat et proavos usquequaque nobilis
Et longo si quis alius procerum stemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tarn illustri stirpi dignis insignitus.
Siquidem a GULIELMO III° ad ordines foederati Belgii
Ablegatus et Plenipotentiarius Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniae tantùm, sed totius fere Europae
(Tunc temporis praesertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit,
Quam felici diligentia, fide quam intemerata,
Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstite patre,
In magnatum ordinem adscisci meruerit.
Fuit à sanctioribus consiliis et Regi GULIEL. et ANNAE Reginae
E proregibus Hiberniae secundus,
Comitatum civitatumque Glocest. et Brist. Dominus Locumtenens,
Surriae et Glocest. Gustos Rot., Urbis Glocest. magnus
Senescallus, Arcis sancti de Briavell Castellanus, Guardianus
Forestae de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primum, deinde ad Romam Imperatorem
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus esset,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo.
Sed restat adhuc, prae quo sordescunt caetera,
Honos verus, stabilis, et vel morti cedere nescius
Quòd veritatem evangelicam seriò amplexus;
Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adversùs omnes aequus et benevolus,
In Christo jam placidè obdormit
Cum eodem olim regnaturus unà.
Natus VIII° April. MDCXLIX. denatus
XXIV° Septem. MDCCX. aetat. suae LXII.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH ON FREDERICK, DUKE OF SCHOMBERG

[*text centered]
Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG.
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A.D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
UT HAEREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac saepè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSIS cineres
delitescunt
“Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.”
A.D. 1731.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES WRITTEN DURING LORD CARTERET'S ADMINISTRATION OF IRELAND

As Lord Carteret's residence in Ireland as Viceroy was a series of cabals against the authority of the Prime Minister, he failed not, as well from his love of literature as from his hatred to Walpole, to attach to himself as much as possible the distinguished author of the Drapier Letters. By the interest which Swift soon gained with the Lord-Lieutenant, he was enabled to recommend several friends, whose High Church or Tory principles had hitherto obstructed their preferment. The task of forwarding the views of Delany, in particular, led to several of Swift's liveliest poetical effusions, while, on the other hand, he was equally active in galling, by his satire, Smedley, and other Whig beaux esprits, who, during this amphibious administration, sought the favour of a literary Lord-Lieutenant, by literary offerings and poetical adulation. These pieces, with one or two connected with the same subject, are here thrown together, as they seem to reflect light upon each other. — *Scott.*

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET

A lady, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come to dine.
But, you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite:
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession:
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
  The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
  What was the message I received?
Why certainly the captain raved?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or maybe I mistook the word;

My lady — it must be my lord.
  My lord ‘s abroad; my lady too:
What must the unhappy doctor do?
“Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?”—”No.”
“Nay, then ’tis time for me to go.”
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I’m sure he call’d me by my name;
Named me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I’ve said? I’m mighty glad
She went abroad — she’d thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I’ll e’en go home and fast:
And, since I ‘scaped being made a scoff,
I think I’m very fairly off.
My lady now returning home,
Calls “Cracherode, is the Doctor come?”
He had not heard of him—”Pray see,
’Tis now a quarter after three.”
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain — no doctor’s to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder;
“Captain, I fear you’ve made some blunder;
But, pray, to-morrow go at ten;
I’ll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be th’ effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college.”
  The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding;
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought;
The Doctor, frighten’d at his fault,
Is dress’d, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush’d and bow’d,
Panting — and faltering — humm’d and ha’d,
“Her ladyship was gone abroad:
The captain too — he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;”
Begg’d she’d forgive him. In conclusion,

My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit,
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme;
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, seemingly complied;
Though, if he durst, he had denied.
But first, resolved to show his taste,
Was too refined to give a feast;
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Liked everything — at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit*.
Yet she, though seeming pleased, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleased at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,

In half a walk fatigued to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse;
If you unused have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confined to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breathed the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches,
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages:
And after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told—'You are not to be seen:'
Or, if you are, be forced to bear
The awe of your majestic air.
And can I then be faulty found,
In dreading this vexatious round?
Can it be strange, if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?"

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET 1724

Gratior et pulcro veniens in corpore virtus. — VIRG., *Aen.*, v, 344.

Once on a time, a righteous sage,
Grieved with the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer —
"O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former days,
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape;
Make then its real excellence,
For once the theme of human sense;
So shall the eye, by form confined,
Direct and fix the wandering mind,
And long-deluded mortals see,
With rapture, what they used to flee!"
  Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made — ye gods — a son and heir;
An heir: and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.
  Virtue was for this sex design'd,
In mild reproof to womankind;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.
  To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school — he reads — is learn'd;

Raised high above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolved nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffused around;
The inferior youth to learning led,
Less to be famed than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone;
And now, inflamed with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious strife
The arts new kindle into life.
  Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell:
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best beloved retreat;
Contented he — but Fate ordains,
He now shall shine in nobler scenes,
Raised high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher;
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.
  Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleased in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserved esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;

Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudful Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
  Thus acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loosed her tongue;
And, while he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and raised his own.
  Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations;
For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise:
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
  Now raised on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
  Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere:
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confined;
And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run:
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.

Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the valleys sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up, and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
While he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
  Fame now reports, the Western isle
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous sway,)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE "INTELLIGENCER." 1729

As a thorn bush, or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse bush for spite;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
  And now, t'exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measured on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was tied,
A trophy, on his temple-side,)
Paddy repined to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose
Hums like a hornet at his nose.
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teazed by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hoped to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET BY DR. DELANY. 1729

Credis ob haec me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quae vulgus crassaque turba rogat.
MART., *Epig.*, lib. ix, 22.

Thou wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous soul shall condescend
T' instruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richelieu rose, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine:
Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileged to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute)
With soft concessions shortening the dispute;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
"How are your tithes, and have they rose of late?
Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
There are not many better in the nation!
This, with your other things, must yield you clear
Some six — at least five hundred pounds a-year."
Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em;
You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide.
"My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well,
And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell;
But you'll forgive me, if I own the event
Is short, is very short, of your intent:

At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
My income less, and my expenses more."
"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
A dignitary! with a city lecture!
What glebes — what dues — what tithes — what fines — what rent!
Why, doctor! — will you never be content?"
"Would my good Lord but cast up the account,
And see to what my revenues amount;
My titles ample; but my gain so small,
That one good vicarage is worth them all:
And very wretched, sure, is he that's double
In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
And to this crying grievance, if you please,
My horses founder'd on Fermanagh ways;
Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
Where every step endangers every bone;
And, more to raise your pity and your wonder,
Two churches — twelve Hibernian miles asunder:
With complicated cures, I labour hard in,
Beside whole summers absent from — my garden!
But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school.
What fine cascades, what vistoes, might I make,
Fixt in the centre of th' Iërnian lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph:
There's not a better steerer in the realm;
I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the helm." —
"Doctor — a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
When cures are cross, a school's a sure relief.
You cannot fail of being happy there,
The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
The scheme is for your honour and your ease:
And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
Yet, doctor, you've a philosophic spirit;
Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
And you've enough to gratify them all:
You've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store:
And what would a philosopher have more?
You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
"My lord, I've not enough to buy me books —
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
Are there no wants I should regard beside?

Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve?
Who can be happy — who should wish to live,
And want the godlike happiness to give?
That I'm a judge of this, you must allow:
I had it once — and I'm debarr'd it now.
Ask your own heart, my lord; if this be true,
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!"
"'Tis true — but, doctor, let us wave all that —
Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at?"
"Excuse me, good my lord — I won't be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
Yet this might Symmachus himself avow,
(Whose rigid rules are antiquated now) —
My lord; I'd wish to pay the debts I owe —
I'd wish besides — to build and to bestow."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE

FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD. BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY

As Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press:
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels a while, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate;
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one poor humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old king Harry;
I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print,
Folks shrug, and cry, "There's nothing in't."
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
  How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far beguile
The wise and learned of our isle;
To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind:
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
  You've cause to say he meant you well:
That you are thankful, who can tell?
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent: you mean your merit.
  Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tarn inepte?
Smedley, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:
Content with what his bounty gave,

No larger income dost thou crave."
  But you must have cascades, and all
Iërne's lake, for your canal,
Your vistoes, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our speaker for your coxon:
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enraged, as Ern would do at thee.
  How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
"Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure:
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers:
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But Nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
No shears to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."
  But you, forsooth, your all must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder;
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch which, in a scurvy
Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?
  To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow

You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining ‘midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
  These stories were of old design’d
As fables: but you have refined
The poets mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you’re Don Quixote redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter’s rain supplies.
O! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick’s well!
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick’s name!
  If your expenses rise so high;
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still you fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can’t fail of more provision,
All by my lady’s kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you’ll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be my lord’s intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap’d on you
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.
  Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was, when you’d have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan’s school!
Five hundred pound a-year’s no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end,
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest, nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
  A passage may be found, I’ve heard,
In some old Greek or Latian bard,
Which says, “Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking

By loud and inharmonious croaking,
They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A LIBEL ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET 1729

Deluded mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you dined,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke;
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
  Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
  For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.
  Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:

Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive:
And so might every dunce alive.
  Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
  Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
  Thus Addison, by lords carest,
Was left in foreign lands distrest;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shaped the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
  Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refused the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle:

Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is placed:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
  True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forged up in colleges and schools,
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory;
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
  Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
  But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleased the nation.
  This may be true — submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:

Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most?
  But here again you interpose —
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.
I own he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place:
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
  But you, who, till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.
  Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again;
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
  "So, to destroy a guilty land
An angel sent by Heaven's command,
While he obeys Almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."

But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow:
Take notice to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
"So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From hell a viceroy devil ascends;
His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strews
Through courts and senates as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget was too small."
Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels just as kings are gods.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DR. DELANY ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 1729

— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum. — *Juv.* iii, 54.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till ‘scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon’s chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell’d at his head:
The lead yon critic’s quill contains,
Is destined to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.
  Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison’d arrows in the dark,
Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.
  ’Tis said, the gods tried all their art,
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;

Both still are fasten'd by the tail;
Thus fame and censure with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
  Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortified and vex'd,
To pay the penalty annex'd?
  'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds,
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
  You say the Muse will not contain
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
  How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines

Unsold upon the printer's lines.
A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight;
For as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit free-thinkers.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate;
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,

And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue:
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muse's fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
  Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite!
Show me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub Street poet's nest;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley are they nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you have them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often tried before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
  You have been libell'd — Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise;
And praise bestow'd in Grub Street rhymes,

Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best;
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.
  Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son;
But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
  Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove;
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
  Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen;
Or, if to blasphemy it tends.
That's but a trifle among friends.
  Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a — s:
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches;
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.

Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
  Sweet poet, hired for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phoebus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phoebus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
  Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows;
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam,
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery bed of Nile" —
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:

For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint;
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled.)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea: you see him ride in't;
And, if provoked, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seized the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not denied, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white:
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclined?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn:
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:

For princes' love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
Tis partly false, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
  Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of Gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults. —
  Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
  Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed;
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress, Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has lived the Goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is;
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down:
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins:

Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
  Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her:
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every God,
Unawed by Jove's all-shaking nod.
  Now sing his little highness Freddy
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever — till the conflagration.
  But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer;
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
  A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough;

Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail, queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times;
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove even Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
  May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young! — in song.
What though the royal carcass must,
Squeezed in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
  Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames,
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
  To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,

And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;
For, since they talk'd with Dr. Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
  Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK A FABLE BY DR. DELANY 1730

— quis iniquae Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se? — *Juv.* i, 30.

In ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right.)
A peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold;
Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise;
And princely ruled he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A pheasant lord, above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill.
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too;
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce.
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledged pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime.
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear;
It chanced as on a day he stray'd
Beneath an academic shade,
He liked, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a Woodlark's notes,

And search'd, and spied, and seized his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
  Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught" — Then
jests on game and tame, and reads,
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
  Long had he studied in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good:
His soul with harmony inspired,
With love of truth and virtue fired:
His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;
Were all his study in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless. —
  This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fired with envy all the rest:
I mean that noisy, craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
"Unmoved their heart, and chill'd their blood
To every thought of common good,
Confining every hope and care,
To their own low, contracted sphere."
These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit supplied
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis envy's safest, surest rule,
To hide her rage in ridicule:
The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:
Sardonic smiles, by rancour raised!
Tormented most when seeming pleased!"
Their spite had more than half expired,
Had he not wrote what all admired;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!

How had his sense and learning grieved them,
But that his charity relieved them!
”At highest worth dull malice reaches,
As slugs pollute the fairest peaches:
Envy defames, as harpies vile
Devour the food they first defile.”
Now ask the fruit of all his favour —
“He was not hitherto a saver.” —
What then could make their rage run mad?
“Why, what he hoped, not what he had.”
”What tyrant e’er invented ropes,
Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?
Th’ inheritance of hope and fame
Is seldom Earthly Wisdom’s aim;
Or, if it were, is not so small,
But there is room enough for all.”
If he but chance to breathe a song,
(He seldom sang, and never long,)
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounced it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and, what was sillier,
Easy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or, if he tuned his lofty lays,
With solemn air to Virtue’s praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call’d it hoarse and inharmonious.
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears!
A Rook with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow’d by a Daw;
(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a crow:)
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit could write, and so he writ;
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless, waddling Goose.
Some peck’d at him, some flew, some flutter’d,
Some hiss’d, some scream’d, and others mutter’d:
The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The Carrion Crow, condemn’d his taste:
The Rook, in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his singing was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to show their wit,
Might think so still—"but that they writ" —
Could it be spite or envy?—"No —
Who did no ill could have no foe." —
So wise Simplicity esteem'd;
Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd;
This question rightly understood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
A soul ennobled and refined
Reproaches every baser mind:
As strains exalted and melodious
Make every meaner music odious." —
At length the Nightingale was heard,
For voice and wisdom long revered,
Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in discontent retired,
Yet not obscured, but more admired:
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He lived indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler,
(It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft had waked whole nights to hear him.)
Enraged he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shows him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spite.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had raised it very high:
Shamed by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND LARK. 1730

In ancient times, the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl:
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine;
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the Peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray, observe the doctor's choice,
A Peacock chose for flight and voice;
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, doctor, you know
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
He frightens all the village boys.
This Peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse:
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;
And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
The doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a Pheasant.
This Pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.

Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios:
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanced to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t — d:
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the Lark, my lord the Pheasant:
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
"Who does no ill can have no foe;"
Yet how can I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans:
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone;
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd;
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen;
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble lord has told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe,

Our Nightingale might fit a cage;
There let him starve, and vent his rage:
Or would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human kind!
Harmonious Coffee, show thy zeal,
Thou champion for the commonweal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Bestow that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash:
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends:
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall!
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

Non domus et fundus, non aeris acervus et auri. — HOR.
Epist., I, ii, 47.

It was, my lord, the dexterous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge, and surplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept a stall,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And were he less a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
  Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muses' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Disjoin'd, Hibernia, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
For he has saved thee 'gainst thy will.
  But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house,
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
O! tack, my lord, some pretty cure,

In wholesome soil, and ether pure;
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook shall trout supply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat,
A little Euston may it be,
Euston I'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord — twice fifty pounds a-year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them hundreds — charming place!
Thou then wouldst show another face.
  Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
'Midst snowy hills, inclement skies:
One shivers with the arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind.
Good John indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm, that one may bear it.
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good; but assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides, the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er named the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with sermon study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found,
To push the lazy bottle round:
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
  Ah! how unlike to Gerard Street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;

Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-seed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, “Hot mutton-pies!”
There Lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as ’tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There — but ’tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else — we shall be ill at ease.
  You see, my lord, what ’tis I lack,
’Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church, close by its side,
There, preaching, praying, to reside;
And as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and other souls.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DUKE'S ANSWER BY DR. SWIFT

Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
And may be something else withal;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse, then, if you can — be wise-
Believe me, 'tis the way to rise.
Talk not of making of thy nest:
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your dean'ry now repair,
And build a castle in the air.
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense.
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether,
When Lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when she's in labour,
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft falls in pieces.
There you shall see a raree show
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the milky-way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres —
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is undone

For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanced above Dean Viz,
You'll never think of Goody Griz;
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive your wife to please;
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like stars shall rise and set.
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PARODY ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY, WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF

The very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of dulness, pride, conceit, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine
As poet, scholar, and divine;
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest;
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharping trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice;
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop *à quatre trois*.
Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though swell'd like any porpoise,
He hies from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his tub, and preach his best,

And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest chronology should vary,
Upon the ides of February,
In seventeen hundred eight-and-twenty,
To Fort St. George, a pedler went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO LOVE

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless God, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he used to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him, how thy children are undone:
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A REBUS. BY VANESSA

Cut the name of the man who his mistress denied,
And let the first of it be only applied
To join with the prophet who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast;
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's versed in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phoebus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like hers no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season:
And what she describes to be merit, is treason:
The changes which faction has made in the state,
Have put the dean's politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, should he write pamphlets, no great man would read 'em;
And, should want or desert stand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY MARCH 13, 1718-19

Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We shan't dispute a year or more:)
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
  O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain,)
To split my worship too in twain.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1719-20

WRITTEN A.D. 1720-21. — *Stella*.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
And though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treach'rous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
  Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd.
(Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See, at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them to so small expense;
Their minds so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
  Then, who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Nail'd to her window full in sight
All Christian people to invite.

Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
  Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
But let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at four-score.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO STELLA, WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS 1720

As, when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones.
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
  Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking soles;
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks:
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensured an hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.
Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved by the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait,
Till time has open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught from you the world to hide;
In vain; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble, generous mind:
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who, in warmer climes, complain
From Phoebus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion, with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possest,
By Pallas breathed into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO STELLA VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS 1720

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
  But (not in wrangling to engage
With such a stupid, vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
  Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
  But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake:
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet;
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
  In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act, is not the case;

But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
  Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
  Heroes and heroines of old,
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,

And yet through every motion steals.
  Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
  How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes:
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
  Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1721

St. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
  When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care:
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was misplaced;
Refined my fancy and my taste.
  Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
  Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those:
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;

How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen,
Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down Time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
O! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
  Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO STELLA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung.
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE BY DR. DELANY

Amphora, quae moestum linquis, laetumque revises
  Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
  Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH BY THE SAME

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenaea sepulchro,
Immortale genus, nee peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo:
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY: A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
  Forsaken by th'inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
If Stella were unsung to-day:
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phoebus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phoebus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic license;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
  Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.
  Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints and you shall use all ‘em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You’d leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I’m daily stunn’d with such a medley,
Dean White, Dean Daniel, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I’m not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass’d among the crowd.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders’ cellar on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet’s use
Pour’d in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sov’reign med’cine for the brains.
You’ll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm’d with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto’s shades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees;
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella’s praise to crown the year.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA AT WOOD PARK, A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN 1723

— cuicumque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

Don Carlos, in a merry spight,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
"Dear Madam, try this pigeon's leg;"
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that ev'ry glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high, and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter sky began to frown:
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide in Dublin:
From wholesome exercise and air
To sossing in an easy-chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the household singly.

To be directed here by Dingley:
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thank it:
From every meal Pontac in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of Archdeacon Wall:
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
  But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond Quay.
The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curst the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grisette,
While there are houses to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four:)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,

Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC 1723-4

Returning Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Dr. Swift,
Who thus displays the new-year's gift.
  First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagined cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends.
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in
Bring all your Quilca's cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DINGLEY AND BRENT A SONG

To the tune of “Ye Commons and Peers.”

Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne’er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne’er troubled their head,
But laugh’d at their own silly joking.

Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingley, and asks you, what was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO STELLA

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, MARCH 13, 1723-4, BUT NOT ON THE SUBJECT, WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED

Tormented with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse to Stella's native day:
But now unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again;
Meantime, your other juster friends

Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES BY STELLA

If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face
Bestow upon my mind!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A RECEIPT TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5

The Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;
Exposed to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies;
Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle.
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
  Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to a cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood.
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same
Nor aught of Stella but the name:
For what was ever understood,
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;

But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squires in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
  Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confined to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phoebus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
  But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?

I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass:
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
  No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY NOV. 8, 1726

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she'd give it ye.
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength:
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
  As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to the extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led;
Her hands and feet conduct her head;
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander:
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature has resolved to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
  Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lined;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken porridge:
I mean when Tigerhas been served,
Or else poor Stella may be starved.
  May Bec have many an evening nap,

With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
  And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.
  Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG

Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY

MARCH 13, 1726-7

This day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
  Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes;)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?

Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends,
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
  O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!

Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DEATH AND DAPHNE

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730

Lord Orrery gives us the following curious anecdote respecting this poem:

"I have just now cast my eye over a poem called 'Death and Daphne,' which makes me recollect an odd incident, relating to that nymph. Swift, soon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her as to one of his female favourites. I had scarce been half an hour in her company, before she asked me if I had seen the Dean's poem upon 'Death and Daphne.' As I told her I had not, she immediately unlocked a cabinet, and, bringing out the manuscript, read it to me with a seeming satisfaction, of which, at that time, I doubted the sincerity. While she was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphasis upon particular words. As soon as she had gone through the composition, she assured me, smilingly, that the portrait of Daphne was drawn for herself. I begged to be excused from believing it; and protested that I could not see one feature that had the least resemblance; but the Dean immediately burst into a fit of laughter. 'You fancy,' says he, 'that you are very polite, but you are much mistaken. That lady had rather be a Daphne drawn by me, than a Sacharissa by any other pencil.' She confirmed what he had said with great earnestness, so that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whispering in her ear, as I was conducting her down stairs to dinner, that indeed I found 'Her hand as dry and cold as lead!'" — *Remarks on the Life of Swift*, Lond., 1752, p. 126.

Death went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay;
The phantom having humbly kiss'd
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declared in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support

Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau;
From her own head Megaera takes
A periwig of twisted snakes:
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupees of this upper world)
With flower of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind:
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat:
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loath his person to expose
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows,
A lawyer, o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G — d d — n his blood! and b — d and w — ds!'
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcomed him to town.
But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,

To visit where she sat at cards;
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own.
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades;
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!
  What pride a female heart inflames?
How endless are ambition's aims:
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguished Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,

And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex, and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
Without one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
  Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spight.

No — that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you:
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But he'll never more advise thee.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

RIDDLES BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS. WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724

The following notice is subjoined to some of these riddles, in the Dublin edition: “About nine or ten years ago, (*i.e.* about 1724,) some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and send them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed, both here and in England. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement; although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author hath a great esteem, and who were pleased to send us the copies, we have ventured to print the few following, as we have done two or three before, and which are allowed to be genuine; because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin singed the soil:
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee;)
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespuccio's name,
For so conjectures would obtrude;
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
  Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strew'd,
The bird of Pallas, knows his post,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goest.
  Byzantians boast, that on the clod

Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
  The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
  With half a word when you require,
The man of business must retire.
  The haughty minister of state,
With trembling must thy leisure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
  Thou darest the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments died.
  From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude,
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.
  The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long conversed with you,
Knows how to scroll a billet-doux.
  With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refined,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have moulded them afresh,
Removed the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
  Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,

Keep t'other half for private use.
How famed thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retired to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he traced,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march:
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol secured,
A siege as long as Troy endured.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A PEN. 1724

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt:
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
  Nay; man my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
  But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,

I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON GOLD

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth,
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altar's flame expire
If I refused to lend them fire.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face:
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.

At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way;
For those who raised me, I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, to luxury, and dice.
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pickt.
By riding post, I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE POSTERIORS

Because I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense;
And yet my speaking gives offence:
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am opprest:
And my oppression gives them rest.
  Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still:
An humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.
  In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind;
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case,
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;

I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A HORN

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.
  To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A CORKSCREW

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
  A greater chemist none than I
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
  Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleased till I make one;
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
  I twice a-day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the poll,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.
  I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS 1724

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind,
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass;
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears!
  This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.
  This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half-ashamed and half-afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offering here.
  A treasure here of learning lurks,

Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
  In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here their gifts convey
Are forced to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
  Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
  See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
  And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen;
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they buried, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
  Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth,

He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
  Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounced among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

LOUISA TO STREPHON. 1724

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her, who without thy pity dies!
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred:
Embraced thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
  Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
  Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, (a numerous host,)
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains:
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,

And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A MAYPOLE. 1725

Deprived of root, and branch and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind:
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand.
I join'd them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing.
And though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol raised on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restored all three —
I mean the church, the king, and me.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE MOON

I with borrow'd silver shine
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar:
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.

What will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures Heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A CIRCLE

I’m up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can’t find me out;
Though hundreds have employ’d their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I’m found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There’s neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON INK

I am jet black, as you may see,
  The son of pitch and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
  I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
  Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
  Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
  To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
  And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
  For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
  Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason why
  There should be quarrels among kings:

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
  When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
  And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
  'Tis I that must the lands convey,

And strip their clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very souls away.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE FIVE SENSES

All of us in one you'll find, Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
  One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
If wine's brought or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
  Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
  Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
  Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
  Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
  Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
  But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
  In me you see them full as white:
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
  Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, since I show as fine a face,
  Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
  And so am I, while thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time,
  When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
  And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
  Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
  And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
  Life's autumn has no second spring.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN ECHO

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the lovesick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS;

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet everything that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet everywhere I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same — but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood — no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone:
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
Then, pr'ythee, tell me what am I?

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And, as I please, they're great and small;
Invading foes without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance:
Again, as I'm disposed, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks
And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.

The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies,
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child, and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant:
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON TIME

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE GALLOWS

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands ‘twixt Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter:
Although ’tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can’t come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I’ll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on’t,
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There’s not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE VOWELS

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON SNOW

From Heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of Heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A CANNON

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A PAIR OF DICE

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A CANDLE TO LADY CARTERET

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue, strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair,
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dosed with smoke, and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too;
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart;
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:
Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender:
Like Flora, deck'd with various flowers,
Like Phoebus, guardian of the hours:
But whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,

My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn:
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO LADY CARTERET BY DR. DELANY

I reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder,
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade:
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror, I'll show you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell;
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT

WITH half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for trie tragic effects of its magic,
Which you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and they live above ground:
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop,
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt:
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO LADY CARTERET

BY DR. SWIFT

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast,
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN

Your house of hair, and lady's hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough —
Your hairy business is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
Your thing of various shape and hue
Must be some painted toy, I knew;
And for the rhyme to you're the man,
What fits it better than a fan?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A RIDDLE

I’m wealthy and poor,
I’m empty and full,
I’m humble and proud,
I’m witty and dull.
I’m foul and yet fair:
I’m old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll Kerr,
And toast Mrs. Long.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWER, BY MR. F —— R

In rigging he’s rich, though in pocket he’s poor,
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He’s a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he’s empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes while he rots with the scab;
’Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty and lies with a drab.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM

SIR,
Pray discruciate what follows.

The dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar,

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast, and famed college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast, and mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,

May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PROBATUR ALITER

A long-ear'd beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals doth often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms' first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought,
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast, and medicine's use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Flanders College,
Is Dr. T —— l, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners art too apt to slight.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At Whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest for jest.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all unless I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there nothing comes so near.

A long-ear’d beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.

A long-ear’d beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

A long-ear’d beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that’s of his own contriving.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL. 1727

At Market-Hill, as well appears
  By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
  A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
  And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
  Secure from satyrs sat and sung.

Sir Archibald, that valorous knight.
  The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
  For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
  Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
  Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
  Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
  Its head reclining toward the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
  Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
  Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
  Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
  She scarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
  In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
  Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
  Stood chattering with incessant din:
And with her beak gave many a knock,
  To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
  The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
  To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
  To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
  All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
  (If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
  Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
  The thorn committed to her care,
Received its last and deadly wound,
  She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan

First issuing struck the murderer's ears:
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, Lord Arthur, shall escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so,
(An old retainer to your house:)

"May that fell Dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,

With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
  Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shall steal thy landlord's mare,)
  Then, bloody caitiff! think on me."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DEAN SWIFT BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of every ear's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains;
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No; not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass;
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung;
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law, or common sense;
A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall; for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-Hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-Hill been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND

The Dean would visit Market-Hill,
  Our invitation was but slight;
I said—"Why let him, if he will:"
  And so I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
  Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
  And so we see him at our gate
  Three days before he was expected,

After a week, a month, a quarter,
  And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
  Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
  Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
  Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
  In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
  And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—"My wife intends,
  Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
  And, sir, I know you hate a crowd."

Or, “Mr. Dean — I should with joy
  Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnecloy;
  Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.”

The house accounts are daily rising;
  So much his stay doth swell the bills:
My dearest life, it is surprising,
  How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
  And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough;
  His horses too eat all our hay.

O! if I could, how I would maul
  His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows, and eyes of wall,
  And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
  With *Skinnybonia, Snipe*, and *Lean?*
O! that I could but once be rid
  Of this insulting tyrant Dean!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL

Frail glass! thou mortal art as well as I;
  Though none can tell which of us first shall die.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
  May’st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH IN BERKELEY CHURCH-YARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
  Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
  When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
  What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
  To laugh at by and by.

Buried, June 18, 1728, aged 63.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

MY LADY'S LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN

JULY 28, 1728

Sure never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teazed day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe,
With Skinny and Snipe:,
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.

The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun.
  Before he came here,
To spunge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops

From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
A useless machine.
If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said,
I was better for him,
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick:
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person.
What court breeding this is!
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it halfway;

My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el — bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To ‘scape them, Sir Arthur
Is forced to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.
  Now changing the scene
But still to the Dean;
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He’ll swear she’s a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Thro’ each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow’d her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil divine!
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them,
Can ever be handsome.
  I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
What, madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You’re now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where’er you appear;
“That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:

What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"
  And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclined
To polish your mind,
Be adored by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen;
I'll show you the way;
Read six hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
[To make you learn faster,
I'll be your schoolmaster
And leave you to choose
The books you peruse.]
  Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And as I am serious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confined.
  But while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,

Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus.
[He little believes
How they laugh in their sleeves.]
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
[Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wits
In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto.]
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks,
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter,
To his arbour for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns to make fires;

But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
  Dear friend, Doctor Jinny.
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmsley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728

DERMOT, SHEELAH

A Nymph and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight;
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford knight;
While each with stubbed knife removed the roots,
That raised between the stones their daily shoots;
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow those stones betwixt;
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, ‘twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake:
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur’s sake)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;

The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT

At an old stubborn root I chanced to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shall share with me.

SHEELAH

In at the pantry door, this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt:
Dennis was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shall have the bigger half.

DERMOT

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and loused him all a sunshine day:
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch;
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife — and thee!

DERMOT

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins comes —
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE. 1729

THE PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

The author of the following poem is said to be Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D. who writ it, as well as several other copies of verses of the like kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a summer, about two or three years ago. A certain very great person, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady in whose house it was written, from whence I know not by what accident several other copies were transcribed full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which run about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented. Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places. — *First Edition*.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn, while it sticks in my hand
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house, we now must consider.
"First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine

To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
  Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife:
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums.
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
  Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
  But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat — O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
  "Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest,*
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets

With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave;
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine.' —
''Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.' —
'Pray, how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.' —
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.' —
'Good-morrow, good captain'—'I'll wait on you down' —
'You shan't stir a foot'—'You'll think me a clown.' —
'For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther' —
'You must be obey'd — Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.' —
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'"
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow.
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,

Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd: pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtseys half way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
'Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'" —
"Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming " —
"No madam: 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es.*
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
But the devil's as welcome, wherever he goes:
G — d d — n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z — s! by their looks, they never keep Lent:
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid

You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band:
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny.)
'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G — d d — n me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs, and stuff
By G — , they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G — .
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussey, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains! —
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730

We give the world to understand,
  Our thriving Dean has purchased land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's-Hill;
That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's-Hill.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL

I will not build on yonder mount;
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended;
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready;
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's-Hill appear'd in rhyme.
  I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind;
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
  But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
  'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums;
Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbour 'cross the way:
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
  Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind;

Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or with his fingers beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
  But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter.
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
  Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding pies.
  The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,

Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But seated in an easy-chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I used to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound;
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage;
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves;
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine;
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL 1730

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phoebus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A Dean, a Spaniard, and a Knight;
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-Hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
  Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place and saved a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here,
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?

You never ventured to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compared with us?
  Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms:
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-Hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-Mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-River Walk, with friendly shade,
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes deprived;
I have a stratagem contrived.
By these embroider'd high-heel shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose:
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,
While tortured madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which, when the brute puts awkward on:
All his agility is gone;
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
  But let us on our first assault

Secure the larder and the vault;
The valiant Dennis, you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion!
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;
Then, (let me see,) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write.
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
  For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise,
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ROBIN AND HARRY. 1730

Robin to beggars with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
  Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
  Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
  It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if anybody come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
  Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix,
To live without a coach-and-six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.
  Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate

That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphosed to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a-week will shave his beard.
  Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH [l] 1730

Resolved my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
  Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it if they dare.
  Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
  My heart with emulation burns,
To make you suitable returns;
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne of Market-Hill!"

I thus begin: My grateful Muse
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's coadjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as Dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern,
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
Proceed we to your preaching next!
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known by passion stirr'd
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!

Then, if our neighbouring friends come here
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate;
You next to Dennis bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine,
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine,
Your master's honour to maintain:
And get the like returns again.
  Your usher's post must next be handled:
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship,
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
  Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphy, or an earl;
A duchess, or a kitchen girl.

With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan take every joke.
  I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improved so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spight:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
  But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
  You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.
  Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter never man made.

Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache;
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceased;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
  Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
  But you have raised your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks;
Raised up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he's and she's,
Here pay their vows on bended knees:
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.

The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserved she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
  Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
  Yet, when your lofty domes I praise
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a-while.
  Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn ruled the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown,)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Received the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round,
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries placed
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleased to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
  But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then gluttony, with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,

With watery chops, and wagging chin,
Braced like a drum her oily skin;
Wedged in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.
  This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confined thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur,
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But, in their cells and vaults obscene,
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
  Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches' side:
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
  Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,

Whose offerings, placed in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble tinged,
My petticoat is doubly fringed.
Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injured offering out.
But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phoebus in a midnight dream
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream
Be humbly-minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;
With Peggy Dixon thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
"But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right;

And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TWELVE ARTICLES

I
LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II
By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III
When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV
When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V
When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne’er object a word.

VI
When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII
Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII
Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX
You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X
You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI
Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs:
That with me shall break no squares.

XII
Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
‘Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

POLITICAL POETRY

PARODY ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty, Though we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne: yet we beg leave to assure your majesty, that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred person and government; insomuch, that the late surprising accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree, that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a general of the Queen of England. And we are not a little pleased, to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant, enterprizing general, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre, as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate

with a joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's fleet, our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security, to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such, as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive: that, after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a confederacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the faith, styled Defender, we may live to enjoy, under your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your majesty again prove to *your own family*, what you have been so eminently to the true church, a nursing mother. So wish, and so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, and devoted humble servants.

This Address was presented January 17, 1704-5.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

MR. WILLIAM CROWE'S ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY, TURNED INTO METRE

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.
We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the victory obtain'd in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd, that it soon grew too hot
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to pot,
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim through me, and that I'll not drown ye?
Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such damn'd pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much-injured banks?
Then, swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor Monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd, who deserved to be hang'd.
Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd indeed:
Oh, how we adore you, because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins, by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of, when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorn'd with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed, I'm sure very soon
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the moon:

A blazing star, I foretell, ‘twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
  Now God bless your majesty, and our Lord Murrough,
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

To the Tune of "I tell thee, Dick, where I have been."

Ye Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious Queen Anne.

How his army so great,
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender:
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men;
But when from the spire,
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendosme,
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

While this he did say,
Without more delay,
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,
In this bloody field I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his veins so blue:
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

What a racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year,)
For a little misfortune in Spain!
For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

Though *Bruges* and Ghent
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing,
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums,

They may think, if they will,
Of Ahnanza still,
But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new one's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improved, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly.

But as losers at play,
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou hadst better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors are gone.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE GARDEN PLOT

1709

When Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SID HAMET'S ROD

Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands, perhaps, were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden-plot; — Wisely
foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710

The rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist.
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divine
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.

That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A PLACE was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of *gudgeons* took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and sav'd his bait.
  Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe,
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th'enchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
  Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the heroes line;
Thence, thro' a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian Pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May Fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
  Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress;

Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a rod for thine own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE FAMOUS SPEECH-MAKER OF ENGLAND

OR BARON (ALIAS BARREN) LOVEL'S CHARGE AT THE ASSIZES AT EXON, APRIL 5, 17IO

Risum teneatis? — HORAT., *Ars Poetica*, 5.

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus opened and said:

Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

Her majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,
Upon such as offenders have been.
So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold — first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which here I aver,
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea;
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,

And whatever may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which men pull and haul so,
And they are made for the support of good government also.
Her majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock,
Which all storms will mock,
Since Religion is made the foundation.
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely,
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In church or in state,
(I'm an instance of that,)
But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace
Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our priests and Papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here:
Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;
As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.
Ye have a Diocesan, — [l]
But I don't know the man; —
The man's a good liver,
They tell me, however,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,

That wear such black colours,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses;
Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her majesty won't
Know, I myself I
Was present and by,
At the great trial, where there was a great company,
Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot,
Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what:
Exclaiming like fury — it was at Paul's, London —
How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne;
And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look:
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflammation
should be extinguish'd without more delay:
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
So the man was tried for't,
Before highest court:
Now it's plain to be seen,
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to bellow:
Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.
Upon this I find here,

And everywhere,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of gear:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?
If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster:
And your making this riot,
Is what she could cry at,
Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.
I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain
Their passive obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it, ho',
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me in short,
What need there is for't?
Ye may say, I am hot;
I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet,
If they do not forget,
May remember what mischiefs it did church and state:
Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be,
That make such an oration
In our Protestant nation,
As though church was all on a fire, —
With whatever cloak

They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths they have took,
As our governors strictly require; —
I say they are men — (and I'm a judge, ye all know,)
That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
For the greater part of them to church never go;
Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.
Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the queen, that they make all this rout;
And to set up, moreover,
A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the House of Hanover.
Ye gentlemen of the jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I'm inform'd by good hands, I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh breaches?
Ye ought to resent it,
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it;
Not only the actors engaged in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could, all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on't,
Get a jot of preferment.
But men of this kidney, as I told you before. —
I'll tell you a story: Once upon a time,
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
(Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy-houses and stews;
Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for that very reason.
When the time came about
For us all to set out,

We went to take leave of the queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:
And she gave us a large
And particular charge; —
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head; —
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbourhood, wheresoever we came;
and so I do here;
For that every one, not only men and their wives,
Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
And told us withal, that she fully expected
A special account how ye all stood affected;
When we've been at St. James's, you'll hear of the matter.
Again then I charge ye,
Ye men of the clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own Bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What's savoury and good;
And together all cling,
As it were, in a string;
Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with Monsieur, — that son of his mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the law; and concluded:

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,
If ye honour, as I do,
Our dear royal widow,
Or have any compassion
For church or the nation;
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten,
When ye are dead and rotten;
That ye would be quiet, and peaceably dwell,

And never fall out, but p — s all in a quill.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PARODY ON THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711

This city can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her majesty's person and government; and their regard for your grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just Administration of the government of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when we consider the share your grace had in the happy Revolution, in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of Popery, we are assured that that liberty and property, that happy constitution in church and state, to which we were restored by King William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your grace's administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your grace's favour and protection, than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her majesty's government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the Pretender, and all his abettors.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE RECORDER'S SPEECH EXPLAINED BY THE TORIES

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the Church, and for nosing the State,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,
Made the following speech by their mouth, the Recorder:
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE SPEECH

May it please your Grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell,
That we love the Queen's person and government well;
Then next, to your Grace we this compliment make,
That our worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a Dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this government shine.
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your Grace has procured us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your Prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope, that whilst you rule o'er us,
You'll tread in the steps of King William the glorious,
Whom we're always adoring, tho' hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shows that good zeal may be founded in spleen,
Since a dead Prince we worship, to lessen the Queen.
And as for her Majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin, the Popish Pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her,
Against the sly Jack, and the sturdy High-flier.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless her,
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor.
  Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not pity
His Grace, almost choked with the breath of the City!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BALLAD

To the tune of “Commons and Peers.”

A WONDERFUL age
Is now on the stage:
I’ll sing you a song, if I can,
How modern Whigs,
Dance forty-one jigs,
But God bless our gracious Queen Anne.

The kirk with applause
Is established by laws
As the orthodox church of the nation.
The bishops do own
It’s as good as their own.
And this, Sir, is call’d moderation.

It’s no riddle now
To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed;
Nor is’t banter or jest,
That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

For no soil can suit
With every fruit,
Even so, Sir, it is with religion;
The best church by far
Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet’s ass or his pigeon.

Another strange story
That vexes the Tory,
But sure there’s no mystery in it,

That a pension and place
Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

For if it be not strange,
That religion should change,
As often as climates and fashions;
Then sure there's no harm,
That one should conform.
To serve their own private occasions.

Another new dance,
Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of Pretender,
And those that dare own
The queen heir to the crown,
Are traitors, not fit to defend her.

The subject's most loyal
That hates the blood royal,
And they for employments have merit,
Who swear queen and steeple
Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

The monarchy's fixt,
By making on't mixt,
And by non-resistance o'erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

That viceroy is best,
That would take off the test,
And made a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found 'twould not do,
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

’Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is’t any wonder or riddle,
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

But now, sir, they tell,
How Sacheverell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn’d rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open’d the eyes of the nation.

Then let’s pray without spleen,
May God bless the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people;
May they prosper and thrive,
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD 1710

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedler does his pack;
But, as the pedler overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
  Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11

On Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is lost if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711

An orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire,*
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,'
And, "mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE SPEECH

Whereas, notwithstanding I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G — d, and her grace let a f — t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master King James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game.*
I swore to the queen, that the Prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game.*
Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,

And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while *Dismal's* my name,
And be a true Whig, while I'm *Not-in-game.*

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Woodward, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present." — *Swift*.

The subject of this virulent satire was Elizabeth, Baroness Percy, daughter and heiress of Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, who died in 1670. She was born in 1666. In 1679 she was married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, who died in 1680. In 1681, she married Thomas Thynne, a man of great wealth, a friend of the Duke of Monmouth and the Issachar of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel." A few months afterwards, in February 1681-2, Thynne was assassinated in the Haymarket by foreigners, who were devoted friends of Count Konigsmark, and appear to have acted under his direction. The Count had been in London shortly before Lady Ogle's marriage to Thynne, and had then paid his addresses to her. He fled the day after the murder, but was

brought back, and was tried with the principals as an accessory, but was acquitted. Four months after the murder of Thynne, his widow was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, on 30th May, 1682, and ultimately became the favourite and friend of Queen Anne, and a zealous partisan of the Whig party. Hence Swift's "Prophecy." See "State Trials," vol. ix, and "Notes and Queries," 1st S., v. 269. — *W. E. B.*

When a holy black Swede, the son of Bob,
With a saint at his chin and a seal at his fob,
Shall not see one New-Years-day in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor and Bristol then shall be
Joined together in the Low-countree.
Then shall the tall black Daventry Bird
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his coneying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But spight of the Harpy that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,
Beware of Carrots from Northumberlond.
Carrots sown Thynne a deep root may get,
If so be they are in Somer set:
Their Conyngs mark thou; for I have been told,
They assassine when younge, and poison when old.
Root out these Carrots, O thou, whose name
is backwards and forwards always the same;
And keep thee close to thee always that name
Which backwards and forwards is almost the same.
And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
Burn those Carrots under a Hill.

[embedded footnote 1: She had red hair, *post*, 165.]

[embedded footnote 2: Or Coningsmark.]

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CORINNA, A BALLAD 1711-12

This day (the year I dare not tell)
  Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
  And he endued her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
  Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
  Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
  "The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
  For in a few revolving moons,
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
  And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old, the subtle jade
  Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
  And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
  Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p — ,
  Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve, a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;

Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
  Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis
  Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE FABLE OF MIDAS. 1711-12

Collated with Stella's copy. — *Forster.*

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin.
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals thro' a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, we are by wise farmers told
Old hay is equal to old gold:
And hence a critic deep maintains
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
  This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancied he had wit,
Two gods their skill in music tried
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Ph[oelig]bus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge,
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
  And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:

Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far, to gather golden gravel;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
  This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom, from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
  None e'er did modern Midas chuse
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phoebus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
  Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has ass's ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Thro' any ears but of an ass.
  But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hand so much;
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace,
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes,
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em!

And Midas now neglected stands,
With ass's ears, and dirty hands.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL TO DINE WITH THE CALVES' HEAD CLUB

Written A.D. 1712. — *Stella.*
Imitated from Horace, Lib. i, Epist. 5.

Toland, the Deist, distinguished himself as a party writer in behalf of the Whigs. He wrote a pamphlet on the demolition of Dunkirk, and another called "The Art of Reasoning," in which he directly charged Oxford with the purpose of bringing in the Pretender. The Earl of Nottingham, here, as elsewhere, called Dismal from his swarthy complexion, was bred a rigid High-Churchman, and was only induced to support the Whigs, in their resolutions against a peace, by their consenting to the bill against occasional conformity. He was so distinguished for regularity, as to be termed by Rowe "The sober Earl of Nottingham, Of sober sire descended." — HOR., *Odes*, ii, 4. From these points of his character, we may estimate the severity of the following satire, which represents this pillar of High-Church principles as invited by the republican Toland to solemnize the 30th January, by attending the Calves' Head Club. — *Scott.*

If, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calfs head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shall share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine, his blood our predecessors shed;
Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, Confusion to the race of kings!
At monarchy we nobly show our spight,
And talk, what fools call treason, all the night.
  Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?

Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
  My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the man you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
  Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney chair.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PEACE AND DUNKIRK

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL 1712

To the tune of "The King shall enjoy his own again."

Spite of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
  But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
    We have got it in a string,
    And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
    All their false deluded hopes
    Will, or ought to end in ropes;
"But the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
  And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
  And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
    Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
    Made false moves, and lost his Queen:
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
    But a Prince of high renown
    Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the Queen should enjoy her own again."

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
  And not be snapt by privateers.
And commoners who love good wine
  Will drink it now as well as peers:
    Landed men shall have their rent,
    Yet our stocks rise *cent, per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain:

We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the Lord of Oxford swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to General Hill:
"For the Queen now enjoys her own again."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HORACE, EPIST. I, VII IMITATION OF HORACE TO LORD OXFORD, A.D. 1713

Harley, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast,
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord, (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat),
Was now disposed to crack a jest
And bid friend Lewis go in quest.
(This Lewis was a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour) —
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
  Lewis his patron's humour knows;
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice;
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat;
In state opinions à la mode,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;

Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
  Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth, if this be so:
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor could believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd:
"He does; with insolence and pride."
  Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross, among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beck'ning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse —
"My lord — the honour you design'd —
Extremely proud — but I had dined —
I am sure I never should neglect —
No man alive has more respect" —
Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
  The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails,
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.

Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a Canon there;
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter — never to reside.
A Canon! — that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departed, and, what's worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
  Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat,
And silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side.
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats.
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
Now all the doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent,
The farmers spitefully combine,
Force him to take his tithes in kine,
And Parvisol discounts arrears
By bills, for taxes and repairs.
  Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read would hardly let him in.
  Said Harley, "Welcome, rev'rend dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.

What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?" —
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce!"
The doctor in a passion cry'd,
"Your raillery is misapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF

1713

A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by a friend of the Author's from London. — *Dublin Edition*.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * By an old —— pursued,
A crazy prelate, and a royal prude;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book.
Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime:
Nay, 'twas affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He moved and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's, never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dang'rous wit.
And now, the public Int'rest to support,
By Harley Swift invited, comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;

Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes, and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by.
Now Finch alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislaby, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the secret's out:
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent, to show the queen
A dang'rous treatise writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon, and repents too late.
Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delawar again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.
By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:

What could he more, but decently retire?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE FAGOT

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves.

Observe the dying father speak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable, and the moral.
  This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.
  In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent,
How would they blush to hear it said,
The praetor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the praetor down!
  Come, courtiers: every man his stick!

Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt, bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
  To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE I, PARAPHRASED ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714

Dick, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout,
With — who is in — and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d'éclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'st got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shall have eased thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;

And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury Lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last — and so the story ends."
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses — some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands — others
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
  But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown.
  What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
  Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter,)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.

Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree — all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DENNIS' INVITATION TO STEELE

HORACE, BOOK I, EP. V

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM, IN THE MINT 1714

Fit to be bound up with "The Crisis"

If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's Field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,

Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country's generous produce.
The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkingtonwhen third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
  But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lovest a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.
  The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th'ingenious author of The Lover.
  Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,

Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I,
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff d to give field-itinerants relief.
  Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
  Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,

And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even Somers to disclose his art
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it'stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S****, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W****, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th***n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest you at their sight shouldst make wry faces
The girl has scour'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
  Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are pease.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J — s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though, if I may my serious judgment give,

I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
  I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk thro' postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

IN SICKNESS

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1714

Soon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's death. — *Swift*.

'Tis true — then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging, tender friend,
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burthen grown
To others, ere it be my own.
  Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715, ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT

A bitch, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here, and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.
  At length to Music's house she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
  With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh, and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd — faith! she bit her;)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
  But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire,
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way — for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,

We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim,
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried—"A bite! bite!"

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE MORAL

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HORACE, BOOK III, ODE II

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1716

These spirited verses, although they have not the affecting pathos of those addressed by Pope to the same great person, during his misfortunes, evince the firmness of Swift's political principles and personal attachment. — *Scott.* See Moral Essays, Epistle V, Pope's "Works," edit. Elwin and Courthope, iii, 191. — *W. E. B.*

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack;
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
  Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
  Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.
  Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh.
In those we love not, we no danger see,
And were they hang'd, there would no danger be.
But we must silent be, amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the Peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
  For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
  Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,
  Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
  And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
  And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will chuse
  The Conformity Bill for bumfodder.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A POEM OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETHON IS EXPRESSED

Not asking or expecting aught,
  One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
  Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
  The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
  The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
  (In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
  Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer;
  Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
  There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean?
  Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
  Nor e'en in picture show its face?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
  By sweet-tongued Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
  And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
  Worthy the cabinet of kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
  In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
  To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire
  To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
  By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
  Alas! what strange confusion's bred!

If, either void of princely care,
  Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein;
If rising heats or mad career,
  Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain:

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
  In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
  And curb the people's rage at will;

In wild uproar they hurry on; —
  The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
  Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
  Finding, too late, he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaethon,
  And truly sets the world on fire.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A TALE OF A NETTLE

A man with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use:
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet but a seed,
A nettle rear'd up his inglorious head.
The gard'ner would wisely have rooted him up,
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop;
But the master forbid him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell'd to relinquish my home,
'Cause I wouldn't subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit's bark,
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you, I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There's none so renown'd for compassion as you;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with your garden in forms:
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,
Will peaceably stick to our own education.
Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest 'em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest 'em;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, sir, I'll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,
And into his breast doth his enemy bring,
He little suspected the nettle could sting.
'Till flush'd with success, and of strength to be fear'd,

Around him a numerous offspring he rear'd.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done,
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay'd, and in their room grew
A stubborn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted,
They stung like ingrates, and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncropp'd, increased to such store,
That 'twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A SATIRICAL ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
  Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

POEMS CHIEFLY RELATING TO IRISH POLITICS

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PARODY ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT, PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

Illustrious prince, we're come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm'd our thoughts and fix'd our spirits,
With zeal so warm and hearty;
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloister'd life;
We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting,
But now we're come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant bishopric,
This bait can't fail of hitting.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty.

For you surpass all princes far,
As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

To you our Irish Commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
Their principles from ours springs,
Taught, ere the deel himself could dream on't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't,
Should rise the best of kings.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous;
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side,
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry, and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio Phoebus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favour;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve,
By future good behaviour.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720-21

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

Brocades, and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
  Though a printer and Dean,
  Seditiously mean,
Our true Irish hearts from Old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
  The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcass would make a Teague mad,
  Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
  Our wives they grow sullen
  At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
  To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
  And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
  Therefore, I assure ye,
  Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book, they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,

And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And if swearing can do't shall be swingingly maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS

The bold encroachers on the deep
  Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
  Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
  Are said to represent the seas,
Breaking the bankers and the banks,
  Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
  Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
  Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
  Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
  Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
  The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
  The birds are met to strip the jays.

"Riches," the wisest monarch sings,
  "Make pinions for themselves to fly;"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
  And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
  Bills turn the lenders into debtors:

The wish of Nero now is theirs,
  ”That they had never known their letters.”

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
  Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o’er their bills and bags,
  Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
  The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
  Exposed with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker’s bills,
  Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
  And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
  Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
  He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
  From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant’s in a dismal case,
  Whene’er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
  From his own hand foresees his fall,
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
  ’Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
  When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,

And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call,
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!
Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they, in men's and angels' sight
Produced with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance and found light!"

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG, IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY

I ask'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjured dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
  WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.
  TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame: — proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.
  WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
  TORY. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,
An English or an Irish hound;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander-by was marking,
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dogs-head in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish,
Yet this I dare foretell you from it,

He'll soon return to his own vomit.
WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I proved my proposition full:
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confest as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks:
For statesmen never want dog-tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot;
And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have proved it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops are all dogs indeed!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT 1723

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat;
Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press
His lading little, and his ballast less?
Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end he founders in the port.
With water fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are placed, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
  Behold the awful bench, on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out, we find at last,
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry;
Charon in him will ferry souls to Hell;
A trade our Boat has practised here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus: and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green:
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry; look, here's our Boat, and there's the pendant.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE EPITAPH

Here lies Judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree,
No boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724

Libertas *et natale solum:*
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious Dean:
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.
Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason when you stole 'em.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PROMETHEUS ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE 1724

When first the squire and tinker Wood
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression took.
  So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
  A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarms
The bees are gather'd into swarms,
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.
  There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end,
They say all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;

Then whips me on a chain of brass;
(Venus was bribed to let it pass.)
  Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice on altars blazed;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
  Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

  Ye powers of Grub-Street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? — Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Betwixt the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
  But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH, DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A. D. 1725

Quoth King Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of colour more gay,
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honours.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my commands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY

Carteret was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER, AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin,
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.
  So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel
And drive the conjurors to the Devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Enclosed *cap à pie*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears;
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest,
Or sick of obstructions, and pains in her chest.
  The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post;
But a kettle of scalding hot-water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps in a caldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a fagot,

For our fear’s at an end with the death of the maggot.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
  The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN, BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER. 1725

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d — d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink.
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade;
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A NEW SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,

One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The squire who has got him twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire is too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which, &c.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which, &c.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.

Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them, but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown:
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's,
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
Which, &c.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD, BRAZIER, TINKER, HARD-WAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE

When foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood, and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil,
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.
  Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name,
My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.
  I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech:
And said, "By my shoul, he's the son of a BEECH."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;

And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us ver-juice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the post,
  But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;
He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.
  But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times, from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times, than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts:
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe'er, let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission.
  I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about;)
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the de'il in a drum.

From me, I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.
  Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.
  I often have seen two plays very good,
Call'd Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: Squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell them for gold, or he can't show his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;
But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be crost?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.
  Hear one story more, and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.
I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE

To the tune of "London is a fine town," &c.

O Dublin is a fine town
  And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down,
  Come listen to my ditty,
    O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

In full assembly all did meet
  Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
  To save the sinking nation.
    O Dublin, &c.

The bankers would not let it pass
  For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
  And fill their small-beer cellars.
    O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
  The Gild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
  And so their names they writ.
    O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
  And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,

They want so many grains.
O Dublin, &c.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Wood an inch,
We know he'd take an ell.
O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
Of honour and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence
They will be all cast down.
O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vext,
Take money stampt on leather.
O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.
O Dublin, &c.

And that if Wood were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.
O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Wood, that cunning scoundrel knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down.

O Dublin, &c.

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.
O Dublin, &c.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here
We'd all have lost our bread.
O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.
O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confounded in a maze,
They seem'd to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.
O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Wood, have at you.
O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Wood has got a rope.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE, WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER

The church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand:
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME

In church your grandsire cut his throat;
  To do the job too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote
  To cut his throat before he married.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME THE JUDGE SPEAKS

I’m not the grandson of that ass Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grandame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a ‘prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-Church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM

IN ANSWER TO THE DEAN'S VERSES ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS

What though the Dean hears not the knell
Of the next church's passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not; At the Drapier's ear,
Chink but Wood's halfpence, and he'll hear.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XIV PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND 1726

THE INSCRIPTION

Poor floating isle, tost on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor style.

Unhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that used thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Tom by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in poplar breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick, when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
  Hither from Colchos, with the fleecy ore,
Jason arrived two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown:
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize;
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons.
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
  Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time has made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduced in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!

Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land:
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.
With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,
The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
Their Phoebus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read "The Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;

Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed,
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION 1726

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
  Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:

If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door
  And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,
  And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
  But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,
  And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change Alley goes down,
  And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
  And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be spent!
  Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
  Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
  Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
  That would turn a man out of his own?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY 1728

M.
I own, 'tis not my bread and butter,
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars ——
T. 'Twixt you and me, G — d d — n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then ——
T. G — d d — n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord, how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As Popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and fagot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender;
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.

The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seized the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites, (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d — n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G — , you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d — n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.

Why, Tim, you have a taste you know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene:
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviled all people in his jargon,
And sold the King of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teased,
How well are the spectators pleased!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
  Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;

Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in:
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound:
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.
T. Got? D — n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer —
Got? D — n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores — behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d — n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, "a plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or blest with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destined at thy chops;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more — in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied;
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. —)
I have a coat at home, that you may try:
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;

‘Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You’ll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress’d alike from top to toe,
That which is which ’tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I’ll lead the van, keep you the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we’ll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I’ll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o’er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;

Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot-meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanack 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G — d d — n the Whigs and Tories too!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TIM AND THE FABLES

MY meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world;
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By — ," says Tim, and let a f — t,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve —
D — n me! I say they ought to starve."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TOM AND DICK

Tim and Dick had equal fame,
  And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
  But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
  And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
  But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
  But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
  But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
  But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
  And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
  And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
  And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
  Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
  But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
  Since he commenced physician;

Tom was held by all the town
  The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
  His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
  His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
  And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
  But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
  Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house ’tis all he says;
  But Tom is eloquenter.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DICK, A MAGGOT

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz in show,
Like a fresh t — d just dropp'd on snow.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CLAD ALL IN BROWN

TO DICK

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For wouldst thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud, a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t — ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,

And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries “Dust to carry out!”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DICK'S VARIETY

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules;
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C ——
Who every day and hour the same are
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
  But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the Pretender.
  But Dick can f — t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the House of Peers;
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.
Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antichamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TRAULUS. PART I

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN 1730

Tom.
Say, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.

T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nursed,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

T, Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels, with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangued,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

R, Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d — n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G — ! I'll bring you off as clean—"

Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
  What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TRAULUS. PART II

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung.
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
  View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
  Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life

In his mouth to wear a knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
  Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of Hell?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS

One time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester,
The doctors all in concert join'd,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The lion in this consternation.
Sends out his royal proclamation,
To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his den,
He spoke, — My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment,
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let's judge from biggest to the least
That he that is the foulest beast,
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that's ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder'd many a gallant horse;
Robb'd woods and fens, and, like a glutton,
Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton;
Nay sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company. —
He had gone on, but Chancellor Fox
Stands up —— What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honour'd when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,

Not fit for courage, or for battle;
And being tolerable meat,
They're good for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,
Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice,
Hunting's a princely exercise:
And those being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, sir, if this will not content ye,
We'll vote it nemine contradicente.
Thus after him they all confess,
They had been rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight excuses,
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could but scratch and bite,
Nay e'en the Cat, of wicked nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An ass of stupid memory,
Confess'd, as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a church-yard full of good grass,
Finding they'd open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop'd down and ate
Hold, says Judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
'Twas sacrilege, and this vile ass
Shall die for eating holy grass.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 1731

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles,
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there incog,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur
In vain — for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Carr and Lord Howard,
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
  When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the pretor
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
  What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,

Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion: — A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, “divide and ye govern.”
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I’ll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see’t)
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.
But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you spittals!
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ. LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
  O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
  Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
  Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
  Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
  Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
  Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
  Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
  Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
  In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
  Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
  Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
  Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
  By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
  Fondly pleased to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
  Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
  Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
  Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,

Waged the ten years' famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king, without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;
Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G —— n's cursed spite,
And P —— l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;
Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.
He in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:
Flies from death! — no, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;

Generous Humphry, thou art he.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731

SIR ROBERT, wearied by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter — What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
  Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.

A hare had long escaped pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the lord knows when.)
Out bounced the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;

He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
  Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shall thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS, SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND 1733

AN inundation, says the fable,
Overflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world — we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we, the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth;
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;

But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
  As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
  Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN

Well! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated: —
Lampoon'd did I call it? — No — what was it then?
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of — but now I'm notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head —
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby?
A man is no more who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king, or the peasant;
Re-act our old deeds, and make what's past present:
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero;
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPIGRAM

The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so; so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPIGRAM INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE

In your indignation what mercy appears,
While Jonathan's threaten'd with loss of his ears;
For who would not think it a much better choice,
By your knife to be mangled than rack'd with your voice.
If truly you [would] be revenged on the parson,
Command his attendance while you act your farce on;
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,
Bid Povey secure him while you are haranguing.
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW, OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN

To the Tune of "Derry Down."

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse!
Knock him down, etc.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, etc.

This pedler, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folk never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, etc.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.

Knock him down, etc.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, etc.

He only the rights of the clergy debates;
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less;
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, etc.

At length his old master, (I need not him name,)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, etc.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounced, and he swore how he swore.
Knock him down, etc.

Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, etc.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, etc.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, etc.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, etc.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, etc.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who, for a dinner, sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*!
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * *
* * * *

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON NOISY TOM

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I, SAT. VI, PARAPHRASED 1733

If Noisy Tom should in the senate prate,
“That he would answer both for church and state;
And, farther, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;”
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
“What! thou, the spawn of him who shamed our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though by the female side, you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire, but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:
Whose master Moore preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
Thy founder’s grandson, and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?
Then vote a worthy citizen to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY 1734-5

Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
  Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew:
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never-heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known
They gave what never was their own.
  Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
  We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
  There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so Gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
  Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,

But thrice refused *episcopari*.
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB

1736

The immediate provocation to this fierce satire upon the Irish Parliament was the introduction of a Bill to put an end to the tithe on pasturage, called *agistment*, and thus to free the landlords from a legal payment, with severe loss to the Church.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church" — you know the rest.
  Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that has no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief's a hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
  Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;

Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
  Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in
And a hole above for peeping.
  Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave of making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th'orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a — s with their votes.
  Let Sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy privilege aside,
From Papist sprung, and regicide;

Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about thy hole.
  Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
  See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
  All ye gods who rule the soul:
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
  Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,'
See the dreadful strides she takes!
  By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What! said I, is this a mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
  In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
  Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,

Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop.
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
  Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.
  Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion's rods, perhaps, may tame them.
  Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:

Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
And that base apostate Vesey
With Bishop's scraps grown fat and greasy,
While Wynne sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
(Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks,)
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.
  Those are Allens Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
  There sit Clements, Dilks, and Carter;
Who for Hell would die a martyr.
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Gallows Carter, Dilks, and Clements,
Souse them in their own excrements.
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
  Bless us! Morgan, art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!

Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
To turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They'll come down to right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
  Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE

Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL; OR, A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventured his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing;
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees

Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney, *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier — suppose what you will —
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHESON, ESQ. BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET

But he by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same.

I sing the man of courage tried,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind, and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean; — for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So with a colonel at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharged with liquor:
And all this with design, no doubt,

To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
  So, Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
  And so the Ephesian villain fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AY AND NO

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. WRITTEN IN 1737

At Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is a pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word — take care of Armagh!"

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A BALLAD

Patrick astore, what news upon the town?
By my soul there's bad news, for the gold she was pull'd down,
The gold she was pull'd down, of that I'm very sure,
For I saw'd them reading upon the towlsel *doore*.
Sing, och, och, hoh, hoh.

Arrah! who was him reading? 'twas *jauntleman* in ruffles,
And Patrick's bell she was ringing all in muffles;
She was ringing very sorry, her tongue tied up with rag,
Lorsha! and out of her shteeple there was hung a black flag.
Sing, och, &c.

Patrick astore, who was him made this law?
Some they do say, 'twas the big man of straw;
But others they do say, that it was Jug-Joulter,
The devil he may take her into hell and *Boult-her!*
Sing, och, &c.

Musha! Why Parliament wouldn't you maul,
Those *carters*, and paviours, and footmen, and all;
Those rascally paviours who did us undermine,
Och ma ceade millia mollighart on the feeders of swine!
Sing, och, &c.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,
Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than, now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right Prince of Wales,
To succeed, when, (God bless him,) his majesty fails;
Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two Protestant parallel lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,
Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.
But, alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be master'd;
For, take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY BY SWIFT AND OTHERS

CHARLES CARTHY, a schoolmaster in the city of Dublin, was publisher of a translation of Horace, in which the Latin was printed on the one side, and the English on the other, whence he acquired the name of Mezentius, alluding to the practice of that tyrant, who chained the dead to the living. Carthy was almost continually involved in satirical skirmishes with Dunkin, for whom Swift had a particular friendship, and there is no doubt that the Dean himself engaged in the warfare. — *Scott*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE

Containing, on one side, the original Latin, on the other, his own version.

This I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus braced,
For here we see the man and there the beast.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME

Once Horace fancied from a man,
He was transformed to a swan;
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
  Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;
Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longaeva senectus,
  Te vero extinxit, Carole, prima dies.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

IMITATED

So blush’d Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom’d the goddess in a mortal’s arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish’d on its natal day.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM

Lectores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Maevius omnes:
Sic triviis veneranda diu, Jovis inclyta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

IMITATED

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command,
But who can bear the death's head in his hand?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME

While with the fustian of thy book,
  The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look
  As pitiful as Tom M'Lobe.
Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount,
  And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumble once into the fount,
  He'll make it muddy as a bog.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS

High as Longinus to the stars ascends,
So deeply Carthy to the centre tends.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA

Aethereas quantum Longinus surgit in auras,
Carthius en tantum ad Tartara tendit iter.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME

What Midas touch’d became true gold, but then,
Gold becomes lead touch’d lightly by thy pen.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY

For saying he could not live by the profits of Carthy's works, as they did not sell.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm,
I broke his teeth, but where's the mighty harm?
My work he said could ne'er afford him meat,
And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat!

TO CARTHY
On his sending about specimens to force people to subscribe to his Longinus.

Thus vagrant beggars, to extort
By charity a mean support,
Their sores and putrid ulcers show,
And shock our sense till we bestow.

TO CARTHY
On his accusing Mr. Dunkin for not publishing his book of Poems.

How different from thine is Dunkin's lot!
Thou'rt curst for publishing, and he for not.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS

So witches bent on bad pursuits,
Assume the shapes of filthy brutes.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO CARTHY

Thy labours, Carthy, long conceal'd from light,
Piled in a garret, charm'd the author's sight,
But forced from their retirement into day,
The tender embryos half unknown decay;
Thus lamps which burn'd in tombs with silent glare,
Expire when first exposed to open air.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN

From the Gentleman's London Magazine for January.

My lines to him you give; to speak your due,
'Tis what no man alive will say of you.
Your works are like old Jacob's speckled goats,
Known by the verse, yet better by the notes.
Pope's essays upon some for Young's may pass,
But all distinguish thy dull leaden mass;
So green in different lights may pass for blue,
But what's dyed black will take no other hue.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR

You have undone Horace, — what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O Bard, how you proceed: —
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM

On one Delacourt's complimenting Carthy on his Poetry

Carthy, you say, writes well — his genius true,
You pawn your word for him — he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN

Some ancient authors wisely write,
That he who drinks will wake at night,
Will never fail to lose his rest,
And feel a streightness in his chest;
A streightness in a double sense,
A streightness both of breath and pence:
Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
He that comes home at hour unseasonable,
(Besides a fall and broken shins,
Those smaller judgments for his sins;)
If, when he goes to bed, he meets
A teasing wife between the sheets,
'Tis six to five he'll never sleep,
But rave and toss till morning peep.
Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
Because you feel your lungs inflamed
But if you would not get a fever,
You never must one moment leave her.
This comes of all your drunken tricks,
Your Parry's and your brace of Dicks;
Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
Too, was the time you saw that Drab lac a Pery
But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
And always cries he is like Cassandra;
I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
If once this company you were rid on,
Frequented honest folk, and very few,
You'd live till all your friends were weary of you.
But if rack punch you still would swallow,
I then forewarn'd you what would follow.
Are the Deanery sober hours?
Be witness for me all ye powers.
The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckon'd
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,

And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word,
The coach is come, I ‘scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a-talking
How sweet a night it is for walking;
For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
I’d think a quart a-piece unreasonable;
It strikes eleven, — get out of doors. —
This is my constant farewell
Yours,
J. S.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dine with me than with the provost.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who’ve lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to live on earth?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SHERIDAN WROTE UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING LINES

Thus spoke great Bedel from his tomb:
“Mortal, I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state,
To be unfortunately great;
To flatter fools, and spurn at knaves,
To shine amidst a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain
And only rise to fall again:
No! let my dusty relics rest,
Until I rise among the blest.”

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE UPSTART

The following lines occur in the Swiftiana, and are by Mr. Wilson, the editor, ascribed to Swift. — *Scott.*

“ —— The rascal! that’s too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar’s brat;
As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run,
Witness his lazy, lousy son!
Puff’d up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense.
See with what consequence he stalks!
With what pomposity he talks!
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar!
How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall virtue hide her face,
And leave her votaries in disgrace?
— Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains —
Let purse-proud C —— n next approach;
With what an air he mounts his coach!
A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave!
His heart in poison deeply dipt,
His tongue with oily accents tipt,
A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—”

* * * * *

* * * * *

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD

— URBS INTACTA MANET — semper intacta manebit,
Tangere crabrones quis bene sanus amat?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TRANSLATION

A thistle is the Scottish arms,
Which to the toucher threatens harms,
What are the arms of Waterford,
That no man touches — but a —— ?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON BLENHEIM

Atria longa patent. Sed nec cenantibus usquam
  Nec somno locus est. Quam bene non habitas!
MART., lib. xii, Ep. 50.

See, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it? — A judge or a peer.
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.

So Nell of the Dairy, before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.
Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no vonder dat you vere collogue,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You be but von fool after seventeen rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for profit, 'tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson, challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland, and haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.
Which nobody can deny.

But P —— r and copper L —— h we'll excuse,
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
Which nobody can deny.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, stood high in Swift's estimation by his opposition to Wood's coinage.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BY HONEST JO. ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL

I sing not of the Drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.
In ev'ry council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by't.
And though some think him in the wrong, yet still there comes a season
When every one turns round about, and owns his grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it swore,
Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand pounds and more.
Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than Wood's dross.
To beg his favour is the way new favours still to win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to give a pin.
Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all in money wallows,
He would not give a groat to save his father from the gallows.
"A bishop," says the noble squire, "I hate the very name,
To have two thousand pounds a-year — O 'tis a burning shame!
Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! And I to have but five!"
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to thrive:
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece of ground,
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the pound.
Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me, "Honest Jo,
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before you go."
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the money locks,
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor man's box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in the face:
Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to obtain;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
"Then," said my lord, "I'm very glad to see thee, honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope they soon will mend,
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when you can;
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest man."
Then said his lordship with a smile, "I must have lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Wood's trash!"
"God bless your Grace," I then replied, "I'd see him hanging higher,
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin spire."

To every farmer twice a-week all round about the Yoke,
Our parsons read the Drapier's books, and make us honest folk.
And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way I found,
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
"Why, sirrah," said the noble squire, "how dare you see my face,
Your rent is due almost a week, beside the days of grace."
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the rack,
That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quickly break my back.
Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make him live as long
As did Methusalem of old, and so I end my song.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

A POEM

Serus in coelum redeas, diuque
Laetus intersis populo. — HOR., *Carm.* I, ii, 45.

Great, good, and just, was once applied
To one who for his country died;[1]
To one who lives in its defence,
We speak it in a happier sense.
O may the fates thy life prolong!
Our country then can dread no wrong:
In thy great care we place our trust,
Because thou'rt great, and good, and just:
Thy breast unshaken can oppose
Our private and our public foes:
The latent wiles, and tricks of state,
Your wisdom can with ease defeat.
When power in all its pomp appears,
It falls before thy rev'rend years,
And willingly resigns its place
To something nobler in thy face.
When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
Had drawn his sword for Marius' fall,
The godlike hero with a frown
Struck all his rage and malice down;
Then how can we dread William Wood,
If by thy presence he's withstood?
Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
In vain he brings his brazen shield;
Though like the sibyl's priest he comes,
With furious din of brazen drums
The force of thy superior voice
Shall strike him dumb, and quell their noise.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE CITIZENS

And shall the Patriot who maintain'd your cause,
From future ages only meet applause?
Shall he, who timely rose t'his country's aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray'd?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn'd for parricide.
  Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,
Some hero, with superior virtue bless'd,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress'd;
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil'd of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero's heart;
Struck with the sight, your souls would swell with grief,
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief,
But, if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to — die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast,
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?
  If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down your ruin,
If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence;
That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise:
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom, whilst yourselves are free.
  M. B.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES

—— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames! —— VIRG., *Aen.*, iii.

This poem partly relates to Wood's halfpence, but resembles the style of Sheridan rather than of Swift. Hoppy, or Hopkins, here mentioned, seems to be the master of the revels, and secretary to the Duke of Grafton, when Lord-Lieutenant. See also Verses on the Puppet-Show. — *Scott.* See vol. i, p. 169. — *W. E. B.*

Fair ones who do all hearts command,
And gently sway with fan in hand
Your favourite — Punch a suppliant falls,
And humbly for assistance calls;
He humbly calls and begs you'll stop
The gothic rage of Vander Hop,
Wh'invades without pretence and right,
Or any law but that of might,
Our Pigmy land — and treats our kings
Like paltry idle wooden things;
Has beat our dancers out of doors,
And call'd our chastest virgins whores;
He has not left our Queen a rag on,
Has forced away our George and Dragon,
Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
To Doctor Faustus nor the devil;
E'en us he hurried with full rage,
Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
And faith our fright was very great
To see a minister of state,
Arm'd with power and fury come
To force us from our little home —
We fear'd, as I am sure we had reason,
An accusation of high-treason;
Till, starting up, says Banamiere,
"Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
For 'gainst the Brass we used no power,

Nor strove to save the chancellor.
Nor did we show the least affection
To Rochford or the Meath election;
Nor did we sing,—'Machugh he means.'"
"You villain, I'll dash out your brains,
'Tis no affair of state which brings
Me here — or business of the King's;
I'm come to seize you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,
From sight of every friend in town,
Till fifty pound's to me paid down."
—"Fifty!" quoth I, "a devilish sum;
But stay till the brass farthings come,
Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From Castle down to lowest stews;
That sum shall to you then be told,
Though now we cannot furnish gold."
Quoth he, "thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest;
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home!
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train."
"Votre très humble serviteur,
I'm not in jest," said I, "I'm sure,
But from the bottom of my belly,
I do in sober sadness tell you,
I thought it was good reasoning,
For us fictitious men to bring
Brass counters made by William Wood
Intrinsic as we flesh and blood;
Then since we are but mimic men,
Pray let us pay in mimic coin."
Quoth he, "Thou lovest, Punch, to prate,
And couldst for ever hold debate;
But think'st thou I have nought to do
But to stand prating thus with you?
Therefore to stop your noisy parly,
I do at once assure you fairly,
That not a puppet of you all

Shall stir a step without this wall,
Nor merry Andrew beat thy drum,
Until you pay the foresaid sum."
Then marching off with swiftest race
To write dispatches for his grace,
The revel-master left the room,
And us condemn'd to fatal doom.
Now, fair ones, if e'er I found grace,
Or if my jokes did ever please,
Use all your interest with your sec,
(They say he's at the ladies' beck,)
And though he thinks as much of gold
As ever Midas did of old:
Your charms I'm sure can never fail,
Your eyes must influence, must prevail;
At your command he'll set us free,
Let us to you owe liberty.
Get us a license now to play,
And we'll in duty ever pray.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM

Great folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM ON JOSIAH HORT

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, WHO, ON ONE OCCASION, LEFT HIS CHURCH DURING SERVICE IN ORDER TO WAIT ON THE DUKE OF DORSET

Lord Pam in the church (you'd you think it) kneel'd down;
When told that the Duke was just come to Town —
His station despising, unawed by the place,
He flies from his God to attend to his Grace.
To the Court it was better to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM

Behold! a proof of *Irish* sense;
  Here *Irish* wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
  We build a magazine.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TRIFLES

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT LARACOR, NEAR TRIM

MUSA CLONSHOGHIANA

That Downpatrick's Dean, or Patrick's down went,
Like two arrand Deans, two Deans errant I meant;
So that Christmas appears at Bellcampe like a Lent,
Gives the gamesters of both houses great discontent.
  Our parsons agree here, as those did at Trent,
Dan's forehead has got a most damnable dent,
Besides a large hole in his Michaelmas rent.
  But your fancy on rhyming so cursedly bent,
With your bloody ouns in one stanza pent;
Does Jack's utter ruin at picket prevent,
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent;
So this moment at crambo (not shuffling) is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet quaterze, point, and quint,
Which you know to a gamester is great bitterment;
But whisk shall revenge me on you, Batt, and Brent.
Bellcampe, January 1, 1717.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1718

Delany reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

Pudet haec opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, or four,
But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method-sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly, *Te Deum.*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round:
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood;
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write:
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down;
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school, till he's heaved from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. September 20, 1718. — I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER

Since your poetic prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
I'll tell you at once, sir, I'm now not your man, sir;
For pray, sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward, who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran back;
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o' my conscience,
And so brought to light what before was stark nonsense.
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mister Dean, I can't think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;
As much as a game-cock's excell'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.
T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left hand.

Oft have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers failing all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verse, which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet:
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant, Time:

Alas! what cannot Time subdue?
Time has reduced my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again;
I'll send you wings, you send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this? I think I have vex'd her;
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.
T. SHERIDAN.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAND REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,

I am teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's Street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, though I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself: therefore I made bold to send you the enclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior Ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left hand in Crocker's Lane. I am yours, Reverend Sir, to command, PAT. REYLY.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
HOR., *Epist*. II, i, 117

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN

Deliciæ, Sheridan, Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Aequivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quae melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis praesaga futurae,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Paeonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi;
Ast, illi causas orant: his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
  Natalis te horae non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu laetus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive ilium frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
  Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis
Quaeque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu saepè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
  Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam saepè vides in stipite matrem.
  Aureus at ramus, venerandae dona Sibyllae,
Aeneae sedes tantùm patefecit Avernas;
Saepè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Et coelum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

Ad te, doctissime Delany,
Pulsus à foribus Decani,

Confugiens edo querelam,
Pauper petens clientelam.
Petebam Swift doctum patronum,
Sed ille dedit nullum donum,
Neque cibum neque bonum.
Quaeris quàm malè sit stomacho num?
Iratus valdè valdè latrat,
Crumenicidam fermè patrat:
Quin ergo releves aegrotum,
Dato cibum, dato potum.
Ita in utrumvis oculum,
Dormiam bibens vestrum poculum.

Quaeso, Reverende Vir, digneris hanc epistolam inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio abjecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissimus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestrâ benignitate et clementiâ in frigore et fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc epistolam reverentiae vestrae non scripsissem; quam profectò, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere partem nullus dubito. Saevit Boreas, mugiunt procellae, dentibus invitis maxillae bellum gerunt. Nec minus, intestino depraeliantibus tumultu visceribus, classicum sonat venter. Ea nostra est conditio, haec nostra querela. Proh Deûm atque hominum fidem! quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum, viscera concessit natura? mehercule, nostro ludibrium debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum. Huc usque evasi, ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens, quem nisi bene nôssem succurrere potuisse, mehercule, neque fores vestras pultûssem, neque limina tetigissem. Quàm longum iter famelicus peregi! nudus, egenus, esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans; sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In viâ nullum fuit solatium praeterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes, Maecenatis convivium, ita me picturâ pascens inani, saepius volvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit Musarum sacra fames? Haec omnia, quae nostra fuit necessitas, curavi ut scires; nunc re experiar quid dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo malè, sed canebat

Flaccus ut parvo benè: quod negamus:
Pinguis et lautè saturatus ille
Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetae
Nobilis laeti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepidè jocantis
Non sine curâ.

Quis potest versus (meditans merendam,
Prandium, coenam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestrâ
Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunus tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quaeso digneris renovare fauces,
Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanae tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Aedibus vestris trepidante pennâ
Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem! Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed praestat rogitare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenae im-
ponere vestrae?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

Dear Sir, Since you in humble wise
  Have made a recantation,
From your low bended knees arise;
  I hate such poor prostration.

'Tis bravery that moves the brave,
  As one nail drives another;
If you from me would mercy have,
  Pray, Sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain'd the field
  With true poetic vigour;
Now you lay down your pen and yield,
  You make a wretched figure.

Submit, but do't with sword in hand,
  And write a panegyric
Upon the man you cannot stand;
  I'll have it done in lyric:

That all the boys I teach may sing
  The achievements of their Chiron;
What conquests my stern looks can bring
  Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep'd a pen,
  From magazine of standish
Drawn forth, 's more dreadful to the Dean,
  Than any sword we brandish.

My ink's my flash, my pen's my bolt;
  Whene'er I please to thunder,

I’ll make you tremble like a colt,
And thus I’ll keep you under.
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

Dear Dean, I'm in a sad condition,
  I cannot see to read or write;
Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
  Whose days are all transform'd to night.

My head, though light, 's a dungeon grown,
  The windows of my soul are closed;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
  My verse and I are both composed.

Sleep, did I say? that cannot be;
  For who can sleep, that wants his eyes?
My bed is useless then to me,
  Therefore I lay me down to rise.

Unnumber'd thoughts pass to and fro
  Upon the surface of my brain;
In various maze they come and go,
  And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
  The fiery sparks at random run;
Now here, now there, some turning back
  Some ending where they just begun.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN ANSWER, BY DELANY, TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

Dear Sherry, I'm sorry for your bloodsheded sore eye,
And the more I consider your case, still the more I
Regret it, for see how the pain on't has wore ye.
Besides, the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, "He's a poor blinded Tory."
But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori*,
Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take Lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as you can *ab uxore*;
And then if friend Dick will but ope your back-door, he
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory:
(Though I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry's, — there's an end of my story.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY

I like your collyrium,
Take my eyes, sir, and clear ye ‘um,
  ’Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the doctor so wise,
  Who open’d the eyes of the nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly; —
  You know, there’s in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat, —
  Don’t I write in the dark like a Tory?

Your water so far goes,
’Twould serve for an Argus,
  Were all his whole hundred sore;
So many we read
He had in his head,
  Or Ovid’s a son of a whore.

For your recipe, sir,
May my lids never stir,
  If ever I think once to fee you;
For I’d have you to know,
When abroad I can go,
  That it’s honour enough, if I see you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN

My pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
Your long sorry rhymes, which you made on my eyes;
As the Dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and skies!
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,
To answer your stuff and the Doctor's likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak enemies.
Whoever opposes me, certainly dies,
Though he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
The women disturb me a-crying of pies,
With a voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, Sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit frize.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

Dear Tom, I'm surprised that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was but single.
For, as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime,
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I'd pay off your bacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides, Dick forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.
In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ caecior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina laedis:
Sed tibi coenanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan caecus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus.
Nunc benè nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abundà,
Nec Phoebe fili versum quîs mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris
Mixtus Saturno; penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mî bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis
Haec tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my Lady,
Huic te des solae, nec egebis pharmacopolae.
Haec somnians cecini,

JON. SWIFT.

Oct. 23, 1718.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquils.
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue,
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard.
You're my goose, and no other man's;
And you know, all my geese are swans:
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander, —
I call'd you goose instead of gander;
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.
I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose:
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch.
As for your writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Deanery-House, Oct. 27, 1718.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN

Perlegi versus versos, Jonathan bone, tersos;
Perlepidos quidèm; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phoebus, oculis collyria praebes,
Ne minus insanae reparas quoque damna Dianae,
Quae me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicem binum premit, atque negat mihi vinum.
O terra et coelum! quàm redit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere dic cum?
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam saepe prolato,
Vina crepant: sales ostendet quis mihi tales?
Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppae gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura mavellem.
  Amphora, quàm dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho:
Clarius evohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosa propago, haesit sic vocis imago.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718

Whate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand, just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
  Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
  And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN

Sir,

I thank you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Parcus wrote but sorrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog
To challenge every Irish Pedagogue.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall;
Upon the comic dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggotty;
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The Devil himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
I believe you give him now the slip o' days;
But mum for that — pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day:
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn;
We'll have a friend or two, sir, at table,
Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
Because I'm troubled much with laziness,
These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT 1718

Dear Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
’Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You’ll find if you read but a few of your histories,
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you’ll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean, sir?
“Not I, by my troth, sir.” — Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last,
When your Pegasus canter’d in triple, and rid fast.
  As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phoebus’s leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp’d, spurr’d, bastinaded.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crack'd,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
  A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid, was the first man's damnation?
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phoebus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1718, past 12 at noon.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN

Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach,
From my Muse in a car, to your Muse in a coach.
The great god of poems delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far;
For, were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd
We'd see him no more than we see through a cloud.
  You know to apply this — I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.
  Now first you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is: What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you are still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can.
D. "Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the bran?"
I tell you in short, sir, you should have a pair o' stocks
For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox.
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finish'd your letter.
Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden — the first man's damnation?
A damsel — Adam's hell — ay, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceived it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phoebus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog, and my school-house this weather,
Make up the best catch when they're coupled together?

From my Ringsend car, Sept. 12, 1718, past 5 in the morning, on a repetition day.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE SAME. BY DR. SHERIDAN

12 o'Clock at Noon Sept. 12, 1718.

SIR,
Perhaps you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider 'tis noon.
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom is,
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phoebus exalted, sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,
Into poems and business, my skull's split in two,
One side for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye, I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that scrawl
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I'm a-reading my deeds for a purchase.
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn'd with the noise of the crier.
My right hand's inditing these lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myself I'm divided in two,
Dear Dean, I shall ne'er be divided from you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

SIR,
I cannot but think that we live in a bad age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your car says.
  Hum — excellent good — your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you, when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important,
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle, as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A school-boy knows this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissars.
  Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar,
By riding this morning too long in your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous
And you durst not talk thus, if I saw you at our ale-house.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart

From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say; — you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phoebus, pray who was your Pallas?
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
I will either explain, or repay it by trucks;
Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches, methinks,
Are harder than ever were put by the Sphinx.
And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept, 12, 1718, just 12 at noon.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

SIR,
Your Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me; a'nt I one of the Tories?
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a Heathen, to Phoebus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this God should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
'Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse speak.
This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
Her damn'd pointed tongue pierced almost to my heart;
Tell me of a cart, — tell me of a —— ,
I'd have you to tell on both sides her ears,
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down stairs:
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my knee;
You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Melpomene.
You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger:
Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Apollo shine through you.
Don't think, sir, I fear a Dean, as I would fear a dun;
Which is all at present from yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

SIR,
When I saw you to-day, as I went with Lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he!
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?
Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro*?
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres* — school-din:
And I think I may say, you could many good shillings get,
Were you drest like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate;
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheelbarrow;
Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche*.
Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta*,
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago*.
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart*:
Your ink is your poison, your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink, your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better manners.
If once in your cellar my Phoebus should shine,
I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
What he ripens above ground, he sours below it.
But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year?
Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort
Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they watch for't.
Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing highday:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridae.

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bedside, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

Erratum in your last, 1. antepenult, pro “fear a *Dun*” lege “fear a *Dan*:” ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DR. SHERIDAN

Dec. 14, 1719, Nine at night.
SIR,

It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery; and the boy here had not been sent, to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my Lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

1 P.S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t'us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

2 P.S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

3 P.S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne’er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart,
I wish you would sign’t, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I’d be glad for a knoggin:
But I doubt ’tis a sham; you won’t give us a dram.
’Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won’t part with a spoonful,
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble,
You see I won’t stop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum, is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we smell it.

STELLA.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain;
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain;
Your most humble servant, dear Sir, I remain,
T. S. — N.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any:
Take care you do not bid too many.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY

The verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examined them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine;
O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine.
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If when you return your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite, circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine;
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

A COPY OF A COPY OF VERSES FROM THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Written July 15, 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George, Dan, Dean, and Nim,
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I'd rid'cule their'nd your flam-flim.
Ay b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a merry whim,
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a megrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall'w'd s'v'r'l brim-
Mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
Ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were ('s 'tis n't) 's strong's tim-
Ber, 't must have ach'd. Th' clans of th' c'llege Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that's t' say,
D'ln', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lsham, Capt'n
P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Long sh'nks Timm.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are)
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a — s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
  Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly braced.
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in:
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail'd like a box;
Thy muse is tuckt up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
  Philologers of future ages,

How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

Dear Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here.
For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that's witty, to joke w' ye?
For as for honest John, though I'm not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd, lest he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the Lord Anglesey.
O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye.
O! I forgot too: I believe there may be one more, I mean that great fat joker, friend Helsham, he
That wrote the prologue, and if you stay with him, depend on't, in the end, he'll sham ye.
Bring down Longshanks Jim too; but, now I think on't, he's not yet come from Courtown, I fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-courting sly Nancy.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it we may venture,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy, centre.

POSTSCRIPT

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it; I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit. And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim and clean; And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual Your most dutiful and obedient GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES. BY DR. DELANY IN SHERIDAN'S NAME

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height!
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
  Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.
  Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.
  Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.
  O thou, of all the Nine inspired!

My languid soul, with teaching tired,
How is it raptured, when it thinks
Of thy harmonious set of chinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
  Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train of variegated dye
Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phoebus' rays.
  Thy verse — (Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like, — O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo in good humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes with Rhattah-whittah-whit.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES BY DR. SWIFT

It never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions were sent to their betters,
And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d — n'd metre,
In each single verse, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?
'Twill appear to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether,
As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
  Lady Betty presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.
Which is all at present; and so I remain —

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT

With music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly addrest:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, Vice Apollo, disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phoebus! and grant
Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
With them I'm content thou shouldst make thy abode;
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
  Apollo look'd pleased; and, resolving to jest,
Replied, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER

To fair Lady Betty Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqued her,
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observed it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She raised up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose;
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
  Well, that's but my outside, says Dan, with a vapour;
Say you so? says my lady; I've lined it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *sculpsit*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME PICTURE

Clarissa draws her scissars from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produced a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan —
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is — behold the paper skull.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME

If you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it,
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME PICTURE

Dan’s evil genius in a trice
Had stripp’d him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G — , says Dan, ’tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT *sculp.*

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE SAME PICTURE

Whilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast

Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

JON. SWIFT. DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise — *ut pictura poesis*.

Three merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre.
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew.
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce;
The squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en

Then Dan would be poor Sherridane
’Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY

You say your face is better hung
Than ours — by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining you are wrong
    to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
    of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be:
You'll only hang in tapestry
    with many;

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
    dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
    of love, sir:

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
    to Jove, sir.

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,

By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed: a word or two t' ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion, are all one:
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As things so different to confound
t'our senses?

Except you judged them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block;
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it

we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refined, sir:

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took,)
you'll find, sir,

S, H, E, she — and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry;
D, A, N, Dan — makes up the three
syllables;

Dan is but one, and Sherry two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. DELANY'S REPLY

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him.
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
  But much I'm amazed you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envied by him, much less by Delany;
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envied, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
  Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspired by the subject we drew.
Inspired we were, and well, sir, you knew it;
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspired,
Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we were fired,
  As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be denied that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse;
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SHERIDAN'S REPLY

Three merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care:
But envious we cannot bear,
    believe, sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
    or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale, and wan,
    and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
    mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
    Forbear it:

Those loads of paint upon your toilet
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it:
    Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,

Or breast of goose when ’tis pick’d clean,
or pullet:

See what by drinking you have done:
You’ve made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t’ your gullet.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A REJOINDER BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME

Wearied with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
    reply to't:

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter —
    Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
    and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
    er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
    nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be called lean by a skeleton,
    who'd bear it?

’Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me,

‘Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
‘Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir;

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound!
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir,
Dan’s noble metal, Sherry base;
So Dan’s the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold’s worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master: your crany
has lead in’t.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANOTHER REJOINDER BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME

Three days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines;
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment,
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION BY THE DEAN

Miserae cognosce prooemia rixae,
Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanquish'd, fled the town
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*;
Your mercy I rely on;
For you my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,

I’ve nothing left to vent my spleen
  But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
  My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart
And at each lash I feel the smart
  Of lash laid on by you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PARDON

The suit which humbly you have made
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;
  And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruised, another blow
  Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;
  I pardon, now you've courted;
And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
  For you're with grief transported.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
  Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, your own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
  Since you've declined Dan Jackson.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

— mediocribus esse poetis Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnae.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace's Art of Poetry, which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander, with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:

You'll have a gosling, call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
'Tis true, because the God of Wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd poetaster.
At length for stealing rhymes and triplets,

He'll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, Gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, etc., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung, And then I'll make a line for every rung; There's nine, I see, — the Muses, too, are nine. Who would refuse to die a death like mine! 1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name; 2. Euterp, in tragic numbers do the same. 3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore's thy flute; 4. Erato, sing me to the Gods; ah, do't: 5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy; 6. Urania, raise me tow'rds the starry sky: 7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend, 8. And Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend; 9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end. POOR DAN JACKSON.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED. TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN

DEAR DAN,

Here I return my trust, nor ask
  One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
  Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
  As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
  Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
  In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
  Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
  Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
  I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
  Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd a hundred times,
  He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys' bums,

The more they frisk and skip:
The school-boys' top but louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut, and cry, Victoria!

At every stroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

POSTSCRIPT

Lean Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery,
But, I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I maul
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawney with backsword did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"
  Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon, and skulk behind Dan;
For he's not to be pierced; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,
Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Through the horrible grin of your larva's wide bore.
Nay, farther, which makes me complain much, and frump it,
You make his long nose your loud speaking-trumpet;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other.

You made me in your last a goose;
  I lay my life on't you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse;
  My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue;
And slit, just like a bird will chatter,
  And like a bird do something more;
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
  I'll change you to a black-a-moor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave,
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

I can’t but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain,
But still I try and try again.
I’m now, Sir, in a writing vein;
Don’t think, like you, I squeeze and strain,
Perhaps you’ll ask me what I mean;
I will not tell, because it’s plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I’m in pain
For her and you; your life’s a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
Enough to crack the strongest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend, TOM SHERIDAN.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN

Poor Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance.
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under Cancer;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?
If this be your practice, mean scrub, I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate, and your new friends, each Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head!
You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words does not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame
For a parson who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank hoddy doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master, one day, in anger, call'd you a goose:
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Everybody knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil:
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking;)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school —
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from

prayers:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to ‘command,
MARY.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE

Come sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and Merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP

Dear Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have oped your mouth, and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose:
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens and sixpence-ha'penny
To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut —
But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady at St. Catherine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,
And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday night.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL. SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS

AS in a silent night a lonely swain,
'Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To Heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you.
O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain;
No, we're sincere, — to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE EPILOGUE

Now all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell
Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We're all content to act the play again:
'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guess'd long since you all desired to move:
But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir,
Who does not take up Plautus first, and conster,
Him we'll dismiss, that understands the play;
He who does not, i'faith, he's like to stay.
Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;
We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge;
How much they've read, I leave you all to judge.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE SONG

A parody on the popular song beginning,
“My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent.”

My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest?
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of “honey,” and “dear,”
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.
  My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now out of humour, I with a sour look,
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I’ll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are away?
  Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I’ll drink till I die.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S GIVEN HIM AT QUILCA. BY SHERIDAN 1723

How few can be of grandeur sure!
The high may fall, the rich be poor.
The only favourite at court,
To-morrow may be Fortune's sport;
For all her pleasure and her aim
Is to destroy both power and fame.
  Of this the Dean is an example,
No instance is more plain and ample.
The world did never yet produce,
For courts a man of greater use.
Nor has the world supplied as yet,
With more vivacity and wit;
Merry alternately and wise,
To please the statesman, and advise.
Through all the last and glorious reign,
Was nothing done without the Dean;
The courtier's prop, the nation's pride;
But now, alas! he's thrown aside;
He's quite forgot, and so's the queen,
As if they both had never been.
To see him now a mountaineer!
Oh! what a mighty fall is here!
From settling governments and thrones,
To splitting rocks, and piling stones.
Instead of Bolingbroke and Anna,
Shane Tunnally, and Bryan Granna,
Oxford and Ormond he supplies,
In every Irish Teague he spies:
So far forgetting his old station,
He seems to like their conversation,
Conforming to the tatter'd rabble,
He learns their Irish tongue to gabble;
And, what our anger more provokes,
He's pleased with their insipid jokes;
Then turns and asks them who do lack a
Good plug, or pipefull of tobacco.

All cry they want, to every man
He gives, extravagant, a span.
Thus are they grown more fond than ever,
And he is highly in their favour.
  Bright Stella, Quilca's greatest pride,
For them he scorns and lays aside;
And Sheridan is left alone
All day, to gape, and stretch, and groan;
While grumbling, poor, complaining Dingley,
Is left to care and trouble singly.
All o'er the mountains spreads the rumour,
Both of his bounty and good humour;
So that each shepherdess and swain
Comes flocking here to see the Dean.
All spread around the land, you'd swear
That every day we kept a fair.
My fields are brought to such a pass,
I have not left a blade of grass;
That all my wethers and my beeves
Are slighted by the very thieves.
  At night right loath to quit the park,
His work just ended by the dark,
With all his pioneers he comes,
To make more work for whisk and brooms.
Then seated in an elbow-chair,
To take a nap he does prepare;
While two fair damsels from the lawns,
Lull him asleep with soft cronawns.
  Thus are his days in delving spent,
His nights in music and content;
He seems to gain by his distress,
His friends are more, his honours less.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO QUILCA A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want, in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE 1725

Far from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not seen by our betters.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE

A companion with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat or choose; a church without pews;
Our horses away; no straw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all servants at play.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO —— ROOM IN T. C. D. IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725

—— quaeque ipse miserrima vidi.

This description of a scholar's room in Trinity College, Dublin, was found among Mr. Smith's papers. It is not in the Dean's hand, but seems to have been the production of Sheridan.

Imprimis, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all bespotted.
A bed of flocks, as I may rank it,
Reduced to rug and half a blanket.
A tinder box without a flint,
An oaken desk with nothing in't;
A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of bellows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows.
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting,
Either for table-cloth, or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But patch'd, and fallen in the stitches,
Hung up in study very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing,
A trencher and a College bottle,
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book, which he seldom handles
A save-all and two farthing candles.
A smutty ballad, musty libel,
A Burgersdicius and a Bible.
The C**** Seasons and the Senses

By Overton, to save expenses.
Item, (if I am not much mistaken,)
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,
Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slippers,
And chairs a couple, I forgot ‘em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my schedule’s ended.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PALINODIA

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XVI

Great Sir, than Phoebus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
  Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
  Should you compassion show.

Take those iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
  And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl, or save your paste
The next time when you have a feast;
  They'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
  To sink them in the harbour;
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
  So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
  A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
  Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
  A goose attack a swan;

It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
  While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
  And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
  Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
  But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
  You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:
  As she must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, 'tis your own;
  The poet's only riches.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A LETTER TO THE DEAN WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726. BY DR. SHERIDAN

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose.
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.
  While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina;
I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers' meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why, so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
  Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Faden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;

To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks,
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsneps, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid, or gone astray;
My fish all stolen or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.
A man come now from Quilca says,
"*They*'ve stolen the locks from all your keys;"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "*They* stole the keys before.
They've stol'n the knives from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"*They*'ve stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe,
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
Because I've more vexation here.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN INVITATION TO DINNER FROM DOCTOR SHERIDAN TO DOCTOR SWIFT 1727

I've sent to the ladies this morning to warn 'em,
To order their chaise, and repair to Rathfarnam;
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your deanship
Can take up with me, and my friend Stella's leanship.
I've got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding bret,
That's just disengaged from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus, they gazed till they died,
And now they're to lie in some crumbs that are fried.
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love, I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from sighing for England I hope;
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We've sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

Your answer in half-an-hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE WITH THE DOCTOR AT THEIR HEAD

N.B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR. SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728

Fair ladies, number five,
  Who in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
  To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a-grinning,
  To see you safe in Sot's Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
  And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought
  A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
  He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces,
  On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
  Than Venus like an owl.

And we shall take you rather
  To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
  With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
  To think such ladies fine

Should be reduced so low,
  To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
  Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
  By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
  While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
  From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
  With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
  Z —— ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
  I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
  Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch;
  And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
  I'll treat you with burgundy.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD BY DR. SHERIDAN

You little scribbling beau,
  What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
  As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
  I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
  Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
  The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
  Is worth a hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
  Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
  You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
  A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by-lane,
  Have gain'd a paltry grisette;

Shall we, of sense refined,
  Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
  As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
  And vow and swear ’tis true,
There’s more in one child’s rattle,
  Than twenty fops like you.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

THE BEAU'S REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER

Why, how now, dapper black!
  I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back,
  As Tisdall smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
  Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
  And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
  Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:
Their verses give delight,
  As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
  Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
  As bad as Suffolk cheese.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLY-SPELLIN. 1728

All you that would refine your blood,
  As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year
  To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
  With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
  A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
  When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
  When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
  Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux,
  By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
  As Rose, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
  Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
  And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
  They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
  They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
  Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns
  I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
  Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
  To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
  Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
  No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
  Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
  Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
  By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
  From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
  A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
  No sextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
  But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipp'd with steel,

Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Celia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I'm here to Heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
  And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
  You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
  Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
  When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
  You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
  From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
  Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
  To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
  When you went colonelling:
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
  You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
  Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
  Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
  To wash herself our well in,

A bum so white ne'er came in sight
  At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
  Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er your brag,
  Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
  All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
  At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
  Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
  Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
  She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
  The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there,
  The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
  Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
  A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
  That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
  Deserves a good cudgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts

At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DR. HELSHAM

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

SIR,

When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
And as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick:
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN

Nov. 23, at night.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne’er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER

The Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the whole trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.
Of rhymes I have plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

I was at Howth to-day, and staid abroad a-visiting till just now.

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 23, 1731.

"Can you match with me,

Who send thirty-three?
You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:
But, if me you can conquer,
I'll own you a strong cur."

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
I'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.
These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick.
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR. UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH, UNTIL HIS OWN WAS BUILT

An oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging, grown quite grey;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden-platter
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
'Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not as well as Doctor Swift?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES WITH USEFUL ANNOTATIONS, BY DR. SHERIDAN 1733

To make a writer miss his end,
You've nothing else to do but mend.

I often tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind,
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When, bellowing, they discharge their thunder:
So, when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
The clouds about the welkin roam:
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting,
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting gloom

She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleased, his fear's beguiled,
And all is clear when she has smiled.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike,)
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
  The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Celia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
  The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow;)
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
  Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
  The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
  In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
  In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
  Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
  Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
  Thus, on comparison, you see,

In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN ANSWER TO A SCANDALOUS POEM

Wherein the Author most audaciously presumes to cast an indignity upon their highnesses the Clouds, by comparing them to a woman. Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cape of Howth.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

BY DR. SWIFT: ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS

N.B. The following answer to that scurrilous libel against us, should have been published long ago in our own justification: But it was advised, that, considering the high importance of the subject, it should be deferred until the meeting of the General Assembly of the Nation.

[Two passages within crotchets are added to this poem, from a copy found amongst Swift's papers. It is indorsed, "Quære, should it go." And a little lower, "More, but of no use."]

Presumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
  We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
[How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder!
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her:
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to burst a lace.]
  Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?

We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
  You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight,
Foretell a storm to last till night.
  A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
  When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
  For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
  Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
  Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
  To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen;
His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors, called *nubigenae*;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
  Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:

A coat we gave him, dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
  Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
  'Tis known that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
  Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a — es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phoebus ever shows his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side;
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
[Observe the case — I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;
From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.
And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing.
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her?
And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.
But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birth-day beau.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.]

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION

To the Reverend Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D. written with a design to be spoken by her on his arrival at Glassnevin, Dr. Delany having complimented him with a house there. From the London and Dublin Magazine for June, 1735. The lines are probably by Delany or Sheridan.

Though the name of this place may make you to frown,
Your Deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town;
A glass and no wine, to a man of your taste,
Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste;
Be that as it will, your presence can't fail
To yield great delight in drinking our ale;
Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake,
And as we can brew, believe we can bake.
The life and the pleasure we now from you hope,
The famed Violante can't show on the rope;
Your genius and talents outdo even Pope.
Then while, sir, you live at Glassnevin, and find
The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favour bestow,
To drink with Delany and others your know:
They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together,
Talk over the news of the town and the weather;
Reflect on mishaps in church and in state,
Digest many things as well as good meat;
And club each alike that no one may treat.
This if you will grant without coach or chair,
You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there;
For Peg is your neighbour, as well as Delany,
A housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES BY SHERIDAN

When to my house you come, dear Dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad, uneasy parlour door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carved with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives,)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me — no — let me try —
This turn will open it, I'll engage" —
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens — in we go —
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you disposed to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,
Out goes its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up!"—"Ho, Mr. Joker,

How can I stir it without a poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker, I suppose."
Now you begin to rake — alack
The grate has tumbled from its back —
The coals all on the hearth are laid —
"Stay, sir — I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete —
She knows the humour of the grate."
"Pox take your maid and you together —
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again — the blaze
Suddenly raised as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—"So —
These bellows were not made to blow —
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't even puff the smoke away."
"And is your reverence vext at that,
Get up, in God's name, take your hat;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come blow the fire, good Doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can tease you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarrel'r
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish ought of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
"You saucy scab — you tell me so!
Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order,
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter;
Or getting such a deal of meat
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner
Five hundred times, but all in vain —
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst —
Get out, and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me — I fret

So much, I shall not eat my meat —
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and slices in it —
Therefore no more, but take your place —
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY

While I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine
In every excellence divine;
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phoebus cries;
"'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold, in Swift revived appears:
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Iërne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON DR. SWIFT 1733

No pedant Bentley proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dared
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard,
Nor Envy does, nor ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* aught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736

To you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birth-day poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
  Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways,
Through all the several forms of praise,
What eulogy may best become
The greatest dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought ——
Sure this will do — —'tis good for nought ——
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning:
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't —— The rhyme is earth ——

But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forced to quit it.
  Again I try — I'll sing the man —
Ay do, says Phoebus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birth-day;
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
  With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment,
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birth-day send.
  I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let every patriot him adore."
Alack-a-day, there's nothing in't —
Such stuff will never do in print.
  Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel;
I hope this epigram will take well.
  In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
  I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the Dean.
  Then down I lay some scheme to dream on
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birth-day poem in the street;
So, after all my care and rout,
You see, dear Dean, my dream is out.

EPIGRAMS OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS

I

The Dean must die — our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the Dean!

II

O Genius of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies,
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich! — consider thus the poor!

IV

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred *thus* provide.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY

Between the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
  The queen of dreams, well pleased to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil traced my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean:
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
  St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
  St. Patrick said, "I own this true
So far he does belong to you:
But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my Dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence:
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile,
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his — for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
  His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age

When ruin lately stood around
Th'enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And saved it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift.
  The Caledonian saint, enraged,
Now closer in dispute engaged.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
"Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name:
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;
He's now the same Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."
  Now words grew high — we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
  "Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find
That he was born for all mankind."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ. WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Bindon's colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:
He only breathes Boeotian air —
"O! what a falling off was there!"
  Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
  Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.

That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
  Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due,
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
  Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung,
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
  Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes

Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
  But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death:
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
  Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
  So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON THE DRAPIER. BY DR. DUNKIN.

Undone by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit breathed in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights for which you stand, he fell.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745

HIC JACET DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER, IONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P. HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NVPER DECANVS; MOMI, MVSARVM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS; INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS; QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT. PATRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS, VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI. HANC FAVILLAM SI QVIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR, DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1754

Two geniuses one age and nation grace!
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn.
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defaced,
Their form belied, and human shape disgraced!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstition's sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know SIR ISAAC, and THE DEAN?

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT

When wasteful death has closed the Poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspired,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retired;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;
And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
  Envy's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse;
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
  Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift's to boast — alike his merits claim
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights — and *faithful to the end*;
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spared, to make his bounties more:
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could, unpain'd, another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundiced eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfined,
And in its scope embraced all human kind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
  Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,

Who seeks renown from injured merit's spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues she herself admires.
O sacred bard! — once ours! — but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:
Above the patriot's, (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim.)
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found.
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain, and talents with regret?
Add that thy spirit from the world retired,
Ere hidden foes its further grief conspired;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abused the fame that first bestow'd him bread.
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal, but survived to hear,
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supplied,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died,
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthly particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,

Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre.
And Pope, harmonius, joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too, (no more to forms confined,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind,)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

R —— T B —— N.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME

The following lines were enclosed in a letter from Mr. Pulteney, (afterwards Earl of Bath,) to Swift, in which he says—"You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme, — *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*"

Dulce, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernae
  Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer:
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
  Quò nova vis animi, materiesque rapit?
Nunc gravis astrologus, coelo dominaris et astris,
  Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
  Gentesque aequoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona Draperi,
  Seu levis a vacuo tabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
  Et vitam atque homines pagina quaeque sapit;
Socraticae minor est vis et sapientia chartae,
  Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

BY MR. JAMES STERLING, OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH

While the Dean with more wit than man ever wanted,
Or than Heaven to any man else ever granted,
Endeavours to prove, how the ancients in knowledge
Have excell'd our adepts of each modern college;
How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd
In each useful science, true learning, and taste.
While thus he behaves, with more courage than manners,
And fights for the foe, deserting our banners;
While Bentley and Wotton, our champions, he foils,
And wants neither Temple's assistance, nor Boyle's;
In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
— Would you think it? — he favours our cause all the while:
We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
And from our defeat to a triumph aspire;
Our great brother-modern, the boast of our days,
Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
St. James's old authors, so famed on each shelf,
Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS

Swift, wondrous genius, bright intelligence,
Pities the orphan's, idiot's want of sense;
And rich in supernumerary pelf,
Adopts posterity unlike himself.
To one great individual wit's confined!
Such eunuchs never propagate their kind.
Thus nature's prodigies bestow the gifts
Of fortune, their descendants are no Swifts.
When did prime statesman, for a sceptre fit
His ministerial successor beget?
No age, no state, no world, can hope to see
Two SWIFTS or WALPOLES in one family.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES

LATELY PUBLISHED AGAINST DEAN SWIFT, NOW DEAF AND INFIRM

Thy mortal part, ingenious Swift! must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful nine!
The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by *asses*.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT

Ornamented with an Engraving of the Dean, by Vertue.

In a little dark room at the back of his shop,
Where poets and scribes have dined on a chop,
Poor Faulkner sate musing alone thus of late,
"Two volumes are done — it is time for the plate;
Yes, time to be sure; — but on whom shall I call
To express the great Swift in a compass so small?
Faith, *Vertue* shall do it, I'm pleased at the thought,
Be the cost what it will — the copper is bought."
Apollo o'erheard, (who as some people guess,
Had a hand in the work, and corrected the press;)
And pleased, he replied, "Honest George, you are right,
The thought was my own, howsoe'er you came by't.
For though both the wit and the style is my gift,
'Tis VERTUE alone can design us a SWIFT."

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS

A sore disease this scribbling itch is!
  His Lordship, in his Pliny seen,
Turns Madam Pilkington in breeches,
  And now attacks our Patriot Dean.

What! libel his friend when laid in ground:
  Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,
  For what he writes George Faulkner prints.

Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
  Yet after death resentment cools,
Sure his last act bespoke his favour,
  He built an hospital — for fools.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

TO DOCTOR DELANY ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED "OBSERVATIONS ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS"

Delany, to escape your friend the Dean,
  And prove all false that Orrery had writ,
You kindly own his Gulliver profane,
  Yet make his puns and riddles sterling wit.

But if for wrongs to Swift you would atone,
  And please the world, one way you may succeed,
Collect Boyle's writings and your own,
  And serve them as you served THE DEED.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

EPIGRAM

On Faulkner's displaying in his shop the Dean's bust in marble, (now placed in the great aisle of St. Patrick's church), while he was publishing Lord Orrery's Remarks.

Faulkner! for once you have some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transform'd to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN INSCRIPTION

Intended for a compartment in Dr. Swift's monument, designed by Cunningham, on College Green, Dublin.

Say, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
  What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
  Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

List of poems in chronological order
List of poems in alphabetical order

AN EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION

Which gave the Drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iërne's laurel shall supply;
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

W. B. J. N.

1766.

St James' Palace, London — where Swift worked as Temple's personal secretary

St James' Palace, 1842

LIST OF POEMS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

INTRODUCTION

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ODE TO DOCTOR WILLIAM SANCROFT LATE LORD BISHOP OF CANTERBURY
ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE
ODE TO KING WILLIAM
ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY
TO MR. CONGREVE
OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698
MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION, 1699
A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC
A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE
THE DISCOVERY
THE PROBLEM, "THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS WHEN HE IS IN LOVE"
THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER, 1705
TO CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH
ON THE UNION
ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD; OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY. 1707
THE REVERSE
APOLLO OUTWITTED
ANSWER TO LINES FROM MAY FAIR
VANBRUGH'S HOUSE
VANBRUGH'S HOUSE, BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON
THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE 1708
A GRUB-STREET ELEGY
THE EPITAPH
A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING
A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER
ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK 1710

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710
A CONFERENCE BETWEEN SIR HARRY PIERCE'S CHARIOT, AND MRS. D. STOPFORD'S CHAIR
TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE OCTOBER 31, 1713
PHYLLIS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716
HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING, 1718
TO MR. DELANY,
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER; WHO DIED ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720
EPITAPH ON THE SAME
TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT, ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT
VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S
ON ANOTHER WINDOW
APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720
NEWS FROM PARNASSUS BY DR. DELANY
APOLLO'S EDICT OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS"
THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST
TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH. 1720
THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1719
THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE
THE PROGRESS OF POETRY
THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721
FABULA CANIS ET UMBRAE
A PROLOGUE BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS SENT WITH THE PROLOGUE
EPILOGUE TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY
PROLOGUE TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. SHERIDAN. SPOKEN BY MR. ELRINGTON. 1721
EPILOGUE TO A BENEFIT PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY THE DEAN. SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH
ANSWER TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE. IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. DELANY.
ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE
THE COUNTRY LIFE
DR. DELANY'S VILLA
ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE
CARBERIAE RUPES
CARBERY ROCKS
COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD

ON DREAMS AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS
SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT, IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724
THE ANSWER
A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW. 1724
ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS 1726
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE
DESIRE AND POSSESSION 1727
ON CENSURE 1727
THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND 1727
CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727
DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE, WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE "DUNCIAD"
A LOVE POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS
BOUTS RIMEZ ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA
HELTER SKELTER; OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT
THE PUPPET-SHOW
THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728
THE LOGICIANS REFUTED
THE ELEPHANT; OR, THE PARLIAMENT MAN
PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM
THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D. IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II, SATIRE I
ON BURNING A DULL POEM
AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730
ON STEPHEN DUCK THE THRESHER, AND FAVOURITE POET
THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730
THE POWER OF TIME. 1730
CASSINUS AND PETER: A TRAGICAL ELEGY
A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.
STREPHON AND CHLOE 1731
APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED 1731
THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED 1731
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT
JUDAS. 1731
AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY 1731
TO A LADY WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE

EPIGRAM ON THE BUSTS IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732
ANOTHER
A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER
DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER
TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT
VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY. BY DR. DELANY
VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS
VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN WITH AN EAGLE QUILL, ON HEARING OF THE PRESENTS BY THE EARL OF ORRERY AND DR. DELANY.
AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY, IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT
THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST, ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732
THE PARSON'S CASE
THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES 1733
A LOVE SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733
THE STORM MINERVA'S PETITION
ODE ON SCIENCE
A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND
ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT
ON POETRY A RHAPSODY. 1733
VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND. BY DR. J. SICAN
EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER. 1733
ON PSYCHE
THE DEAN AND DUKE 1734
WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1734
THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT, TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED
THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING
EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER
VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN
ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL
EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS
TO JANUS, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1726
A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD
TO A FRIEND WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY INVETERATE LIBELS
CATULLUS DE LESBIA
ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY
TO BETTY, THE GRISETTE

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM ADDED BY STELLA
JOAN CUDGELS NED
VERSES ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS
EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES, AND LADY MEATH
VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT
DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY
AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION
EPITAPH INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
EPITAPH ON FREDERICK, DUKE OF SCHOMBERG
VERSES WRITTEN DURING LORD CARTERET'S ADMINISTRATION OF IRELAND
AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET
THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE
ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE "INTELLIGENCER." 1729
AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET BY DR. DELANY. 1729
AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE
A LIBEL ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET 1729
TO DR. DELANY ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 1729
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729
THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK A FABLE BY DR. DELANY 1730
ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND LARK. 1730
DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON
THE DUKE'S ANSWER BY DR. SWIFT
PARODY ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY, WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF
TO LOVE
A REBUS. BY VANESSA
THE DEAN'S ANSWER
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY MARCH 13, 1718-19
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1719-20
TO STELLA, WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS 1720
TO STELLA VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS 1720
STELLA TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1721
TO STELLA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2
ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE BY DR. DELANY
EPITAPH BY THE SAME
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY: A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED,

BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3
STELLA AT WOOD PARK, A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN 1723
A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC 1723-4
DINGLEY AND BRENT A SONG
TO STELLA
VERSES BY STELLA
A RECEIPT TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5
BEC'S BIRTH-DAY NOV. 8, 1726
ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY
DEATH AND DAPHNE

RIDDLES BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS. WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723
ON A PEN. 1724
ON GOLD
ON THE POSTERIORS
ON A HORN
ON A CORKSCREW
THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS 1724
LOUISA TO STREPHON. 1724
A MAYPOLE. 1725
ON THE MOON
ON A CIRCLE
ON INK
ON THE FIVE SENSES
FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA
AN ECHO
ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS;
ON TIME
ON THE GALLOWS
ON THE VOWELS
ON SNOW
ON A CANNON
ON A PAIR OF DICE
ON A CANDLE TO LADY CARTERET
TO LADY CARTERET BY DR. DELANY
ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT
TO LADY CARTERET
ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN

A RIDDLE
ANSWER, BY MR. F —— R
A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM
PROBATUR ALITER

POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL. 1727
TO DEAN SWIFT BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728
DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND
ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL
ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT
EPITAPH IN BERKELEY CHURCH-YARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
MY LADY'S LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728
THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:
DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730
THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL
THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL 1730
ROBIN AND HARRY. 1730
A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN
TWELVE ARTICLES

POLITICAL POETRY

MR. WILLIAM CROWE'S ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY, TURNED INTO METRE
JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION
THE GARDEN PLOT
SID HAMET'S ROD
THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710
THE FAMOUS SPEECH-MAKER OF ENGLAND
PARODY ON THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711
THE RECORDER'S SPEECH EXPLAINED BY THE TORIES
THE SPEECH
BALLAD
ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE
LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711
THE SPEECH

CORINNA, A BALLAD 1711-12
THE FABLE OF MIDAS. 1711-12
TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL TO DINE WITH THE CALVES' HEAD CLUB
PEACE AND DUNKIRK
HORACE, EPIST. I, VII IMITATION OF HORACE TO LORD OXFORD, A.D. 1713
THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF
THE FAGOT
HORACE, BOOK II, ODE I, PARAPHRASED ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714
DENNIS' INVITATION TO STEELE
IN SICKNESS
THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES
THE MORAL
HORACE, BOOK III, ODE II
ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER
A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH
A POEM OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETHON IS EXPRESSED
A TALE OF A NETTLE
A SATIRICAL ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL

POEMS CHIEFLY RELATING TO IRISH POLITICS

PARODY ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT, PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720-21
THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS
UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG, IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY
A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT 1723
THE EPITAPH
VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724
PROMETHEUS ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE 1724
VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH, DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A. D. 1725
EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY
A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER, AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725
WOOD AN INSECT. 1725

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725
WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND
A NEW SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE
A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD, BRAZIER, TINKER, HARD-WAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE
VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE, WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME THE JUDGE SPEAKS
EPIGRAM
HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XIV PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND 1726
VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726
ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION 1726
THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY 1728
TIM AND THE FABLES
TOM AND DICK
DICK, A MAGGOT
CLAD ALL IN BROWN
DICK'S VARIETY
TRAULUS. PART I
TRAULUS. PART II
A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS
ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 1731
HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX
ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731
ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS, SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND 1733
BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION
AN EPIGRAM
AN EPIGRAM INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE
THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW, OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN
ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH
ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733
ON NOISY TOM
ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY 1734-5

EPIGRAM
A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB
ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE
A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL; OR, A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY
A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHESON, ESQ. BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET
AY AND NO
A BALLAD
A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL
EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY BY SWIFT AND OTHERS
ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE
ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME
IMITATED
AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM
IMITATED
AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME
ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS
RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA
ON THE SAME
CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY
ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS
TO CARTHY
TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN
UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR
DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM
POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN
LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE
DR. SHERIDAN WROTE UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING LINES
THE UPSTART
ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD
TRANSLATION
VERSES ON BLENHEIM
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

BY HONEST JO. ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL
TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN
TO THE CITIZENS
PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM ON JOSIAH HORT
EPIGRAM

TRIFLES

GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT LARACOR, NEAR TRIM
A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1718
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER
TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAND REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,
AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
AN ANSWER, BY DELANY, TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY
ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY
AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN
TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718
THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN
DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT 1718
THE DEAN'S ANSWER
DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN
TO THE SAME. BY DR. SHERIDAN
THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
TO DR. SHERIDAN
1 P.S.
2 P.S.
3 P.S.
DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER
DR. SWIFT'S REPLY
A COPY OF A COPY OF VERSES FROM THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

POSTSCRIPT
TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.
TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES BY DR. SWIFT
ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT
ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER
ON THE SAME PICTURE
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME PICTURE
ON THE SAME PICTURE
JON. SWIFT. DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE
MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY
DR. DELANY'S REPLY
SHERIDAN'S REPLY
A REJOINDER BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME
ANOTHER REJOINDER BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME
SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION BY THE DEAN
THE PARDON
THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON
TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED. TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN
POSTSCRIPT
SHERIDAN TO SWIFT
SHERIDAN TO SWIFT
SWIFT TO SHERIDAN
MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723
A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE
ON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP
THE DEAN'S ANSWER
A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL. SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS
THE EPILOGUE
THE SONG
A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S GIVEN HIM AT QUILCA. BY SHERIDAN 1723
TO QUILCA A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725
THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE 1725
THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE
A FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO —— ROOM IN T. C. D. IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725

PALINODIA
A LETTER TO THE DEAN WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726. BY DR. SHERIDAN
AN INVITATION TO DINNER FROM DOCTOR SHERIDAN TO DOCTOR SWIFT 1727
ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE WITH THE DOCTOR AT THEIR HEAD
THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD BY DR. SHERIDAN
THE BEAU'S REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER
DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLY-SPELLIN. 1728
ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT
AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS
TO DR. HELSHAM
TO DR. SHERIDAN
DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER
A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR. UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH, UNTIL HIS OWN WAS BUILT
A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES WITH USEFUL ANNOTATIONS, BY DR. SHERIDAN 1733
AN ANSWER TO A SCANDALOUS POEM
BY DR. SWIFT: ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS
PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION
VERSES BY SHERIDAN

VERSES ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY

TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY
ON DR. SWIFT 1733
TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736
EPIGRAMS OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS
ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY
AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ. WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.
ON THE DRAPIER. BY DR. DUNKIN.
EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745
EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1754
TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT
R —— T B —— N.
A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS
ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS
ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES
ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT
EPIGRAM ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS
TO DOCTOR DELANY ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED "OBSERVATIONS ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS"
EPIGRAM
AN INSCRIPTION
AN EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION

LIST OF POEMS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

A-D E-H I-L M-O P-S T-V W-Z

1 P.S.
2 P.S.
3 P.S.
A BALLAD
A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC
A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE
A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.
A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB
A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER
A CONFERENCE BETWEEN SIR HARRY PIERCE'S CHARIOT, AND MRS. D. STOPFORD'S CHAIR
A COPY OF A COPY OF VERSES FROM THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.
A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER
A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D. IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II, SATIRE I
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY 1728
A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS
A FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO —— ROOM IN T. C. D. IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725
A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHESON, ESQ. BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET
A GRUB-STREET ELEGY
A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1718
A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM
A LETTER TO THE DEAN WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726. BY DR. SHERIDAN
A LIBEL ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET 1729
A LOVE POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS

A LOVE SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733
A MAYPOLE. 1725
A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD
A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES WITH USEFUL ANNOTATIONS, BY DR. SHERIDAN 1733
A NEW SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE
A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC 1723-4
A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S GIVEN HIM AT QUILCA. BY SHERIDAN 1723
A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728
A POEM OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETHON IS EXPRESSED
A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH
A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE
A PROLOGUE BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS SENT WITH THE PROLOGUE
A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL. SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS
A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT 1723
A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW. 1724
A REBUS. BY VANESSA
A RECEIPT TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5
A REJOINDER BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME
A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY
A RIDDLE
A SATIRICAL ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL
A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME
A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD, BRAZIER, TINKER, HARD-WAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE
A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER, AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725
A TALE OF A NETTLE
A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710
A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR. UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH, UNTIL HIS OWN WAS BUILT
A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL; OR, A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY
A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND
AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN
AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM
ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS 1726
AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN
AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION
AN ANSWER TO A SCANDALOUS POEM
AN ANSWER, BY DELANY, TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET
AN ECHO
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER; WHO DIED ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720
AN EPIGRAM
AN EPIGRAM INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE
AN EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION
AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, LORD CARTERET BY DR. DELANY. 1729
AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY 1731
AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ. WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.
AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS
AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE
AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720-21
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE
AN INSCRIPTION
AN INVITATION TO DINNER FROM DOCTOR SHERIDAN TO DOCTOR SWIFT 1727
AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY, IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT
AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME
ANOTHER
ANOTHER REJOINDER BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME
ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN
ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND LARK. 1730

ANSWER TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE. IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. DELANY.
ANSWER TO LINES FROM MAY FAIR
ANSWER, BY MR. F —— R
ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT
ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN
ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT
ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT
APOLLO OUTWITTED
APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720
APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED 1731
APOLLO'S EDICT OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS"
ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE
AY AND NO
BALLAD
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON
BEC'S BIRTH-DAY NOV. 8, 1726
BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION
BOUTS RIMEZ ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA
BY DR. SWIFT: ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS
BY HONEST JO. ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL
CARBERIAE RUPES
CARBERY ROCKS
CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY
CASSINUS AND PETER: A TRAGICAL ELEGY
CATULLUS DE LESBIA
CLAD ALL IN BROWN
CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727
COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD
CORINNA, A BALLAD 1711-12
DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON
DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND
DEATH AND DAPHNE
DENNIS' INVITATION TO STEELE
DESIRE AND POSSESSION 1727
DICK, A MAGGOT
DICK'S VARIETY
DINGLEY AND BRENT A SONG
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729
DR. DELANY'S REPLY
DR. DELANY'S VILLA

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER
DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT 1718
DR. SHERIDAN WROTE UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING LINES
DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER
DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLY-SPELLIN. 1728
DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN
DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY
DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE, WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE "DUNCIAD"
DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM
DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER
DR. SWIFT'S REPLY
DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM
EPIGRAM ADDED BY STELLA
EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER
EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER. 1733
EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH
EPIGRAM ON JOSIAH HORT
EPIGRAM ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS
EPIGRAM ON THE BUSTS IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732
EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1754
EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY
EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY BY SWIFT AND OTHERS
EPIGRAMS OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS
EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS
EPILOGUE TO A BENEFIT PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY THE DEAN. SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH
EPILOGUE TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY
EPITAPH BY THE SAME
EPITAPH IN BERKELEY CHURCH-YARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
EPITAPH INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
EPITAPH ON FREDERICK, DUKE OF SCHOMBERG
EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES, AND LADY MEATH
EPITAPH ON THE SAME

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745
FABULA CANIS ET UMBRAE
FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA
GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT LARACOR, NEAR TRIM
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
HELTER SKELTER; OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT
HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XIV PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND 1726
HORACE, BOOK II, ODE I, PARAPHRASED ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714
HORACE, BOOK III, ODE II
HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX
HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING, 1718
HORACE, EPIST. I, VII IMITATION OF HORACE TO LORD OXFORD, A.D. 1713
IMITATED
IMITATED
IN SICKNESS
JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION
JOAN CUDGELS NED
JON. SWIFT. DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE
JUDAS. 1731
LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11
LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE
LOUISA TO STREPHON. 1724
MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723
MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY
MR. WILLIAM CROWE'S ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY, TURNED INTO METRE
MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION, 1699
MY LADY'S LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN
NEWS FROM PARNASSUS BY DR. DELANY
OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY
ODE ON SCIENCE
ODE TO DOCTOR WILLIAM SANCROFT LATE LORD BISHOP OF CANTERBURY
ODE TO KING WILLIAM

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY
ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE
ON A CANDLE TO LADY CARTERET
ON A CANNON
ON A CIRCLE
ON A CORKSCREW
ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY
ON A HORN
ON A PAIR OF DICE
ON A PEN. 1724
ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE
ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS;
ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL
ON ANOTHER WINDOW
ON BURNING A DULL POEM
ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS
ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS
ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE
ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS
ON CENSURE 1727
ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL. 1727
ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER
ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY 1734-5
ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT
ON DR. SWIFT 1733
ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS
ON DREAMS AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS
ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT
ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE
ON GOLD
ON INK
ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731
ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD; OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY. 1707
ON NOISY TOM
ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE
ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE "INTELLIGENCER." 1729
ON POETRY A RHAPSODY. 1733
ON PSYCHE
ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION 1726
ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES
ON SNOW
ON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP
ON STEPHEN DUCK THE THRESHER, AND FAVOURITE POET
ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH
ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD
ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER
ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG
ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY
ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT
ON THE DRAPIER. BY DR. DUNKIN.
ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE WITH THE DOCTOR AT THEIR HEAD
ON THE FIVE SENSES
ON THE GALLOWS
ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE BY DR. DELANY
ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 1731
ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733
ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK 1710
ON THE MOON
ON THE POSTERIORS
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME
ON THE SAME PICTURE
ON THE SAME PICTURE
ON THE SAME PICTURE
ON THE SAME THE JUDGE SPEAKS
ON THE UNION
ON THE VOWELS
ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS, SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND 1733
ON TIME
ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725
PALINODIA
PARODY ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY, WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF
PARODY ON THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711

PARODY ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT, PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM
PEACE AND DUNKIRK
PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION
PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723
PHYLLIS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716
POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN
POSTSCRIPT
POSTSCRIPT
PROBATUR ALITER
PROLOGUE TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. SHERIDAN. SPOKEN BY MR. ELRINGTON. 1721
PROMETHEUS ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE 1724
PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES
RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA
ROBIN AND HARRY. 1730
R —— T B —— N.
SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT, IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724
SHERIDAN TO SWIFT
SHERIDAN TO SWIFT
SHERIDAN'S REPLY
SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION BY THE DEAN
SID HAMET'S ROD
STELLA AT WOOD PARK, A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN 1723
STELLA TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1721
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY MARCH 13, 1718-19
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1719-20
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY: A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3
STREPHON AND CHLOE 1731
SWIFT TO SHERIDAN
SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY
THE ANSWER
THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN
THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT
THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF
THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST, ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732
THE BEAU'S REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE
THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE 1725
THE COUNTRY LIFE
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT
THE DEAN AND DUKE 1734
THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
THE DEAN'S ANSWER
THE DEAN'S ANSWER
THE DEAN'S ANSWER
THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT, TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED
THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING
THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL
THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER, 1705
THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST
THE DISCOVERY
THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726
THE DUKE'S ANSWER BY DR. SWIFT
THE ELEPHANT; OR, THE PARLIAMENT MAN
THE EPILOGUE
THE EPITAPH
THE EPITAPH
THE FABLE OF MIDAS. 1711-12
THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES
THE FAGOT
THE FAMOUS SPEECH-MAKER OF ENGLAND
THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD BY DR. SHERIDAN
THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND 1727
THE GARDEN PLOT
THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:
THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS 1724
THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES 1733
THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE 1708
THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728
THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730
THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON
THE LOGICIANS REFUTED
THE MORAL
THE PARDON
THE PARSON'S CASE
THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK A FABLE BY DR. DELANY 1730
THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED 1731

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE
THE POWER OF TIME. 1730
THE PROBLEM, “THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS WHEN HE IS IN LOVE”
THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1719
THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE
THE PROGRESS OF POETRY
THE PUPPET-SHOW
THE RECORDER’S SPEECH EXPLAINED BY THE TORIES
THE REVERSE
THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL 1730
THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS
THE SONG
THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721
THE SPEECH
THE SPEECH
THE STORM MINERVA’S PETITION
THE UPSTART
THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN’S ROD. 1710
THE YAHOO’S OVERTHROW, OR, THE KEVAN BAYL’S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERGEANT KITE’S INSULTING THE DEAN
TIM AND THE FABLES
TO A FRIEND WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY INVETERATE LIBELS
TO A LADY WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE
TO BETTY, THE GRISETTE
TO CARTHY
TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN
TO CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH
TO DEAN SWIFT BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728
TO DOCTOR DELANY ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED “OBSERVATIONS ON LORD ORRERY’S REMARKS”
TO DR. DELANY ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 1729
TO DR. HELSHAM
TO DR. SHERIDAN
TO DR. SHERIDAN
TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718
TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY
TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.
TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN
TO JANUS, ON NEW YEAR’S DAY, 1726
TO LADY CARTERET

TO LADY CARTERET BY DR. DELANY
TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE OCTOBER 31, 1713
TO LOVE
TO MR. CONGREVE
TO MR. DELANY,
TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES BY DR. SWIFT
TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAND REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,
TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT, ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT
TO QUILCA A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725
TO STELLA
TO STELLA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2
TO STELLA VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS 1720
TO STELLA, WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS 1720
TO THE CITIZENS
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER
TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT
TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED. TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN
TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736
TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT
TO THE SAME. BY DR. SHERIDAN
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN
TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL TO DINE WITH THE CALVES' HEAD CLUB
TOM AND DICK
TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH. 1720
TRANSLATION
TRAULUS. PART I
TRAULUS. PART II
TWELVE ARTICLES
UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR
UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG, IN A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY
VANBRUGH'S HOUSE
VANBRUGH'S HOUSE, BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703
VERSES BY SHERIDAN
VERSES BY STELLA
VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY. BY DR. DELANY
VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN
VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS
VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724
VERSES ON BLENHEIM
VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT
VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS
VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH, DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A. D. 1725
VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726
VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE, WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER
VERSES ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS
VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND. BY DR. J. SICAN
VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN WITH AN EAGLE QUILL, ON HEARING OF THE PRESENTS BY THE EARL OF ORRERY AND DR. DELANY.
VERSES WRITTEN DURING LORD CARTERET'S ADMINISTRATION OF IRELAND
VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S
WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND
WOOD AN INSECT. 1725
WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1734
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698

The Deanery of St Patrick's Cathedral — Swift's last Irish home, where 'Stella' lived with him, often acting in the role of host during his literary gatherings.

A JOURNAL TO STELLA

This collection of posthumously published letters first appeared in 1766, over twenty years after Swift's death. When working as the secretary and personal assistant of Sir William Temple at Moor Park, Farnham, Swift met Esther Johnson, then eight years old, who was the daughter of the impoverished widow serving as companion to Temple's sister Lady Giffard. Swift acted as Esther's tutor and mentor, giving her the sobriquet 'Stella', and the two maintained a close, yet ambiguous relationship for the rest of Esther's life. It was to be the most influential relationship of the author's life.

A Journal to Stella consists of 65 letters to Esther Johnson, written between 1710 and 1713, whilst Swift resided at various locations in England. Amongst the numerous references to his contemporaries, Swift often refers to Elizabeth Germain, the wealthy English aristocrat and courtier, as well as St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, an old friend. It is believed by some historians that this Bishop secretly married Swift and Stella in 1716.

A later depiction of Swift mentoring the young Esther (Stella)

Esther Johnson (1681–1728)

CONTENTS

PREFACE
INTRODUCTION.
LETTER 1.[1]
LETTER 2.
LETTER 3.
LETTER 4.
LETTER 5.
LETTER 6.
LETTER 7.
LETTER 8.
LETTER 9.
LETTER 10.
LETTER 11.
LETTER 12.
LETTER 13.
LETTER 14.
LETTER 15.
LETTER 16.
LETTER 17.
LETTER 18.
LETTER 19.
LETTER 20.
LETTER 21.
LETTER 22.
LETTER 23.
LETTER 24.
LETTER 25.
LETTER 26.
LETTER 27.
LETTER 28.
LETTER 29.
LETTER 30.
LETTER 31.
LETTER 32.
LETTER 33.
LETTER 34.
LETTER 35.
LETTER 36.
LETTER 37.

LETTER 38.
LETTER 39.
LETTER 40.
LETTER 41.[1]
LETTER 42.[1]
LETTER 43.[1]
LETTER 44.[1]
LETTER 45.[1]
LETTER 46.[1]
LETTER 47.[1]
LETTER 48.[1]
LETTER 49.[1]
LETTER 50.[1]
LETTER 51.[1]
LETTER 52.[1]
LETTER 53.[1]
LETTER 54.[1]
LETTER 55.[1]
LETTER 56.[1]
LETTER 57.[1]
LETTER 58.[1]
LETTER 59.[1]
LETTER 60.[1]
LETTER 61.[1]
LETTER 62.[1]
LETTER 63.[1]
LETTER 64.[1]
LETTER 65.[1]
NOTES.

A posthumous engraving of 'Stella'

PREFACE

The history of the publication of the Journal to Stella is somewhat curious. On Swift's death twenty-five of the letters, forming the closing portion of the series, fell into the hands of Dr. Lyon, a clergyman who had been in charge of Swift for some years. The letters passed to a man named Wilkes, who sold them for publication. They accordingly appeared in 1766 in the tenth volume of Dr. Hawkesworth's quarto edition of Swift's works; but the editor made many changes in the text, including a suppression of most of the "little language." The publishers, however, fortunately for us, were public-spirited enough to give the manuscripts (with one exception) to the British Museum, where, after many years, they were examined by John Forster, who printed in his unfinished "Life of Swift" numerous passages from the originals, showing the manner in which the text had been tampered with by Hawkesworth. Swift himself, too, in his later years, obliterated many words and sentences in the letters, and Forster was able to restore not a few of these omissions. His zeal, however, sometimes led him to make guesses at words which are quite undecipherable. Besides Forster's work, I have had the benefit of the careful collation made by Mr. Ryland for his edition of 1897. Where these authorities differ I have usually found myself in agreement with Mr. Ryland, but I have felt justified in accepting some of Forster's readings which were rejected by him as uncertain; and the examination of the manuscripts has enabled me to make some additions and corrections of my own. Swift's writing is extremely small, and abounds in abbreviations. The difficulty of arriving at the true reading is therefore considerable, apart from the erasures.

The remainder of the Journal, consisting of the first forty letters, was published in 1768 by Deane Swift, Dr. Swift's second cousin. These letters had been given to Mrs. Whiteway in 1788, and by her to her son-in-law, Deane Swift. The originals have been lost, with the exception of the first, which, by some accident, is in the British Museum; but it is evident that Deane Swift took even greater liberties with the text than Hawkesworth. He substituted for "Ppt" the word "Stella," a name which Swift seems not to have used until some years later; he adopted the name "Presto" for Swift, and in other ways tried to give a greater literary finish to the letters. The whole of the correspondence was first brought together, under the title of the "Journal to Stella", in Sheridan's edition of 1784.

Previous editions of the Journal have been but slightly annotated. Swift's letters abound with allusions to people of all classes with whom he came in contact in London, and to others known to Esther Johnson in Ireland; and a large proportion of these persons have been passed over in discreet silence by Sir Walter Scott and others. The task of the annotator has, of course, been

made easier of late years by the publication of contemporary journals and letters, and of useful works of reference dealing with Parliament, the Army, the Church, the Civil Service, and the like, besides the invaluable Dictionary of National Biography. I have also been assisted by a collection of MS. notes kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. I have aimed at brevity and relevance, but it is hoped that the reader will find all the information that is necessary. Here and there a name has baffled research, but I have been able to give definite particulars of a very large number of people — noblemen and ladies in society in London or Dublin, Members of Parliament, doctors, clergymen, Government officials, and others who have hitherto been but names to the reader of the Journal. I have corrected a good many errors in the older notes, but in dealing with so large a number of persons, some of whom it is difficult to identify, I cannot hope that I myself have escaped pitfalls.

G. A. A.

INTRODUCTION.

When Swift began to write the letters known as the Journal to Stella, he was forty-two years of age, and Esther Johnson twenty-nine. Perhaps the most useful introduction to the correspondence will be a brief setting forth of what is known of their friendship from Stella's childhood, the more specially as the question has been obscured by many assertions and theories resting on a very slender basis of fact.

Jonathan Swift, born in 1667 after his father's death, was educated by his uncle Godwin, and after a not very successful career at Trinity College, Dublin, went to stay with his mother, Abigail Erick, at Leicester. Mrs. Swift feared that her son would fall in love with a girl named Betty Jones, but, as Swift told a friend, he had had experience enough "not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world." Soon afterwards an opening for Swift presented itself. Sir William Temple, now living in retirement at Moor Park, near Farnham, had been, like his father, Master of the Irish Rolls, and had thus become acquainted with Swift's uncle Godwin. Moreover, Lady Temple was related to Mrs. Swift, as Lord Orrery tells us. Thanks to these facts, the application to Sir William Temple was successful, and Swift went to live at Moor Park before the end of 1689. There he read to Temple, wrote for him, and kept his accounts, and growing into confidence with his employer, "was often trusted with matters of great importance." The story — afterwards improved upon by Lord Macaulay — that Swift received only 20 pounds and his board, and was not allowed to sit at table with his master, is wholly untrustworthy. Within three years of their first intercourse, Temple had introduced his secretary to William the Third, and sent him to London to urge the King to consent to a bill for triennial Parliaments.

When Swift took up his residence at Moor Park he found there a little girl of eight, daughter of a merchant named Edward Johnson, who had died young. Swift says that Esther Johnson was born on March 18, 1681; in the parish register of Richmond,[1] which shows that she was baptized on March 20, 1680-81, her name is given as Hester; but she signed her will "Esther," the name by which she was always known. Swift says, "Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast in her birth." Mrs. Johnson had two children, Esther and Ann, and lived at Moor Park as companion to Lady Giffard, Temple's widowed sister. Another member of the household, afterwards to be Esther's constant companion, was Rebecca Dingley, a relative of the Temple family.[2] She was a year or two older than Swift.

The lonely young man of twenty-two was both playfellow and teacher of the delicate child of eight. How he taught her to write has been charmingly brought before us in the painting exhibited by Miss Dicksee at the Royal Academy a few years ago; he advised her what books to read, and instructed her, as he says, "in the principles of honour and virtue, from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life."

By 1694 Swift had grown tired of his position, and finding that Temple, who valued his services, was slow in finding him preferment, he left Moor Park in order to carry out his resolve to go into the Church. He was ordained, and obtained the prebend of Kilroot, near Belfast, where he carried on a flirtation with a Miss Waring, whom he called Varina. But in May 1696 Temple made proposals which induced Swift to return to Moor Park, where he was employed in preparing Temple's memoirs and correspondence for publication, and in supporting the side taken by Temple in the Letters of Phalaris controversy by writing The Battle of the Books, which was, however, not published until 1704. On his return to Temple's house, Swift found his old playmate grown from a sickly child into a girl of fifteen, in perfect health. She came, he says, to be "looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection."

On his death in January 1699, Temple left a will,[3] dated 1694, directing the payment of 20 pounds each, with half a year's wages, to Bridget Johnson "and all my other servants"; and leaving a lease of some land in Monistown, County Wicklow, to Esther Johnson, "servant to my sister Giffard." By a codicil of February 1698, Temple left 100 pounds to "Mr. Jonathan Swift, now living with me." It may be added that by her will of 1722, proved in the following year, Lady Giffard gave 20 pounds to Mrs. Moss — Mrs. Bridget Johnson, who had married Richard Mose or Moss, Lady Giffard's steward. The will proceeds: "To Mrs. Hester (sic) Johnson I give 10 pounds, with the 100 pounds I put into the Exchequer for her life and my own, and declare the 100 pounds to be hers which I am told is there in my name upon the survivorship, and for which she has constantly sent over her certificate and received the interest. I give her besides my two little silver candlesticks."

Temple left in Swift's hands the task of publishing his posthumous works, a duty which afterwards led to a quarrel with Lady Giffard and other members of the family. Many years later Swift told Lord Palmerston that he stopped at Moor Park solely for the benefit of Temple's conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing his studies. At Temple's death he was "as far to seek as ever." In the summer of 1699, however, he was offered and accepted the post of secretary and chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices, but when he reached Ireland he found that the secretaryship had been given to another. He soon, however, obtained the living of Laracor, Agher, and Rathbeggan, and the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. The total value of these preferments was about 230 pounds a year, an

income which Miss Waring seems to have thought enough to justify him in marrying. Swift's reply to the lady whom he had "singled out at first from the rest of women" could only have been written with the intention of breaking off the connection, and accordingly we hear no more of poor Varina.

At Laracor, a mile or two from Trim, and twenty miles from Dublin, Swift ministered to a congregation of about fifteen persons, and had abundant leisure for cultivating his garden, making a canal (after the Dutch fashion of Moor Park), planting willows, and rebuilding the vicarage. As chaplain to Lord Berkeley, he spent much of his time in Dublin. He was on intimate terms with Lady Berkeley and her daughters, one of whom is best known by her married name of Lady Betty Germaine; and through them he had access to the fashionable society of Dublin. When Lord Berkeley returned to England in April 1701, Swift, after taking his Doctor's degree at Dublin, went with him, and soon afterwards published, anonymously, a political pamphlet, A Discourse on the Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome. When he returned to Ireland in September he was accompanied by Stella — to give Esther Johnson the name by which she is best known — and her friend Mrs. Dingley. Stella's fortune was about 1500 pounds, and the property Temple had left her was in County Wicklow. Swift, very much for his "own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland," persuaded Stella — now twenty years old — that living was cheaper there than in England, and that a better return was obtainable on money. The ladies took his advice, and made Ireland their home. At first they felt themselves strangers in Dublin; "the adventure looked so like a frolic," Swift says, "the censure held for some time as if there were a secret history in such a removal: which however soon blew off by her excellent conduct." Swift took every step that was possible to avoid scandal. When he was away, the ladies occupied his rooms; when he returned, they went into their own lodgings. When he was absent, they often stopped at the vicarage at Laracor, but if he were there, they moved to Trim, where they visited the vicar, Dr. Raymond, or lived in lodgings in the town or neighbourhood. Swift was never with Stella except in the presence of a third person, and in 1726 he said that he had not seen her in a morning "these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey."

During a visit to England in the winter of 1703-4 we find Swift in correspondence with the Rev. William Tisdall, a Dublin incumbent whom he had formerly known at Belfast. Tisdall was on friendly terms with Stella and Mrs. Dingley, and Swift sent messages to them through him. "Pray put them upon reading," he wrote, "and be always teaching something to Mrs. Johnson, because she is good at comprehending, remembering and retaining." But the correspondence soon took a different turn. Tisdall paid his addresses to Stella, and charged Swift with opposing his suit. Tisdall's letters are missing, but Swift's reply of April 20, 1704, puts things sufficiently clearly. "My conjecture is," he says, "that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all

which I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before that, if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons upon earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you." He had thought Tisdall not rich enough to marry; "but the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern, though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive." He had even thought "it could not be decently broken," without disadvantage to the lady's credit, since he supposed it was known to the town; and he had always spoken of her in a manner far from discouraging. Though he knew many ladies of rank, he had "nowhere met with an humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men or things." He envied Tisdall his prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement, "the reverse of which has been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so."

This letter has been quoted at some length because of its great importance. It is obviously capable of various interpretations, and some, like Dr. Johnson, have concluded that Swift was resolved to keep Stella in his power, and therefore prevented an advantageous match by making unreasonable demands. I cannot see any ground for this interpretation, though it is probable that Tisdall's appearance as a suitor was sufficiently annoying. There is no evidence that Stella viewed Tisdall's proposal with any favour, unless it can be held to be furnished by Swift's belief that the town thought — rightly or wrongly — that there was an engagement. In any case, there could be no mistake in future with regard to Swift's attitude towards Stella. She was dearer to him than anyone else, and his feeling for her would not change, but for marriage he had neither fortune nor humour. Tisdall consoled himself by marrying another lady two years afterwards; and though for a long time Swift entertained for him feelings of dislike, in later life their relations improved, and Tisdall was one of the witnesses to Swift's will.

The Tale of a Tub was published in 1704, and Swift was soon in constant intercourse with Addison and the other wits. While he was in England in 1705, Stella and Mrs. Dingley made a short visit to London. This and a similar visit in 1708 are the only occasions on which Stella is known to have left Ireland after taking up her residence in that country. Swift's influence over women was always very striking. Most of the toasts of the day were his friends, and he insisted that any lady of wit and quality who desired his

acquaintance should make the first advances. This, he says — writing in 1730 — had been an established rule for over twenty years. In 1708 a dispute on this question with one toast, Mrs. Long, was referred for settlement to Ginckel Vanhomrigh, the son of the house where it was proposed that the meeting should take place; and by the decision — which was in Swift's favour—"Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her fair daughter Hessy" were forbidden to aid Mrs. Long in her disobedience for the future. This is the first that we hear of Hester or Esther Vanhomrigh, who was afterwards to play so marked a part in the story of Swift's life. Born on February 14, 1690, she was now eighteen. Her father, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dublin merchant of Dutch origin, had died in 1703, leaving his wife a fortune of some sixteen thousand pounds. On the income from this money Mrs. Vanhomrigh, with her two daughters, Hester and Mary, were able to mix in fashionable society in London. Swift was introduced to them by Sir Andrew Fountaine early in 1708, but evidently Stella did not make their acquaintance, nor indeed hear much, if anything, of them until the time of the Journal.

Swift's visit to London in 1707-9 had for its object the obtaining for the Irish Church of the surrender by the Crown of the First-Fruits and Twentieths, which brought in about 2500 pounds a year. Nothing came of Swift's interviews with the Whig statesmen, and after many disappointments he returned to Laracor (June 1709), and conversed with none but Stella and her card-playing friends, and Addison, now secretary to Lord Wharton.[4] Next year came the fall of the Whigs, and a request to Swift from the Irish bishops that he would renew the application for the First-Fruits, in the hope that there would be greater success with the Tories. Swift reached London in September 1710, and began the series of letters, giving details of the events of each day, which now form the Journal to Stella. "I will write something every day to MD," he says, "and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full I will send it, whether MD writes or no; and so that will be pretty; and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto." It is interesting to note that by way of caution these letters were usually addressed to Mrs. Dingley, and not to Stella.

The story of Swift's growing intimacy with the Tory leaders, of the success of his mission, of the increasing coolness towards older acquaintances, and of his services to the Government, can best be read in the Journal itself. In the meantime the intimacy with the Vanhomrighs grew rapidly. They were near neighbours of Swift's, and in a few weeks after his arrival in town we find frequent allusions to the dinners at their house (where he kept his best gown and periwig), sometimes with the explanation that he went there "out of mere listlessness," or because it was wet, or because another engagement had broken down. Only thrice does he mention the "eldest daughter": once on her birthday; once on the occasion of a trick played him, when he received a message that she was suddenly very ill ("I rattled off the daughter"); and once to state that she was come of age, and was going to

Ireland to look after her fortune. There is evidence that "Miss Essy," or Vanessa, to give her the name by which she will always be known, was in correspondence with Swift in July 1710 — while he was still in Ireland — and in the spring of 1711;[5] and early in 1711 Stella seems to have expressed surprise at Swift's intimacy with the family, for in February he replied, "You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them." In the autumn Swift seems to have thought that Vanessa was keeping company with a certain Hatton, but Mrs. Long — possibly meaning to give him a warning hint — remarked that if this were so "she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy."

In 1712 occasional letters took the place of the daily journal to "MD," but there is no change in the affectionate style in which Swift wrote. In the spring he had a long illness, which affected him, indeed, throughout the year. Other reasons which he gives for the falling off in his correspondence are his numerous business engagements, and the hope of being able to send some good news of an appointment for himself. There is only one letter to Stella between July 19 and September 15, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill argues that the poem "Cadenus and Vanessa" was composed at that time.[6] If this be so, it must have been altered next year, because it was not until 1713 that Swift was made a Dean. Writing on April 19, 1726, Swift said that the poem "was written at Windsor near fourteen years ago, and dated: it was a task performed on a frolic among some ladies, and she it was addressed to died some time ago in Dublin, and on her death the copy shewn by her executor." Several copies were in circulation, and he was indifferent what was done with it; it was "only a cavalier business," and if those who would not give allowances were malicious, it was only what he had long expected.

From this letter it would appear that this remarkable poem was written in the summer of 1712; whereas the title-page of the pamphlet says it was "written at Windsor, 1713." Swift visited Windsor in both years, but he had more leisure in 1712, and we know that Vanessa was also at Windsor in that year. In that year, too, he was forty-four, the age mentioned in the poem. Neither Swift nor Vanessa forgot this intercourse: years afterwards Swift wrote to her, "Go over the scenes of Windsor.... Cad thinks often of these"; and again, "Remember the indisposition at Windsor." We know that this poem was revised in 1719, when in all probability Swift added the lines to which most exception can be taken. Cadenus was to be Vanessa's instructor: —

> "His conduct might have made him styled
> A father, and the nymph his child."

He had "grown old in politics and wit," and "in every scene had kept his heart," so that he now "understood not what was love." But he had written much, and Vanessa admired his wit. Cadenus found that her thoughts wandered —

"Though she seemed to listen more
To all he spoke than e'er before."

When she confessed her love, he was filled with "shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise." He had aimed only at cultivating the mind, and had hardly known whether she was young or old. But he was flattered, and though he could not give her love, he offered her friendship, "with gratitude, respect, esteem." Vanessa took him at his word, and said she would now be tutor, though he was not apt to learn: —

"But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph to please her swain
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together,
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold."

Such is the poem as we now have it, written, it must be remembered, for Vanessa's private perusal. It is to be regretted, for her own sake, that she did not destroy it.

Swift received the reward of his services to the Government — the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin — in April 1713. Disappointed at what he regarded as exile, he left London in June. Vanessa immediately began to send him letters which brought home to him the extent of her passion; and she hinted at jealousy in the words, "If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, except 'tis what is inconsistent with my own." In his reply Swift dwelt upon the dreariness of his surroundings at Laracor, and reminded her that he had said he would endeavour to forget everything in England, and would write as seldom as he could.

Swift was back again in the political strife in London in September, taking Oxford's part in the quarrel between that statesman and Bolingbroke. On the fall of the Tories at the death of Queen Anne, he saw that all was over, and retired to Ireland, not to return again for twelve years. In the meantime the intimacy with Vanessa had been renewed. Her mother had died, leaving debts, and she pressed Swift for advice in the management of her affairs. When she suggested coming to Ireland, where she had property, he told her that if she took this step he would "see her very seldom." However, she took up her abode at Celbridge, only a few miles from Dublin. Swift gave her many cautions, out of "the perfect esteem and friendship" he felt for her, but he often visited her. She was dissatisfied, however, begging him to speak kindly, and at least to counterfeit his former indulgent friendship. "What can be wrong," she wrote, "in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable." Sometimes

he treated the matter lightly; sometimes he showed annoyance; sometimes he assured her of his esteem and love, but urged her not to make herself or him "unhappy by imaginations." He was uniformly unsuccessful in stopping Vanessa's importunity. He endeavoured, she said, by severities to force her from him; she knew she was the cause of uneasy reflections to him; but nothing would lessen her "inexpressible passion."

Unfortunately he failed — partly no doubt from mistaken considerations of kindness, partly because he shrank from losing her affection — to take effective steps to put an end to Vanessa's hopes. It would have been better if he had unhesitatingly made it clear to her that he could not return her passion, and that if she could not be satisfied with friendship the intimacy must cease. To quote Sir Henry Craik, "The friendship had begun in literary guidance: it was strengthened by flattery: it lived on a cold and almost stern repression, fed by confidences as to literary schemes, and by occasional literary compliments: but it never came to have a real hold over Swift's heart."

With 1716 we come to the alleged marriage with Stella. In 1752, seven years after Swift's death, Lord Orrery, in his Remarks on Swift, said that Stella was "the concealed, but undoubted, wife of Dr. Swift.... If my informations are right, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher." Ten years earlier, in 1742, in a letter to Deane Swift which I have not seen quoted before, Orrery spoke of the advantage of a wife to a man in his declining years; "nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived." What this means is not at all clear. In 1754, Dr. Delany, an old friend of Swift's, wrote, in comment upon Orrery's Remarks, "Your account of his marriage is, I am satisfied, true." In 1789, George Monck Berkeley, in his Literary Relics, said that Swift and Stella were married by Dr. Ashe, "who himself related the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." Dr. Ashe cannot have told Bishop Berkeley by word of mouth, because Ashe died in 1717, the year after the supposed marriage, and Berkeley was then still abroad. But Berkeley was at the time tutor to Ashe's son, and may therefore have been informed by letter, though it is difficult to believe that Ashe would write about such a secret so soon after the event. Thomas Sheridan, on information received from his father, Dr. Sheridan, Swift's friend, accepted the story of the marriage in his book (1784), adding particulars which are of very doubtful authenticity; and Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, says that Dr. Madden told him that Stella had related her "melancholy story" to Dr. Sheridan before her death. On the other hand, Dr. Lyon, Swift's attendant in his later years, disbelieved the story of the marriage, which was, he said, "founded only on hearsay"; and Mrs. Dingley "laughed at it as an idle tale," founded on suspicion.

Sir Henry Craik is satisfied with the evidence for the marriage. Mr. Leslie Stephen is of opinion that it is inconclusive, and Forster could find no evidence that is at all reasonably sufficient; while Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole,

Mr. Churton Collins, and others are strongly of opinion that no such marriage ever took place. A full discussion of the evidence would involve the consideration of the reliability of the witnesses, and the probability of their having authentic information, and would be out of place here. My own opinion is that the evidence for the marriage is very far from convincing, and this view seems to be confirmed by all that we know from his own letters of Swift's relations with Stella. It has been suggested that she was pained by reports of Swift's intercourse with Vanessa, and felt that his feelings towards herself were growing colder; but this is surmise, and no satisfactory explanation has been given to account for a form of marriage being gone through after so many years of the closest friendship. There is no reason to suppose that there was at the time any gossip in circulation about Stella, and if her reputation was in question, a marriage of which the secret was carefully kept would obviously be of no benefit to her. Moreover, we are told that there was no change in their mode of life; if they were married, what reason could there be for keeping it a secret, or for denying themselves the closer relationship of marriage? The only possible benefit to Stella was that Swift would be prevented marrying anyone else. It is impossible, of course, to disprove a marriage which we are told was secretly performed, without banns or licence or witnesses; but we may reasonably require strong evidence for so startling a step. If we reject the tale, the story of Swift's connection with Stella is at least intelligible; while the acceptance of this marriage introduces many puzzling circumstances, and makes it necessary to believe that during the remainder of Stella's life Swift repeatedly spoke of his wife as a friend, and of himself as one who had never married.[7] What right have we to put aside Swift's plain and repeated statements? Moreover, his attitude towards Vanessa for the remaining years of her life becomes much more culpable if we are to believe that he had given Stella the claim of a wife upon him.[8]

From 1719 onwards we have a series of poems to Stella, written chiefly in celebration of her birthday. She was now thirty-eight (Swift says, "Thirty-four — we shan't dispute a year or more"), and the verses abound in laughing allusions to her advancing years and wasting form. Hers was "an angel's face a little cracked," but all men would crowd to her door when she was fourscore. His verses to her had always been

> "Without one word of Cupid's darts,
> Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
> With friendship and esteem possessed,
> I ne'er admitted Love a guest."

Her only fault was that she could not bear the lightest touch of blame. Her wit and sense, her loving care in illness — to which he owed that fact that he was alive to say it — made her the "best pattern of true friends." She replied, in lines written on Swift's birthday in 1721, that she was his pupil and humble friend. He had trained her judgment and refined her fancy and taste: —

> "You taught how I might youth prolong

By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six."

In 1723 Vanessa is said to have written to Stella or to Swift — there are discrepancies in the versions given by Sheridan and Lord Orrery, both of whom are unreliable — asking whether the report that they were married was true. Swift, we are told, rode to Celbridge, threw down Vanessa's letter in a great rage, and left without speaking a word.[9] Vanessa, whose health had been failing for some time, died shortly afterwards, having cancelled a will in Swift's favour. She left "Cadenus and Vanessa" for publication, and when someone said that she must have been a remarkable woman to inspire such a poem, Stella replied that it was well known that the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick.

Soon after this tragedy Swift became engrossed in the Irish agitation which led to the publication of the Drapier's Letters, and in 1726 he paid a long-deferred visit to London, taking with him the manuscript of Gulliver's Travels. While in England he was harassed by bad news of Stella, who had been in continued ill-health for some years. His letters to friends in Dublin show how greatly he suffered. To the Rev. John Worrall he wrote, in a letter which he begged him to burn, "What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature." He would not for the world be present at her death: "I should be a trouble to her, and a torment to myself." If Stella came to Dublin, he begged that she might be lodged in some airy, healthy part, and not in the Deanery, where too it would be improper for her to die. "There is not a greater folly," he thinks, "than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable." To Dr. Stopford he wrote in similar terms of the "younger of the two" "oldest and dearest friends I have in the world." "This was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.... I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love." To Dr. Sheridan he said, "I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparation will not suffice to make me bear it like a

philosopher nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest merit on her side that ever was in one human creature towards another."[10] Pope alludes in a letter to Sheridan to the illness of Swift's "particular friend," but with the exception of another reference by Pope, and of a curiously flippant remark by Bolingbroke, the subject is nowhere mentioned in Swift's correspondence with his literary and fashionable friends in London.

Swift crossed to Ireland in August, fearing the worst; but Stella rallied, and in the spring of 1727 he returned to London. In August, however, there came alarming news, when Swift was himself suffering from giddiness and deafness. To Dr. Sheridan he wrote that the last act of life was always a tragedy at best: "it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one." Life was indifferent to him; if he recovered from his disorder it would only be to feel the loss of "that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person you know has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable." To Worrall he again wrote (in Latin) that Stella ought not to be lodged at the Deanery; he had enemies who would place a bad interpretation upon it if she died there.

Swift left London for Dublin in September; he was detained some days at Holyhead by stress of weather, and in the private journal which he kept during that time he speaks of the suspense he was in about his "dearest friend."[11] In December Stella made a will — signed "Esther Johnson, spinster" — disposing of her property in the manner Swift had suggested. Her allusions to Swift are incompatible with any such feeling of resentment as is suggested by Sheridan. She died on January 28, 1728. Swift could not bear to be present, but on the night of her death he began to write his very interesting Character of Mrs. Johnson, from which passages have already been quoted. He there calls her "the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." Combined with excellent gifts of the mind, "she had a gracefulness, somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity." Everyone treated her with marked respect, yet everyone was at ease in her society. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity to the last, but often complained of her memory. She chose men rather than women for her companions, "the usual topic of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of and less relish." "Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance." In some Prayers used by Swift during her last sickness, he begged for pity for "the mournful friends of Thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends." He was too ill to be present at the funeral at St. Patrick's. Afterwards, we are told, a lock of her hair was

found in his desk, wrapped in a paper bearing the words, “Only a woman’s hair.”

Swift continued to produce pamphlets manifesting growing misanthropy, though he showed many kindnesses to people who stood in need of help. He seems to have given Mrs. Dingley fifty guineas a year, pretending that it came from a fund for which he was trustee. The mental decay which he had always feared—”I shall be like that tree,” he once said, “I shall die at the top” — became marked about 1738. Paralysis was followed by aphasia, and after acute pain, followed by a long period of apathy, death relieved him in October 1745. He was buried by Stella’s side, in accordance with his wishes. The bulk of his fortune was left to found a hospital for idiots and lunatics.

There has been much rather fruitless discussion respecting the reason or reasons why Swift did not marry Stella; for if there was any marriage, it was nothing more than a form. Some have supposed that Swift resolved to remain unmarried because the insanity of an uncle and the fits and giddiness to which he was always subject led him to fear insanity in his own case. Others, looking rather to physical causes, have dwelt upon his coldness of temperament and indisposition to love; upon the repugnance he often showed towards marriage, and the tone of some of the verses on the subject written in his later years. Others, again, have found a cause in his parsimonious habits, in his dread of poverty, the effects of which he had himself felt, and in the smallness of his income, at least until he was middle-aged.[12] It may well be that one or all of these things influenced Swift’s action. We cannot say more. He himself, as we have seen, said, as early as 1704, that if his humour and means had permitted him to think of marriage, his choice would have been Stella. Perhaps, however, there is not much mystery in the matter. Swift seems to have been wanting in passion; probably he was satisfied with the affection which Stella gave him, and did not wish for more. Such an attachment as his usually results in marriage, but not necessarily. It is not sufficiently remembered that the affection began in Stella’s childhood. They were “perfect friends” for nearly forty years, and her advancing years in no way lessened his love, which was independent of beauty. Whether Stella was satisfied, who shall say? Mrs. Oliphant thought that few women would be disposed to pity Stella, or think her life one of blight or injury. Mr. Leslie Stephen says, “She might and probably did regard his friendship as a full equivalent for the sacrifice.... Is it better to be the most intimate friend of a man of genius or the wife of a commonplace Tisdall?” Whatever we may surmise, there is nothing to prove that she was disappointed. She was the one star which brightened Swift’s storm-tossed course; it is well that she was spared seeing the wreck at the end.

The Journal to Stella is interesting from many points of view: for its bearing upon Swift’s relations with Stella and upon his own character; for the light which it throws upon the history of the time and upon prominent men of the day; and for the illustrations it contains of the social life of people of

various classes in London and elsewhere. The fact that it was written without any thought of publication is one of its greatest attractions. Swift jotted down his opinions, his hopes, his disappointments, without thought of their being seen by anybody but his correspondents. The letters are transparently natural. It has been said more than once that the Journal, by the nature of the case, contains no full-length portraits, and hardly any sketches. Swift mentions the people he met, but rarely stops to draw a picture of them. But though this is true, the casual remarks which he makes often give a vivid impression of what he thought of the person of whom he is speaking, and in many cases those few words form a chief part of our general estimate of the man. There are but few people of note at the time who are not mentioned in these pages. We see Queen Anne holding a Drawing-room in her bedroom: "she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her." We see Harley, afterwards the Earl of Oxford, "a pure trifler," who was always putting off important business; Bolingbroke, "a thorough rake"; the prudent Lord Dartmouth, the other Secretary of State, from whom Swift could never "work out a dinner." There is Marlborough, "covetous as Hell, and ambitious as the prince of it," yet a great general and unduly pressed by the Tories; and the volatile Earl of Peterborough, "above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty"—"the ramblingest lying rogue on earth." We meet poor Congreve, nearly blind, and in fear of losing his commissionership; the kindly Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician; Addison, whom Swift met more and more rarely, busy with the preparation and production of Cato; Steele, careless as ever, neglecting important appointments, and "governed by his wife most abominably"; Prior, poet and diplomatist, with a "lean carcass"; and young Berkeley of Trinity College, Dublin, "a very ingenious man and great philosopher," whom Swift determined to favour as much as he could. Mrs. Masham, the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Shrewsbury, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Betty Germaine, and many other ladies appear with more or less distinctness; besides a host of people of less note, of whom we often know little but what Swift tells us.

Swift throws much light, too, on the daily life of his time. The bellman on his nightly rounds, calling "Paaast twelvvve o'clock"; the dinner at three, or at the latest, four; the meetings at coffee-houses; the book-sales; the visit to the London sights — the lions at the Tower, Bedlam, the tombs in Westminster Abbey, and the puppet-show; the terrible Mohocks, of whom Swift stood in so much fear; the polite "howdees" sent to friends by footmen; these and more are all described in the Journal. We read of curious habits and practices of fashionable ladies; of the snuff used by Mrs. Dingley and others; of the jokes —"bites," puns, and the like — indulged in by polite persons. When Swift lodged at Chelsea, he reached London either by boat, or by coach, — which was sometimes full when he wanted it, — or by walking across the "Five Fields," not without fear of robbers at night. The going to or from Ireland was

a serious matter; after the long journey by road came the voyage (weather permitting) of some fifteen hours, with the risk of being seized or pursued by French privateers; and when Ireland was reached the roads were of the worst. We have glimpses of fashionable society in Dublin, of the quiet life at Laracor and Trim, and of the drinking of the waters at Wexford, where visitors had to put up with primitive arrangements: "Mrs. Dingley never saw such a place in her life."

Swift's own characteristics come out in the clearest manner in the Journal, which gives all his hopes and fears during three busy years. He was pleased to find on his arrival in London how great a value was set on his friendship by both political parties: "The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning;" but Godolphin's coldness enraged him, so that he was "almost vowing vengeance." Next day he talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude, and went home full of schemes of revenge. "The Tories drily tell me I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather, I DO understand them." He realised that the Tories might not be more grateful than others, but he thought they were pursuing the true interests of the public, and was glad to contribute what was in his power. His vanity was gratified by Harley inviting him to the private dinners with St. John and Harcourt which were given on Saturdays, and by their calling him Jonathan; but he did not hope too much from their friendship: "I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me... but I care not."

Of Swift's frugal habits there is abundant evidence in the Journal. When he came to town he took rooms on a first floor, "a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy dear, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive." In November he mentions that he had a fire: "I am spending my second half-bushel of coals." In another place he says, "People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner.... It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in." Elsewhere we find: "This paper does not cost me a farthing: I have it from the Secretary's office." He often complains of having to take a coach owing to the dirty condition of the streets: "This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing."[13]

Swift's arrogance — the arrogance, sometimes, of a man who is morbidly suspicious that he may be patronised — is shown in the manner in which he speaks of the grand ladies with whom he came in contact. He calls the Duke of Ormond's daughters "insolent drabs," and talks of his "mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless." When the Duchess of Shrewsbury reproached him for not dining with her, Swift said that was not so soon done; he expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses. On another occasion he was to have supped at Lady Ashburnham's, "but the drab

did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses." The arrogance was, however, often only on the surface. It is evident that Swift was very kind in many cases. He felt deeply for Mrs. Long in her misfortunes, living and dying in an obscure country town. On the last illness of the poet Harrison he says, "I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature.... I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me." He was "heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together." Afterwards he helped Parnell by introducing him to Bolingbroke and Oxford. He found kind words for Mrs. Manley in her illness, and Lady Ashburnham's death was "extremely moving.... She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss." Lastly, he was extraordinarily patient towards his servant Patrick, who drank, stopped out at night, and in many ways tried Swift's temper. There were good points about Patrick, but no doubt the great consideration which Swift showed him was due in part to the fact that he was a favourite of the ladies in Dublin, and had Mrs. Vanhomrigh to intercede for him.

But for the best example of the kindly side of Swift's nature, we must turn to what he tells us in the Journal about Stella herself. The "little language" which Swift used when writing to her was the language he employed when playing with Stella as a little child at Moor Park. Thackeray, who was not much in sympathy with Swift, said that he knew of "nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these notes." Swift says that when he wrote plainly, he felt as if they were no longer alone, but "a bad scrawl is so snug it looks like a PMD." In writing his fond and playful prattle, he made up his mouth "just as if he were speaking it."[14]

Though Mrs. Dingley is constantly associated with Stella in the affectionate greetings in the Journal, she seems to have been included merely as a cloak to enable him to express the more freely his affection for her companion. Such phrases as "saucy girls," "sirrahs," "sauceboxes," and the like, are often applied to both; and sometimes Swift certainly writes as if the one were as dear to him as the other; thus we find, "Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will.... I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness.... And so farewell, dearest MD, Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever, all together." But as a rule, notwithstanding Swift's caution, the greetings intended for Stella alone are easily distinguishable in tone. He often refers to her weak eyes and delicate health. Thus he writes, "The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies." And again, "God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: what shall we do to cure them, poor dear life?" Or, "Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Can't you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your dear little eyes? I am sure 'tis

the grief of my soul to think you are out of order." They had been keeping his birthday; Swift wished he had been with them, rather than in London, where he had no manner of pleasure: "I say Amen with all my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives." A few days later he says, "I wish I were at Laracor, with dear charming MD," and again, "Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you." "I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune takes his course, and to believe MD's felicity is the great goal I aim at in all my pursuits." "How does Stella look, Madam Dingley?" he asks; "pretty well, a handsome young woman still? Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?" Elsewhere he writes, on receipt of a letter, "God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance.... I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning." The letters lay under Swift's pillow, and he fondled them as if he were caressing Stella's hand.

Of Stella herself we naturally have no direct account in the Journal, but we hear a good deal of her life in Ireland, and can picture what she was. Among her friends in and about Trim and Laracor were Dr. Raymond, the vicar of Trim, and his wife, the Garret Wesleys, the Percevals, and Mr. Warburton, Swift's curate. At Dublin there were Archdeacon Walls and his family; Alderman Stoyte, his wife and sister-in-law; Dean Sterne and the Irish Postmaster-General, Isaac Manley. For years these friends formed a club which met in Dublin at each other's houses, to sup and play cards ("ombre and claret, and toasted oranges"), and we have frequent allusions to Stella's indifferent play, and the money which she lost, much to Mrs. Dingley's chagrin: "Poor Dingley fretted to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence t'other night." Mrs. Dingley herself could hardly play well enough to hold the cards while Stella went into the next room. If at dinner the mutton was underdone, and "poor Stella cannot eat, poor dear rogue," then "Dingley is so vexed." Swift was for ever urging Stella to walk and ride; she was "naturally a stout walker," and "Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up." And we see Stella setting out on and returning from her ride, with her riband and mask: "Ah, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs as well as you," he says; "all the days I have passed here have been dirt to those."

If the Journal shows us some of Swift's less attractive qualities, it shows still more how great a store of humour, tenderness, and affection there was in him. In these letters we see his very soul; in his literary work we are seldom moved to anything but admiration of his wit and genius. Such daily outpourings could never have been written for publication, they were meant only for one who understood him perfectly; and everything that we know of

Stella — her kindliness, her wit, her vivacity, her loyalty — shows that she was worthy of the confidence.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 1.[1]

CHESTER, Sept. 2, 1710.

Joe[2] will give you an account of me till I got into the boat; after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship: but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by (to) wait for my Lord Lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday. The first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond.[3] He and Mrs. Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. They have found everything answer very well. They both desire to present their humble services to you: they do not think of Ireland till next year. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate,[4] but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I get up. My duty to the Bishop of Clogher.[5] I saw him returning from Dunleary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at Convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers.[6] I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the Bishop of Clogher remind the Bishop of Killala[7] to send me a letter, with one enclosed to the Bishop of Lichfield.[8] Let all who write to me, enclose to Richard Steele, Esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall.[9] But not MD; I will pay for their letters at St. James's Coffee-house,[10] that I may have them the sooner. My Lord Mountjoy[11] is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon; so that I have stole here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wesley,[12] and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her enclosed and sealed, and have it ready so, in case she should send for it: otherwise keep it. I will say no more till I hear whether I go to-day or no: if I do, the letter is almost at an end. My cozen Abigail is grown prodigiously old. God Almighty bless poo dee richar MD; and, for God's sake, be merry, and get oo health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or no. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry[13] makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them and pay her from July 9 last, and Mrs. Brent[14] must write to Parvisol[15] with orders accordingly. The post is come from London, and just going out; so I have only time to pray God to bless poor richr MD FW FW MD MD ME ME ME.

LETTER 2.

LONDON, Sept. 9, 1710.

Got here last Thursday,[1] after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning,[2] and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, etc. But my Lord Treasurer[3] received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my Lady Giffard[4] is much at Court, and Lady Wharton[5] was ridiculing it t'other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother[6] some other way. I writ to the Bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the Archbishop of Dublin.[7] Everything is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not been seen in England. Everybody asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the Canal at Laracor,[8] with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The Tatler[9] expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the Duke of Ormond,[10] they say, will be Lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's[11] lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas; in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you; and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written to the Archbishop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full, I will send it, whether MD writes or no; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervas[12] is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple[13] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the Provost,[14] I have obeyed his commands to the Duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh[15] just now at the Coffee-house, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the Dean,[16] and Mrs. Walls, and her Archdeacon.[17] Will Frankland's[18] wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promised to christen the

child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord Wharton[19] at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.[20] It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman.[21] MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 3.

LONDON, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the Duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn,[1] passing some part of the afternoon with Sir Matthew Dudley[2] and Will Frankland, the rest at St. James's Coffee-house, I came home, and writ to the Archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's[3] friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me, his father was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that Sir Thomas Frankland[4] would sacrifice everything to save himself; and in that, I fear, Manley is undone, etc.

10. To-day I dined with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's[5] wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties.[6] At ten I went to the Coffee-house, hoping to find Lord Radnor,[7] whom I had not seen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home, rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's sake, be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke[8] was with me this morning.

11. Seven, morning. I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture, and 'tis shaving-day, so good-morrow MD; but don't keep me now, for I can't stay; and pray dine with the Dean, but don't lose your money. I long to hear from you, etc. — Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick[9] observes, that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the Parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt[10] refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to Lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford[11] to the Duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to Lord President,[12] with whom I had much discourse; but put him

always off when he began to talk of Lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected anything from Lord Wharton, and that Lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to Lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the First-Fruits, till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord President told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city, to see Mr. Stratford the Hamburg merchant, my old schoolfellow;[13] but calling at Bull's[14] on Ludgate Hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadley,[15] the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell:[16] but tomorrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad, however, to be at Hampstead, where I saw Lady Lucy[17] and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long;[18] she and her comrade[19] have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day, I saw Patty Rolt,[20] who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first Tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plum,[21] and is now lending the Government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.[22] We hear the Chancellor[23] is to be suddenly out, and Sir Simon Harcourt[24] to succeed him: I am come early home, not caring for the Coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind,[25] and I, went to see the million lottery[26] drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of bluecoat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night, at the Coffee-house, we hear Sir Simon Harcourt is made Lord Keeper; so that now we expect every moment the Parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see Lady Giffard; but I will contrive to go there when Lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is Number 3, and I have not yet had Number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day.[27] What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland,[28] Comptroller of the Household, has sent to desire my acquaintance: I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and

learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer,[29] where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear, it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate,[30] the learned woollen-draper; Mr. Stratford went with me; six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Tuesday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account of hers! and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr. Brydges,[31] the Paymaster-General, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the Queen sent Lord Shrewsbury[32] to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the First-Fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I'll do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made Attorney-General, and not Lord Keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the Tatler,[33] about the corruptions of style and writing, etc., and, having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the Duke of Devonshire:[34] they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the Parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him Lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any Government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the Earl of Anglesea,[35] the great support of the Tories; so that employment of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The Bishop of Durham[36] died the same day. The Duke of Ormond's

daughter[37] was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance,[38] and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from Lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord,[39] who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the Duke's daughters;[40] the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me. Then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my Lord President Somers; the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward; and Mr. Boyle,[41] Secretary of State, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a Court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the Parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here, between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury Street,[42] where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If anything happens tomorrow, I will add it. — Robin's Coffee-house.[43] We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken, and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the Parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; King Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and Count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's Coffee-house. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night, but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing. — I don't like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it, with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my grey, and be hanged.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 4.

LONDON, Sept. 21, 1710.

Here must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry, and think MUCH that the paper is too LITTLE. I had your letter this night, as told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth[1] the Florence Envoy, Stratford, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from Lady Giffard's house had been at the Coffee-house to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter[2] to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing Lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with Lady Lucy, etc., and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one enclosed to Lord Wharton, which I will send to his Excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the Queen's order is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think anybody will trouble the Queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the Lord Lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied; it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I can't go to bed without a word to them; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good-night: O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time to-day, with Will Frankland and his fortune: she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go tomorrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and Lady Betty Germaine[3] to Drayton in Northamptonshire; and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff:[4] let the Bishop of Clogher smoke[5] it if he can. Well, I'll write to the Bishop of Killala; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take Lady S — ; and if I know D — y, he is a rawboned-faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So, you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most

glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall[6] will be a pure[7] good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray, Mrs. Stella. Can't you do what you will with your own horse? Pray don't let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him. — Stuff — how can I get her husband into the Charter-house? get a —— into the Charter-house. — Write constantly! Why, sirrah, don't I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be: send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent what I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's, with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths,[8] and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good-night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,[9] and have sat at home since six, writing to the Bishop of Clogher, Dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with Sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so — Well, I dined to-day with Sir John Holland the Comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home, and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,[10] which goes on very slow: and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S —— came to see me; and said M —— was going to the country next morning with her husband (who I find is a surly brute); so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan,[11] the puppy, writ me a long letter, to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next Lord Chancellor that would come with the next Governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father Raymond,[12] or anybody that will tell him: That Dr. Swift has received his letter; and would be very ready

to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton,[13] give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good-night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good-night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born.[14] You talk of Leigh; why, he won't be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in Parliament. Good-night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton[15] alone at her lodgings; where she told me for certain, that Lady S —— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw everybody; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, etc. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Connolly[16] is out; and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a Commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Connolly three thousand pounds to Lord Wharton; so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came: guess which it is, and whether the Bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne[17] to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach.[18] I don't think any lady's advice about my ear signifies twopence: however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe[19] I know not, and Barnard[20] I never see. Walls will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why, 'tis well enough; but I'll not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland. — Bishop of Clogher's bill? Why, he paid it to me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on t'other side of this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I ate about six the other day at Sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth. What then? Last year I suppose I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my two little gooses' lodgings. I drink no aile (I suppose you mean ale); but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes! pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate, to hold out. To-

morrow I go to Mr. Harley.[21] Why, small hopes from the Duke of Ormond: he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think of anything further than the business I am upon. You see I writ to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Bligh's corpse[22] came to Chester when I was there; and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stella, about my instrument? I have the same the Archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The Dean friendly! the Dean be poxed: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the Bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith, I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the Dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Mr. Steele, at his office at the Cockpit, and let the enclosed be directed for me: that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too; which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 5.

LONDON, Sept. 30, 1710.

Han't I brought myself into a fine praemunire,[1] to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,[2] who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse; and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. 'Tis good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories drily tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them — or rather, I do understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence Envoy; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf,[3] whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ?[4] It is much liked here, and I think it a pure[5] one. To-morrow I go with Delaval,[6] the Portugal Envoy, to dine with Lord Halifax near Hampton Court.[7] Your Manley's brother, a Parliament-man here, has gotten an employment;[8] and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father (Postmaster here); and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person.[9] It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off, and go write to Sir John Stanley,[10] to desire him to engage Lady Hyde as my mistress to engage Lord Hyde[11] in favour of Mr. Pratt.[12]

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen,[13] and Delaval, and the late Attorney-General.[14] I went to the Drawing-room before dinner (for the Queen was at Hampton Court), and expected to see nobody; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartoons of Raphael, and other things; and with great difficulty got from Lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's

something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do anything like this in Dublin.[15] I writ a second penny post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that Earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'nnight, at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day; it was the Resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused unless he would add their Reformation too and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister[16] came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water,[17] a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to Lord Dartmouth,[18] and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyot,[19] a Justice of Peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a Commissioner of the Stamp Office, and married to a sister of Sir Philip Meadows,[20] Envoy to the Emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyot will be hanged; for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamped paper, in which he was a Commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the Queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever; and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,[21] and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had tonight a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the Lord Lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is Lord Lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell[22] and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Don't lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of Lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word, I had business of great importance that hindered me, etc. And to-day I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the Envoy for Portugal, with Nic Rowe[23] the poet, and other friends; and I

gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th: and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? etc. I am going to work at another Tatler:[24] I'll be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you any little commission mixed with my letters, don't forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, etc., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and give him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when the GIVER'S BREAD,[25] etc. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths!

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went together to Kneller's,[26] who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for Parliament-men:[27] and the rabble came about our coach, crying, "A Colt, a Stanhope," etc. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at Delaval's; and in the evening, at the Coffee-house, heard Sir Andrew Fountaine[28] was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better, with the Dean, the Bishop, or Mrs. Walls.[29] Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's was, because you played bad games: I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon Manilio; Basto, and two small diamonds?[30] Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eightpence halfpenny towards your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the Chop-house with Will Pate,[31] the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at China-shops[32] and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon; so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last Parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the Court pleases. But I have been told that Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected

to be turned out every day; as Sir John Holland the Comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the Dean's; and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that's certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that's as certain too. 'Tis now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good-morrow to you; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs. — At night. Jack How[33] told Harley that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence: which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented to me his son-in-law Lord Doblane[34] (or some such name) and his own son,[35] and, among others, Will Penn[36] the Quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial[37] I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the Queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said everything I could wish: told me, he must bring Mr. St. John[38] (Secretary of State) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!). I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffee-house in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you must know, 'tis fatal[39] to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for, being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke,[40] to give him a ballad, and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind[41] chop-house, and dine for tenpence upon gill-ale,[42] bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the First Minister of State. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of "you in Ireland" and "we in England" as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. — They may talk of the you know what;[43] but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that

same thing will be serviceable to the Church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great Ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle-faddles of tomorrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement[44] of Harley. He charged me to come to him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, that was not a place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning; and I have got a foolish trick, I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good-morrow; for this is not a shaving-day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: Yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half-sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth. — At night. I was at a loss today for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout,[45] as a spunger;[46] and this evening Sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern; where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many pounds: and therefore I have it among my extraordinaries but we had a neck of mutton dressed a la Maintenon, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too and yet I would have it to say, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffee-house,[47] as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth[48] to dine with Charles Main,[49] near the Tower, who has an employment there: he is of Ireland; the Bishop of Clogher knows him well: an honest, good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so, good-night, etc.

9. I dined to-day at Sir John Stanley's; my Lady Stanley[50] is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the Bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the Archbishop: faith, 'tis true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley:[51] and, faith, young women, I'll tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the

third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers, I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman.[52] I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to MD as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith! Methinks I don't write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, etc.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I'll go reckon the lines on the other sides. I've reckoned them.[53]

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 6.

LONDON, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the Attorney-General, Sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, etc. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the Queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with Her Majesty, before she names a Governor:[1] and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time; for he loves the Church. This is a popular thing, and he would not have a Governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the Archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that, before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical "Description of a Shower in London," and will send it to the Tatler.[2] This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Walls, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley[3] be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town. I writ to her from Chester, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, etc.

11. To-day at last I dined with Lord Mountrath,[4] and carried Lord Mountjoy, and Sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half-crowns; and Sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Coote;[5] so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, etc.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern[6] by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and 'tis well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the

new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election[7] has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one Captain Lavallin,[8] coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors' Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications: and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's[9] counterfeiting the stamp-paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk, to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the Treasury, about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead and other excuses; but t'other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours, but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the "Shower," all but the beginning; and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three.[10] One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I shall remember not to write the same things twice; and yet, I fear, I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear sometimes from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prattle-prattle, to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the Duke of Ormond for Ireland; though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and Lord Galway[11] one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I do not care twopence whether it be or no. — At night. To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me, unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the University, one Harrison,[12] a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th Miscellanea,[13] about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the Duke of Queensberry's[14] sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley[15] is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and he always makes the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and

a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them; and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four.[16] Sir Richard Onslow,[17] we hear, has lost for Surrey; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the "Shower in London" I have sent to the Tatler, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me tonight from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows: "Is the Devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710." I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, etc.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper,[18] or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamt of Stella, etc., so confusedly last night, and that we saw Dean Bolton[19] and Sterne[20] go into a shop: and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I know not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning. — At night. Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park; and at the Coffee-house I found a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the Bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town; and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. Oh, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not! I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over.[21] What shall I do? My fingers itch; and now I have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment. — I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late; I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though — Pshaw, 'tis from Sir Andrew Fountaine. What, another! I fancy that's from Mrs. Barton;[22] she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's[23] office at the Castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor Lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley Castle

this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says, she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery;[24] poor lady! Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith, it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, N.3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26; and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that's a fortnight difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there's an end of that: he is turned out of his place;[25] and you must desire those who send me packets, to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffee-house: not common letters, but packets: the Bishop of Clogher may mention it to the Archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: slidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a penny. — Well; but stay, I will look over my book: adad, I think there was a chasm between my N.2 and N.3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind. — No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no — Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins.[26] Slids, I would the horse were in your — chamber! Have not I ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? And han't I said in my former letters that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I anything to do with them? — Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business? Revolutions to me in my business? If it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except Sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly?[27] That's he; but say nothing; 'twas only a little revenge. I will remember to bring it over. The Bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler,[28] about shortening of words, etc. But, God So![29] etc.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley can't read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior[30] dined with us. He has left my memorial with the Queen, who has consented to give the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts,[31] and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the Cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public: and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in Lord

Peterborow:[32] we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called "Sid Hamet." Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often. Lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed[33] me at every line, to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied Lord Peterborow for author of them; and Lord Peterborow said he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you.[34] Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to Lord President of Scotland,[35] and Mr. Benson,[36] Lord of the Treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna[37] till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the Queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulked; but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by next visit. I tipped his porter with half a crown; and so I am well there for a time at least. I dined at Stratford's in the City, and had Burgundy and Tokay: came back afoot like a scoundrel: then went with Mr. Addison and supped with Lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley,[38] and a bottle of palsy-water[39] for Stella: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box, directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkshaw,[40] whom I have not seen; but Sterne has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, etc.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out; so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne,[41] by invitation, and drank Irish wine;[42] but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, Colonel Edgworth;[43] so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my "Shower," and a preface to it. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the Bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my Miscellany.[44] I'd give a penny the letter to the Bishop of Killaloe[45] was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could not you contrive to say, you hear they are printing my things together; and that you with the bookseller had that letter among the rest: but don't say anything of it as from me. I forget whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this

letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, etc.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the City, with Hermitage and Tokay, and stayed till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot I get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I han't time to say more; so good-night, etc.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's; and just now, at the Coffee-house, we have notice that the Duke of Ormond was this day declared Lord Lieutenant at Hampton Court, in Council. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about First-Fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning; but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you by some friend: I have directed it for Mr. Curry, at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 7.

LONDON, Oct. 19, 1710.

Faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but, since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been, and how the day passed; and so, etc.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the Secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh,[1] and went to wait on the two Lady Butlers;[2] but the porter answered they were not at home: the meaning was, the youngest, Lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to Lord Ashburnham,[3] the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my "Shower" is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montagu[4] and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the "Rod of Sid Hamet"? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them; only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad full of puns on the Westminster Election,[5] that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the Coffee-house. God Almighty bless poor, dear Stella, and her eyes and head! What shall we do to cure them? poor, dear life! Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to Heaven I were this minute shaving your poor, dear head, either here or there! Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor anything else; and I will write plainer for Dingley to read from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think whom I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the Earl of Stirling,[6] a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in Lord Peterborow. I stayed till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the Queen has now granted the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts; but he will not give me leave to write to the Archbishop, because the Queen designs to signify it to the Bishops in Ireland in form; and to take notice, that it was done upon a memorial from me; which, Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, etc.; and I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you that, in my memorial which was given to the

Queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more, though it was not in my commission; but that, Mr. Harley says, cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the First-Fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given to the Queen from me speaks with great plainness of Lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the Convocation disputes from Tisdall.[7] I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over; and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me. — Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England: that is Stella's malice. — Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow-day, and so and so: I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for 'tis late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler,[8] some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment: and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very drily; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but, if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience; and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good-night, etc.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine; neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence Envoy, then went to the Coffee-house, where I

behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends; and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. Harley's, hoping — faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's, with Mr. Addison, etc.

25. I was to-day to see the Duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met Lord Berkeley of Stratton,[9] who told me that Mrs. Temple,[10] the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre,[11] a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, etc.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve,[12] who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and, besides, he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I; and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan,[13] for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped, for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, etc. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how my livings are set; and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or no. So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and, it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the Bishop of Killala, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, there is the short of it. — As fond as the Dean[14] is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether Dean Bolton[15] paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss — And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that Dean Bolton is such a whipster. 'Tis the most obliging thing in the world in Dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage.[16] No, we have had none of your

snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's[17] death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that Captain Pratt[18] shall not suffer by Lord Anglesea's death.[19] I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I will make Sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again, and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this. — Poor John! is he gone? and Madam Parvisol[20] has been in town! Humm. Why, Tighe[21] and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out. — I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging: he was not within; and Mr. Leigh is not come to town; but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off; I suppose I told you in some former letter. And so you only want some salad-dishes, and plates, and etc. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds. — Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little, dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet; and, if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus, "How do you do, Mrs. Stella?" That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open: and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low. — My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffee-house: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form. — Take two or three nutgalls, take two or three —— galls, stop your receipt in your — I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, etc. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's,[22] with a pox, in the City: he is a printer, and prints the Postman, oh hoo, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thomson was with us: and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman;[23] and says he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance; and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest and said, may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with "Oh hoo," or as when little girls say, "I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some." It is plaguy twelvepenny

weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank Stock with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent. and pays eight pounds per cent. and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God Lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you,[24] and take the five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I can get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I'll ask him tomorrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe[25] the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England), and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my "Shower" beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never was such a "Shower" since Danae's, etc. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern,[26] where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple,[27] Estcourt,[28] and Charles Main,[29] were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we stayed till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, etc.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge[30] tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied, or not at home: so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited Lord Pembroke,[31] who is just come to town; and we were very merry talking of old things; and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to see the Ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them: so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the Coffee-house, and Ford[32] desired me to sit with him at next door; which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new Ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so, it would give one the spleen; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again: it will ruin the Church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. — I chatted a while to-night in the Coffee-house, this being a full night; and now am come home, to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long,[33] who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and visiting

Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire,[34] they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary: 'tis good, if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stewart, Lord Mountjoy's brother;[35] a treat of Addison's. They were half-fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly D is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith — but it must be so, till the next time. Pox take that D; I will blot it, to dry it.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 8.

LONDON, Oct. 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn[1] to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year; and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us.[2] I had no giddiness to-day; but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale; but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at Lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the Duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the Coffee-house, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping[3] I have seen; and he tells me coldly, my "Shower" is liked well enough; there's your Irish judgment! I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. Walls[4] win constantly, as she used to do? And Mrs. Stoyte;[5] I have not thought of her this long time: how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley,[6] they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkeys mine, I must go write; and so goodnight.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for, looking over

thus much, I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks, when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.[7] We have scurvy Tatlers of late: so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more: he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably,[8] as bad as —— . I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation: either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall[9] fellow, that he never minds[10] it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content. — At night in bed. Stay, let me see where's this letter to MD among these papers? Oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen.) I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin, that the Queen has granted the First-Fruits; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the Queen's orders from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation, to dispose of the revenue, etc.; and I shall write to the Archbishop of Dublin to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the Queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If despatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new Commission, signed by the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin,[11] and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a —— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? 'Tis not right, faith: but I won't be angry with MD at distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his; and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that Lord and Lady Mountjoy[12] put him off upon me, to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was N. 5; which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses and spectacles and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know; but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, etc., came home, and writ a short letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the Queen has granted the thing, etc. I writ in the Coffee-house, for I stayed at

Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for Colonel Proud[13] was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the Coffee-house, where Dr. Davenant[14] would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlen,[15] but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlen was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the Comptroller,[16] and I, were prevailed on by Sir Matthew Dudley to go to his house, where I stayed till twelve, and left them. Davenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called The Third Part of Tom Double; to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling[17] in the City to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering-night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at Sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanbrugh, Lieutenant-General Farrington,[18] etc. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house;[19] but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a Thanksgiving-day,[20] and I was at Court, where the Queen passed us by with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham,[21] Rochester,[22] Leeds,[23] Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, Lord Pembroke, etc.; and I have seen her without one Tory. The Queen made me a curtsey, and said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto, "How does MD?" I considered she was a Queen, and so excused her.[24] I do not miss the Whigs at Court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal Envoy's[25] to-day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, Admiral Wager,[26] Sir Richard Temple,[27] Methuen,[28] etc. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire, O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fireplace in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap,[29] Madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet

under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, 'twill do without it else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those WIGGS that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which WIGGS and WAT do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here.(Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to Harley, and Lord Keeper, and the Secretary of State. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear[30] is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is betwixt you and your judgment! In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about STYLE,[31] because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a —— , and I defy mankind, if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the "Shower in Town" to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? but I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon; only Harley said he smoked me; (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. 'Tis called "The Rod of Sid Hamet." And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean, "That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost st — k out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my "Shower."[32] Well, Madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back: patience is a gay thing as, etc. I hear nothing of Lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church;[33] it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin, Johnsonibus atque, that is the way. How did the Dean get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith; I'll not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose; for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to Lady Giffard, to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty per cent. Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have

borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of stocks. 'Tis rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond,[34] you say, is with child: I am sorry for it; and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and, I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the Duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret. I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the Dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the Bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my fourth, Madam Dinglibus? Does not Stella say you have had my fifth, Goody Blunder? You frighted me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister, Kate is it, or Sarah?[35] I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the Archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the meantime? Why then I would only say, "Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto"; and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full? Han't you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. Secretary St. John; and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the Queen. I dined to-day at Lord Mountrath's,[36] with Lord Mountjoy,[37] etc.; but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the Coffee-house till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I should catch cold this wet weather, if I sat an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, etc., and do not care for the Coffee-house; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often; but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must leave something till to-

morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart! If it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, goodnight; but when I am taking leave, I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at Lady Lucy's, where they ran down my "Shower"; and said, "Sid Hamet" was the silliest poem they ever read; and told Prior so, whom they thought to be author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I do not like women so much as I did. (MD, you must know, are not women.) I supped to-night at Addison's, with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. Secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure, I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine; and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger! Paaast twelvvve o'clock,[38] and so good-night, etc. Oh! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them with the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, etc. I cannot write tomorrow, because — what, because of the Archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin my ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You must know that I am in my nightgown every morning between six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my nightgown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, etc.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 9.

LONDON, Nov. 11, 1710.

I dined to-day, by invitation, with the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the Government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind[1] (that writ "Lord Peterborow's Actions in Spain"). I stayed with them till just now between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The Secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, he (the Secretary) said, "The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh"; which I do not reckon so very good neither.[2] But Prior was damped, until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment.[3] His father is a man of pleasure,[4] that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-house, and the chocolate-houses; and the young son is principal Secretary of State. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed, it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home, I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said; and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterwards not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning, before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let Lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town; and that she would go to see me, to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see Lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this:

"If paper be thin,

Ink will slip in;
But, if it be thick,
You may write with a stick."[5]

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long,[6] giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! 'tis just such an alteration in life, as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, Sir Richard Levinge,[7] etc., at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the City, and then went to christen Will Frankland's[8] child; and Lady Falconbridge[9] was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I stayed till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the City was, to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found Bank Stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ to Mr. Stratford in the City, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in Bank Stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and, if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the meantime. I showed my letter to one or two people who understand those things; and they said money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it costs one hundred pounds and a half, that is, ten shillings; so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell, it was one hundred and thirty pounds; and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that Lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and, when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too; and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your Chancellor[10] lost his senses, like Will Crowe?[11] I

forgot to tell Dingley that I was yesterday at Ludgate, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the Coffee-house. Sir Richard Cox,[12] they say, is sure of going over Lord Chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever ate bread: but the Duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies; which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good-night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, Secretary St. John, Sir Thomas Hanmer,[13] Sir Chancellor Cox-comb, etc. I attended the Duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinners' Hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his Grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a virtuoso. Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, etc.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley,[14] who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the Coffee-house, where I am hardly known, by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one if you remember him, a good, lusty, fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever, but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the Secretary's office; where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of minding him of it, and rallied him, etc., which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance; and Stratford and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I stayed late, drinking claret and burgundy; and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with

Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall Mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the Queen (who was just come to town), and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the Queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at Court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, etc., and he desired my opinion, whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the Queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required despatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, beside his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early; and so, madams both, goodnight, etc.

19. I dined to-day with poor Lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's[15] child, where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch; so that I am come home late, young women, and can't stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the Secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and Secretary St. John, etc., and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the Secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to Lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the Bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers, in case of mortality, etc. Your mother says, if you write, she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me Lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say, with a vengeance. She told Lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing[16] in my bed like a tiger; and so good-night, etc.

22. I dined with Secretary St. John; and Lord Dartmouth, who is t'other Secretary, dined with us, and Lord Orrery[17] and Prior, etc. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner;

but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the Coffee-house, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand; so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and t'other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's.[18] Well, so you shall hear; so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened t'other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but t'other was from our own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? Then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old[19] doings at our house, faith. — Well, I won't answer your letter in this: no, faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, etc.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's[20] losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged Lord Hyde[21] he speaks of, for Pratt and twenty others; but, if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the Bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good-night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when you can, for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton[22] know, that the request she has made me in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed? Cox is not to be your Chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with Lord Peterborow at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town: 'tis late, and so I bid you good-night.

24. I tell you, pretty management! Ned Southwell told me the other day he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke of Ormond, to intercede with the Queen to take off the First-Fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the Bishop of Kildare,[23] to call upon me for the papers, etc.; and I had last post one from the Archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that, upon hearing the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord Lieutenant, they met; and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by t'other party, etc., but desired that I would still solicit.[24] Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the Archbishop an

account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the Queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the Primate and Archbishop know that the Queen had remitted the First-Fruits; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State. So while their letter was on the road to the Duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer[25] to the Archbishop immediately; and showed my resentments, as I ought, against the bishops; only, in good manners, excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the Queen had done it, etc.; for he said, my Lord Duke would think of it some months hence, when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done; and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the Queen to do it, etc., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride; and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, etc.; but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the Duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of First-Fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen, to show him the town, etc., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 10.

LONDON, Nov. 25, 1710.

I will tell you something that's plaguy silly: I had forgot to say on the 23d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry, Pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the Parliament meet; but only saw a great crowd; and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley[1] is chosen Speaker, nemine contradicente: Do you understand those two words? And Pompey, Colonel Hill's[2] black, designs to stand Speaker for the footmen.[3] I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the Queen's speech, what she will say about removing the Ministry, etc. I have got a cold, and I don't know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I don't know whether it will grow better or worse. What's that to you? I won't answer your letter to-night. I'll keep you a little longer in suspense: I can't send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for a breakfast, and so I'll go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and stayed within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to everybody. Dr. Raymond[4] called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, how Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women; and your seventh to me is somewhere in a post-boy's bag; and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes: and so good-night, and be happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, etc., etc.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the Court of Requests,[5] and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the Duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent, ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last, how they sent an address to the Duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the

papers, after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter, though the Archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that; and in a little time the Queen will send them notice, etc. And so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner; where I stayed till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the Bishop of Clogher; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the Duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London "Shaver," and that you both swore it was "Shaver," and not "Shower."[6] You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read Presto's hand. The Bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers. — I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance;[7] else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new Ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy, good dear letter: let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched[8] me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve: so good-night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the Coffee-house till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I'll answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I'll begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles — Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday, that Smyth of the Blind Quay had been telling Mr. Leigh that he left you extremely ill; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, Mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as your most humblecumdumble, or, etc. O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till spring? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my Lord Mayor said, No; if I thought my shirt knew, etc. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come;

but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present Ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret); and soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer; for I hope the First-Fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present Ministry have a difficult task, and want me, etc. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. — Your Chancellor?[9] Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead Chancellor, as you may see by the blot.[10] Ploughing? A pox plough them; they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay you the second so soon? Pray be good huswifes. Ay, well, and Joe, why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town,[11] who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer, that the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatever personal kindness I could do to Joe, should be done. Pray, when you happen to see Joe, tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten — Poor Mrs. Wesley! — Why these poligyes[12] for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is quite well? — So, here is Mistress Stella again, with her two eggs, etc. My "Shower" admired with you; why, the Bishop of Clogher says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the "Shower." I suppose he means "The Morning";[13] but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it ALL? etc. I am glad Dean Bolton[14] has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the Bishop of Clogher for writing to the Archbishop of Cashel,[15] without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a —— ; for he has no credit at Court. Stuff — they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton.[16] Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there! Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoilt my imagination. "Mrs. Walls, does Stella win as she pretends?" "No indeed, Doctor; she loses always, and will play so VENTERSOMELY, how can she win?" See here now; an't you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *n*. See how I can do it; MADAM STELLA, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.[17] O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight. — Now, Madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls that, in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there

will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new Parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling.[18] Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day,[19] and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like "Sid Hamet's Rod"? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about, fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night. — Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow; and God of His infinite mercy keep and protect you! The Bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order. — At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor, sick Lord Shelburne: they made me dine with them; and there I stayed, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord Shelburne's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the imprudentest thing in the world: he said something in a Tatler,[20] that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, "The finest lady in Great Britain," etc. Upon this, Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter,[21] and signed it J.S., M.P., and N.R., the first letters of all our names. Congreve told me to-day, he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I, and Sir Charles Wager, dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal Envoy; and I stayed there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him! — I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two. — Well, 'tis now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I'll assure you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, 'tis a lie; I an't sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble. — What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us

hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, Madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to these dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying, and a true one,

"Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls."

I was to-day at Court, and saw Raymond among the Beefeaters, staying to see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to Court again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley; and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy, and just now left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young women; and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and 'tis but eight days since the date, and don't think I'll write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, etc.,

"Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street."

I think that's but a silly old saying; and so I'll go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home, and studied till eleven. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the Court of Requests (we have had the Devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and Henley made me go dine with him and one Colonel Bragg[22] at a tavern; cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the Coffee-house, where Lord Salisbury[23] seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and, while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud, whether I would go to see Lord Somers as I had promised (which was a lie); and all to vex poor Lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks; and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple[24] in the Court of Requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your Recorder and Mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, Lord Rochester's,[25] and other Tory healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here. — The scoundrels! It shan't do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder? harkee, young women, tell me that. Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on Sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit.[26] — It is

such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the Dean has never once written to me? And I find the Archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance.[27] Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings! O fie, O fie!

7. No, I won't send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that; if it comes, I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, where were Lord Anglesea,[28] Sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, etc., and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good-night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned, libellous pamphlet come out against Lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.[29] It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them; but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle.[30] I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O, faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit; but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your Commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintin;[31] and that Dick Stewart[32] and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another: it is poor Lord Abercorn,[33] but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor, dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER 11.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith, I am afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with Lord Abercorn to-day; and that is enough till by and bye; for I must go write idle things, and twittle twattle.[1] What's here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while. 'Tis now late, and I can only say MD is a dear, saucy rogue, and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b —— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young Beau Swift[2] in it, and General Sankey:[3] I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right; but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning. — So, now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauceboxes till I go to bed; for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the Bishop of Clogher, he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and Enniskillen can afford it better than Laracor: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, etc., as usual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article is long enough: so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle.[4] I have no news to-day: I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and Lady Abercorn[5] is to buy me another, to see who does best: mine is all in rags. I saw the Duke of Richmond[6] yesterday at Court again, but would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wildfire: have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of

this shipwreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with Sir Robert Raymond,[7] the Solicitor-General, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new Lord Chancellor. — I had a letter from Mrs. Long, that has quite turned my stomach against her: no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town[8] with vile conversation. — I will not answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the Secretary's office with Lewis, and in came Lord Rivers;[9] who took Lewis out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, etc., so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted and I dined with Phil. Savage[10] and his Irish Club, at their boarding-place; and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his Parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning; and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: was not it an odd event? But what care you? But then I knew the butler. — Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: psha, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, it lies between this paper on t'other side of the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortly's I'll consider, and so good-night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with Lady Kerry[11] and Mrs. Pratt[12] to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredith, Maccartney, and Colonel Honeywood[13] are obliged to sell their commands at half-value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present Ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin,[14] wishing it were Harley himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers, and foreign Ministers, against the late changes at Court. Cadogan[15] has had a little paring: his mother[16] told me yesterday he had lost the place of Envoy; but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. — Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but, faith, I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; and so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word, for your life. How nowww? So, very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I can't be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy, ugly day. I'd have you send for Walls, and go to the Dean's; but don't play small games when you lose. You'll be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps, in red.[17] I confess 'tis a good hand against the player: but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps, against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio — Oh, silly, how I prate, and

can't get away from this MD in a morning! Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs. — At night. Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan,[18] and I, in one coach; Lady Kerry's son[19] and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids, and misses and little master (Lord Shelburne's[20] children, in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from Lord Shelburne's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions,[21] etc.; then to Bedlam;[22] then dined at the chop-house behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College[23] (but the keeper was not at home); and concluded the night at the Puppet-show,[24] whence we came home safe at eight, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs[25] (how do you call it?), undrest; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary; and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I'll answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he: and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning fresh and fasting? Who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight; and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day; and so I keep it a fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked[26] at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings. — Oh then, you kept Presto's little birthday:[27] would to God I had been with you! I forgot it, as I told you before. REdiculous, madam? I suppose you mean rIdiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis the author of the Atalantis's[28] spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—'Tis well enough what you observe, that, if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are used to: you know such a pot-hook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so. — I'll swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconnade of yours, etc. I am talking of the Bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.[29] I had not room on t'other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that's a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher, nautinautinautideargirls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I'm sorry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prythee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamt five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he can't sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your —— to some tune, for your grave, saucy answer about the Dean and Johnsonibus; I would, young women. And did the Dean preach for me?[30] Very well. Why, would they have me stand

here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling[31] was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands; and, besides, the Ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, Madam Stella. You win eight shillings? you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women. — I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is Sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On t'other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, Mistress Dingley, an't you an impudent slut, to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days? Unreasonable baggage! No, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle is out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the First-Fruits from the Queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, etc. So you say the Dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. But what now, you saucy sluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray, good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good-morrow, sirrahs, I will rise. — At night. I went to-day to the Court of Requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way, in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but Lord Dupplin,[32] his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. Secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite.[33] Lord Rivers told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the Queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the Secretary told me that his father, Sir Harry St. John,[34] and Lord Rivers were to be at St. James's Church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the Queen; and the Secretary of State has told me he will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, "You shall not be excused": however, I hope they will forget it; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily baulked; for I shall preach plain honest stuff. I stayed with St. John till eight, and then came home; and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach, who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I stayed till twelve. If Patrick had been at home, I should have 'scaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr.

Harley's porter. — Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, Madam Dingley, that those who go for England can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam? Sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can, as hope saved,[35] and I hope with some advantage, unless all Ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles: if you do not, you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this Ministry: but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet. — Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes;[36] you do so, hussy; but I'll bang your bones, faith. — Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.[37] — Pox on your convocations, and your Lamberts;[38] they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my "Shower,"; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it); but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff, that I can't express myself. — What you say of "Sid Hamet" is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did you not tell Griffyth[39] that you fancied there was something in it of my manner; but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended? Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton,[40] to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it, if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs! I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him; and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, etc. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated[41] to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends Queen's Secretary at Geneva; and I'll do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.[42]

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings? Forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear; but

hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles and mop-sticks won't spoil it, sirrahs. No, truly, I will not be godfather to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,[43] and that Ingoldsby[44] reprieved that part of it of standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out;[45] Doyne[46] is to succeed him, and Cox[47] Doyne. And so there's an end of your letter; 'tis all answered; and now I must go on upon my own stock. Go on, did I say? Why, I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith, I dare not use you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I'll rise for this morning. — At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf; and I was soliciting this day to present the Bishop of Clogher Vice-Chancellor;[48] but it won't do; they are all set against him, and the Duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to Court to seek a dinner: but the Queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the Court was thin, and I went to the Coffee-house; and Sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William.[49] I talked a great deal to Sir Thomas about Manley; and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's Church; an abundance went, among the rest Lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied; and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days' works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges; and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD goodnight, etc.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the Duke of Buckingham,[50] but came too late: then I visited Mrs. Barton,[51] and thought to have dined with some of the Ministry; but it rained,

and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with Lord Shelburne, for the death of poor Lady Shelburne dowager;[52] he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the Bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the Duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol; however, 'tis no matter, for the Duke has already disposed of the Vice-Chancellorship to the Archbishop of Tuam,[53] and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the Duke's power; and I find the Bishop has enemies about the Duke. I write this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week); and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the Dean for supper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? Poor Lady Shelburne: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write,
In black and white,
By candlelight,
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight —
A bite, a bite!

Marry come up, Mistress Boldface. — At night. Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him, and refused Henley, and everybody, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and he was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodgings on a beef-steak, and drank your health; then left him and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the Duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick, and ashamed of it, etc.

21. I met that beast Ferris, Lord Berkeley's[54] steward formerly; I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor,

has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect![55] Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley; 'twas a lovely day, and went by water into the City, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris, I mean honest Colonel Caulfeild,[56] and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, and so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him; I will say I had no other way of seeing him, etc. Patrick says it is a dark morning, and that the Duke of Argyle[57] is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving-day, and Patrick says there is a good fire; I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's. — At night. I forgot to tell you, Madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the Bishop's case: I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer. Pray have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glass-man but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, etc. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to everybody. — At night. I went to Mr. Harley's levee; he came and asked me what I had to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady[58] and daughter;[59] at five my Lord Keeper[60] came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to Sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my Lord Keeper; so he laughed, etc.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the Coffee-house; I will send and see by and by, and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no? No, I say; done for sixpence. Why has the Dean never once written to me? I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good-morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with Lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you; farewell, etc.

I have been dining at Lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study; our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The Parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the holidays. Bank Stock is 105, so I may get 12 shillings for my bargain already. Patrick, the puppy, is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good-night, little dears both, and be happy; and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O, faith, if

you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we'll talk of that some other time. Good-night again, and God bless dear MD with His best blessings, yes, yes, and Dingley and Stella and me too, etc.

Ask the Bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of Lord Stawel's brother;[61] it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beside all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her; I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in Lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 12.

LONDON, Dec. 23, 1710.

I have sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and I told you I dined with Stratford at Lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty First-Fruits — I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the Queen's letter — but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me, while I am studying, and don't say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there. — Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women; and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accompts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, d'ye hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto, as Presto loves MD, etc.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas Eve than we here. I went up to Court before church; and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and, after words of course, asked me how the ladies did? I asked, "What ladies?" He said, "Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson." "Very well," said I, "when I heard from them last: and pray when came you from thence, sir?" He said, "I never was in Ireland"; and just at that word Lord Winchelsea[1] comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him, it was Vedeau[2] with a pox: I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to Lord Winchelsea, etc., and I asked after his wife, and so all was well; and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church, I went up to Court again, where Sir Edmond Bacon[3] told me the bad news from Spain,[4] which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the Court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy[5] carried me home to dinner, where I stayed not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your

MD's in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. White and Mr. Red,
Write to MD when abed;
Mr. Black and Mr. Brown,
Write to MD when you're down;
Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow,
Write to MD on your pillow. —

What is this? faith, I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith, I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger, stay — I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtain, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto is plaguy silly to-night, an't he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good-night, etc.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the Sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to Court at two: it was a Collar-day, that is, when the Knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the Queen stayed so late at Sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a Collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is BRAWN: that's very well. — I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it EGOES; a gentleman and I observing it, he said, "How does that fellow pretend to cure AGUES?" I said I did not know; but I was sure it was not by a SPELL. That is admirable. And so you asked the Bishop about that pun of Lord Stawel's brother. Bite! Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? Oh but you smoked me, and did not ask the Bishop. Oh but you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at Court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank Stock will fall like stock-fish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got twelve pounds by my bargain; but I do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd that my Lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my Lord Angelsea this at Court this morning; and a gentleman by said he had heard my Lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I

have heard wise folks say, “An ill tongue may do much.” And ’tis an odd saying,

“Once I guessed right,
And I got credit by’t;
Thrice I guessed wrong,
And I kept my credit on.”

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the Lord Harry, I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes. The rogues of the Coffee-house have raised their tax, everyone giving a crown; and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great men’s porters, etc. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the City Printer.[6] There is an intimacy between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you; but the rain caught me within twelvepenny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley’s, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the Coffee-house, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin and Mr. Bernage;[7] the latter sends me a melancholy account of Lady Shelburne’s[8] death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him, I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for tomorrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O, faith, I dreamt mightily of MD last night; but so confused, I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis; and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times everybody is abroad; where the deuce are they? So I went to the Coffee-house, and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true,

Letters from MD’s
Must not be answered in ten days:

it is but bad rhyme, etc.

28. To-day I had a message from Sir Thomas Hanmer, to dine with him; the famous Dr. Smalridge[9] was of the company, and we sat till six; and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Albans Street,[10] where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, etc.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and sent to me

early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and, when I came out, the nurse asked me whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail (and I found them in poor, dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago); and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but, if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The Secretary of State (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and Lord Peterborow dined there too; and at night came Lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two: he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away at six; but we stayed till seven. I took the Secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he had got the Queen to grant the First-Fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, etc. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promises me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to. — It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good-night, etc.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed. Night. Now Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, etc. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford (do you know what quondam is, though?), and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on Opera-days. I came home at six, writ to the Archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines, to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane. — Well, but when shall we answer this letter, No. 8 of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord — bo — but that will be a Monday next. Cod's-so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like. — I made a pun t'other day to Ben Portlack[11] about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that's mine a — all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber; and put out my wax-candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bed-chamber. 'Tis not shaving-day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. St. John; and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter.

Would you answer MD's letter,
On New Year's Day you'll do it better;
For, when the year with MD 'gins,

It without MD never lins.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; lins is leave off.)

But, if on New Year you write nones,

MD then will bang your bones.

But Patrick says I must rise. — Night. I was early this morning with Secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the Queen's letter for the First-Fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the Duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it: he would fain have been General for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the Queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late Ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful General, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD! Well; but, if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain, without any fine manner; and Prior swore, I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world; and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed. — Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wish my dearest, pretty Dingley and Stella a happy New Year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr. Patrick wishes me a happy New Year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last Ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter: so good-morrow, my mistresses all, good-morrow.

I wish you both a merry New Year,

Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,

And me a share of your good cheer,

That I was there, or you were here;

And you're a little saucy dear.

Good-morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play. — At night. I went this morning to visit Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburne; and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy, dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, Madam Stella? You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth when I receive your eighth. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? What say you to that? And so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives.

I can't be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and everything. Wind — we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true:

"I hate all wind,
Before and behind,
From cheeks with eyes,
Or from blind. — —"

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a d — ned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My Lord Hertford[12] would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but quando? I do not know when he will go. Oh, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of Lady S —— .[13] Will nobody cut that D — y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as a witness in court about some squabble among their servants. — The Bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet.[14] Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say anything. The Character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? How durst you think so? Pox on your

Parliaments: the Archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know anything of it here. No, no, no more of your giddiness yet; thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto. You write to Lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when Lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn[15] and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it. — Well, Madam Dingley, I sent your enclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvepence a week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already? — Now you're at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say my candles are scandalous? They are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? The D —— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box; and the next day Sterne told me he had sent it a fortnight ago. Patrick could not find him t'other day, but he shall to-morrow. Dear life and heart, do you tease me? does Stella tease Presto? That palsy-water was in the box; it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then; or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I'll never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teases me; how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting anything that related to your health? Sure I were a Devil if I did.

—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —

See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap; a new one Lord Herbert[16] bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses nor Religion,[17] nor do I send him of late any hints at all. — Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought, through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within. — And pray, pray,

Presto, pray now do. — No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he stayed, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's hands, that is entrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and, if you will have them oftener, you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him; but, if he would buy you another, or anybody else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John; and he told me from Mr. Harley that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the First-Fruits: it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the Queen gives they are always considerate; but that, he assures me, 'tis granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the Archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the Secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night; and that the box must be at Chester; and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneufs house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison,[18] a young poet, whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I stayed till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after[19] to-morrow: shall I before 'tis full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand; he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang-dogs, signing of deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey.[20] We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home, an't please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison. I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon; and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of Sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes

just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? With all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen: and then how are you come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that. Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late Ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury,[21] we think, is to be Dean of Christ Church in Oxford; but the College would rather have Smalridge — What's all this to you? What care you for Atterburys and Smalridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise, and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: "Yes," says she, "make your journals shorter, and send them oftener;" and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my Lord Carteret.[22] "So," says he, "my Lord came up to me, and asked me," etc. "No," said I, "my Lord never did, nor ever can come up to you." We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior t'other day in his chariot; and Prior thanked him for his CHARITY; that was fit for Dilly.[23] I do not remember I heard one good one from the Ministry; which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife,[24] and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the Coffee-house, and asking after me, desired Lord Herbert to tell me I was a beast for ever, after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture?[25] It is only changing the word priest to beast. — I think I am bewitched, to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I won't, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, "Pray, pray, Presto, write a little more." Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me go, do; 'tis a good girl, and do. O, faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, etc. etc.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, etc. What I am doing I can't see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER 13.

LONDON, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I was going into the City (where I dined and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night). I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer.[1] I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got to bed; and, all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the Archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the First-Fruits; and I told him Lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna; but it seems the Lords have addressed to have him stay, to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, etc. So I writ to the Archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method. I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving; and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister[2] are come above a hundred miles, from Worcester, to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday; and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him! I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo[3] upon earth; and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till Sir Andrew was in danger; and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel-rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler[4] and his wife; and you supped with the Dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and, betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how

impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel; and he will repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed; and I hear there is a good fire in the room without (what do you call it?), the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so. — At night. I was this morning to visit the Dean,[5] or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, don't you? Why should not I go to the Dean's as well as you? A little, black man, of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good, pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interests? As well as anybody. How comes it MD and I don't meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit? Do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean?[6] I mean Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle and Prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our Dean of St. Patrick's. — Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies.[7] There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian in French for our Stella, and so and so. Then I went to Garraway's[8] to meet Stratford and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with Sir Thomas Frankland at the Post Office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out; but Secretary St. John told me it was false: only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning. Your new Lord Chancellor[9] sets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp[10] a parson as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe[11] and your Smyth of Lovet's yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week: and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good-morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, "No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay"; and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me leave you: softly down, little paper, till then; so there — now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side — So — Now I am got into bed, I'll talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving, for fear of missing church. I went to Court, which is of late always very full; and young Manley and I dined at Sir Matthew Dudley's. — I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties.

The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this Ministry: and if the Ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the Parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory as the Queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough. The country members[12] are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the Ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a Peace; and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped; and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the Ministry this as much as I dare; and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the Duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise State laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The Ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. — Pshaw, what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to anybody alive? But I swear my head is full; and I wish I were at Laracor, with dear, charming MD, etc.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD (that word interlined is morning). I find I have been writing State affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, anything that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, etc. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid; but what care I? — Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from Sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house; so there is a lurry.[13] I gave Mrs. South half a pistole for a New Year's gift. So good-morrow, dears both, till anon. — At night. Lord! I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady Stanley[14] came to visit Mrs. St. John,[15] and sent up for me to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a Secretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, etc.? But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up,

it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MD's, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the City to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse; and he made me go to the tavern and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and passed an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD; but if I have it time enough to answer here, 'tis well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith. I will go to the toyman's, here just in Pall Mall, and he sells great hugeous battoons;[16] yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Don't lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. Secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so can't write any more till night to poor, dear MD. — At night. O, faith, Dingley. I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about some things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drunk with Harley's brother[17] and Sir Robert Raymond, Solicitor-General, in order to recommend the Doctor to your new Lord Chancellor, who left this place on Monday; and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester, to go with him. — I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for when he left London he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was Opera-day; which I did, and sent excuses to Lord Shelburne, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison,[18] whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer,[19] whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him; which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat;[20] which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments,

never to come into the Queen's presence. The Whigs say the Duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics, that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O, faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburne; and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers[21] came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the strops for razors.[22] I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being Secretary at War, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses —

From business and the noisy world retired,
Nor vexed by love, nor by ambition fired;
Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
Still drinking like a fish, and —— — like a stoat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true: for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O, faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; 'tis now nineteen days since I had the last: and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I'll hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite; and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! 'Tis spring with us already. I ate asparagus t'other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the Coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly a while with Mr. Addison. All our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: t'other day we were to have dined together at the Comptroller's;[23] but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the Secretary of State. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill; and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig.[24] I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrall's daughter, where my mother lodged;[25] so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny:[26] I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste: I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the Secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin, I must needs say something to MD, faith — No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise that whatever changes are made in the Council, the Bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the Bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith, I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I han't one from MD before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing girls. — O, faith, I think I won't stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning. — Patrick's bills for coals and candles, etc., come sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get small coal[27] likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty, for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls; has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hum; and died in a week, humm; and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother? — Let me know how accompts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do, extravagant sluttikin, but don't fret. — It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD; and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved. — It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these,[28] and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. — Farewell, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 14.

LONDON, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O faith, young women, I have sent my letter N.13 without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's, there's for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry, faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass-frame at the bar of St. James's Coffee-house, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto is at home, God help him, every night from six till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as anybody in the world, although in full favour with all the Ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it; and when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: "Well," says you, "Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now." And so then I answer: "Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior; and Prior has given me a fine Plautus; and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house, which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly."

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the Coffee-house for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick. Then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury, to find Mr. Harley, and, after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him. I stayed there till seven, then called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach;[1] did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko;[2] he's in love with Miss Cross.[3] — Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter. I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage:[4] faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me he had been to desire your recommendation to me, to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, that he had as much power

with me as you, was a notable one; if you were here, I would present you to the Ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the meantime, tell him that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville,[5] Secretary at War, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women? write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit, the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the Secretary and I stayed with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away; but he was in for't; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham,[6] who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me; and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ:[7] it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care. And so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you, fie, Stella, an't you ashamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah. — Come, let me go sleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the Secretary was in a drinking humour. So good-night, myownlittledearsaucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line; no,[8] faith, han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes, faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

"Would you have a settled head,
You must early go to bed:
I tell you, and I tell't again,
You must be in bed at ten."

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit Lady Worsley,[9] whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet; and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the

first, “Pshoh,” said I; of the second, “Pshoh” again; of the third, “Pshah, pshah, pshah”; of the fourth, “A gad, a gad, a gad, I’m in a rage”; of the fifth and last, “O hoooa; ay marry this is something, this is our MD”; so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus: “Dear Presto, We are even thus far.” “Now we are even,” quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I’ll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter, when you got my eleventh, tell me that, huzzies base? were we even then, were we, sirrah? But I won’t answer your letter now, I’ll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and ’tis terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his Opera-day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send tomorrow to Smyth.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. “Is there a good fire, Patrick?” “Yes, sir.” “Then I will rise; come, take away the candle.” You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise; and Patrick, here, take away the candle. — At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker’s boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. ’Tis a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

“Walk fast in snow,
In frost walk slow;
And still as you go,
Tread on your toe.
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire, and spare shoe-leather.”

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn,[10] but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. — Don’t you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth? etc. O, faith, I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good-morrow, sirrahs. — At night. I went this morning to Lady Giffard’s house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy-water,[11] which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within: so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, etc. Dr. Stratford[12] and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford[13] in the City, by appointment; but I chose to walk there, for exercise

in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine.

And now I'm in bed,
To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter. — At night. O, faith, I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and stayed an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled; and it was such a terrible day, I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to Lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The Earl of Berkeley[14] is going to be married to Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to Dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy-water by Smyth; and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast enough; "surely we shall have your tenth;" and yet, before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh. — And why did not MD go into the country with the Bishop of Clogher? faith, such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rode, and Dingley gone in the coach. The Bishop of Kilmore[15] I know nothing of; he is old, and may die; he lives in some obscure corner, for I never heard of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except Lord Halifax, and him very seldom; Lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful rascal.[16] My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done; and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own. — Talk of a merry Christmas (why do you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander), I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts, to quit the great station he is in; nor, if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So, faith, politic Madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, etc. Well, Madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals, from Dec. 25 to Jan. 4. Well, Smyth and the palsy-water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for, poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient that Stella should have her water (I mean decently, do not be

rogues), and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness. — Pray God, Stella's illness may not return! If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance. — Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered! Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D —— to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer; but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha! pretty answerers truly. — As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fie, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you — I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's[17] so soon, you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for anything. — Mrs. Walls at Donnybrook with you; why is not she brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied; you talk as if you were angry about the Bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. — What sort of Christmas? Why, I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine; and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. — Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the D —— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell, and I believe one can hardly sell in such a juncture. If he had stayed, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but, if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, Madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good-night. And yet methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. — So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again. — So good-morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I don't know why.

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good-night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to Secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him; a creature of the Duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the Duke and the Ministry: so he came out of his closet, and, after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three; but Mr. Lewis stayed till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home, and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good-night for last night, and now I bid you good-morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills; and to-day Lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr. Stone's, in the City, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's; and that is all the journal I can send MD, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good-night, my dears; and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, etc.

Cut off these notes handsomely, d'ye hear, sirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity; and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There are bills of exchange for you.

LETTER 15.

LONDON, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I am to send you my fourteenth to-morrow; but my head, having some little disorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it.[1] Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two of my businesses with the Secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the Secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond[2] full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter; and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; don't you know that, Madam Stella? Han't I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife,[3] and some others, sirrah? I walked into the City to dine, because of the walk, for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the City, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter[4] was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her. I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong,[5] Lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at Lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time. They are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women, pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner,[6] the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present Ministry. — I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison the new Tatler had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely,

and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day[7] he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lillie to beg his pardon, etc.[8] And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the Coffee-house (where I hardly ever go), one from the Archbishop of Dublin, and t'other from — Who do you think t'other was from? — I'll tell you, because you are friends; why, then it was, faith, it was from my own dear little MD, N.10. Oh, but will not answer it now, no, noooooh, I'll keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under; oh, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still, you shan't be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken Lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the Secretary of State, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the Ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. — Well, he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. — Patrick has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him "friend" three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I can't stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis still terribly cold. — I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I'll rise and bid you good-morrow, my ladies both, good-morrow. Come, stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? — So — up-a-dazy. — At night. Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I stayed till eleven; henceforth I will choose to visit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the Queen's Birthday, so much fine clothes, and the Court so crowded that I did not go there. All the frost is gone.

It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the Canal (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. — Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and 'tis now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? One of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday,[9] and will not see him again till he makes me amends: and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction. If we let these great Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. I HAVE DESIRED APRONIA TO BE ALWAYS CAREFUL, ESPECIALLY ABOUT THE LEGS. Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything nowadays, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration above a hundred times in half an hour! Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is ADVISED, and not DESIRED. I should not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why — ay — You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs? I met Mr. Harley in the Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass case at the Coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master.[10] — But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good-morrow, my ladies all, good-morrow. Perhaps I'll answer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as saucy little Presto takes the humour. — At night. I walked in

the Park to-day in spite of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our snow. I dined with Lady Betty Germaine, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at piquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been abed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? — It has snowed all night, and rains this morning. — Come, where's MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. — O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I'm so 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his house in Capel Street, etc. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says he sent his man everywhere, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of everything but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. — But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it. — As to what you say of Goodman Peasly and Isaac,[11] I answer as I did before. Fie, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how these things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. — Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk indeed? — I'm glad of it at heart. — Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell,[12] is admirable. You may see them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or his again. — No indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools. — The account you give of that weekly paper[13] agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret, I suppose the Ministry and the printer. — Poor Stella's eyes! God bless

them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, Madam Dingley? Pretty well, a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? — Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister in Chester, and that Colonel Edgworth's widow[14] goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it you safe: so there are some hopes now. — Well, let us go on to your letter. — The warrant is passed for the First-Fruits. The Queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley of late has said nothing of presenting me to the Queen: I was overseen[15] when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you. What, is not Mrs. Walls' business over yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this time. — You did right, at last, to send me your accompts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds' interest soon due from Hawkshaw: pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers; and that, when I say so, Stella won't think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had stayed till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman[16] will be grumbling again in a little time: and if you are invited anywhere to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and do not blame Presto. — Oh, but you are telling your reasons. — Well, I have read them; do as you please. — Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M —— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly, ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see anybody. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper[17] that made me mistake. — I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain; and I will see to recommend him to the Duke of Argyle, his General, when I see the Duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I'll write when I can, and so shall MD; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that's settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. — Well, you shall have your pins; but for candles' ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years

ago, and she may think the same thing of me. — And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. — Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candlelight? bang your bones! Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that's too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no, nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed; — and so good-morrow, little sirrahs; that's for the rhyme.[18] You want politics: faith, I can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you? — At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather I could not stir further. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's[19] bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the Secretary of State, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the Duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The Duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the Secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the Duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal? — I now send away this letter, that you may not stay. — I dined with Ford upon his Opera-day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you presume to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting dear between. An't that right now? Farewell. THIS should BE longer, BUT that *I* send IT to-night.[20]

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's in St. Michael's Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether[21] the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the Duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 16.

LONDON, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I have just despatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but, before you write to me, I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my Lord Keeper,[1] which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens?[2] — At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir Andrew Fountaine in the forenoon, and I dined with three Irishmen, at one Mr. Cope's[3] lodgings; the other two were one Morris an archdeacon,[4] and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business. — Come, what are you doing? How do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly! I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for twopence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great Ministers of State.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O, faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the House to call the Secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the Duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the House too, and I kept him in talk till the Secretary came out; then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the Duke, which the Secretary must second, and his Grace must grant. The Duke said he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the Secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the Secretary to give the Duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his Grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham[5] and Colonel Hill[6] Mrs.

Masham's[7] brother tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the Duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Connolly's.[8]

13. I have left off Lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at Lord Shelburne's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout; and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler[9] he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a coat of arms at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet Ditch; 'tis well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's[10] birthday, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there, drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning Lord Shelburne, Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for, till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke[11] died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the Bishop of Winchester[12] about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking, if Mr. Harley dined early, to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H —— , a worthless Irish fellow, was there, ready to dine with us; so I stepped out, and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow: they made excuses, and begged me to stay; but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home; and at last I dined at Sir John Germaine's,[13] and found Lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for Lord Berkeley's[14] tomb; you know the young rake his son, the new Earl, is married to the Duke of Richmond's daughter,[15] at the Duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith, this letter goes on but slow; 'tis a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the City for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back, and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,[16] and laughed till six; then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I stayed till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that Lord Keeper and Secretary St. John dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heart-burn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only Lord Keeper and the Secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the Secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a Ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds,[17] without being obliged to anybody; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day; and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The Secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for Lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that live at St. Mary's,[18] and are called in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I don't expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an October Club, that is, a set of above a hundred Parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old Ministry to account, and get off five or six heads.[19] The Ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me that there must be something thought on, to settle things better. I'll tell you one great State secret: the Queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late Ministry, runs a little into t'other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of

those who got her out of the others' hands. The Ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough; this I happened to talk of to the Secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore that if their advice were followed they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail on the Queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a Ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the City, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where Sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome, genteel fellows; but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's, to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, Colonel Disney,[20] and I, have recommended Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; and Secretary St. John has given the Duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel, Fielding,[21] designs to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter; but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again; and 'tis mistaken, for I now want a little good weather. I bid you good-morrow; and, if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl: the poor Archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be gossip? I'll rise; so, d'ye hear, let me see you at night; and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs. — At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his Opera-day; but, now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD, methinks there is — something great in doing so, only I can't express where it lies; and, faith, this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you're a rogue. Mrs. Edgworth was to set out but last Monday; so you won't have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since that it is safe at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the City; for I take all occasions of walking. — I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that

Stella may ride by, and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith, it gives me short sighs; therefore no more of that, if you love me. Good-morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman; my pills say I must. — At night. Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter; and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the City, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy: Mr. Prior walks, to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I'll go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side-glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses; and, when I paid them, I quarrelled still; so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour, won't you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds,[22] which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy-drops. How does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the Treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday: and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and, if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, "Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so." I dined to-day with my Mistress Butler,[23] who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you're alive, young women, and then you will be so shamed that I have had none from you; and, if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is N.16, and I have had your N.10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen, and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a Minister-of-State-hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine, cold, sunshiny weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green; 'tis as good as our Park, but not so large.[24]

Faith, this summer we'll take a coach for sixpence[25] to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoyte's.[26] My hearty service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconstant I am! I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what have you to say? I DO NOT CARE HOW I WRITE NOW.[27] I don't design to write on this side; these few lines are but so much more than your due; so I will write LARGE or small as I please. O, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good-bye, for I'll seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I'm sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele.[28]

O Lord, I am saying lele, lele, to myself, in all our little keys: and, now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, besides my good two shillings!

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 17.

LONDON, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

Now, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford (it was his Opera-day) as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the Secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; but, two days ago, I met the Duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the Ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there's an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes: my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Mansel,[1] and Mr. Lewis; I invited Masham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, etc. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the Dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors, and Dr. Whittingham, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Presto? Hold your tongue, etc.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about some business, and he tells me that Colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company; but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it; and the recommendation to the Duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end

of the town with them: I saw two Lady Bettys[2] there this afternoon; the beauty of one, the good-breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of neither, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now: why don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen? The walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

27. Darteneuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James,[3] I know not his other name, but it is one of Darteneuf's dining-places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the Queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's; and we had the Queen's wine, and such very fine victuals that I could not eat it. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD; rare doings! why, truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died; and it pitied us to see the Archdeacon, how concerned he was. The Dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born; and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it. — Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly tonight, and han't guessed one word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the Dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think so, nor I don't care; what care I? but I must prate, etc.

28. I walked to-day into the City for my health, and there dined; which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up everything I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four-shilling book, and is called Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.[4] Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it; but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD; perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanac for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be leap-year. The almanac says 'tis the third after leap-year; and I always thought till now, that every third year was leap-year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I'm sure 'twas otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. — Write to me, sirrahs; be sure do by the time this side is done, and I'll keep t'other side for the answer: so I'll go write to the Bishop of Clogher; good-morrow, sirrahs. — Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day; and Lady Betty Butler, knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The Duchess[5] and they do not go over this summer with

the Duke; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moore,[6] and recommend his business to the Treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I have troubled him lately so much with other folks' affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business: however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But, in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with Lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley[7] will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the Duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the First-Fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday, Lord Keeper, Secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes Lord Rivers; and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which one was from Walls; and t'other, yes, faith, t'other was from our little MD, N.11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley; and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right. Oh, but I won't answer it these three or four days at least, or may be sooner. An't I silly? faith, your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog. — I stayed with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order.[8] Pray God preserve his health! everything depends upon it. The Parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the Queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the Ministry beg me to stay: however, when this Parliament lurry[9] is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the First-Fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The Ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen; but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the Queen's closet, once very lately; and your Duchess of Somerset,[10] who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played

against them. — I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the Queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the City with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for somebody else; and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your Dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his Opera-day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no Coffee-house. I presented a parson of the Bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson,[11] to the Duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the Protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O, Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O, faith, but I must answer it, or I shan't have room, for it must go on Saturday; and don't think I will fill the third side, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week. — Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, Madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? Answer me that, rogues. Your being with Goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, 'tis a boy.[12] Yes, I understand your cypher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He[13] gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainf btoy dpionufnad,[14] which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great Minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy-water;[15] pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little Stella good! I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'ennight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely, as

you judge. I do not think they are too severe on the Duke;[16] they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said it is not Prior, but perhaps it may be Atterbury. — Now, Madam Dingley, says she, 'tis fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pounds for the half-year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the Devil said Atterbury and your Dean were alike? I never saw your Chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your Chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing. — Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You with your awkward SS;[17] cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS. Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls's eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, "If she recovers, she may lose her sight." I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and Ministers. I don't go to a Coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. — And so you say that Stella is a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language, I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen. — In your account you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November[18] was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo[19] must cly Lele and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so lele's fol ee rettle. Dood-mollow. — At night. Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the Archbishop of Dublin; and the Dean may tell you the particulars from the Archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr.

Harley's being stabbed this afternoon, at three o'clock, at a Committee of the Council. I was playing Lady Catharine Morris's[20] cards, where I dined, when young Arundel[21] came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the Secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard,[22] stabbed Mr. Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. Secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the Lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the Archbishop. I have now, at nine, sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindness to me. — The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain. Good-night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat[23] up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising, and going to Mr. Secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night. — Night. Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the Secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good-night, etc., and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things. First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements:[24] I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child:[25] that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the Provost to stand for me, and let his Christian name be Harley, in honour of my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged Colonel Disney,

who was one of his solicitors to the Secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but, on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, etc. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me; and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the Secretary of State in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain,[26] as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, etc. etc.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy-face.

Are not you sauceboxes to write "lele"[27] like Presto? O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 18.

LONDON, March 10, 1710-11.

Pretty little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at Court, where he went to the Queen, who is out of order, and aguish: I doubt the worse for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact:[1] it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there; and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The Parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the City for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening, broke my shin in the Strand over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beater's skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when t'other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things; but I wish I had Mrs. J — —'s water:[2] she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and

sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the Dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O pray, don't you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your everybodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. Secretary St. John's for all my shin; and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe; secretary to my Lord Raby,[3] who is to be Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the Secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd[4] has got the smallpox. I called this morning to see Lady Betty Germaine, and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it;[5] for about ten days ago I was to see Lord Carteret;[6] and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the smallpox, and is since dead: it was near Lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. Secretary; and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the Queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and Lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck[7] that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator[8] yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my Lord Keeper and Lord Rivers, that I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. — So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot! it is time to leave off, etc.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two; and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the Cabinet Councillors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at Court to look for the Duke of Argyle, and gave him the memorial about Bernage. The Duke goes with the first fair wind. I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than an hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, and stayed till seven, but would not drink his champagne and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the City, but in a coach, and sossed[9] up my leg on the seat; and as I came home, I went to see poor Charles Barnard's[10] books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffee-house with Stratford upon chops and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the Archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The Duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnot,[11] to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the Duke's and me; Stella can't pronounce it. Oh that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was a-dreamed last night that I ate ripe cherries. — And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these Ministers!) — and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on t'other side; and do as you will. Here's a world of business; but I must go sleep, I'm drowsy; and so goodnight, etc.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the City, where I dined with one you never heard

of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The Speaker's eldest son[12] is just dead of the smallpox, and the House is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and so go to your Dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence t'other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of anybody; and that the Ministry expect me tomorrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the Secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy Presto? Darteneuf[13] invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Darteneuf? That's the man that knows everything, and that everybody knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the Coffee-house. My shin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I don't; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch! If I do not receive the ten-pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the Duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish Prayer-Books, etc.,[14] but the Duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they are packets coming hither. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it? I dined with Sir John Perceval,[15] and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the Duke of Savoy's daughter.[16] 'Tis very bad if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the Secretary of State and MD. This goes tomorrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good-night. 24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, etc.

LETTER 19.

LONDON, March 24, 1710-11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the Coffee-house to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but, faith, I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the Bishop of Ossory[1] and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, N.11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD take to write, especially poor pretty Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts everything backwards, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry New Year; this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my Lord Keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. Secretary St. John. Good-morrow, my mistresses both, good-morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. De Caudres'[2] down upon the folks as they come from church; and there comes Mrs. Proby,[3] and that is my Lady Southwell,[4] and there is Lady Betty Rochfort.[5] I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you. — At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence apiece: and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond; and this is the wound," etc., and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then. — Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in Parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear, by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon,[6] he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I be now at Laracor! No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy, wretched, scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. O, faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttikins for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the Coffee-house? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the Archbishop;[7] t'other I opened, it was from Staunton;[8] the third I took, and looked at the hand. Whose hand is this? says I; yes, says I, whose hand is this? Then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, an't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle? never saw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now; no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum.[9] What, is that Vedel again a soldier? was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it. — At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau;[10] ay, Vedeau, now I have it; let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast-day for the public; so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the Ministry; but he is too violent a Whig, and friend to the Lord Treasurer,[11] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the meantime; and thus the old ones hold in

still. The Comptroller[12] told me that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the Park. What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your Dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day, I will walk into the City, and see Charles Barnard's library. What care I for your letter, saucy N.12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why, then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again. — At night. Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick. I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. — How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper.[13] It an't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked today in the City, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Barnard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books, so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there is an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is Good Friday, you must know; and I must rise and go to Mr. Secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland, I will discharge him.[14] Sir Thomas Mansel,[15] one of the Lords of the Treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teague-lander.[16] I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident:[17] they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make April fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise. — At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel asked where we dined. We said, "Together." He said, we should dine with him, only his wife[18] desired him to bring nobody,

because she had only a leg of mutton. I said I would dine with him to choose; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a Lord of the Treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering[19] and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the Dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. — See how much I have lost with that ugly grease.[20] 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The Duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up; won't you go and see it? — An April fool, an April fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry. I will make you an April fool no more till the next time; we had no sport here, because it is Sunday, and Easter Sunday. I dined with the Secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these Easter holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish Bibles, etc., to make you Christians in that country: I befriend him what I can, on account of the Archbishop and Bishop of Clogher. — But what business have I to meddle, etc. Do not you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O, faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's? O, faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton: I love her better than anybody here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best — pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman still lies unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. — I called at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the D —— ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech; told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from Sir William Temple); that I expected every great Minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would

let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper[21] and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;[22] you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? You are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoilt a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed; but we will dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, etc. She says she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. — I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley; he sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine: upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one Madam MD. — God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning,

because that is not so modest to young ladies. — What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you sent: and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really N.12, or more. (Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the Bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together! But, faith, this shall go to-night, for fear; and then come when it will, I defy it.) No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the Dean told you the story of Mr. Harley from the Archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box? I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the —— . But you have it now, I suppose; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoilt it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, Madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley;[23] but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now Stella says she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, etc. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons (Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!) why they should not.[24] I have been used barbarously by the late Ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good. I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The Bishop of Kilmore,[25] I don't keep such company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life. So I am no godfather;[26] all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by VILLIAN and DAINGER;[27] and you, Madam Dingley, what is CHRISTIANING? — Lay your letter THIS WAY, THIS WAY, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and the other way. No; I will show you, lay them THIS WAY, THIS WAY, and not THAT WAY, THAT WAY.[28] — You shall have your aprons; and I will put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and do

not think I will forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I will be as careful as if they were strangers. I knew not what to do about this Clements.[29] Walls will not let me say anything as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the Bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my Lord Anglesea and Hyde[30] are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of Deputy Treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve however to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 20.

LONDON, April 5, 1711.

I put my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the City, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach,[1] and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. Secretary desired I would see him this morning; said he had several things to say to me, and said not one; and the Duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a Bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talked a while, and then all went to the lobby of the House of Commons, to solicit our friends, and the Duke came among the rest; and Lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But, after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with Lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth.[2] I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within; so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me?

And so get you gone to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I cannot find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte. — Yes, yes,

You expect Mrs. Walls,
Be dressed when she calls,
To carry you to Stoyte,
Or else HONI SOIT.

Henley told me that the Tories were insup-port-able people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not SUP-PORT. Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the House of Commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't, for those letters that go under a fortnight are answers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid; some, etc. — I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late spring they say here. — Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me there are letters from Ireland,

giving an account of a great indiscretion in the Archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet.[3] I called this evening to see Mr. Secretary, who has been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by burgundy and champagne, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea while the rest were at champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the Secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Postboy;[4] in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. Secretary St. John; and at the end there were half a dozen lines, telling the story of the Archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the Secretary I would not suffer that about the Archbishop to be printed, and so I crossed it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer, and told him so, and ordered him, in the Secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on anybody in Ireland till he had showed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the Archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the House of Commons again about their yarn, at Lord Anglesea's desire; but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with Sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville, the Secretary at War; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not so easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the Secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of champagne or burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better; but when he is well, he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting Lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton today, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncombe,[5] the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the Duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that Duke mightily. I writ this evening to the Archbishop of Dublin, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the Secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came fresh in

her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings apiece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed to have presented it to if I had won. Is Dilly[6] gone to the Bath? His face will whizz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back. — The rabble will say, "There goes a drunken parson"; and, which is worse, they will say true. Oh, but you must know I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a Secretary of State. The Secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be Lord Treasurer, and Lord Poulett[7] Master of the Horse, etc., but they are only conjecture. The Speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the House, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe, which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day. — What! I think I am stark mad, to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here is a deal of stuff, indeed! can't you bid those little dear rogues good-night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby (like a lobcock)[8] of the House of Commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the City by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of Charles Barnard's books; but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, etc., to an invitation at Sir William Read's.[9] Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the Queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and will not go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good-night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the Secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his champagne, etc. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my Lord Anglesea, and Sir Thomas Hammer, and Prior, and I dined, by appointment, with Lieutenant-General Webb.[10] My lord and I stayed till ten o'clock; but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain,[11] one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a Club of country members, who think the Ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the Ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I will remember Stella's chiding, "What had you to do with what did not belong to

you?" etc. However, you will give me leave to tell the Ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till Lord Chamberlain (Duke of Shrewsbury)[12] came up; then Colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the Duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the House of Commons about your yarn, and it is again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern; it happened to be the day and the house where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to inquire whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir George Beaumont.[13] But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch,[14] Lord Guernsey's son, to let me know that my Lord Compton,[15] the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the Club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship with the Ministry. The Club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground-room. At evening I went to the auction of Barnard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell that when I dined at Webb's with Lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and good officer, and hoped he would keep him. He said he had not thought otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me. — I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do him no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt,[16] that her husband is his friend; and the Bishop of Clogher says Clements's danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the Duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at Lord

Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements; her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt I expected her husband should stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half-year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place. I would give something for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 21.

LONDON, April 14, 1711.

Remember, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day; but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be Lord Treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, etc.

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the Duke of Tuscany used to send to Sir William Temple:[1] he always sends some to the chief Ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it! The Queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, etc.

16. I went with Ford into the City to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank Tokay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My Lord Keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the Dean; and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a Narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis,[2] and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, etc.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my Lord Keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and stayed till eight. There was Sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Caesar,[3] and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My Lord Keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with Lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto? I saw the number 21 at top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas

this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the House of Commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what is the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half-sheet of paper, and direct the outside "To Erasmus Lewis, Esquire, at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall": for I never go to the Coffee-house, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet-water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen, with Lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning General Webb was to give me a visit: he goes with a crutch and stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of, relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from Lord Peterborow to me: he writes so well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him. The Emperor's[4] death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our King Charles will be chosen Emperor, and the Duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind and I dined in the City at a printer's, and it has cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the Parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the Queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be Lord Treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord Keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no

snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence, the other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise, spite of your little teeth; good-morrow. — At night. O, faith, you are little dear saucyboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr. Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's Coffee-house; for I go to no coffee-house at all. And, faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I will not answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment: Lord Keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt,[5] Lord Keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcass. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb —

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miss your glass when you can;
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares Presto?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the Secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into Parliament. Oh, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both. — Night. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one, that no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late Ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an Act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be Lord Treasurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to answer: he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the Ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the House of Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the Secretary, and hardly any else of weight. Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my Lord Keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley napkins,[6] fringed at each end, upon the table, to drink with: my Lord Keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a fringeship (friendship) between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian Ambassador[7] coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the Duchess of Ormond,[8] who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the Countess of Bellamont,[9] with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hearing me named, she asked, "What, is that Dr. Swift?" said she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a Countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher a long politic letter, to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harnese[10] for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the Dean just now, Madam Stella, losing your money. Why do not you name what number you have received? You say you have received my letters, but do not tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the City with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him,[11] which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the Secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the Secretary, and showed him the Archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his Grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmanteau for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets.[12] We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that

there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I will stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte, etc.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the Secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day; and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play — with a — a — a — bookseller, and got but about half a dozen books.[13] I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the Secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the Ministry; there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in Parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges,[14] on whom part of the blame was falling, said he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late Ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause: for the chief quarrel against the late Ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. Foley[15] beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and said if the late Ministry were not to blame in that article, he (Mr. Harley) ought to lose his head for putting the Queen upon changing them. He made it a jest; but by some words dropped, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John; and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the Secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of Courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad; for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley asked me yesterday how he came to disoblige the Archbishop of Dublin. Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the Bishop had written to me on that subject,[16] and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after

all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the Archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's,[17] who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Dering,[18] who heard the words; and that Ingoldsby,[19] abused the Archbishop, etc. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it; O yes, enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer, but reproach, poor poor Presto. And how can I come away and the First-Fruits not finished? I am of opinion the Duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miscellanies[20] already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff box, I will have your strong box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box? Not the Meddle, but the Medley,[21] you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing. — Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the Narrative,[22] I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele, with Addison's help: it is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his Travels into England.[23] I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison. The Queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels). My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Westley[24] came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea. They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound: he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. Walls's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, little walkers": and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you —

If you talked no more than you walked,
Those that think you wits would be baulked.

Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box; is not it come yet? This is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith, you will break poor Presto's — I will not say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would,

and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, etc., that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O, faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the Dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good, kind, hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 22.

CHELSEA, April 28, 1711.

At night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with Lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son Lord Peasley,[1] who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs. Ashe: I made Lady Abercorn[2] go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I am sure she will maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the Secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in Parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to Court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the Secretary; and we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who stayed till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster School, where lads are chosen for the University: they say it is a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our Expedition Fleet is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at their tediousness, but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the Admiral[3] is your Walker's brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I cannot walk: I will borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith, I'll walk in the rain. Morrow. — At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Freind,[4] the second master of the school, with a

dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the City.

May 1. I wish you a merry May Day, and a thousand more. I was baulked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses. They would not let me in to their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kitt Musgrave,[5] if you know such a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Do not write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging, according to order? I have had just now a compliment from Dean Atterbury's lady,[6] to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the Dean is in town with his Convocation: so I have my Dean and Prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not Rrrrrrrrrare Chelsea buns?[7] I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, etc. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs Atterbury to know whether I might wait on her; but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening, when I crossed the way to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My Lord Rochester[8] is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as Lord President. I have been writing a long letter to Lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburne's, where Lady Kerry[9] made me a

present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, etc. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with Lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well-bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD: you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pounds till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the Coffee-house, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I do not know what, nor I do not know how, and this goes on very slow; it is a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and do not know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD? Faith, I am very silly; but I cannot help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear "Patrick, Patrick," called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? Go to the Dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics how to save the present Ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday Club, Lord Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I stayed till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story; and I showed him the Archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord Keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the Prime Ministers! I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be President in Lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. Harley if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower, so near was he to death. I was so curious as to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab; though my Lord

Keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half a crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but, faith, I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I do not know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus: "To Erasmus Lewis, Esq.; at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall." I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith, I think never one; among all the privateers and the storms. O, faith, my letters are too good to be lost. MD's letters may tarry, but never miscarry, as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather overhead enough to go and come in. I was early with the Secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore[10] came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore. But when I get Mr. Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and among others, poor Biddy Floyd,[11] who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home, I met Sir George Beaumont[12] in the Pall Mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham House. I was telling him of my head; he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea, which, he said, always gave it him; and that Dr. Radcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that Stella may consider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packed up and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yesterday that Mr. Harley would this week be Lord Treasurer and a peer; so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till Parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the Duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the care of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.[13] It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the City, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I will send to-morrow to the Coffee-house for a letter from MD; but I would not have one methinks till this is gone, as it shall on

Saturday. I visited the Duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the Duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil,[14] the son of a grocer in Capel Street, one Bell; the ladies have bought sugar and plums of him. Mrs. Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the Queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all. Go, go, go to the Dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year? I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is Knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill.[15] They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle Fields,[16] their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first; and Dering, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you will not value it. Well, Mr. Harley, Lord Keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to Mr. Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford: I found the wine; two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr. Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with Sir Robert Raymond and Mr. Harley's brother,[17] whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw. Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? Who can it be? You old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one Madam MD, Number Fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town; but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, etc. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written me to get him a collector's place, nothing less; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to Courts and Ministers. My answer is this, which pray

send: that I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the Duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present; but, if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at a distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good, and if fortune throws an opportunity in my way I shall not be wanting. This is my answer, which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pounds; but get Burton's[18] note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you that at the Court of Requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, etc.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 23.

CHELSEA, May 12, 1711.

I sent you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old Club, Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Mr. Secretary. They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave; so I writ to him yesterday, that foreseeing I should never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, and Robert Harley, Esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday[1] next we expect they will be lords; for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing, to be Earl of Oxford. Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to Court after church (as I always do on Sundays), and then dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, N.14. I will answer it when I please, Mr. Doctor. What is that you say? The Court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared Earl of Oxford and have the Treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to Court at all; somebody there asked me the reason. "Why," said I, "the Lord of Oxford knows." He always goes to the Queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain, you jackanapes, Lord Santry[2] was dead, Captain Cammock[3] assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do: he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe[4] and I meet, and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the Castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way. I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the City with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the Secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so, is because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap (what d'ye call him), Trapp,[5] your Chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis

called A Character of the Present Set of Whigs, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called The State of Wit,[6] giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curll[7] has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large: and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before Lord Keeper and the rest. Since I came home, I have been sitting with the Prolocutor, Dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way, but generally keeps in town with his Convocation. 'Tis late, etc.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot. I dined with Lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls's tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening, it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use, but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's Green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes, faith, every step; it would do DD[8] good as well as Presto.[9] Everybody tells me I look better already; for, faith, I looked sadly, that is certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I do not love it; faith, I hate it, but it is cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.[10]

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last, I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do.[11] Dead with heat; are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one Parson Richardson,[12] who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I send Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books[13] I got from the Lords of the Treasury for the College. I dined with Lord Shelburne to-day; Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for Ireland. — Lord! I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his house, with Dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty

late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me that Mrs. Edgworth[14] married a fellow in her journey to Chester; so I believe she little thought of anybody's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow; and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer. His patent is passing; but, they say, Lord Keeper's not yet; at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England; we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge: she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner,[15] hanged for treason in Shaftesbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by Lady Berkeley.[16] I love good creditable acquaintance: I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, "For want of company, welcome trumpery." I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the Secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with Colonel Crowe, late Governor of Barbados,[17] and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is Lord Treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the Treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with Dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, etc.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and dined with Dean Atterbury; then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday Club was met, with the addition of the Duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered Lord Rivers that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary said the Duke writ to have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the Duke of Buckingham[18] had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered it could not be, for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewsbury said he thought that Duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's

quality, and more from a duke than any other man. The Duke replied that he did not mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten to twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him; and then walked in a fine moonshine night to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what the Lord Keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon; but Mr. Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b — dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time; but, faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes, of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, Uncle Adam's[19] daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here, to get a place from Lowndes;[20] because my uncle and Lowndes married two sisters, and Lowndes is a great man here in the Treasury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to Lowndes, and one word of mine, etc., the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig, to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the City, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me that Mr. Harley's patent for the Earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. Secretary St. John's office; so to-morrow or next day, I suppose, he will be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the staff.[21] This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing will be at his levee! yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford. — No, you are not out in your number; the last was Number 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good

lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he never sent me any sum before, but one bill of twenty pounds half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved.[22] I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under a necessity of rambling the country until Michaelmas, faith. No, let them keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks; or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your Dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O, faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you are at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour. — To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would be. And so, a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne! I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Frankland's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but "To Erasmus Lewis, Esq.; at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall." Direct your outside so. — Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty, healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget[23] had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies will not like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs. Morrow. — At night. I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my

own cellar, some of my own chest of the great Duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says; nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin, giving me further thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your Mayor's election,[24] wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I do not know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand.

Preserve your eyes,
If you be wise.

Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two towards Chester by one Parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning. Mr. Secretary has sent his groom hither, to invite me to dinner to-day, etc. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, etc. Amen. Farewell, etc.

Do not I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 24.

CHELSEA, May 24, 1711.

Morning. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucyboxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs. — At night. I dined with the Secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning: he is now Earl of Oxford, Earl Mortimer, and Lord Harley of Wigmore Castle. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The Queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod[1] for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her, though, in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half-way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here but, however, I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see Lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the Secretary. My lord set me down at a coffee-house, where I waited for the Dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea; for it has rained prodigiously all this afternoon. The Dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till further orders. My Lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called "my lord"; and when I called him "my lord," he called me "Dr. Thomas Swift,"[2] which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed

myself without him; and when I went to town he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes till further orders. Oh, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham[3] has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon: so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go to see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley[4] met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows, walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my Lord Oxford and the ladies, the new Countess, and Lady Betty,[5] who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the Queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at Council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison,[6] who gave him an employment of gauger, and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, THAT THE STAFF OF LIFE HAS BEEN OF LATE A STRANGER TO HIS APPETITE. Today the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face: you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the Dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving-day, and went to the Secretary about some affairs, then visited the Duke and Duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My Lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him Lord Oxford no more, but Lord Treasurer: I hope he will stick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the City (where I dined) that he will very soon have the Garter. — Pr'ythee, do not you

observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffee-house; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, Lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch,[7] Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, etc. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the Archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a Mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it?[8] I have not heard anything of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your Bishop Hickman is dead;[9] but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland; so they may die as fast or slow as they please. — Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; Parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many a more unlikely thing has happened. — Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. WRITE BIGGER, SIRRAH[10] Presto. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep; I have been with the Dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig are, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often; so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, N.15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number), from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's; and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand is in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river; and I went down with only my nightgown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit there has been the greatest blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with Lord Shelburne: Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to Lord Treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us, and went to Court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new Lord Steward or Comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that State secret out by that accident. I will not answer your letter yet, sirrahs; no I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but it is near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at

your leisure, enclosed to Mr. Presto. Yes, I now think your mackerel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls' (how does she do?).

2. I missed this day by a blunder and dining in the City.[11]

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the Secretary as usual, and old Colonel Graham[12] that lived at Bagshot Heath, and they said it was Colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor Park. What, I warrant you do not remember the Golden Farmer[13] neither, figgarkick soley?[14]

4. When must we answer this letter, this N.15 of our little MD? Heat and laziness, and Sir Andrew Fountaine, made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's; and, in short, this weather is unsupportable: how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls; and if Lady Betty went to Ireland, you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it; she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so; and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I will love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the City to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Secretary. They say my Lord Treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean a list of those who are to be turned out of employment; and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the Treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give Lord Treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather. — I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me, to hold my nightgown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap. So farewell till I come up; but there is no danger, don't be frighted. — I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but, as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O, faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow. — At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with Lady

Betty Germaine, and there was the young Earl of Berkeley[15] and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. — After dinner, Mr. Bertue[16] would not let me put ice in my wine, but said my Lord Dorchester[17] got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and Lady Carteret[18] showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old Lady Weymouth[19] a visit, with some more beldames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns, with Lord Pembroke,[20] and designed to go to Lord Treasurer; but it was too late, and beside I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with Lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after it is dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer MD's letter, N.15, 15, 15, 15. Now have I told you the number? 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr. Presto? There is your breeding! Where is your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades. — No, I never sit up late now; but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. — Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talked so in Parliament?[21] Your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out. — And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,[22] as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day. — As for Joe,[23] I have recommended his case heartily to my Lord Lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be to

apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the Duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the Duke, and make his court, and ply about, and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your Mayor I had before, as I told you, from the Archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? So he says fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I am sure I used him indifferently enough; and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place; only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted. — What an odd bill is that you sent of Raymond's! A bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir Alexander Cairnes[24] in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Sir Alexander Cairnes to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself was not at home) said they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry. — I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so Dean —— — thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment! It is equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the Miscellany yet?[25] Why, 'tis a four-shilling book: has nobody carried it over? — No, I believe Manley[26] will not lose his place; for his friend[27] in England is so far from being out that he has taken a new patent since the Post Office Act; and his brother Jack Manley[28] here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine AT A TIME, and you win eight shillings AT A TIME; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you. — Why, this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember Berested's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley-in-the-Hole.[29] I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I

have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymour,[30] the General, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, "Harkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate," etc. Another time, fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said it was such weather as pleased God: Seymour said, "Perhaps it may; but I am sure it pleases nobody else." Why, Madam Dingley, the First-Fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and Lord Treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the Duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech in your Parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion that my Lord Treasurer Harley did it many months ago, before the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well. Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half-hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper that after that of this day,[31] which tells us what this Parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more.[32] Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow. — At night. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, Governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my Lord Treasurer's brother,[33] and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me, that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to Lord Treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad.[34] Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill; so all is well: only, by a letter from Parvisol, I find there are some perplexities. — Joe has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the Bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe[35] may not hinder his father[36] from being portreve. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty, but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with Lord Shelburne and Lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but tomorrow I shall know farther. — O this dear rain, I

cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixed with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburne: so morrow, till an hour or two hence. — In town. I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 25.

CHELSEA, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I have been all this time at Wycombe, between Oxford and London, with Lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I will answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wycombe with Lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde Park Corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was Lord Treasurer: so I killed two birds, etc., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the Secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's,[1] who married Lady Catharine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems, in my absence, they had erected a Club,[2] and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday. We are yet but twelve: Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our Club is, to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other Club in this town will be worth talking of. The Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Raymond, is one of our Club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your Lord Chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond: so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last, so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr. Reading:[3] and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray? — I sat this evening with Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will Congreve attending at the Treasury, by order, with his brethren, the Commissioners of the Wine Licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to Lord Treasurer; and Congreve told me that, after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke

to him with great kindness, promising his protection, etc. The poor man said he had been used so ill of late years that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, etc., and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve: which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my Lord Treasurer, I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined), and told him what had passed between my lord and me; so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work.[4] I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the Dean of Carlisle;[5] and I design to write a letter to Lord Treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it;[6] and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's[7] was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr. Gastrell[8] and I dined, by invitation, with the Dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days, just as I did, saucy monkeys? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? Confess. Well, I'll go sleep; 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep: I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips (just come from Denmark) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The Earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's Green,[9] about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor Duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at Lord Ashburnham's, with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me he has desired a friend to

receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the Treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the Treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at Lord Treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a Commissioner of the Customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame Lord Treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the deanery of Christ Church,[10] which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking and caring, scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, Madam Stella; and in good ale, Madam Dingley.

27. The Secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was Sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with Lady Ashburnham and Lady Frederic Schomberg, and Lady Mary Schomberg,[11] and Lady Betty Butler, and others, talking; and it put me in mind of the Dean and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I stayed with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, etc.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this side. O, faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day se'ennight; the Secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day, our Society (it must not be called a Club) dined at Mr. Secretary's: we were but eight; the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of Lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly short already, all our fruit blasted. Your Duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's business is quite blown up: they stand to it to send him back to the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, though I almost fell out with the secretary of the Treasury,[12] who is my Lord Treasurer's cousin-germain, and my very good friend. It

seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my Lord Treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised Lord Treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at Lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at Lord Treasurer's, who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teasing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your little letter, sirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terribly sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk over-night that disposes me to sleep: faith, 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early, and wakes me five or six times; but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, N.16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter won't be above six lines"; and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The Bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well: I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome: I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad. — Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little; but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water; but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby[13] goes with you to Wexford: she's admirable company; you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Proby! take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money. Now, Madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and, if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll UN-PARVISOL him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are! Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cock-horse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marget, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribbon to tie about her? reach me my mask: sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop: sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. — Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a

good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me? — No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not. — No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your Duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. — I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I will walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I will return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller, in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. — O, Madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles! faith, you have galloped indeed. Well, but where is the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith, you are a cheat. So you will see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples; which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let Fate govern. — Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust. — We have plays acted in our town; and Patrick was at one of them, oh oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother-footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. — I am to dine to-day with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the Dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not seen that Lord Peterborow yet. The Duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now: you do not care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights; I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together! I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. — Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the Ministry all use me perfectly well; and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. — They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me, and that they

resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. — Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to. Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well.

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth:

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 26.

CHELSEA, June 30, 1711.

See what large paper I am forced to take, to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but, faith, the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to Lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford; and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Philips, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from Lord Treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison: but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever, so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble Lord Treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the Secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the Bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the Bishop says you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news; that your Lady Lyndon[1] is dead, and I know not what besides of Dr. Coghill[2] losing his drab, etc. The Secretary was gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord Treasurer is at Windsor too; they will be going and coming all summer, while the Queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudshoe,[3] the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? You are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the Dean said, "Shall we never hear from you?" "Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter." Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady, "Did your waters pass well this morning, madam?" Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Do not lose your money, sirrah, far from

home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least, the Secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, it is past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the Treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glass. I have set him very well with the Ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the City with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith, next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine; I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley[4] there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, etc., upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna, by his negotiations: he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the Ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of Lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up Lord Shelburne and Mrs. Pratt at Lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with Lord Treasurer: Tom Harley was there, and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at Lord Treasurer's; he rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our Club, and told a judge who was with us that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent Sir H. Belasyse[5] going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur, and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so that he smoked me, and named Belasyse. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said there was something in a Treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a Bishop who does not love divinity, or a General who does not love war; and I wondered why the Queen would make a man Lord Treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the First-Fruits of England, and I took occasion to tell him that I would not for a thousand pounds anybody but he had got them for Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million. — Is it not

silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk Street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the Park and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the Dean.[6] When I was almost at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the Dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the Bishop of Clogher, who tells me the Archbishop of Dublin mentioned in a full assembly of the clergy the Queen's granting the First-Fruits, said it was done by the Lord Treasurer, and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours I find nothing of that: perhaps the Bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford; but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the City to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Rolt,[7] who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and, when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich, I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the Dean, and ate victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I will go sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel phrase), and am got into Suffolk Street. I dined to-day at our Society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country: we dined at Lord Keeper's with young Harcourt, and Lord Keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with Lord Treasurer, who had invited the Secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to Lord Treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, Judge Powell,[8] an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I stayed till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk: but I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments.

You are got far southwards; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I ate some Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, or since, which I reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is chosen portreeve.[9] Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. — I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I am not at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. — O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw: I went to the Secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and stayed till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall,[10] lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me Squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here. I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel Street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined in the City by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet, cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the City, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill; so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.[11] Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and nowhere else in Ireland, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes and health.

10. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer: we did not sit down till four. I

despatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the Queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them. And I must talk over that matter with some people. My Lord Treasurer told me the Queen and he between them have lost the paper about the First-Fruits, but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walked pretty well in the Park this evening. Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folk's affairs? I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park to engage to speak to Lord Treasurer in their behalf, and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolve to trouble him, or any other Minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for anybody. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tenison,[12] who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley[13] in the City, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from Hamburg. I inquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. — I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This, I think, shall go there: or why not to Wexford itself? That is right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it costs you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a Secretary is come from Windsor, and I cannot find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see Lord Treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to Windsor, and betwixt two stools, etc. I will go live at Windsor, if possible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a Commissioner of the Customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday with Lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late Chief-Justice Broderick[14] is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present

Ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto, because he is a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day, I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the Dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrell's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the Dean of Canterbury's;[15] and there I saw Moll Stanhope,[16] who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank Stock is fallen three or four per cent. by the whispers about the town of the Queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly at Kensington with Lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds were paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it; and I wish all your money was in the Bank too. I will have my other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I will answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day: fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town; I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the City to-day with a hedge[17] acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I will answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country, to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto! Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, Madam Stella, how you gallop away, in your spleen and your rage, about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey-dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord Keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him; and the Secretary told me t'other day he had refused a very good one for me, but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months. — Oh ay, that's true, Dingley; that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate;

but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter, but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d —— d news you tell me of Mrs. F —— ; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there are some things for me that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for —— ; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson[18] stayed in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I do not like anything in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th;[19] all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading, which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop.) — At night. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green,[20] his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the Queen; but he cut me short with this saying, "Laissez faire a Don Antoine," which is a French proverb, expressing, "Leave that to me." I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we both think to go to Windsor for some days, to despatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendship. — To return to your letter. Your Bishop Mills[21] hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. — It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I do not expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette[22] for Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir John Stanley,[23] where I have not been this great while. There dined with us Lord Rochester, and his fine daughter, Lady Jane,[24] just growing a top-toast. I have been endeavouring to save Sir Matthew Dudley,[25] but fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six times to-night for exercise, and would

have done more; but, as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford, like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea. I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me the maid says one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish Archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The Duke of Newcastle[26] is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy! Farewell, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times. God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 27.

LONDON, July 19, 1711.

I have just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write (pshaw, I began too high); but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg: to-morrow I will say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with Lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with Lord Treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with Lord Treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, etc. I had just time to desire Lord Forbes[1] to call at my lodging and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor by his servant. I lay last night at the Secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to Court in. The Queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got Lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and nightgown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a nightgown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen, nor anything. — Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; so I am in Christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and stayed there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before, except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose, to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge[2] friend in the City; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate Street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you

doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? Let Presto know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not Madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford: the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had; the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then! I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The Under Secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for some thing else; and so he shall swing. What, I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex! 'Tis true the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before, but what care I for that! What, must a woman be ravished because she is a whore? — The Secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there but once, and that was long before he was Treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now; and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs[3] think it is I who have made the Secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another[4] are to have it. Jacob came to me the other day, to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to Lord Treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily? — We have had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the City, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her,

and then she is forced to shift. Patrick the puppy put too much ink in my standish,[5] and, carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, wet, and empty; Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor; so I must dine nowhere; and I promised Lord Treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there.[6] I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two. — Windsor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see Lord Treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he stayed an hour for me. Then I went and sat with Mr. Lewis till just now, and it is past eleven. I lie in the same house with the Secretary, one of the Prebendary's houses. The Secretary is not come from his apartment in the Castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment, for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in, he had not put up one rag of my things! I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the Secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of Lord Treasurer's servants gave me a letter to-night: I found it was from —— , with an offer of fifty pounds, to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage;[7] but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment, nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I will go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me: one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the Queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. The other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down.[8] I dined with the Secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborow. The Duke of Hamilton[9] would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked upstairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sundays much company always meet at the great tables. Lord Treasurer told at Court what I said to Mr. Secretary on this

occasion. The Secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. “Poh,” said I, “show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner.” See how this is all blotted,[10] I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience, I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes: I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the Under Secretaries upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see Lord Treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor. He said he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not go, because the Duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham’s, and there stayed till past one o’clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs. I dined gravely with my landlord the Secretary. The Queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt; but, finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my Lord Kerry’s son,[11] who is at school there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can’t send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto’s venison for Presto’s sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls!

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; ’twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The Queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too; and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence, and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his Under Secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him: it is late, etc.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip-hand of me: he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him

without the least pity. The Secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The Duchess of Shrewsbury[12] asked him, was not that Dr. — Dr. — and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for Swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift[13] says. I go to-morrow with the Secretary to his house at Bucklebury, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the Bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to his Parliament. Have you any correspondence with him to Wexford? Methinks, I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, etc. O Lord, that would be so pretending;[14] and then, says you, Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Bucklebury: we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours. I cannot bid you good-night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good-morrow, etc.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Bucklebury, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Bucklebury: he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady,[15] who is descended from Jack Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed and shaved, and went to Court, and would not dine with the Secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for Lord Dartmouth, the other Secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord Treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk; and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord Treasurer and the Secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the Queen, and she said she had never heard of me. I told them that was their fault, and not hers, etc., and so we laughed. I dined with the Secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I alone in the Prebendary's house, which Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The Vice-Chamberlain,[16] and Mr. Masham, and the Green Cloth,[17] have promised me dinners. I shall

want but four till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a music-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita,[18] and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers: I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined today with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a Drawing-room to-day at Court; but so few company, that the Queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the Green Cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's[19] invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the Queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court, and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the Queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign Ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the Queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke, the Vice-Chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner; but the toast, his lady,[20] was unfortunately engaged to Lady Sunderland.[21] Lord Treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie at his lodgings in the Castle; and, after seeing the Queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon; but what care I? I believe I shall die with Ministries in my debt. — This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but, faith, I will not answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-Chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the Queen, and overtook Miss Forester,[22] a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the Queen will come. We met the Queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the Queen went by. The Doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors; and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off. — When I came back I found Mr. Scarborow had sent all about to invite me to the Green Cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this

evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.[23]

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the Secretary by noon. I will not go to the race unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 28.

WINDSOR, Aug. 11, 1711.

I sent away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race[1] to-day, but was hindered by a visit: I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the Green Cloth, where everybody had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all, and very noisy company; but I made the Vice-Chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side table, to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the Secretary, who is returned; but Lord Keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I stayed till just now: Lord Treasurer and Secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, etc.

12. I was this morning to visit Lord Keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the Keeper and Treasurer, on purpose to show them to him; and he saw the Queen and several great lords, and the Duchess of Montagu;[2] he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the Bishop.[3] My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr. Adams,[4] the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now Lord Willoughby of Broke,[5] and will sit in the House of Lords with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with Lord Treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and Prior. The Treasurer made us stay till twelve, before he came from the Queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the Cabinet Council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming out too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not: I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the Secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare,[6] his Under Secretary, Mr. Lewis, Brigadier Sutton,[7] and I, dined together; and I made the Vice-Chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the Cabinet Council was not held last night was because Mr. Secretary St. John would not sit with your Duke of Somerset.[8] So to-day the Duke was forced to go to the race while the Cabinet was held. We have music-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day; but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that Lord Treasurer got the Queen to remit the First-Fruits before the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord Lieutenant, and that the bishops have written a letter to Lord Treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the Convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the Duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the City, about a little bit of mischief, with a printer. — I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.[9]

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see Lord Treasurer; but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my Lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Masham his father meant, who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our Society. God send her a good time! her death would be a terrible thing.[10] — Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great Ministers, to clear some misunderstandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. It is a pity the world does not know my virtue. — I thought the clergy in Convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor; but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush, but at my return shall freely let all people know that it was my Lord Treasurer's action, wherein the Duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat? And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the City, and dined at Pontack's[11] with Stratford, and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others; he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburg are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our Society, who are to sup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies here safe underneath; — I see it; lie still: I will answer you when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at Lord Treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing

going to this Lord Treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive.[12] I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the Secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin, who are two of our Society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the Secretary. It was past nine before we got here, but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The Queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our Society members, six in all, and I supped with Lord Treasurer. The Queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the Ministry.[13] I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines.[14] Lord Treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day: I returned with the Secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and are not you glad at heart you have got home safe to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? And so your friends come to visit you; and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye; and the Dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte, and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name an't Hannah, Catherine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again! and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the Archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the First-Fruits were got by Lord Treasurer before the Duke of Ormond was Governor. I told Lord Treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here; but thought all was well enough if they complimented the Duke of Ormond. Lord Treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen; and says he will write them an answer. The Dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three; and I went to dine with Lord Treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the Secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering,[15] was murdered by two men, on

Turnham Green, last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton Court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub Street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at Lord Treasurer's, but went to see Lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited Lord Treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's Chocolate-house,[16] my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our Society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us that Mr. Henley[17] is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, Earl Poulett, is gone down to the Grange, to take care of his funeral. The Earl of Danby,[18] the Duke of Leeds's eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the smallpox. — I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters. — Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fie for shame, Presto! Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but, faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying-glass, Madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these Ministers hinder me. Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side: and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, Madam Dingley, as it stands since November,[19] that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the Dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good-night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for not dining with

him yesterday, for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their Club of the Ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor[20] and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the Cabinet with the Queen: so goes the world! Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said he was sent by the Ministry, and for some overtures towards a peace. The Secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your Parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your Lords and Commons with Lord Treasurer, and did, at the request of some people, desire that the Queen's answer to the Commons' address might express a dislike of some principles, etc.; but was answered dubiously. — And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them, I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned; pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt seas. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow, for I will not, unless the Secretary asks me. I know all your news about the Mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your Parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the Commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven Lords who examined Gregg.[21] The Answer[22] is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had Trapp's poem on the Duke of Ormond[23] printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's[24] death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight who desired me to speak

to Lord Treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the Treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me, to recommend his lights to the Ministry, assuring me that a word of mine would, etc. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him. — Did the Bishop of London[25] die in Wexford? poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? — Are you sure it was the Bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a Bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks? — Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O, faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? Are these your English tricks, with a murrain? And Sacheverell will be the next Bishop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has, and that is more than they will give him, for aught I see. He hates the new Ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not: but my Lord Keeper owned it to me the other day. No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips, for his eyes. — So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again, after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning, or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with Lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall[26] (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets. There is a cousin of his (I suppose,) a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome, genteel fellow. Dick Tighe[27] and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say that she has a tongue: in short, I am told she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot, whiffling[28] puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the Secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with Lord Keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the City with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. — They say it is certain that Prior has been in France,[29] nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the Secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the Ministry want me for, and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues; I am never happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of Courts and Ministries, and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage[30] came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life. He never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 29.

LONDON, Aug. 25, 1711.

I have got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper, to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the post-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, N.18; and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two Houses, all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss: and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest, with your Parliament and Convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but the other I.

26. People have so left the town that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the Ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's,[1] and he was abroad, and the drab his wife looked out at window, and bowed to me without inviting me up: so I dined with Mr. Coote,[2] my Lord Mountrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my Lord Jersey[3] died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden. He was Chamberlain to King William, and a great favourite, turned out by the Queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be Privy Seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at Court, as I have been informed. I never remember so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the City, to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the Bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley for some things I am to buy for her; and the d —— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St. James's Park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this season, where everything grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at Wexford? A few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new Privy Seal. The Whigs whisper that our new Ministry

differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary: they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the Secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretell a peace, and that is all we have to preserve us. The Secretary is not come from Windsor, but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the Dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be Dean of Christ Church in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our Ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and the consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm, quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right. — When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O, faith, I 'scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that is certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them: they set out to-morrow for Chester, and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldest son[4] is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his second son[5] has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to Lord Treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the First-Fruits were granted before the Duke of Ormond was declared Governor; and I writ to him that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My Lord Treasurer began a health to my Lord Privy Seal: Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is Privy Seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprised with the news that the Bishop of Bristol is made Lord Privy Seal. You know his name is Robinson,[6] and that he was many years Envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present

Ministry are extremely glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my Lord Treasurer, and will bind the Church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter;(see above, 29th Aug.) but told me he would not offer to send it without showing it to me: he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company: Lord Rivers, Mar,[7] and Kinnoull,[8] Mr. Secretary, George Granville, and Masham: the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to Lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon, to go to a play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington: Ophy Butler's wife[9] there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the Ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey,[10] with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windsor with Mr. Secretary; and Lord Treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust. — At night. Windsor. The Secretary and I dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my Lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the Secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town; and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a basket full to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook! nothing but claret and ombre! I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the Castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once, a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The Queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great Court; and, among others, I saw your Ingoldsby,[11] who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the Keeper, Treasurer, etc., came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would

bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago), and delivered him to the General, and bid him answer his questions; and so I left them together. Sutton after some time comes back in a rage, finds me with Lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so, I suppose, he smoked me a little. So we laughed, etc. My Lord Willoughby,[12] who is one of the chaplains, and Prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the Bishop of Bristol, who is Dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the Cathedral. This they do to be popular; and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company: for the Court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the Secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare, to tempt me to dine with him. "Poh," said I, "I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company." Lord Treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow: they say the Bishop will then have the Privy Seal delivered him at a great Council.

3. Windsor still. The Council was held so late to-day that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The Bishop was sworn Privy Councillor, and had the Privy Seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby,[13] who is Earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of Sir H. Johnson in the City; he has three-score thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea Company, who were named to-day. My Lord Treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with Lord Treasurer, Keeper, etc., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said it was the same printer whom my Lord Treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea Company. He denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in Lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with Lord Treasurer; then I went into Lord Treasurer's. We stopped at Kensington, where Lord Treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at Lord Treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the City by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the City, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horridly dusty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter: it is very refreshing after ten days dry. — I went into the City, and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave

him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's; and came home pretty late, with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, N.19? Not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent! I cannot do anything in it, sweethearts, till night. — At night. O Lord, O Lord! the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but, when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N.20, dated Dublin. O dear, O dear! O sad, O sad! — Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mrs. Masham's son's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my Lord Treasurer, his son and son-in-law, that is to say, Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin, and Lord Rivers and I. The Dean of Rochester[14] christened the child, but soon went away. Lord Treasurer and Lord Rivers were godfathers; and Mrs. Hill,[15] Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because, Mr. Masham being a brother of our Society, his son, you know, is consequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not, as they do in Ireland, with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye call it?) rise about her hips and body. There is another name of the counterpane; and you will laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven; and Lord Treasurer set me down at my lodging in Suffolk Street. Did I ever tell you that Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with Lord Treasurer till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good-night for last night, etc.

8. Morning. I go to Windsor with Lord Treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me, to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, N.19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, Madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy,[16] and the river Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's, you scambling,[17] scattering sluttikin! YES, MIGHTY LIKE INDEED, IS NOT IT?[18] Pisshh, do not talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not lose the desire of it. God be thanked, that the ugly numbing is gone! Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra which Dr. Elwood[19] and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card-purse? you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil! is that eight-shilling tea-kettle copper, or tin japanned? It is like your

Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep, to convince me that Walls has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley cannot write, because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford! I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What! you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford, and chiefly the Bishop of Raphoe,[20] an old, doting, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, Madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement. — So Dr. Elwood says there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The Duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse out of roguery. — No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, Madam Stella, but your old SCRAWLING, SPLAY-FOOT POT-HOOKS, S, S,[21] ay that's it: there the s, s, s, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, etc.

Our fine weather is gone; and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving-day, and I have much to do. When Stella says her pen was bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know, the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds indorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1.[22] Pray be very particular; but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included: so make no blunder. I won't wrong you, nor you shan't wrong me; that is the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell them that; and that I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, etc. etc.

I open my letter once more, to tell Stella that if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this, to oblige poor Presto.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 30.

WINDSOR, Sept. 8, 1711.

I made the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to Lord Treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter-past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham, and Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but, at parting, he told me I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The Queen is still in the gout, but recovering: she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother Sir William Wyndham,[1] and some others of our Society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at Lord Treasurer's, which was Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I do not love. — Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have stayed a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our Society are to meet at supper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit Lord Keeper, and sup at Lord Treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord Treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. Patrick came home with the Secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you that when I went to Windsor on Saturday I overtook Lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton[2] in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of Lord Treasurer's brother, who had business with the Treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham Green, four miles from London; and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with Lord Treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with Lord Treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me

about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charter-house.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey;[3] it makes a twopenny pamphlet. I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal, grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page; that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's: when I came in, Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, "Here is our English liberty!" I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten; and then the Secretary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying: it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the Secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the City to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them. — Did I tell you of the Archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying, in several of his former, that he would shortly write to me something about myself; and it looked as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But hang him! and so good-night, etc.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the Secretary to dine with Lord Treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company: we had the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Rivers, the two Secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to Council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, stayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and indeed the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add,[4] are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to

Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after Balderig, and the claret of Dublin; and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his Colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty. I met H. Coote,[5] and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings: we were very good company, and I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think it is late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and dream, and so forth. Faith, this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs; but I cannot write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey, you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here; and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I am sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the Secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread-and-butter; but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith, it cost me a guinea. I do not like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our Society met at the Secretary's: there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the Earl of Jersey,[6] whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams,[7] one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The Queen saw company in her bed-chamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with Lord Treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except Lord Keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally, but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary stay here till tomorrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little Court friend at one. But

Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at Lord Treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London. I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to Lord Treasurer, who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the Duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five; so we were forced to go to a tavern, and sent for wine from Lord Treasurer's, who at last, we were told, did not go to town till the morrow, and at Lord Treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning, and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. Masham's sister, no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one; which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Doctor's wife[8] was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the Doctor. I have seen a fellow often about Court whom I thought I knew. I asked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance (I won't say yours); I think his name is Lovet,[9] or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs. Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next; so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the Dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The Queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold; she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go tomorrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the Doctor to see Cranburn, a house of Lord Ranelagh's,[10] and the Duchess of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the finest places they are, for nature and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the Queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called A History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since, etc.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known; and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, it will be a very good Court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it: we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the Green Cloth by Colonel Godfrey, who

married the Duke of Marlborough's sister,[11] mother to the Duke of Berwick by King James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born. But I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (Lord Keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour, Dr Adams.[12] Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the Duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily. — We have not sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The Duke of Ormond is censured here, by those in power, for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty.[13] He is governed by fools, and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock with you, Madam Stella, and walk to the Dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the Green Cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the Court being always thin of company till Saturday night. — This new ink and pen make a strange figure; I MUST WRITE LARGER, YES I MUST, OR STELLA WILL NOT BE ABLE TO READ THIS.[14] S. S. S., there is your S's for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the Queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old Lady Berkeley.[15] But I fretted when I came away: I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the Ministry: I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them, and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the Ministry come to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with Lord Treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long. We walked in all about five miles; but I was so tired with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walked two miles towards London, hoping to meet Lord Treasurer, and return with him; but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walked nine miles in all; and Lord Treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so; but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and stayed till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry and careless and disengaged as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The Secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon. I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The Queen was at

church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman,[16] Clerk of the Kitchen. I was to see Lord Keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour; and Lord Treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The Court was very full to-day. I expected Lord Treasurer would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me; and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. It is now seven at night, and I am at home; and I hope Lord Treasurer will not send for me to supper: if he does not, I will reproach him; and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. — So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. — It is now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary: they tell me the Queen is yet at Council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the Council afterwards. It is certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there is an end. — It is now eleven, and a messenger is come from Lord Treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24. I came to town by six with Lord Treasurer, and have stayed till ten. That of the Queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the Secretary told me this morning; but I find the Ministry are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me, in Lady Giffard's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor Park. I will answer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is MD's N.20 is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe, I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday; for I must see the Secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you stayed four days at Inish-Corthy, two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's, and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'ennight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that "travellers may lie by authority." Make up this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day?[17] Let me see — thirty pounds in two months is nine score pounds a year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse! I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral; and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad! he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness; and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. — O yes, Madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! And your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls;

I suppose then you lay upon the walls. — Mrs. Walls has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it; so I make a present of it, to stop some gaps, etc. Where's the thanks of the house? So, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English — you must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you. — No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side: I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him, for the management of that box; and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I see him. Mr. Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him; I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The Archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls, to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than anything. — The D —— she has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with Lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny[18] — but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, Madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was an hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water. — This is all written in the morning before I go to the Secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. — What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have! I wish they had a hundred apiece. — Lord Treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the Duke of Ormond; for I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness, you got it for them before the Duke was Lord Lieutenant." My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, etc.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell, again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 31.

LONDON, Sept. 25, 1711.

I dined in the City to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read: it was from —— , three sides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own schoolboy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your Commissioner's widow,[1] to my Lord Treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my Lord Treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the Duke of Bolton[2] should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d —— d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you. — I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and choose. IN THIS PLACE (meaning the Exchange in London), WHICH IS THE COMPENDIUM OF OLD TROYNOVANT, AS THAT IS OF THE WHOLE BUSY WORLD, I GOT SUCH A SURFEIT, THAT I GREW SICK OF MANKIND, AND RESOLVED FOR EVER AFTER TO BURY MYSELF IN THE SHADY RETREAT OF —— . You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. This wondrous theatre (meaning London) was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allen. A little scrap for Mrs. Marget,[3] and then I have done. THEIR ROYAL FANUM, WHEREIN THE IDOL PECUNIA IS DAILY WORSHIPPED, SEEMED TO ME TO BE JUST LIKE A HIVE OF BEES WORKING AND LABOURING UNDER HUGE WEIGHTS OF CARES. Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I — Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this! — Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the Secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be despatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This latter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's[4] head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign, but the Doctor has great power with the Queen: yet he told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the Secretary and his Colonel[5] for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the Secretary write yesterday a letter to the Colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the City at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the Bank to another fund. I desire Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can, for I will put it in the funds; and, in the meantime, borrow so much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the Dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at Lord Treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, Secretary at War, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me that Dr. Arbuthnot had waived the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his Colonel, but it is very cheap: his Colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at Lord Treasurer's; but the Secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W — . Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell me he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage, this very morning; that the Queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says he this very morning begged Her Majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. Secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private Ministers from France, and a French priest.[6] I know not the two Ministers' names; but they are come about the peace. The names the Secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the

Queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The Earl of Strafford[7] is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French Ministers stayed with us till one, and the Secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord Treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, etc. I was two hours with Lady Oglethorpe[8] to-night, and then supped with Lord Treasurer, after dining at the Green Cloth: I stayed till two; this is the effect of Lord Treasurer's being here; I must sup with him; and he keeps cursed hours. Lord Keeper and the Secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The Queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham, and a moderate company, and would not go to Lord Treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the Keeper and Secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to be the Abbe de Polignac: others swore it was the Abbe du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret[9] them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the Dean's and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir John Walter,[10] an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the Green Cloth to-day, that he might not be behindhand with Colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the Mayor's feast with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of Lord Treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the Green Cloth, and did not see my Lord Treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor Lord Rivers, who is commanded by the Queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The Secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I

shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day; I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over much eating and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall,[11] Clerk of the Kitchen, now in waiting, and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor Park, and thought he remembered my face. I said I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, etc., and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelvepenny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses; but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister, Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with Lady Oglethorpe till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music-meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff, and stole out so privately that everybody saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The Duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet[12] with her, Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the Queen's chaises; Miss Forester and Miss Scarborow,[13] two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding,[14] Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility; her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.[15] My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet,

and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the Duchess and I had much conversation: we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot and I, dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody u — e: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorpe sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that Lady Rochester[16] desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with Lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The Duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour;[17] but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well; and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walter, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him; that I abused the Queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d —— d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the Keeper, Treasurer, and Secretary. — I dined with honest Colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrell and the Dean of Rochester[18] had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at Court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made Dean of Peterborough (a small deanery) said he would give no plate; he was only Dean of Pewterborough. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition[19] came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music-meeting to-night, to show they were not cast down, etc., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, etc. I sat with the Secretary at supper; then we both went to Lord Treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The Secretary is much mortified about Hill, because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but Lord Treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir John Walter and me falling out. I said nothing grieved me but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of

my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed; and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, and my brother Masham. I saw Lord Halifax at Court, and we joined and talked; and the Duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said that was not so soon done, for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorpe brought me and the Duchess of Hamilton[20] together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Everybody has been teasing Walter. He told Lord Treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, "I will send you Dr. Swift:" Lord Keeper bid him take care what he did; "for," said he, "Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor." The old company supped with Lord Treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor, for we expect the Queen will come in ten days to Hampton Court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the Duchess, for I left Windsor half an hour after one with Lord Treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with Lord Treasurer, and stayed till after ten. Tisdall[21] and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N.21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. — Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, etc.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin:[22] you are saucy rogues.

LETTER 32.

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1711.

I was forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester Fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother[1] drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say she receives no messages. — Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy; you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the City with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper, called The Protestant Postboy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy,[2] missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late Ministry, etc. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord Treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris.[3] They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord Treasurer calls me now Dr. Martin, because martin[4] is a sort of a swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road.[5] He is a pure trifler; tell the Bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and

Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with Lord Treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. Colledge,[6] the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy,[7] as meant to her: and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the Secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with Lord Treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe,[8] late Governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord Treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD, but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, etc.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but Sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the Ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain. — I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre. — People are coming up to town: the Queen will be at Hampton Court in a week. Lady Betty Germaine, I hear, is come; and Lord Pembroke is coming: his

wife[9] is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will Congreve an hour or two, and supped with Lord Treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The Queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a Commissioner of the Customs. Several of that Commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley. I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the Ministry. Lord Treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Coatesworth's,[10] where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden Square. One Boyer,[11] a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the Secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord Treasurer told me last night that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet,[12] is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The Secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier Britton,[13] a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My Lord Treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The Queen comes to Hampton Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germaine and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the smallpox.

18. Lord Treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town that poor Lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the Queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and

we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the City, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the Dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities.—'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz. — Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith, I was angry, that is, with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings; you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the Secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time passed so, that we stayed till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord Treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the Secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up, I saw Dingley's hand: faith, I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter, from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N.21. Let's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the Bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire the Duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the Archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the Archbishop of Dublin. — Why! do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their first-fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. The Lord Treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the Queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlick;[14] you walk from Finglas, you a cat's foot. O Lord — Lady Gore[15] hung her child by the WAIST; what is that

waist?[16] I don't understand that word; he must hang on till you explain or spell it. — I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii. — Pish! burn your First-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why, I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter Lord Oxford received. — I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once en passant. Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What! and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, Madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise. — Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so. — You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The Secretary told me last night that he had found the reason why the Queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he said he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago, but he thought it had only been my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great Minister; that I had gone between him and Lord Treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before. He said all that you may imagine to excuse himself, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told Lord Treasurer, Lord Keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, etc. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part, that will bring me neither honour nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know of it. Here's politics enough for once; but Madam DD gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill — O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds per annum, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know; you had best. — And so now I have answered N.21, and 'tis late, and I will answer N.22 in my next: this

cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though Lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see Lord Harley to-day, but Lord Treasurer took physic; and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well: he talks of going on Tuesday to see the Queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was: how is it with you, pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs? I han't seen Lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the City to-day with Dr. Freind, at one of my printers: I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis.[17] I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany: what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord Treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there, nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord Treasurer takes physic again to-day: I believe I shall dine with Lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland. It is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose: it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition;[18] rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the Archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? It is not ill written; pray find it out. There is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from Judge Coote,[19] with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man-of-war. He is

the son of one Echlin,[20] who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks' affairs; but now I am punished for it. — Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, etc. etc.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling: —[21]

Plaguely, Plaguily. Dineing, Dining. Straingers, Strangers. Chais, Chase. Waist, Wast. Houer, Hour. Immagin, Imagine. A bout, About. Intellegence, Intelligence. Merrit, Merit. Aboundance, Abundance. Secreet, Secret. Phamphlets, Pamphlets. Bussiness, Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 33.

LONDON, Oct. 23, 1711.

I dined with Lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD. If the Queen knew it, she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one:

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
PMD's letters never fail;
Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelvepence coming home. Lord Treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at Lord Treasurer's to-day at noon: he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly bloodshot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the Treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of Lord Cutts, who writ to him that I had abused her brother:[1] you remember the "Salamander," it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at Lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote,[2] and went to see Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town. — The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the Ministry on that account. The Secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands.[3] Some of the foreign Ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our Ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the Secretary, but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics

for you.

25. The Queen is at Hampton Court: she went on Tuesday in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to despatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to Lord Treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Radcliffe; pray God preserve him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer[4] showed me to-day a ballad[5] in manuscript against Lord Treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written: if it be not printed, I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets. — I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was. This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the Secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my Lord Treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the Dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks: and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord Treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the Bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues.[6] I writ to him six weeks ago; he's so busy with his Parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the Secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at Lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw the like. Count Gallas,[7] the Emperor's Envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the Queen has ordered her Ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord

Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with Lord Wharton and Sunderland, and others of the late Ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah. — I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with Lord Hatton,[8] Mr. Finch, a son of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon, but hear they stayed till two in the morning, and were all drunk: and so good-night for last night, and good-night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the City concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same. I won't tell you now; but the Ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle,[9] and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but, faith, I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this Secretary: when I went this morning he had people with him; but says he, "we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon": at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the Secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see Lady Jersey;[10] we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present Ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord Treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the City to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany

to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the City, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the Treasurer is ill, and the Ministers often at Hampton Court, and the Secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India House with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, etc. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day: this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a continuendo, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and a smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The Queen has the gout a little: I hoped the Lord Treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however, he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the Parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if Lord Treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the session. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal. I stuffed the Secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord Treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day. — And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill! the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it: I am like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, etc. Well, well, I know of your new Mayor. (I'll

tell you a pun: a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your Mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about Pray God you be John; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be. — Ah, Stella, faith, you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the Secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why, how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State:[11] I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman and man of pleasure with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been Secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the Queen and Lord Treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Cloyne[12] and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his. — Fig for your physician and his advice, Madam Dingley: if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that? — This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved. — I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners: the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author,[13] whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman.[14] Then there is an account of Guiscard by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then an answer to the letter to the Lords about Gregg by Presto; Prior's Journey by Presto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her.[15] Then there's the Miscellany, an

apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. Oh, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight. — Why, you rogues, two crowns make TENCH-ILL-LING:[16] you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 34.

LONDON, Nov. 3, 1711.

My thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day. — Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The Queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton Court: she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these Ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head. — Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy[1] and I are fallen out; she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff. — Monsieur Pontchartain, the Secretary of State in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the Secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the Dialogues des Morts, etc.), have sent letters to Lord Pembroke that the Academy have, with the King's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two Secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two French Ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my

acquaintance, who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken: the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chestnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the Fifth of November, Popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby[2] is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord. — Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the City, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an alehouse. — You never said one word of Goody Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her. Does the Provost[3] laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow. — I design to write to your Dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. — I will think of something: but if DD[4] were not in Ireland I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the City on business; but stopped at a printer's, and stayed there: it was a most delicious day. I hear the Parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the Queen has the gout, or that Lord Treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more towards a peace. I called at Lord Treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with Lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's,[5] printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's Sermon. Some friend of Lord Galway[6] has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box! everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? You say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrahs: the Secretary is still at Hampton Court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the Parliament is prorogued. I stayed with Prior till eleven; the Secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to

make the peace, when a Congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the Coffee-house that Lord Harley[7] was yesterday morning married to the Duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw Lord Harley yesterday at noon in his nightgown, and he dined in the City with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time:[8] the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the Duke left Lord Pelham's son his heir.[9] The widow Duchess will not stand to the will, and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year to support the honour; for Lord Treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the City to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see Lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your Dean, and for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out. I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am as helpless as an elephant. — I had three packets from the Archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins,[10] printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why, if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment,[11] and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, Lord Treasurer's daughter,[12] is brought to bed of a son. Lord Treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel pits,[13] but not for gravel pits to live in us; a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord Treasurer's sickness, the Queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the Parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the City, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking's sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over

a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled.[14] Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde,[15] the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child,[16] the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, upon buying it, but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed Lady Oglethorpe to inquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorpe to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool: he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the Queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. Oh, but Mr. Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the City. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. — It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,

Few fillings,
Many shillings.

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse,
A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the Dean, and desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean. — Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the Dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer[17] to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs. — At night. I dined with Stratford in the City, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I am resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea Stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the

Secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire: I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me: I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking[18] and spitting: and now everybody has colds. Here's a clutter: I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see Lord Treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye,[19] and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came, and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome; they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with Lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, etc., and then went to Lord Treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters thus

"Though G —— d's knife did not succeed,
A F —— n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below: "BURN THIS, YOU DOG." My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, "Your humble servant, The Devil," and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The Secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton Court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me that he was just come from Hampton Court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him! he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this, and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas. — I'm weary of Courts, and want my journeys to Laracor; they did me more good than all the Ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the City, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the Archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The Parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the Queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the Duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffee-house, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and

then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour. — I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all. — I should have told you, that in those two verses sent to Lord Treasurer, G — d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F — n; I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, That although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first Duke of Buckingham. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your N.22. I'll stay a week longer, and then, I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the Emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere: Night, sirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your session, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that Parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the Archbishop says, he is not very well either with the Government or clergy. — See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight. — God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD. — I suppose your Lord Lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the Bishop of Clogher does not write to me, or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will. — My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed, but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues: Farewell again, dearest MD, etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 35.

LONDON, NOV. 17, 1711.

I put my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the D —— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning, and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting Lady Oglethorpe[1] and Lady Worsley;[2] the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, etc.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, Devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, etc., and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the Secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already.[3] They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my Lord Treasurer's house and the Secretary's, and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the Pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much; but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub Street papers already. The Secretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith, Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The Queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the Committee of Council, about some business. I was asking him more

concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the Pope, and Devil, etc. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the Devil is made as like Lord Treasurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St. James's Street. Lord Treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton Court with the Queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the Secretary's; the Duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germaine, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the Pope-burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for the peace; my Lord Privy Seal, who you know is Bishop of Bristol, is the other; and Lord Strafford, already Ambassador at The Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening: do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the Dean, or Tom Leigh.[4] Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see His Excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as Hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good-night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer: I gave him the fifth sheet,[5] and then I went and dined with him in the City, to correct something, and alter, etc., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I opened it; and he says the peace is past danger, etc. Well, and so there was another letter enclosed in his: well, and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well, and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well, and so I'll tell you; it was from little MD, N.23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well, but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucyboxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney; but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs. — At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer;

his wife, the Duchess of Grafton,[6] dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see Lord Harley, and thought to have sat with Lord Treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch Envoy and such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The Queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these Ministers being at Hampton Court, I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the Duchess of Hamilton[7] t'other day that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of, and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffee-house will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at Court with a Minister of State; who is sure to ask me how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith, that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night: he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good-night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet[8] to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble: it will be published in three or four days, when the Parliament begins sitting. I suppose the Queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the City finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home, I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to Lord Treasurer about reforming our language;[9] but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the Secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament: several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to Act of Parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley;[10] and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at Court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a Court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walter's[11] quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The Parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days, for the Whigs are too strong in the House of Lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger,[12] who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of cardinals, etc., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet[13] to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet[14] will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville[15] is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it: I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening: he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at Lord Treasurer's, with whom I stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch Envoy, came to him about business. My Lord Treasurer is pretty well, but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet is published; Lord Treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of them himself.[16] I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester Fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias,[17] in a Whig newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage[18] said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was

at ceremony kneeling to the Pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition,[19] and Lord Treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our Society met to-day; nine of us were present: we dined at our brother Bathurst's.[20] We made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, Lord Orrery,[21] Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Disney.[22] — We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, etc., and am now got home, etc.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my Lord Harley, and I did some business with Lord Treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer: the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good; it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then. — You say you are busy with Parliaments, etc.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, etc., yes, I have had enough on't.[23] I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he thank me for showing him the Court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the Queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says: I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right: the Bishop of Ossory[24] is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say AT LEAST, and not AT LEST. Pox on your Newbury![25] what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord Treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte; she would be a great loss to us all: pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had. — Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe[26] should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. 7 pounds, 17 shillings, 8 pence, old blunderer, not 18 shillings: I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the Bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.

— I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask; but I hear he has been ill. — A pox on Mrs. South's[27] affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for anybody with my Lord Treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use. — And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly. — And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women.

It goes to-morrow,
To nobody's sorrow.

You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, etc. — Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so, lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Goodnight, my delight, etc.

Dec. 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of — —'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as Goodman Peesley[28] says. Pray let us have no more bussiness, but busyness: the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, Madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, bussiness, busyness, business, bisyness, bisness, bysness; faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must, though; business, busyness, bisyness. — I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. Business, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The Parliament will certainly meet on Friday next: the Whigs will have a great majority in the House of Lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the Lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town that several of the Allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The Queen is pretty well: and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night; then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub Street account of that tumult is published. The Devil is not like Lord Treasurer: they were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common shops.[29] I fear Prior will not be one of the

plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 36.

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, etc. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from Lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, etc.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays.[1] The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs. — At night. I was at Court to-day: the Queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the Secretary, and despatched some business. He tells me the Dutch Envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. Secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go sleep, etc.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Pretyman.[2] I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it proved that this Sir George has sold his estate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of Lady Giffard's writing; one owning some exchequer business of 100 pounds to be Stella's;[3] another for 100 pounds that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for 300 pounds; the last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till Lady Giffard dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White[4] has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with Lord

Treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet;[5] but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Perceval[6] and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. Wesley[7] is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the House of Lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the House of Lords would do some peevish thing, for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our Ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it; but Lord Treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should think this Ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our Society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is Lord Keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch Envoy refused dining with Dr. Davenant,[8] because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing, than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again,[9] and the Secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub Street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The Elector of Hanover's Minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the Queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham,[10] a famous Tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord Treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow.[11] He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birthday,

which he would not tell us, but Lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub Street: at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our Society. Poor Lord Keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of mutton. We chose two members: we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet[12] in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the Parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the House of Lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy: she assures me the Queen is stout. The Duke of Marlborough has not seen the Queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The Duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the Parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the City, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The Earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the Queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my Lord Treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the Committee of the whole House, and we hope when it is reported to the House to-morrow, we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to Lord Treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the Ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the Secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the Bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the Archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how Lord Treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The Duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the Secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped that when it was reported this day in the House of Lords, they would disagree with their Committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the Lord Treasurer. I dined with Mr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the Court in the House of Lords almost two to one. I went

immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the Queen's favourite physician), we went together. She was just come from waiting at the Queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems Lord Treasurer had been so negligent that he was with the Queen while the question was put in the House: I immediately told Mrs. Masham that either she and Lord Treasurer had joined with the Queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the Queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the Queen is changed. For yesterday, when the Queen was going from the House, where she sat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chamberlain, asked her whether he or the Great Chamberlain Lindsey[13] ought to lead her out; she answered short, "Neither of you," and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the House for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the Queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because Lord Treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did: I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked how; I said I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters,[14] the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondeley,[15] out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority. He could answer nothing but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great Minister. There fell from him a Scripture expression, that "the hearts of kings are unsearchable."[16] I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all in the House of Commons who had places, and yet voted against the Court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord Keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay. — This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the Parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d —— d Duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the Secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treasurer I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged,

and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary: we are both of opinion that the Queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the Queen and the Whigs; he hears that Lord Somers is to be Treasurer, and believes that, sooner than turn out the Duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the Parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage Lord Treasurer that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as Queen's Secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new Ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months, till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, etc., but bid me have courage, for that in two days my Lord Treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, "God send it"; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the Parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the Ministry. He spoke to Lord Treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the City with a friend. This day the Commons went to the Queen with their address, and all the Lords who were for the peace went with them, to show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the Queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord Treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me: says he, "You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked whether I was not afraid to be seen with him. I said I never valued my Lord Treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and Lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting that he was not sure of the Queen, and that those scoundrel,

starving lords would never have dared to vote against the Court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the Queen. He said that was true, and Somerset did so. I stayed till six; then De Buys, the Dutch Envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down, though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night: he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The Secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the Duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs. — At night. I was to see the Duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him that, from the time I had seen him, I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the Duchess; then as long with Lady Oglethorpe,[17] who is so cunning a devil that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at Court.

13. I was this morning with the Secretary: he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well: "Will you believe it," said he, "if you see these people turned out?" I said, yes, if I saw the Duke and Duchess of Somerset out: he swore if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced: I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you that the printer told me yesterday that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that Lord Chief-Justice, who was a manager against Sacheverell; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of the Conduct of the Allies, threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee what was coming at Court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'nnight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. — I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, etc.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill[19] is brought to-day into the House of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it

into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent Ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences. — I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 37.

LONDON, Dec. 15, 1711.

I put in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the Secretary's office of Mr. Lewis how things went: I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, etc., and was of opinion the whole Ministry would give up their places next week: Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me that he had it from a very good hand that all would be well, and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and Lord Treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the Queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened, and flattered, etc. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to Court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The Duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear, the Duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene,[1] who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord Treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the Emperor's Resident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady, by invitation. Lord Treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch Envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the

condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The Duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the Duke, and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the Queen certainly designs to change the Ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say my Lord Privy Seal sets out for Holland this week: so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the City, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the Conduct, etc.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, etc., who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The Tory Lords and Commons in Parliament argue all from it; and all agree that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub Street speech of Lord Nottingham;[2] and he was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court that Walpole[3] (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical Club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be Secretary of State, if the Ministry changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in Parliament, while he was Secretary at War. He is one of the Whigs' chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the Secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with Lord Treasurer. I have not seen the Secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but Lord Treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well." I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour, and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's[4] servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the Secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious Secretary would make me President next week; so I must entertain them this day se'nnight at the

Thatched House Tavern,[5] where we dined to-day: it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the Secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the Bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, etc., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the Duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the Queen will ever part with her. The Duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixes upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas Day. I was to see Lady —— , who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the City. I called at Lord Treasurer's at eleven, and stayed some time with him. — He showed me a letter from a great Presbyterian parson[6] to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the City, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains: look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The Lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind to vex the Ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the Commons; and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed I will tell you how I am. — I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy,[7] which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the City to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas Day; I like it mightily: I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of "Merlin"[8] in the Miscellanies. My Lord Privy Seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half a crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it,

because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long[9] died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning: she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother,[10] with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburg House, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long,[11] would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Postboy,[12] giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw Lord Treasurer there, who had been two hours with the Queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and Lord Treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, etc.

27. I entertained our Society at the Thatched House Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our Society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and Lord Treasurer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the House of Lords is to meet,

and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. — It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addled. When I came home tonight I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, N.24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one from Joe,[13] full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton,[14] and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The Doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the Doctor know where[15] that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it. — And pray, madam, let them know that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expense of a letter. And I think that this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a Lord Treasurer and Mrs. Masham. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the Duke of Ormond. We have given his Grace some hopes to be one of our Society. The Secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The Duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The Duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with Lord Treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw Judge Coote[16] to-day at the Duke of Ormond's: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and Lord Aylesbury's sons[17] are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your Dean. I owe the Archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, Madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, etc. etc. I wish you many happy Christmases and new years.

I have owned to the Dean a letter I just had from you, but that I had not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S ACCOUNT

Received of Mr. Tooke..	6 17 6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney.	0 2 6
For the three half-crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore..	0 7 6
For exchange to Ireland..	0 10 0
Forcoach-hire..	0 2 6
In all, just	8 0 0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe: the Queen has made no less than twelve lords,[18] to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is Lord Treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the Duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffee-house. Three of the new lords are of our Society.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 38.

LONDON, Dec. 29, 1711.

I put my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The Queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the Queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but they want him still in Parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the Dean and you a lie yesterday; for the Duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at Court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to Lord Rochester, he went up to Lady Burlington,[1] who asked him who I was; and Lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired Lord Rochester to tell Lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The Duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The Secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and Lord Windsor, dined with the Duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor[2] are to be two of the new lords. I desired my Lord Radnor's brother,[3] at Court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but everyone gained over is of consequence. The Duke of Marlborough was at Court today, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at Court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery;[4] yet I walked to the City and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow

when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the Secretary. — These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last Ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the Secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the Ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The Queen and Lord Treasurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the Lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel,[5] and Lord Windsor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see Lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased; for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and Lord Treasurer: I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay. — No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether anything was done in the House of Lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day: Lord Dupplin was President; we choose every week; the last President treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The Secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor Lord Lansdowne,[6] who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I cannot write much to-night. The adjourning of the House of Lords yesterday, as the Queen desired, was just carried by the

twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there: I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the City to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe Lord Treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I had been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my under-strappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley,[7] secretary to the Treasurer, and cousin-german to Lord Treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the Queen. I am to give the Duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited Lord Treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, etc. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the City, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet. These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised when they gave him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers:[8] he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the Ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is Master, instead of the Duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year apiece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do

so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a Court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to Court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester House; he was not to see the Queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the Secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the Prince at Court, but he was gone in to the Queen; and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as Prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to Court, he told the Secretary that Hoffman, the Emperor's Resident, said to His Highness that it was not proper to go to Court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one: "Now," says the Prince, "I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any." — Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the Secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers. I supped with Lord Masham, where Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the Duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched House: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed for: a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with Lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to Lord Masham's suppers. Lord Treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me, but late sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the Archbishop, for I am going to write a long letter to him, but not so politely as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well, then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here now? yes, faith, I lamented my birthday[9] two days after, and that's all: and you rhyme, Madam Stella; were those verses made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, etc. I could not get them out of my head. What? no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and Bishop of Cloyne's[10] child I have no concern about: I am

sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George dead.[11] — Go, cry, Madam Dingley; I have written to the Dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a week, beside small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold? Why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I'm sure I shall never be paid it; so all's well again. — What? the quarrel with Sir John Walter?[12] Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone: and Lord Keeper and Treasurer teased me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance. — The Whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord Treasurer told me that Connolly[13] was going to Hanover. Your Provost[14] is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorder lessens; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. Replevi? Replevin, simpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty-pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well, when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakespeare, where Cardinal Wolsey says,

"A weak old man, battered with storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you."[15]

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin, I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts; SHE WRITES SO SO, THERE:[16] that's as like as two eggs a penny.—"A weak old man," now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow. — The Duke of Marlborough says there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend

of the Duke's; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out. — Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at Lady Betty Germaine's assemblee, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the Duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the Duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window. For a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased. I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a storey high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them. They attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk Street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the Duke of Douglas[17] and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our Society day, you know; but the Duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with Prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys, applying the story to the Duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians,[18] who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at Lord Masham's with Lord Treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout,
Till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the Park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and stayed till twelve. It is told me to-day as a

great secret that the Duke of Somerset will be out soon, that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the Duchess? They say the Duke will make her leave the Queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N.25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear anything, unless the Ministry be changed: I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on. — Have not you an apron by Leigh, Madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the City; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 39.

LONDON, Jan. 12,1711-12.

When I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined; for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans,[1] who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, etc. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However, he would be further informed; and at night sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the City.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment: the Lord Mansel told me at Court to-day that I was engaged to him; but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them tomorrow; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair? He said, No; and answered my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw Prince Eugene to-day at Court: I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The Parliament was to sit to-day, and met; but were adjourned by the Queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry,[2] and must be pacified. I was

this morning to invite the Duke of Ormond to our Society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with Lord Treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with Lord Masham till one. Lord Treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour. I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to Lord Rivers, to be stationers to the Ordnance; stationers, that's the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the Doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with Lord Treasurer to-day again, but Lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the Duke of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the Duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the Duke complimenting with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with Sir William Robinson,[3] who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr. Freind and I went into the City to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the Ordnance with oil, tallow, etc., and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The Parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late Secretary at War, is to be swinged for bribery, and the Queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two Houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the Duke of Ormond about some business, and he told me he could not dine with us today, being to dine with Prince Eugene. Those of our Society of the House of Commons could not be with us, the House sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the House; but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the Court of Requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the Duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The Queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the Government; so farewell to Grub Street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the Parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and stayed till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled, and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this Duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the Commissioners of the Customs; my friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and sent it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis A Letter to the October Club,[4] if ever you heard of such a thing. — Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week: I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with Lord Treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer: this is his day of choice company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the Keeper, Steward, both Secretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Anglesea: I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the Bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir George St. George's death,[5] but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The Duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at Parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the Queen, when he was Master of the Horse: we hope the Duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord Treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the Dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at Court to see Prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the Duchess of Somerset talking with the Duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The Queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?[6] well then, so let it be. The Duke of Beaufort[7] has a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the Duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the Queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the Secretary to-day, with mixed company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the House of Commons, for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the Duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the Court of Requests whether it was true that the author of the

Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough?[8] I dined in the City, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called Advice to the October Club, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand: I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the Secretary's servants came to me to let me know that Lord Treasurer would immediately speak to me at Lord Masham's upon earnest business, and that, if I was abed, I should rise and come. I did so: Lord Treasurer was above with the Queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stayed with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize[9] take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Dr. Gastrell was to see me this morning: he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant. "Why," says he, "have you not seen the Grub Street paper, that says Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner, on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" who, I suppose, is some bailiff. I knew of this; but at the Court of Requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdowne observed to the Secretary and me that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; that about me; and another, that Maccartney, who was turned out last summer,[10] is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for Lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lansdowne thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the Secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment.[11] T'other day at the Court of Requests Dr. Yalden[12] saluted me by name: Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgment and compliments. Last night I desired Lord Treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book.[13] I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly, but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the Secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the Secretary, but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top full of. The Minister's design is that the Duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman, who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down, and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the House, that they shall defend

him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina[14] paid him six thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the Duke owns it in his letter to the Commissioners of Accounts. I was to-night at Lord Masham's: Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the Secretary read a great deal of it to Lord Treasurer: they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt Lord Treasurer suspected; for he said, "This is Mr. Davenant's style," which is his cant when he suspects me.[15] But I carried the matter very well. Lord Treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The Secretary made me promise to dine with him today, after the Parliament was up: I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time, knowing the House would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the Secretary, but he was not come home: I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, etc.

25. The Secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together. I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the Duke of Marlborough, by a majority of a hundred; so the Ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the Duke will now be able to do no hurt. The Secretary and I, and Lord Masham, etc., dined with Lieutenant-General Withers,[16] who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the Secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see — The box at Chester; oh, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the Court has been at to set all right again. And that Duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the Queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are UPISH; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll UPPISH you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion that Lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me, before they were printed, because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little: I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I

will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton, he is one of the staunchest we have for the Ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of the term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord Chief-Justice[17] is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (P — on these blots.) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the Ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by Lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's Letter,[18] and, consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 40.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I have no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our Society dined together today, for it was put off, as I told you, upon Lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The Duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time: we were thirteen at table; and Lord Lansdowne came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The Secretary proposed the Duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our Society; but I stopped it, because the Duke of Ormond doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions, too: she takes a mixture with asafoetida, which I have now in my nose, and everything smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see Prince Eugene at Court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the Duchess of Hamilton came from the Queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit. I went to Lady Oglethorpe's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places; and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord Masham: they stayed as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but Lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to Lord Masham's; Lord Treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord Treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the Archbishop of York[1] from being seduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg: the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her: she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond and the Prolocutor about what Lord Treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the House of Lords, and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of the Conduct of the Allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold, which is a most prodigious

run. The little twopenny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not sell: I know not the reason, for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know that it is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, everybody would have bought it, but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of Contes des Fees,[2] and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his office; and the Vice-Chamberlain told me that Lady Rialton[3] had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that Lady Jane Hyde,[4] Lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed. He said, too, that Lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the Bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from Lord Inchiquin[5] to Lord Treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the Lords Justices by his recommendation; yet the Bishop recommends him as a great friend to the Church, etc. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, N.26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover, too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs, how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the Secretary, who was sick, and out of humour: he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it. Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is Lady Catherine Hyde[6] that succeeds Lady Rialton, and not Lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late Earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the Secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with Lady Masham: the Secretary came to us; but Lord Treasurer did not; he dined with the Master of the Rolls,[7] and stayed late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow se'nnight, because we think the Parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war, and the Secretary, who is to treat as President, must be in the House. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them, and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's Street, and Werburgh Street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby,[8] and Higgins,[9] and Lord Santry;[10] but what care you for Lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, Bishop of Norwich,[11] who was with this Lord Sunderland at Moor Park in their travels, preached yesterday before the House of Lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The Bill to repeal the Act for naturalising Protestant foreigners passed the House of Lords to-day by a

majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about the Duke of Hamilton's patent, if you know anything of it. A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt;[12] for it is a Whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the Court of Requests. I dined with Lord Treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a Commissioner of the Customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverell, thanking me for recommending his brother to Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord Treasurer sent to him about it: so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your Dean of St. Patrick received my letter? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day: why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's[13] house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley that the passage in the Conduct of the Allies is so far from being blamable that the Secretary designs to insist upon it in the House of Commons, when the Treaty of Barrier[14] is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the October Club begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter, but won't yet; you know, 'tis late, etc.

2. This ends Christmas,[15] and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was this morning with Lord Treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with Lord Masham till twelve. Lord Treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining-day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Mar,[16] a Scotch earl, was with us at Lord Masham's: I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of the Duke of Hamilton, whom the Queen has made a duke of England, and the House of Lords will not admit him. He swears he would vote for us, but dare not, because all Scotland would detest him if he did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at Court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The Queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the Secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover Envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is

laid before the House of Commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the Secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states-girls, since you have read the Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing against the Birthday; I think it is Wednesday next. If the Queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the Queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the House of Commons' door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the Archbishop of Tuam,[17] who has petitioned for a Bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate: I secured him above fifty members. I dined with Lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the Birthday, who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the Secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The House of Commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our Allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the Court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The Secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day: I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at Lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool, and supped there. Lord Treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the Queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of Court; a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham[18] looked the best in my eyes. They say the Court was never fuller nor finer. Lord Treasurer, his lady, and two daughters and Mrs. Hill, dined with Lord and Lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The Queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it except my Lord Chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs at night, and the Queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw Lady Wharton,[19] as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters[20] and Lady Bridgewater[21] in St. James's, looking out

of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did Prince Eugene. This is Birthday chat.

7. Our Society met to-day: the Duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant that Lord Treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The Queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed Lord Jersey's[22] election into our Society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the Duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the City. This morning a scoundrel dog, one of the Queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the Customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon operas: I used him civiller than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck.[23] He was told I had a mighty interest with Lord Treasurer, and one word of mine, etc. Well; I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, N.26; for this goes to-morrow. — Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so everything. I satisfied all your fears in my last: all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Ballygall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the Duchess of Somerset. — So, they say Presto writ the Conduct, etc. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the resolutions printed t'other day in the Votes are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p-les. — Well, Madam Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us, I think, as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable sluts! The Bishop of Gloucester is not dead,[24] and I am as likely to succeed the Duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the Duke of Shrewsbury will be your Governor; at

least I believe the Duke of Ormond will not return. — Well, Stella again: why, really three editions of the Conduct, etc., is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley[25] all the service I can; but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the City? Can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt? I cannot imagine who should open my letter: it must be done at your side. — If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais, that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, etc. etc. etc.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 41.[1]

LONDON, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

When my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulder so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to deerichar MD, oo would wonder. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of Commission of the Customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can yet get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the Ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the Secretary to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged Lord Anglesea[2] and Lord Carteret,[3] and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted: however, if I like anybody at Court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad. Nite. .. MD.

10. I saw Prince Eugene at Court to-day very plain; he's plaguy yellow, and tolerably ugly besides. The Court was very full, and people had their Birthday clothes. I dined with the Secretary to-day. I was to invite five, but I only invited two, Lord Anglesea and Lord Carteret. Pshaw, I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your Lord Santry,[4] who come into chocolate-houses and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ross[5] was like to swinge the Marquis of Winchester[6] for this trick t'other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the Parliament has had another bout with the state of the war, as they intended in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier Treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach Lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Nite dee MD.

11. I dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs; one I did not know, and t'other was young Blith,[7] who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at Court, when I had been just talking with some lords who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath?" I whispered him to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian. He never would speak to me since, till we met to-day. I went to Lady Masham's to-night, and sat with Lord Treasurer and the Secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home, found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, 'tis so very

late; but I[8] must always be...,[9] late or early. Nite deelest sollahs.[10]

12. One letter was from the Bishop of Clogher last night, and t'other from Walls, about Mrs. South's[11] salary, and his own pension of 18 pounds for his tithe of the park. I will do nothing in either; the first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your Dean's receiving my letter. I find Clements,[12] whom I recommended to Lord Anglesea last year, at Walls's desire, or rather the Bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in Lord Anglesea's favour. You may tell the Bishop and Walls so; I said to Lord Anglesea that I was (glad) I had the good luck to recommend him, etc. I dined in the City with my printer, to consult with him about some papers Lord Treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late; however, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better; I never had anything like it before, three colds successively; I hope I shall have the fourth.[13] Those messengers come from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet, for when I was with the Secretary at noon they were just opening; but one thing I find, that the Dutch are playing us tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more tomollow... MD.[14]

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the Allies as cannot be accepted. And the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt[15] to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for something that I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley[16] writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is that, hearing I am acquainted with my Lord Treasurer, he desires I would do so and so: a matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with Courts. I think you han't troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the saavis[17] I could.

Pray have you got your aplon,[18] maram Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters; did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now; do you never play? Yes, at Ballygall. Go to bed. Nite, deelest MD.[19]

14. Our Society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the House of Commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see Lord Masham's children. My young nephew,[20] his son of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck; I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The Commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the Conduct of the Allies, and

read that passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The Church party carried every vote by a great majority. The A.B.[21] Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesea assured me that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus[22] to Lord Treasurer's being wounded is true. I believe the Duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our Society next meeting. To-day I published the Fable of Midas,[23] a poem, printed in a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will sell; but it passed wonderfully at our Society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night to Lord Treasurer, at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is six days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Nite my deelest lives.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber till two afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. 'Tis very surprising this news to-day of the Dauphin and Dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old King is almost heart-broke. He has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The Dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town that Lord Strafford, one of our Plenipotentiaries, is in the interests of France; and it has been a good while said that Lord Privy Seal[24] and he do not agree very well. They are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit, but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate. Nite, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the City with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty;[25] but it is not quite done. I went this evening to Lord Masham's, where Lord Treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The Lords have voted an Address to the Queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the King of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the Court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The House of Lords is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new creations; for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on Lord Treasurer; but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Nite dee logues.

17. The Court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the Queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to Court is that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince Eugene dines with the Secretary to-day, with about seven or eight General Officers, or foreign Ministers. They will be all drunk, I am sure. I never was in company with this Prince: I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with

him; but I can't compass it. It is come over in the Dutch news prints that I was arrested on an action of twenty thousand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough. I did not like my Court invitation to-day; so Sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Van. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve. So I got into bed to write to MD... MD.[26] We reckon the Dauphin's death will put forward the peace a good deal. Pray is Dr. Griffith[27] reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him?... [28] Nite deelest logues.

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture: he bought it, and offered it to Lord Treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now Lord Treasurer says he will take it from me: is that fair? He designs to have it at length in the clothes he was when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with Lord Treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know Lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the Society. Well, but I have received a letter from the Bishop of Cloyne, to solicit an affair for him with Lord Treasurer, and with the Parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as... [29] Ppt used to reproach me about; it was a judgment on me. Harkee, idle dearees both, meetinks I begin to want a rettle flom[30] MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the third part of the Answer to the Conduct, which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The House of Commons goes on in mauling the late Ministry and their proceedings. Nite deelest MD.[31]

19. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten, in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste-paper of them, and he never had heard of them. Shall I tell them you? They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician. Thus

On Britain Europe's safety lies;[32]
Britain is lost, if Harley dies.
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.

Are not they well enough to be done off-hand; for that is the meaning of the word extempore, which you did not know, did you? I proposed that some company should dine with him on the 8th of March, which was the day he was wounded, but he says he designs that the Lords of the Cabinet, who then sat with him, should dine that day with him:[33] however, he has invited me too. I am not got rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Nite, MD,

20. After waiting to catch the Secretary coming out from Sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours, in vain, about some business, I went into the City to

my printer, to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow: I have been horrible busy for some days past, with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers, which the Secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must now be published without them. But they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is Chairman of the Committee for drawing up a Representation of the state of the nation[34] to the Queen, where all the wrong steps of the Allies and late Ministry about the war will be mentioned. The Secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Nite, deel MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to Lord Treasurer, about forming a Society or Academy to correct and fix the English language.[35] (Is English a speech or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it to him to-morrow, and will print it, if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our Society to-day: Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the Duke of Beaufort. We had thirteen met: brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse that Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was that I would hoenlbp ihainm itavoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroegporaensiepnotlastoigobn,[36] which I consented to do; but know not whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way. However, I have taken my share. Nite, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to Lord Treasurer today, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I had gotten the thirteenth volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower for the University of Dublin.[37] I have two volumes now. I will write to the Provost, to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there were the Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer[38] very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to Lord Masham's to-night, and Lady Masham made me read to her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called The St. Albans Ghost.[39] I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord Treasurer came down to us from the Queen, and we stayed till two o'clock. That is the best night-place I have. The usual[40] company are Lord and Lady Masham, Lord Treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the Secretary, and sometimes Mrs. Hill of the bed-chamber, Lady Masham's sister. I assure oo, it im vely rate now; but zis goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with own richar MD. Nite, deelest sollahs.[41]

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the Secretary is a little out of order; perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me, I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort; I am going out, and must carry zis in my pottick to give it at some general post-house. I will talk further

with oo at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, N.26. This day se'nnight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD... deelest... MD MD MD... ME ME ME... logues... lele.[42]

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 42.[1]

LONDON, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

After having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the Secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the Cabinet Council tonight at six, against my will. The Secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his. But what care oo for all this? I am sorry when I came first acquainted with this Ministry that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what[2] I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Nite, deelest logues.

24. I went early this morning to the Secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the Secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at Lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past: but I will amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more, and I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs. Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it strongly as we ought. The fault of our Court is delay, of which the Queen has a great deal; and Lord Treasurer is not without his share. But pay richar MD ret us know a little of your life and tonvelsasens.[3] Do you play at ombre, or visit the Dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from oo, to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do. Is my aunt alive yet?

Oh, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my

aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here, whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry,[4] where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to rite; so nite, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the Secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to Lord Treasurer.[5] The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his Grace and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the Secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Perceval[6] and his family, whom I had seen but twice since they came to town. They too are going to the Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath[7] is such an owl that, wherever I visit, people are asking me whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of Rymer's volumes of the Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you that I believe it is Lady Masham's hot room that gives it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience I believe both my lord and she, my Lord Treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Nite dee logues.

26. I was again busy with the Secretary.[8] We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business; and I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner — an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the Parliament, by the Queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, etc., which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I don't know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upwards: first I saw the Duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared General in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sat with the Duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to Lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was young and handsome, and would not. The Duke is our President this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Nite mi deelest logues.

27. I was again with the Secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at Lord Treasurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what I had to

say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the City with my printer,[9] and came back at six to Lord Treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sat there an hour or two, and then went to Lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see if they have any further commands for me, and that, I suppose, will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or certain war. The Ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. 'Tis pretty late now, ung oomens; so I bid oo nite, own dee dallars.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a zinkerman,[10] and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the Provost. Our Society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the Earl of Arran,[11] whom his brother, the Duke of Ormond, brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but, after some whispers, it ended in choosing Lord Arran one of our Society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap year, and this is leap day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's Day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arran. Alexander the Great is just dead: I do not think he was poisoned; betwixt you and me, all those are but idle stories: it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he[12] died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The Bill for limiting Members of Parliament to have but so many places passed the House of Commons, and will pass the House of Lords, in spite of the Ministry, which you know is a great lessening of the Queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the Court in this point. It is certainly a good Bill in the reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the Court may want a majority upon a pinch. Nite deelest logues. Rove Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the City to inquire after poor Stratford,[13] who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to Lieutenant-General Meredith[14] that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and

had about 10,000 pounds left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace by this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly 'scaped losing 500 pounds by him, and so did I too. Nite, my two deelest rives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir William Wyndham's[15] house burnt, and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The Duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6,000 pounds but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night. He married Lady Catherine Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe. — At night. Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; Lady Catherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr. Brydges's[16] house, at next door, is damaged much, and was like to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above 10,000 pounds by this accident; his lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at Court to-day. I dined with Lord Masham. The Queen was not at church. Nite, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor, for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets: one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other about his salary from the Government for the tithes of the park that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment, but oo must not know zees sings, zey are secrets; and we must keep them flom nauty dallars. I dined in the City with my printer, with whom I had some small affair; but I have no large work on my hands now. I was with Lord Treasurer this morning, and hat[17] care oo for zat? Oo dined with the Dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday, and oo lost oo money at cards and dice; ze Givars[18] device. So I'll go to bed. Nite, my two deelest logues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I

bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at Lord Masham's to-night, and stayed there till one. Lord Treasurer was there; but I thought, I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the House of Lords is a very weak one: and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt too[19] he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others: which is his great fault, as I have often told you. 'Tis late. Nite, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the Secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the Bishop of Clogher, t'other from Walls. The gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh.[20] I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the House of Lords. I will do him what service I can. The Representation of the House of Commons is printed:[21] I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true Lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had fine mighty cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my Lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town: Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost,[22] and be p-xed to him. Nite, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with Lord Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the Duke of Beaufort was our President. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby,[23] to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20 pounds, though it was only four dishes and four, without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither; for that is always brought by him that is President. Lord Orrery[24] is to be President next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the house...[25] Lord

Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and not mixed water. Lord Treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire Lady Masham to excuse him to the Queen. Nite, dee MD.

7. I was to-day at the House of Lords about a friend's Bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster Stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's[26] Bench Prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the 'Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the Ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton,[27] of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the Duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much today. — Night, deelest logues.

8. This day twelvemonth Mr. Harley was stabbed; but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning), and cannot have the Cabinet Council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the Representation; 'tis the finest that ever was writ. Some of it is Pdfr's style, but not very much. This is the day of the Queen's accession to the Crown; so it is a great day. I am going to Court, and will dine with Lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the Secretary about some businesses; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post my own self. Farewell, deelest hearts and souls, MD. Farewell MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME Lele Lele Lele Sollahs lele.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 43.[1]

LONDON, March 8, 1711-12.

I carried my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. — I went in the morning to see Lord Treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the Secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind,[2] to be Physician-General; and the Secretary promised to mention it to the Queen. I can serve everybody but myself. Then I went to Court, and carried Lord Keeper and the Secretary to dine with Lord Masham, when we drank the Queen and Lord Treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. — Then I went and played pools at picquet with Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Joe, with a bit annexed from Ppt. What Joe asks is entirely out of my way, and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent: if the Duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; and if it come in my head I will mention it to Ned Southwell. They have no patents that I know of for such things here, but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to Lord Treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks,[3] that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and beat them, etc.? Nite, sollahs, and rove Pdfr. Nite, MD.

9. I was at Court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; so I dined with Mrs. Van. Young Davenant[4] was telling us at Court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son[5] is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me, to speak to her father and to Lord Treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the Ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord Treasurer is better. Nite, my own two deelest MD.

10. I went this morning again to the Lord Treasurer, who is quite recovered; and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the City, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called Law is a Bottomless Pit.[6] 'Tis very prettily written, and there will be a Second Part. The Commons are very slow in bringing in their Bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there

come out three or four every day. Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? 'Tis now six weeks since I had your Number 26. I can assure oo I expect one before this goes; and I'll make shorter day's journals than usual, 'cause I hope to fill up a good deal of t'other side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain soon, I dispose. Go to cards, sollahs, and I to seep. Nite, MD.

11. Lord Treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him[7] to Prior, and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this Academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as FW has done; sall we? No, faith, ourrichar gangridge.[8] I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talk with him about Walls's business, and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me that it must be laid before Lord Treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and maybe Lord Treasurer won't do it (at) last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you: in that case only say I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it can't be done; for it must be laid before Lord Treasurer, etc., who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So nite, my two deelest nuntyes nine MD.[9]

12. Here is the D —— and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub Street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to Lord Masham's, where Lord Treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison,[10] whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made Queen's Secretary at The Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. 'Tis worth twelve hundred pounds a year. Here is a young fellow has writ some Sea Eclogues, poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our Society to-morrow. His name is Diaper.[11] P — on him, I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Nite deelest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our Society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he

seldom fails to do. Yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdowne, one of our Society, was offended at a passage in this day's Examiner, which he thinks reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. 'Tis only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, etc.[12] Lord Orrery was President to-day; but both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the Society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord Treasurer has yet done nothing for us, but we shall try him soon. The company parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer and reformed the State, and found fault with the Ministry. Prior hates his Commission of the Customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets,[13] and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Night nown... deelest sollahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother, Dr. Freind, who must needs have to get old Dr. Lawrence,[14] the Physician-General, turned out and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the Secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the Queen. Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know anything of them or no. I dined in the City, and, coming back, one Parson Richardson[15] of Ireland overtook me. He was here last summer upon a project of converting the Irish and printing Bibles, etc., in that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me Dr. Coghill[16] came last night (to) town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Nite, deelest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the Secretary this morning, when my man admitted upstairs one Mr. Newcomb,[17] an officer, who brought me a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mrs. Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his case is hard, but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the Secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the Dean of Christ Church,[18] who was engaged to Lord Orrery with some other Christ Church men. He made me go with him whether I would or not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christ Church man. Lord Orrery, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The Dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two, I went to Lord Masham's, and Lord Treasurer, Arbuthnot and I sat till twelve. And now I am come home and got to bed. I came afoot, but had my man with me. Lord Treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs

more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, Lord Treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard at dinner that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I don't like them, as the men said.[19] Nite MD.

16. This morning, at the Secretary's, I met General Ross,[20] and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me in working up the Duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea[21] told me to-day at Court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's,[22] at the door of their house in the Park, where she was with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe,[23] late Governor of Barbados; an acquaintance of Sterne's.[24] After dinner I asked him whether he had heard of Sterne. "Here he is," said he, "at the door in a coach:" and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship in his cousin Sterne's[25] regiment. He told me he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer oo rettle[26] hen I get it, I have gone so far already? Nite, deelest logues MD.

17. Dr. Sacheverell came this morning to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to Lord Treasurer for him. Sacheverell brought Trapp[27] along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sat with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present Ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have Ministries and other people obliged to me. Trapp is a coxcomb, and the t'other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit or sense is miraculous. The Second Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit[28] is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first. Night, my two deel saucy dallars.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs. Perceval's[29] young daughter has got the smallpox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the Park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which get Lord Treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him, or the Queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Ung omens, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next Irish packet, to fill the rest of this paper; but if it don't come, I'll do without it: so I wish oo good luck at ombre with the Dean. Nite, nuntyes

nine.[30]

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the Duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the Duke was just going out to take the oaths for General. The Duke of Shrewsbury is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as the man said.[31] It was very windy walking. I saw there Lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. 'Twas very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at Lord Masham's with Lord Treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we stayed till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend him: and Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind to give me a letter of attorney to recover a debt for him. Another from Lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatelherault[32] from the King of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just. The third, I warrant you, from our MD. 'Tis a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the King of France: but it is only to speak to the Secretary, and get the Duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to Lord Treasurer, etc., and this I shall do. Nite deelest richar MD.

20. I was with the Duke of Ormond this morning, about Lord Abercorn, Dr. Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do, and some will not do; that's wise, marams.[33] The Duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your Governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the Duchess joy, and recommend the Archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the Archbishop, some months ago, that it would be so, and told him I would speak a good word for him to the Duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, etc. I made our Society change their house, and we met to-day at the Star and Garter in the Pall Mall. Lord Arran was President. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, to the Duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been Presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head; but we shall break up when the session ends. Nite deelest MD.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's rettle, N.27; you that are adding to your number and grumbling, had made it 26, and then altered[34] it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last: but I ought to consider that this was twelve days right,[35] so that makes it pretty even. O, the sirry zade,[36] with her excuses of a fortnight at Ballygall, seeing their friends, and landlord running away. O Rold, hot a cruttle[37] and a bustle! — No — if you will have it — I am not Dean of Wells,[38] nor know anything of being so; nor is there anything in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper[39] sent that news: Roper is my humble slave. — Yes, I heard of your resolves, and that Burton was embroiled. Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor Catherine gone to

Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road; and bring her over. Joe[40] is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Bed ee paadon, Maram; I'm drad oo rike ee aplon:[41] no harm, I hope. And so... DD wonders she has not a letter at the day; oo'll have it soon.... The D —— he is! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing of his wife being here: it may cost her a c —[42] (I don't care to write that word plain). He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring oo over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues sent books to the Society yesterday, and we gave him guineas apiece; and, maybe, will do further from him (for him, I mean). So the Bishop of Clogher, and lady, were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two nymphs if you please, but the —— take me if ever I do. Iss, fais, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health, and looks, and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. I doubt the session will not be over till the end of April; however, I shall not wait for it, if the Ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the Ministry, and so am I. Oh, now you have got Number 41, have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding. Hold ee tongue, oo Ppt, about colds at Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see Lord Anglesea. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's,[43] the Clerk of the Kitchen at Court. Darteneuf loves good bits and good sups. Good mollows richar sollohs. — At night. I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son, my nephew, is very ill; and she is out of mind[44] with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the Bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Nite my own two deelest saucy d(ear) ones.

22. I am going into the City this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pottick till evening, and zen put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. Pray send... that I may have time to write to...[45] about it. I have here underneath given order for forty shillings to Mrs. Brent, which you will send to Parvisol. Farewell,

deelest deel MD, and rove Pdfr dearly dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele lele lele lele lele lele, and lele aden.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 44.[1]

LONDON, March 22, 1711-12.

Ugly, nasty weather. I was in the City to-day with Mrs. Wesley and Mrs. Perceval, to get money from a banker for Mrs. Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see Lord Treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to Lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sat with Lord Masham and Lord Treasurer, etc., there till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. I gave in my forty-third, and one for the Bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the City; and so oo know 'tis late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Nite my own two deelest nuntyes MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the Secretary, about Lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to Court, and the company was almost gone. The Court serves me for a coffee-house; once a week I meet acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The Duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His[2] friends are afraid the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at Court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the Court that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the Vice-Chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered t'other day, and examination taken of it by Lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The Vice-Chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at Lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Nite deelest sollahs.[3]

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the Duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart[4] to do it further. Then I went to visit the Duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the Duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the Duke's being Lord Lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the Duke. I intend to recommend the Bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she

is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the Court of Requests, to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's Bill: and then the Duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter[5] desired the Duke to give it the Queen, because the author is his friend; but the Duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for anything. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the Duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Nite dee MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the City: twelve hundred dishes of meat. — Above five lords, and several hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas apiece, according to custom. Dr. Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to the Conduct of the Allies. The last year's Examiners, printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The Medleys are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen anybody in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury Lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the smallpox; but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Nite MD.

26. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you anything of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with Lord Treasurer to-day; but Lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's.[6] I sat the evening with Mrs. Wesley, who goes to-morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, etc., was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The Duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say. Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night; fais, they shan't cut mine, I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a Christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy New Year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Perceval tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those

famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the river-side, my heart is set upon. Nite MD.

27. Society day. You know that, I suppose. Dr. Arthburnett[7] was President. His dinner was dressed in the Queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We ate it at Ozinda's Chocolate-house,[8] just by St. James's. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon Lord Lansdowne: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office (he is Secretary at War), and he writ to the Secretary that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have anything to say to him, till he begs my pardon. I met Lord Treasurer to-day at Lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a Society day! No, no. 'Tis rate, sollahs. I an't dlunk. Nite MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with Lord Treasurer, and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the Archbishop of Dublin, and cousin Deane,[9] in answer to one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. I have a pain these two days exactly upon the top of my left shoulder. I fear it is something rheumatic; it winches[10] now and then. Shall I put flannel to it? Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the Bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think Lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector[11] has been applying himself to me, to recommend him to the Ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine...[12] However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Nite MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champagne by perfect teasing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder, and rubbed it with Hungary water.[13] It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go seep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that t'other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so?

He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether sleep and flannel will cure my shoulder. Nite deelest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or Court to-day for my shoulder. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poo Ppt's bladebone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night I use spirits of wine, which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such cruel twinges every moment! Nite deelest MD.

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill, though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send away this letter, which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck behind, a little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and bred little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. I must not write too much. So adieu, deelest MD MD MD FW FW, ME ME ME, Lele. I can say lele yet, oo see. Fais, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.[14]

I[15] must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with physic. An't oo surprised to see a letter want half a side?

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 45.[1]

LONDON, April 24, 1712.

I had your twenty-eighth two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt a small pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest, nor nights, for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot[2] plasters, which still run: and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but then confined myself again. Two days ago I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad a little, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go and try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow. Farewell, MD MD MD, ME ME, FW FW ME ME.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 46.[1]

LONDON, May 10, 1712.

I have not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar: I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples; I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your N.29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but herpes miliaris, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life. Medemeris[2] is retired in the country, with the beast her husband, long ago. I thank the Bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No, sinkerton:[3] 'tis not a sign of health, but a sign that, if it had not come out, some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our Society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the Chancellor of the Exchequer;[4] but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope, soon, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My Letter to Lord Treasurer, about the English tongue,[5] is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The Appendix to the Third Part of John Bull[6] was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman,[7] a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The Parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack; but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor Lady Masham, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once here since I recovered. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here the Bishop of Clogher and family are coming over, but he says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent howdees[8] in my sickness; particularly the Duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains

with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the Duchess of Ormond[9] was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the Queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a kick[10] body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right side has not been touched.

This is a pitiful letter
For want of a better;
But plagued with a tetter,
My fancy does fetter.

Ah! my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read John Bull. Do you understand it all? Did I tell you that young Parson Gery[11] is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a year in land adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am angry almost; but I won't, 'cause see im a dood dallar in odle sings;[12] iss, and so im DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and ME, ay and Pdfr too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW. ME, ME Lele. I can say lele it, ung oomens, iss I tan, well as oo.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 47.[1]

LONDON, May 31, 1712.

I cannot yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and above all, not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall, perhaps, break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one who has anything to do with this Ministry to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business which, till it take some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as now that I had stayed in Ireland; but the die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise.[2] I am confident by what you know yourselves, that you will justify me in all this. The moment I am used ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense. The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight), and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no further occasion for me; nor have I anything to trust to but Court gratitude, so that I expect to see my willows[3] a month after the Parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly spraenekich ferrow.[4] Have you seen my Letter to Lord Treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already;[5] though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English Tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD; N.30. — You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess. — I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and bed oo paadon[6] I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now Lord Treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our Society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green[7] last Thursday: I never saw anything so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower.[8] I met your Higgins[9] here yesterday: he roars at the insolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in asserting the cause of the Church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can in order to preferment. Pray let the Provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books:[10] he

knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him, but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months, to my great satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,[11] and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs. Melthrop in my parish? so I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the Dean?...[12] My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand....[13] I believe the news of the Duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord Treasurer said in the House of Lords that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our Court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for Lord Treasurer to open himself so much. The Secretary would not go so far to satisfy the Whigs in the House of Commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to oo to-nite, sellohs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell,[14] but early: and besides, I have not much more to say at zis plesent liting.[15] Does MD never read at all now, pee?[16] But oo walk plodigiousry, I suppose; oo make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donnybrook. I walk too as much as I can, because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither, for I dined t'other day with Lord Rivers, who is sick at his country-house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Nite deelest sollahs; farewell deelest rives; rove poo poo Pdfr. Farewell deelest richar MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, Lele, richar MD.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 48.[1]

KENSINGTON, June 17, 1712.

I have been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel constant pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the Court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the Duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat back as usual. I walked by the bank to Cue (Kew), but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat, and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the City till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pound a year. I had your N.30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first, I did not relapse, but found[2] I came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not writ by the person you imagine, as hope![3] It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub Street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap ee hand, and make wry mouth oo-self, sauci doxi. Now comes DD. Why sollah, I did write in a fortnight my 47th; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I a Laplander? am I a witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at Lord Masham's, where Lord Treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell oo why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am resolved it shall. But I can't go to Tunbridge, or anywhere else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeoag (what a name is that!). Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from Dublin. Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of Lord Treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and

till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the Queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the Secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being here all the summer; which I do not intend: nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife — and I have seen once or twice old Bradley[4] here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see his wife, when I have leisure. I should be glad to see Goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs. Walls — I am not the least bit in love with Mrs. Walls — I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am grad at halt[5] to hear of Ppt's good health: pray let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember to write a due time before ME money is wanted, and be good galls, dood dallars, I mean, and no crying dallars. I heard somebody coming upstairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visitor: that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr. Smith. I sent the question to him about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr. Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So, now your letter is fully and impartially answered; not as rascals answer me: I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answerers: but no matter for that; you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill. I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the Queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression), and nothing ill is happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the Letter to a Whig Lord.[6] Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to[7] DD; as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt oo must know is a good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr. Lewis, but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the Bishop of Clogher. 'Tis now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell deelest... deelest MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME,

ME, Lele, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, Lele, Lele, ME.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 49.[1]

KENSINGTON, July 1, 1712.

I never was in a worse station for writing letters than this, especially for writing to MD, since I left off my journals. For I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to Lord Masham, where Lord Treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve. But I am now resolved to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry-time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you? And we have early apricots, and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday Archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death,[2] and has been two months at the Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill,[3] and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford[4] Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment by the Secretary of State, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. 'Tis impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, etc.; can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the Bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. Bradley[5] on Sunday night. Her youngest son is married to somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave Lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well upon the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday the old Bishop of Worcester,[6] who pretends to be a prophet, went to the Queen, by appointment, to prove to Her Majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the King of France would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the Popedom would be destroyed, etc.; and declared that he would be content to give up his bishopric if it were not true. Lord Treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told Lord Treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal?[7] How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you don't understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The

Court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed Governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me he is (in) no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who, indeed, have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the Court make him an earl, but it would not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bullenbrook,[8] which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called Lord Pomfret; but he thinks that title is already in some other family;[9] and, besides, he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are full of Pomfret Castle. But what's all this to you? You don't care for this. Is Goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The Dean of St. Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was t'other day to see Sterne[10] and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near Lord Somers's, about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my "Letter to Lord Treasurer" passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple-something's[11] waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery directly against an Act of Parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity.[12] I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word that the Bishop of Meath[13] was going to summon me, in order to suspension, for absence, if the Provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their First-Fruits, with a p — . We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told that the Governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get oo gone, and drink oo waters, if this rain has not spoiled them, sauci doxi. I have no more to say to oo at plesent; but rove Pdfr, and MD, and ME. And Podefr will rove Pdfr, and MD and ME. I wish you had taken any account when I sent money to Mrs. Brent. I believe I han't done it a great while. And pray send me notice when ME... to have it when it is due.[14] Farewell, dearest MD FW FW FW ME ME ME.

LETTER 50.[1]

KENSINGTON, July 17, 1712.

I am weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The Queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at Lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the Duke of Argyle at Cue (Kew), and would not go to the Court to-night, because of writing to MD. The Bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a sad redness in his face; it is St. Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub Street has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub Street papers this last week. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal, or Hue and Cry after Dismal, or Ballad on Dunkirk, or Argument that Dunkirk is not in our Hands? Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good: but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings, and scratchings, and small achings. Did I tell you I had made Ford Gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a year salary, beside perquisites? I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will answer oo rettle N.33,[2] dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the Bishop's making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never writ to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the Provost for keeping the Bishop[3] from being impertinent. Yes, Maram DD, but oo would not be content with letters flom Pdfr of six lines, or twelve either, fais. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to contribute as much as anything. I can assure you the Bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my Letter to Lord Treasurer be commended there or no? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my nightgown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible. I have put it down in my memlandums[4] just now. And DD shall be repaid her t'other book; but patience, all in good time: you are so hasty, a dog would, etc. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun, I play sometimes too at

picket, that is picquet, I mean; but very seldom. — Out late? why, 'tis only at Lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it ssquenched it. So here comes Ppt aden[5] with her little watery postscript. O Rold, dlunken srut![6] drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, fais; I sup MD's fifteen times evly molning in milk porridge. Lele's fol oo now — and lele's fol oo rettle, and evly kind of sing[7] — and now I must say something else. You hear Secretary St. John is made Viscount Bullinbrook.[8] I can hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be Lord Pomfret, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the Chronicles, Pomfret Castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looked very ugly. I have made Trapp[9] chaplain to Lord Bullinbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could fold or finish it. I dined yesterday with Lord Treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and Lord Bulingbrook would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet Lord Bullinbrook at eleven, and dine again with Lord Treasurer. To-day there will be another Grub,[10] A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord. Grub Street has but ten days to live; then an Act of Parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a halfpenny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the Earl of Albemarle,[11] at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The Duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. 'Tis late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre in your waters, sollah. Farewell, deelest MD, MD MD MD FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele Lele.

LETTER 51.[1]

LONDON, Aug. 7, 1712.

I had your N.32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment at it is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and the Court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would affect not to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about ME's money, and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left Windsor on Monday last, upon Lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France, and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge-lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody.[2] The Queen has forty servants down of it at once. I dined yesterday with Treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me, I thought, on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings there look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, sauci dallars? — Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen.[3] The Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny, the stamping it. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled, and hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the Fourth Part of John Bull?[4] It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The Bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled,

but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another; but I think not the two sisters. Raymond writ to me that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Won't oo see pool Laratol?[5] Parvisol says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away all. Pray observe the cherry-trees on the river-walk; but oo are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tosticated between this and Windsor. And pray send me again the state of ME's money; for I will not look into your letter for it. Poor Lord Winchelsea[6] is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch,[7] is now Countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the Park. Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence, and Mrs. Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs. Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to Mrs. Walls. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD, FW FW FW, ME ME ME ME ME. Lele, logues both; rove poo Pdfr.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 52.[1]

WINDSOR, Sept. 15, 1712.

I never was so long without writing to MD as now, since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when anything will, or whether ever at all, so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the Ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people[2] from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my style is altered, by living and thinking and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river-walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies;[3] so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the Dean and Mrs. Walls. The Dean never answered my letter, though. I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for ME in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, as hope saved, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I writ what is before, yet not as I used to be: more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the Queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for, but towards night she grew better; to-day she missed her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord Treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and

he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have lost a great support in the Earl of Godolphin.[4] It is a good jest to hear the Ministers talk of him now with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,[5] the late King's mistress (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Cliffden[6]), and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and Lord Treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard Lord Marlborough is growing ill of his diabetes; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the Ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was N.32, that you may not be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of steel, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's[7] regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My Lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be Governor of Ireland; and I believe the Duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise great things to themselves from his government; but care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton[8] has writ to me that she has been forced to leave Lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son: I have not answered her letter. She is retired[9] to Mrs. Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God help them! But if ever the Court should give me anything, I would recommend Raymond to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold-studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, Governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw.[10] It is allowed at Court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds. And the Duchess of Hamilton has made me pockets for (it) like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for, you know, I wear no waistcoat in summer), and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh ho! — We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the Queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. Mrs. Brent[11] sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free here[12] before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy prentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my tithes

well this year: he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you sell to him? He keeps me at charges for horses that I never ride: yours is lame, and will never be good for anything. The Queen will stay here about a month longer, I suppose; but Lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature, she fell down in the court here t'other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side: though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful, I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at Courts than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, deelest, ten thousand times deelest, MD MD MD, FW FW, ME ME ME ME. Lele, Lele, Lele, Lele.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 53.[1]

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1712.

I have left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with asafoetida, and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The Queen, Lord Treasurer, Lady Masham, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only Lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There was never such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least grounds of truth. I have been mightily put backward in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the Parliament meets. Lord Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now near quite well. I was playing at one-and-thirty with him and his family t'other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of Sir William Temple.[2] I asked both him and Lady Masham seriously whether the Queen were at all inclined to a dropsy, and they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes, etc. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call The Works of the Learned.[3] Pray get it when it comes out. The Queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord Treasurer showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some Knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by Lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh[4] in town once. The Bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen bishops at least. The poor old Bishop of London,[5] at past fourscore, fell down backward going upstairs, and I think broke or cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of Lord Rivers's will? He has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: he has left from his only child, Lady Barrymore,[6] her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is

now Earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord Treasurer and Lord Chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful, because they are told the Queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, N.3,[7] at Windsor: but I could not answer it then; poor Pdfr was vely kick[8] then: and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to send letters from. Oo thought to come home the same day, and stayed a month: that was a sign the place was agreeable.[9] I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swanton[10] a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told Lord Godolphin was buried last night. — O poo Ppt! lay down oo head aden, fais I...; I always reckon if oo are ill I shall hear it, and therefore hen oo are silent I reckon all is well.[11] I believe I 'scaped the new fever[12] for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am not well; but why should DD 'scape it, pray? She is melthigal, oo know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she won't have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburg. I hoped Ppt would have done with her illness; but I think we both have that faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs. Raymond never have done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I daresay he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

Oct. 11. Lord Treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in ME money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. If Hawkshaw does not pay the interest I will have the principal; pray speak to Parvisol and have his advice what I should do about it. Service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine and Mrs. Walls. Ppt makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is Lady Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to Lord Treasurer for anybody. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs: if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister;[13] if the latter, I have done with Courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs she has so at heart.[14] I have taken down his name and his case (not HER case), and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can; zat's enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg oo pardon a sousand times,[15] that I cannot do better. I hope the Dean of St. P(atrick's) is well of his fever: he has never writ to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, ung oomens, till the first of November[16] next. O, fais, I must be ise;[17] iss, fais,

must I; else ME will cheat Pdfr. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you — O Rold, I must go no further, for fear of abusing fine radies.[18] Parvisol has never sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. The Bishop of Killaloe[19] tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland: but how is corn? I dined yesterday with Lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night. — You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country-house this fortnight, which puts me backward in a business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid oo farewell. Farewell, deelest ickle MD, MD MD MD FW FW FW FW ME ME ME ME. Lele deel ME. Lele lele lele sollahs bose.[20]

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 54.[1]

LONDON, Oct. 28, 1712.

I have been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic, by the doctor's orders, till he sends me further directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days; I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England, it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The Parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, etc.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill,[2] desiring me to get Raphoe for Dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But however, if I am asked who will make a good bishop, I shall name him before anybody. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a Provost,[3] supposing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to Lord Treasurer, and truly young Molyneux[4] would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr. Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote a book;[5] I suppose you know it. Here is the Duke of Marlborough going out of England (Lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the Government, as who should say that one who has done such great services to his country cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people[6] together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the Queen's Bench, for about six thousand a year (or nine, I think). I sat under Lord Chief-Justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him that I HAD DONE GOOD FOR EVIL; FOR HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN MINE FROM ME.[7] I told it Lord Treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned everybody's eyes, and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two

months at furthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the Queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the Flying Post and Medley in one paper,[8] will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath.[9] They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by civil law that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall show by plain reason that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (that is, to be extracted), which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs, when I came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

30. The Duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The Duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I desire to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the Duchess to let me have an hour with the Duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the Duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your Governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. The Duke of Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirable good. I wish DD had it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney[10] is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed nightgown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitz-Hardinge,[11] which I thought excellent, that in men, desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire. We have abundance of our old criers[12] still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffeta, etc., the fellow with old coats, suits or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre, with Lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card money, I am no loser.

Our Society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and Lord Treasurer promises the Academy for

reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letter for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 55.[1]

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1712.

Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word that the Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun,[2] and killed him, and was brought home wounded.[3] I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's Square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while[4] the Duke was over him, Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped toward the cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess[5] was asleep. Maccartney,[6] and one Hamilton,[7] were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed the Duke of Hamilton; and some say Maccartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had[8] the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor Duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mention(ing) her husband's murder to her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the bandbox sent to Lord Treasurer.[9] The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the evening;[10] only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him; for there was a bullet apiece. A gentleman told me that if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub Street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies.[11] I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my

willows.[12] There is a devilish spirit among people, and the Ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep.[13]

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to Lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor Duchess. I dined to-(day) with Lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months to lie in. She has promised me to get the Queen to write to the Duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg Lord Treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse: her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared anybody that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor Duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the Duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the Ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Maccartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the crowner's inquest on the Duke's body is to be to-morrow, and I shall know more. But what care oo for all this? Iss, poo MD im sorry for poo Pdfr's[14] friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Nite.

17. I was to-day at noon with the Duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in her affliction. The Duchess told me Lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Postboy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper,[15] the printer of it. I dined at Lord Treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor: he promises to visit the Duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the Queen. Thank God. I have stayed till past one with him. So nite deelest MD.[16]

18. The Committee of Council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of the Duke of Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Maccartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the Duchess, to let her know Lord Treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the crowner's inquest. We suspect Maccartney stabbed the Duke while he was fighting. The Queen and Lord Treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with Lord Treasurer; but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeping me so late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to

send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the Queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and Lord Strafford to Holland; and now the King of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip, Duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him King of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with your playhouse frolics and prologues, and I know not what. The Bishop of Clogher and family are well: they have heard from you, or you from them, lately, I have forgot which: I dined there t'other day, but the Bishop came not till after dinner; and our meat and drink was very so so. Mr. Vedeau[17] was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself; but wanted an employment for a friend, who would give a handsome pair of gloves. One Hales sent me up a letter t'other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, etc. I was complaining to a lady that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a year, in the Salt Office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr. Griffin[18] should do it. And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby[19] to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, etc. I told Griffin positively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of poo Ppt's commission to her most humble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of Ministers are so slow in their helps. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to MD. Farewell, dee logues, deelest MD MD MD,... FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele.

Smoke the folding of my letters of late.[20]

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 56.[1]

LONDON, Dec. 12, 1712.

Here is now a stlange ting; a rettle flom MD unanswered: never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pay now? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will resume my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at farthest. O Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now, with a wanion.[2] Two women have been here six times apiece; I never saw them yet. The first I have despatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Connor,[3] an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions, that will succeed when I am Lord Treasurer. I am got (up) two pair of stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sots are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.[4] I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to the Duke of Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard.[5] I dined with Lord Treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty,[6] his[7] daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the Marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portraine, till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt im better of her disoddles.[8] Pray God keep her so. The pamphlet of Political Lying is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins,[9] first chaplain to the Duke of Hamilton? Why, the Duke of Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland — Dean Francis,[10] Sir R. Levinge,[11] stuff stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells as you have had floods in Dublin; ho, brave[12] you! Oh ho! Swanton seized Portraine, now I understand oo. Ay, ay, now I see Portraune at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now to your second, N.36. So, you read one of the Grub Streets about the

bandbox.[13] The Whig papers have abused me about the bandbox. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the Postboy, and Evening Post of that day. Lord Treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's Park, which Lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. The Duke of Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible, according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of hearing anything from me. Heigh! do oo write by sandlelight! nauti, nauti, nauti dallar, a hundred times, fol doing so. O, fais, DD, I'll take care of myself! The Queen is in town, and Lady Masham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after Lord Treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: but they say 'tis good for me, and I design to drink some in a morning. Our Society meets next Thursday, now the Queen is in town; and Lord Treasurer assures me that the Society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings to-day to servants; 'tan't be help if one should cry one's eyes out.[14] Hot a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt; now I keep no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauching is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the Duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord Treasurer, the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney are all that I see very often. Oh yes, and Lady Masham and Lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at Court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well zen, you are now returned to ombre and the Dean, and Christmas; I wish oo a very merry one; and pray don't lose oo money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Nite, sollahs, 'tis rate I'll go to seep; I don't seep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very seepy in a molning. This is the effect of time and years. Nite deelest MD.

18. Morn. I am so very seepy in the morning that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell oo no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying cabbages and savoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat.) I lodge

over against the house in Little Rider Street, where DD lodged. Don't oo lememble, maram? To-night I must see the Abbe Gaultier,[15] to get some particulars for my History. It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner; she has not given me the bed-nightgown;[16] besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coals in a week: but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and will plague me, and I can do him no service. The Duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop we shall make it without them; that has been long resolved. One Squire Jones,[17] a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for Parliament-man for Trim: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will: and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, but Joe's engaged, etc. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray thank him when you see him, and that I say they are very fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvepenny weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the Duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it im ten o'clock (but not shaving-day), and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbe Gaultier sends me word I can't see him to-night; pots cake him! I don't value anything but one letter he has of Petecum's,[18] showing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the Conduct of the Allies make you great politicians? Fais, I believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to hear oo walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, ung ooman? O, fais! I shall find strange doings hen I tum ole![19] Here is somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He's here. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD ME ME ME FW FW FW, Lele.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 57.[1]

LONDON, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our Society was to meet to-day; but Lord Harley, who was President this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbledon with his new brother-in-law, the young Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and Lord Treasurer is at Wimbledon too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my Club at dinner; I don't like it, fais. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or no. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom in France, which the Duke of Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the Duchess to compound with him, and have made the Ministry of my opinion. Night, dee sollahs, MD, MD.

19. Ay mally zis is sumsing rike,[2] for Pdfr to write journals again! 'Tis as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord Treasurer is returned from Wimbledon ('tis not above eight miles off), and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The Duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home tonight, I found hers and the Duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise? Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames, too. I am writing a letter to thank her, which I will send to-morrow morning. I'll tell her she is such a prude that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unless the Duke's be with it; and so forth.[3] We are full of snow, and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the Queen. I dined with her t'other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington. Nite, dee logues MD.

20. I lodge (up) two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to everybody almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people, who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the Bishop, and Provost, etc. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with Lord Treasurer. This is his day that his chief friends in the Ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with them till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of Lady Betty's match. The young fellow has 60,000 pounds ready money, three great houses furnished, 7,000 pounds a year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think Lady Betty's portion is not above 8,000 pounds. I remember either Tisdall writ to

me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to Lord Anglesea, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord Anglesea was with me to-night at Lord Treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall, and described him. He said he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book.[4] See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr. Walls that Lord Anglesea thanked me for recommending Clements[5] to him; that he says he is 20,000 pounds the better for knowing Clements. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord that he hears so and so, etc. Why, 'tis but like an Irish understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct it. So, nite.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at Lord Treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and some times with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at Court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at Court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spanish Ambassador[6] came to him and said he heard that was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me that his master, and the King of France, and the Queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, etc. I took it very well of him. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not (as DD says); but now the Queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came, but intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley,[7] I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for Lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning that four provinces of Holland[8] have complied with the Queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Nite MD.

22. Lord Keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr. Gery,[9] who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick,[10] who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's.[11] I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to Lord Treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas Day, and I made Lord Treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Nite, deel MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper,[12] a poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of

money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his a — here in town. 'Tis a poor little short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to Lord Treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and Monteleon, the Spanish Ambassador, who made me many compliments. I stayed till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh.[13] That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall,[14] Clerk of the Kitchen to the Queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He asked me why I did not wait on the Bishop of Dromore.[15] I answered I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume, etc. He takes me seriously, and says the Bishop is no proud man, etc. He tells me of a judge in Ireland that has done ill things. I ask why he is not out? Says he, "I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes, everybody may help something." — Don't you see how curiously he contrives to vex me; for the dog knows that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this, don't you? Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep a dozey.

24. I dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to look over some of my papers; but nothing was done. I have been also mediating between the Hamilton family and Lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk,[16] the late Duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to make the demands; and the Ministry are of opinion they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they won't yield it. Nite sollahs.

25. All melly Titmasses — melly Titmasses — I said it first — I wish it a souzand (times) zoth with halt[17] and soul.[18] I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James's Chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The Queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church today; and I stayed so long in my chamber that I missed going to Court. Did I tell you that the Queen designs to have a

Drawing-room and company every day? Nite dee logues.

26. I was to wish the Duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half a crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half-crowns among such fellows. I dined with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a p — ; less of civility, and more of his interest! We hear Maccartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Maccartney? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of the reward,[19] and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind? But maybe you heard this already; for there was a Grub Street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because Lord Treasurer, and he, and another, were to enter upon business; but I said it was as fit I should know their business as anybody, for I was to justify (it).[20] So the rest went, and I stayed, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Nite, MD.

27. I dined to-day with General Hill, Governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of the company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself; and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terrible dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the Ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I could certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation; and I set Addison so right at first that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sollah Ppt, and dress the wine and olange, sollah MD, and I'll go seep. 'Tis rate. Nite MD.

28. My cold is so bad that I could not go to church today, nor to Court; but I was engaged to Lord Orkney's with the Duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The Duke and Lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with Lord and Lady Orkney till past eleven: and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. Oh, says Ppt, everybody is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled "Past twelve." Night, deels.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see Lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the City upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of brawn, with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the Court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the

Ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear Lord Treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every(body) has one. Nite two dee logues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday; zen[21] it sall go. Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The Council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at Lord Treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow, but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise[22] up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the Bishop of Clogher's family to-day; Miss is mighty ill of a cold, coughs incessantly.[23] Nite MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with Lord Treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper; and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned Lady Oxford up to my lord, and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, Lord and Lady Caermarthen, and Lord and Lady Dupplin, and Lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor Lord Treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but Lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman.[24] My cold is still so bad that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Nite MD.

Jan. 1, 1712-13. A sousand melly new eels[25] to deelest richar MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you that yesterday Lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in such a whimsical manner that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone but Lord Orkney sent to know whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him; which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with Lady Orkney; and in came the Earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of the Duke of Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother, the old Duchess,[26] to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Chatelherault. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the Ministry to favour him against Lord Abercorn, and to convince them that Lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince Lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between

a couple of puppies? Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the Bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The Ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family it was their opinion that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesea was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me I was commissioned by the Ministers, and ought to perform my commission, etc. — But I'll have done with them. I have warned Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teasing; — x on him! Yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the Ministry. I dined to-day at Lord Treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with Lord Treasurer till nine, and then was forced to Lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as everyone must that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever.[27] But burn politics, and send me from Courts and Ministers! Nite deelest richar MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the Bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the Bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sat with the Bishop of Ossory,[28] who is laid up with the gout. The French Ambassador, Duke d'Aumont,[29] came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be melly,... sollahs.[30]

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with Lord and Lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbledon, six miles off, to see Lord and Lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did oo never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. You know Lady Caermarthen is Lord Treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago. I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. — I must send this away now. I came back just by nightfall, cruel cold weather; I have no smell yet, but my cold something better. Nite (?) sollahs; I'll take my reeve. I forget how MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and pray give the bill on t'other side to Mrs. Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. Go, play cards, and... rove Pdfr. Nite richar MD... roves Pdfr. FW lele.. . MD MD MD MD MD FW FW FW FW MD MD Lele...[31]

The six odd shillings, tell Mrs. Brent, are for her new year's gift.

I[32] am just now told that poor dear Lady Ashburnham,[33] the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern

for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the Duke and Duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I am afraid she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord's a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 58.[1]

LONDON, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ended my last with the melancholy news of poor Lady Ashburnham's death. The Bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day at Lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me that Maccartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing. 'Tis hard such a dog should escape. — As I left Lord Mountjoy's I saw the Duke d'Aumont, the French Ambassador, going from Lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the Queen. I followed, and went up to Court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the Duke of Argyle by the fireside in the bed-chamber, when the Ambassador came out from the Queen. Argyle presented me to him, and Lord Bolingbroke and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the Duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day I showed the Bishop of Clogher, at Court, who was who. Nite my two dee logues, and...[2]

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord Treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the Queen. I dined with Lady Oxford, and then sat with Lord Treasurer while he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown,[3] Bishop of Cork, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed Lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, etc.: in short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor Duke and Duchess of Ormond this morning. The Duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell[4] and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, he talked something of Lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Nite MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke and Parnell and I dined, by invitation, with my friend Darteneuf,[5] whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for anything in Ireland makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know anything that passes. — Lord Treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will be careful to keep himself well. The Duchess of Marlborough is leaving England

to go to her Duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds apiece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the Duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired everything should be left him, except power. Nite MD.

7. I dined with Lord and Lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. Vanhom, merely for amusement. The Ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly do anything. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it, by shaking off Lord Rochester,[6] who is a good, civil, simple man. The Bishop of Ossory will not be Bishop of Hereford,[7] to the great grief of himself and his wife. And hat is MD doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards with the Dean and Mrs. Walls? I think it is not certain yet that Maccartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got new ink, and 'tis very white; and I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to seep; 'tis past twelve. — Nite, MD.

8. Oo must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. Ashe of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with Lord Treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and Lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, etc. The Duke of Ormond employed me to speak to Lord Treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the Duke had spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the Duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing; there is not one of the Ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to Lord Treasurer as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely: though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger, who will not go till Sunday next. Lord Treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your Commissioner, Keatley,[8] is to be there. Nite dee richar MD.[9]

9. Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see Lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his Bishop of Dromore[10] recovers very much. That Bishop has been very near dying. This day's Examiner talks of the play of "What is it like?"[11] and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have

no hand in these papers at all. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the Ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original Club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesea, Lord Steward,[12] Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Nite MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at Lord Treasurer's, a servant said Lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. Soon as he saw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outrode it or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a Garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Nite dee MD.

11. The Court was crammed to-day to see[13] the French Ambassador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to Court on Sundays as to a coffee-house, to see acquaintance, whom I should otherwise not see twice a year? The Provost[14] and I dined with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our Ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new Parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our Parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the Queen in everything; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the House of Lords: and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the Parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an Address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. — Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. Nite MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the City to one Bateman's,[15] a famous bookseller, for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and twopence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, etc. Well, I'll tell you no more; oo don't understand Greek.[16] We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish my work. These Ministers will

not find time to do what I would have them. So nite, nown dee dallars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with Lord Keeper, but would not, because that brute Sir John Walter[17] was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and Lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with Lord Treasurer, where there was none but Lord Bolingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then went to Lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve, from whence you may consider it is late, sollahs. The Parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new hat), or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Nite dee MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the Duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and Lady Betty, and Lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since Lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the Duchess, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the Duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed.[18] She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord Keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Caesar,[19] Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the City, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. Caesar, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, etc. Nite, my own deelest richar logues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you that last night I had a present sent me (I found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back, and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a Drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at one o'clock. The Queen does not come out; but all her Ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality are at it. I was there to-day; and as Lord Treasurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or Court. He knows it, for I have

told him so; and to-night, at Lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether MD were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt is a Tory, and a violent one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a Trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the Queen for her tenderness to the Dutch in giving them still more time to submit.[20] It fitted the occasions at present. Nite MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the Secretary's office, and stayed till past three. The Duke of Ormond and I were to dine at Lord Orkney's. The Duke was at the Committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there, they had almost dined; for the Duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head; and will make a threepenny pamphlet.[21] It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeeds, you shall know what it is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience. So nite, dee sollahs.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, and his Saturday company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and Lord Treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the lords about the speech the Queen must make when the Parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it. I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the Duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the Duke, I said the speech should begin thus: "My Lords and Gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the Duchess of Marlborough abroad after the Duke." This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Nite MD.

18. We had a mighty full Court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large Treatise[22] stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. — The Bishop of Dromore is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours; yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards, sollahs, and nite.

19. I was this morning to see the Duke and Duchess of Ormond. The Duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the Duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where

I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man know what his name was, and whence he came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it.[23] That blot is a blunder. Nite dee MD....

20. A Committee of our Society dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our Society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed: but till Lord Treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. The Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our English bishopric[24] is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session. Nite MD.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise, not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The Bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly; and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out; so oo must know I expect a rettle vely soon, and that MD is vely werr;[25] and so nite, dee MD.

22. This is one of our Court days, and I was there. I told you there is a Drawing-room, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord Treasurer quarrelled with me at Court for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings, with devices, like medals, in honour of the Queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Nite MD.

23. The Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of Parliament in Ireland, but there was a mixture of company, and the Duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your Parliament meets this summer, it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the Duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the Bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for threepences. That, I suppose, is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, N.37. I shall not answer it zis bout, but will the next. I am sorry for poo poo Ppt. Pray walk hen oo can. I have got a terrible new

cold before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. Pay. ... [26] I shall have DD's money soon from the Exchequer. The Bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Nite, dee MD.

24. I was at Court to-day, and it was comical to see Lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not speaking, and Lord Selkirk the same.[27] I dined with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday Club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders; but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the Parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford;[28] so Ossory[29] is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this, without giving to the bellman. Nite deelest richar MD.... dee MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele Lele.

My second cold is better now. Lele lele lele lele.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 59.[1]

LONDON, Jan. 25, 1712-1713.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that, going to Lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so, after church and Court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to Lord Treasurer's. Next door to his house, a tin chimneytop had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord Treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet[2] is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again you shall hear of it. Nite dee logues.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. Pity Pdfr. After dinner at Lord Treasurer's, the French Ambassador, Duke d'Aumont, sent Lord Treasurer word that his house was burnt down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish Ambassador, and other persons; and soon after Lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. 'Tis odd that this very day Lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at Pontack's[3] in the City, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing; I was observing it to Lord Treasurer, that he was stabbed on the day King William died; and the day I saved his life, by opening the bandbox,[4] was King William's birthday. My friend Mr. Lewis has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his Privy Seal to come from France.[5] That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort (two lords with the Pretender), for his great services, etc. The Lords will examine that t'other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer; for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I'll mend my hand, if oo please: but you are more used to it nor I, as Mr. Raymond says. Nite MD.

27. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of Lord Dupplin's[6] daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure

'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions that the Duke d'Aumont's house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see Lord Keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. Radcliffe told me that it was the Ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Nite my own deelest MD, rove Pdfr.

28. I was to-day at Court, where the Spanish Ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house: but Abbe Gaultier, Secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day to let him know his house should be burnt, and they tell several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wildfire[7] in the room. I dined with Lord Orkney. Neither Lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disobliged both sides. Nite dear MD.

29. Our Society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a Committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to Lord Treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own Society; but I made them do it by sessors,[8] and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The Duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer oor rettle, ung oomens: not yet; 'tis rate now, and I can't tind it. Nite deelest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters this two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I an't well; faith, I'll take them no more. I sauntered after church with the Provost to-day to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with Lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison[9] is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now Queen's Secretary to the Embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least, the brat! Let me go to bed, sollahs. — Nite dee richar MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning: we talked three hours, and then I carried him to Court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the Queen's Minister entrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a

shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the Duke of Ormond, and several lords at Court; and I contrived it so that Lord Treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the Ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall soon be out. Here's enough for to-day: only to tell you that I was in the City with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story,[10] which will be told with remarks. Nite MD.

Feb. 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. Lewis came, and corrected it as he would have it; so I was neither at church nor Court. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Fais, here's a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. Oh, but I write now but once in three weeks; iss, fais, this shall go sooner. The Parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the Queen is laid up with the gout, and both Speakers out of order, though one of them, the Lord Keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the Duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to Lord Treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle them some way or other. Nite sollahs both, rove Pdfr.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery;[11] her name is now Wigmore, and her husband has turned parson. She desires nothing but that I would get Lord Keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the City; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford,[12] the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen Lord Treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what oo please. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expense for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain, before we are sure of everything being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it. Nite MD.

3. The Parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some

cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to (it); and this business we wait from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies; but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the Bishop of St. David's[13] (now removing to Hereford) came in and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the Provost and Bishop of Clogher at the Provost's. Nite MD.

4. I was to-day at Court, but kept out of Lord Treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the Duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate and drank too much. I sat this evening with Lady Masham, and then with Lord Masham and Lord Treasurer at Lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw Lady Jersey[14] with Lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise for me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform (I have just mended my pen, you see), for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till Saturday next, I find; so I will answer oors now. I see no different days of the month; yet it is dated January 3: so it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr. Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland, but that I was soliciting nothing anywhere, and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne to Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond, for a bishopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret that I have made the Duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for poo Ppt, I'm sure. Her head is good for...[15] I'll answer more to-mollow. Nite, dearest MD; nite dee sollahs, MD.[16]

5. I must go on with oo letter. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and the Provost, and I played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke[17] came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an IF. Well, but oor letter, well, ret me see. — No; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. Nauty (?) Ppt, oo are vely tempegant. I did not suspect oo would tell Filby.[18] Oo are so... [19] Turns and visitations — what are these? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr. Walls. Pray God mend poopt's[20] health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my leg swell. Nite deelest MD.

6. This is the Queen's Birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so much luxury and fine clothes. I went to Court to see them, and I dined

with Lord Keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early, to answer oo rettle again. Pray God keep the Queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from Lord Keeper's, I called at Lord Treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the Provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. Oo did well to let him make up his accounts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account. Nite dee logues, MD.

7.[8] I was at Court to-day, but saw no Birthday clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with Lord Orkney, and sat the evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord Treasurer is angry if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley[21] yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a —— . Colds! why, we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little over, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton indeed. It is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered oo

rettle; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid oo nite, dee MD.

8.[9] It was terrible rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with Lord Treasurer, but went to see Sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire; and I stayed with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and Lord Treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The Bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days,[22] and it proves the smallpox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see Lady Worsley[23] to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old

and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King Street, between St. James's Street and St. James's Square, where DD's brother bought the sweetbread, when I lodged there, and MD came to see me. Short sighs.[24] Nite MD.

9.[10] I thought to have dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; so I dined at Lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with Lady Masham at crown picquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord Treasurer came in to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see Lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach.[25] I like her tolerably as yet. Nite MD.

10.[11] I made visits this morning to the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, and Lady Betty, and the Duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the Duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our Society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from Lord Treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges[26] and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at Court, and made Lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner. — Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at Court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says: but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife.[27] I did not ask him. Nite MD.

12.[28] I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our Society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the Governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and Lord Treasurer has promised us a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the Queen's Secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember.... I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the Treasury to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well. Nite.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper,[29] in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see

how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I very much afflicted for him, for he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the City. I am in much concern for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Nite poo dee MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord Treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu.

I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 60.[1]

LONDON, Feb. 15 (1712-13).

I dined to-day with Mr. Rowe[2] and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs,[3] at eleven at night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Nite... MD.[4]

16. I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a foolish book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making anybody's fortune. The Parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though everything about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with Lord Treasurer these four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt;[5] but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Nite poo dee MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with Lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother[6] to succeed Mr.[7] Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lose my money at ombre sadly; I make a thousand blunders. I play but[8] threepenny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges,[9] and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The Parliament was prorogued to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does: she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young. — Nite MD.

18. The Earl of Abingdon[10] has been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my

company; Lord Stawel,[11] Colonel Disney,[12] and Dr. Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which Lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pound a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He[13] shall not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old bawd,[14] and her daughter a —— — . There were more Whigs to-day at Court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the Queen. She is still lame with the gout. Nite MD.

19. I was at Court to-day, to speak to Lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at Lady Masham's, where Lord Treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him I could not till Saturday. I have stayed there till past twelve. So nite dee sollahs, nite.

20. Lady Jersey, Lady Catherine Hyde,[15] the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke d'Atree,[16] another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment with Lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champagne that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and lost my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I suppose one effect of her distemper), is now better. I do not let the Bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good luck! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No.38; and oo write so small nowadays, I hope oo poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow se'nnight, with a bill for MD. I will speak to Mr. Griffin[17] to-morrow about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended; that is to say, if I can see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer oo rettle hen I Pdfr think fit. Nite MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last... [18] I saw Griffin at Court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew how to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know that he has the honour to be recommended by Dr. S —— , etc.; that he will endeavour to deserve, etc.; and if you dictated a whole letter for him, it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined

with Lord Treasurer and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day, but I sat with them alone till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at Lord Treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, etc. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Nite MD.

22. I dined to-day at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond and Sir Thomas Hanmer.[19] Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the Duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the House of Commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the Duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the Ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things: he thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for Secretary of State, instead of Lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the Bishop of Clogher at Court; Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The Queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to Parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Nite dee MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the Provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury Street, near St. James's Street, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the Salt Office, and, as I remember, he knows his Christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the Commissioners. Nite dee MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church. I had business with him about entering Mr. Fitzmaurice,[20] my Lord Kerry's son, into his College; and Lady Kerry[21] is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, Lord Dupplin, young Bromley[22] the Speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford[23] and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven to go to Lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish Ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants, and made a rattle; but since I came home she sent me a message that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for Lady Catherine Hyde and Lady Bolingbroke are to be there by

appointment, and I listed[24] up my periwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it? Not I, vow to...![25] Nite MD.

25. Lord Treasurer met me last night at Lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say, "More of your lining, and less of your dining." However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to Lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign Ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried "gacco," and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with Lady Dalkeith,[26] her sister, the Duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much. Nite MD.

26. This day our Society met at the Duke of Ormond's, but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at Lady Jersey's that I must attend Lord Treasurer and Duke of Ormond at supper at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till one, so oo may be sure 'tis late enough. There was the Duchess of Grafton, and the Duke her son; nine of us in all. The Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the Society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, fais, nor eight either. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than anybody, because I go to[27] no coffee-house, nor see any but Ministers, and such people; and Ministers never talk politics in conversation. The Whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of Parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then that the peace is ready to sign. The Queen's gout mends daily. Nite MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of Lady Orkney,[28] an original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three-quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of Lord Treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I'll make Lord Keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending ME a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure oo. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. And hat is MD doing now? Oh, at ombre with the Dean always on Friday night, with Mrs. Walls.

Pray don't play at small games. I stood by, t'other night, while the Duke d'Atree[29] lost six times with manilio, basto, and three small trumps; and Lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Nite dee richar[30] MD.

28. I was at Court to-day, when the Abbe Gaultier whispered me that a courier was just come with an account that the French King had consented to all the Queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the Court. I saw the Queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at Court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an assistant; I don't know what, Supervisor, I think; but it is some employment a good deal better than his own. The Parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid oo farewell, deelest richar Ppt. God bless oo ever, and rove Pdfr. Farewell MD MD MD FW FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 61.[1]

LONDON, March 1, 1712-13.

'Tis out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not: but now I see I answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and ME's bill. I dined with Lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as usual, found everything wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have Lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get some), and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much. Nite MD.

2. I went to-day into the City to see Pat Rolt,[2] who lodges with a City cousin, a daughter of coz Cleve; (you are much the wiser). I had never been at her house before. My he-coz Thompson the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with Lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist; Lady Godolphin[3] was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, etc., but she would not give me one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is Lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the Commissioners. I'll speak to Keatley;[4] but I believe it will signify nothing. In the Customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending anyone to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very hard to be got. Nite MD.

3. I dined to-day with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The Parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the Queen will be able to be brought to the House, and make her speech. I saw Dr. Griffith[5] two or three months ago, at a Latin play at Westminster; but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I gamble[6] abroad and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go

sleep. Nite dee MD.

4. Mr. Ford has been this half-year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the Provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, that I have saved England, and he Ireland;[7] but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the Duchess of Hamilton to-day, and met Blith[8] of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the Duke of Hamilton's house when the Duke died; and the Duchess got an advertisement put in the Postboy,[9] reflecting on the ball, because the Marlborough daughters[10] were there; and Blith came to beg the Duchess's pardon, and clear himself. He's a sad dog. Nite poo dee deelest MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is well almost again. I have many visits to-day. I met Blith at the Duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the Duchess of Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the Duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at Court to-day, and the foreign Ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The College[11] need not fear; I will not be their Governor. I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his Duchess.[12] The Duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit Lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley[13] came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel for all he is your Griffith's friend. — Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Nite sollahs.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt,[14] and laid out two pound five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for Lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with Lord Treasurer, but made him go to Court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy! — I was at Lord Treasurer's levee with the Provost, to ask a book for the College. — I never go to his levee, unless to present somebody. For all oor rallying, saucy[15] Ppt, as hope saved, I expected they would have decided about me long ago; and as hope saved, as soon as ever things are given away and I not

provided for, I will be gone with the very first opportunity, and put up bag and baggage. But people are slower than can be thought. Nite MD.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a p — on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with Lord Treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for he has engaged me for to-morrow), but went and dined with Lord Masham, and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three hours. There were three voles[16] against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but writ to her. She has left me some physic. Fais, I never knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things (are) very dear. DD must come in at last with DD's two eggs a penny. There the proverb was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will serve me, and bring me over. Pray God MD does not be delayed for it; but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at Court to-day; a wonder! Nite sollahs... Pdfr.

8. Oo must know, I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else. This is the day of the Queen's coming to the Crown, and the day Lord Treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at Court, where everybody had their Birthday clothes on, and I dined with Lord Treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the Queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but I was of opinion the House should not sit on Tuesday next, unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Nite MD.

9. Lord Treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the Cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the Provost and Parnell, and Ford, was with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it, as etc. At night Lewis brought us word that the Parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but Lord Treasurer cares not a rush. Lord Keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think Lord Trevor,[17] to prorogue the Parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest.[18] Read it. Nite.

10. I was early this morning to see Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the Parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring on the books. I will sell some of them, and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the City, and sat an hour in the evening with Lord Treasurer, who was in very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord Keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. How do oo do sollahs?... Nite MD.[19]

11. I was this morning to visit the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, and the Duchess of Hamilton, and went with the Provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the Provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. Fais, it won't do; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and was bested. Vely bad, fais! Nite my deelest logues MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made Lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value apiece. Our Society met to-day at the Duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer sent the author of the Examiner[20] twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the Duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure us all in case of accidents, etc.[21] I left the Society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champagne, or burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder, when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish; nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure (you). Never fair two days together. Nite dee MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish Envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and he rallied me to-day at Lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying, the Envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve Lord Treasurer and him the same way. For that reason, I very seldom promise to go anywhere. I dined with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with Lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left Lord Treasurer at eight: I fancied he

was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no haste, ung oomens; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed, before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Nite logues.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park, before I went to Court. Colonel Disney, one of our Society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguey bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborrow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old Lady Bellasis[22] is dead at last? She has left Lord Berkeley of Stratton[23] one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I stayed with Lord Treasurer upon business, after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your post-office that I am fearful, etc., and so good-nite, sollahs, rove Pdfr, MD.

15. Lord Treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The Queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to Parliament on Tuesday, if the Houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the Ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at Lord Treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt[24] may understand me. The doctors tell me that if poor Colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our Society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake, but very honest, not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom,[25] the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman. You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dull sollahs. Nite MD.

16. I was at Lord Treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me the Parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'nnight. They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready: but Spain has no Minister

there; for Monteleon, who is to be their Ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the Spaniards can sign no peace: and (of) one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their Courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that it is ratified in all Courts before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Nite MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the Parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St. Patrick's Day; and the Mall was so full of crosses that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the Bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with Lord Treasurer; but the Parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week: for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Nite dee sollahs 'tis late. Nite MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with Lord Treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: everybody had it at Court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French Minister how things went. And he whispered me in French, "Your Plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but Lord Treasurer was in full good-humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his IF puns. You know them.... [26] Nite MD.

19. The Bishop of Clogher has made an IF pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But Sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, 'twill be a pure bite. The Bishop will tell it us as a wonder that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun: — If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's[27] door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; Hack at Tom Pooley's. "Sillly," says Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our Society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country house; hat[28] care you? Nite darling (?) dee MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she writ it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without tact. There you say, you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy.[29] Forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty, that I would

dine nowhere; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the City, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. Burke's[30] your Accountant-General, who had been engaging me this month. The Bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by Lord Paget's[31] funeral. The Provost and I sat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke at Court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Nite MD.

21. Morning. I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pottick,[32] and give it into the post myself. I must go to Court, and you know on Saturdays I dine with Lord Treasurer, of course. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD, FW FW FW, MD ME ME ME Lele sollahs.[33]

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 62.[1]

LONDON, March 21, 1712-13.

I gave your letter in this night. I dined with Lord Treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the Parliament sits; and I have begged that the Ministers may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the Ministers: and if, instead of that, the Ministers attack the Whigs, it will be better: and farther, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The Parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion Week. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother[2] a new employment, about ten pounds a year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope oo will take what can be done in good part, and that oo brother will not dislike it. — Nite own dear... MD.

22. I dined to-day with Lord Steward.[3] There Frank Annesley[4] (a Parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that Lord Treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of Lord Treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call Lord Treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember Eltee. You know the reason; L.T. and Eltee pronounced the same way. Stay, 'tis five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April; whoever has to do with this Ministry can fix no time: but as[5] hope saved, it is not Pdfr's fault. Pay don't blame poo Pdfr. Nite deelest logues MD.[6]

23. I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the Duke of Ormond, and Lord and Lady Orkney. I left them at six. Everybody is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the Duke of Ormond and Eltee. (Oo know who Eltee is, or have oo fordot already?) I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called The Ambassadress;[7] it is very dull, too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the Queen horribly. The Examiner has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper,

and done it with great civilities to me.[8] I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terribly rainy weather, I'll go sleep. Nite deelest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to Colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited Lord Keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to Lord Treasurer (Eltee I mean), paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to Lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at Lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster School, acted by the boys; and Lord Treasurer (Eltee I mean again) honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; fais, it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our Plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every Prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no Minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Nite MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the Duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to Court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to Court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for oo must understand I take a little physic over-night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is hiera picra,[9] two spoonfuls, devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the smallpox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The Bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has got him very good pennyworths.[10] I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with oo, sollahs?... [11]

26. Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see Lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the Duke of Ormond's, and so to Court, where the Ministers did not come, because the Parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our Society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to Sir A(ndrew) F(ountaine), and played at ombre with him and Sir Thomas Clarges, till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the Duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour, upon some affairs, etc. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the Society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the Ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Nite, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued

with that... [12] poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the 100 pounds I received for her son from the Treasury. I have asked every creature I know whether I may do it safely, yet durst not venture, till my Lord Keeper assured me there was no danger. I have not paid her, but will in a day or two: though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture,[13] and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten miles wide, a town on t'other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, etc. I'm a fool. Nite, dee MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to everybody, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addison was one, and I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the Bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The Bishop of Killaloe[14] and Tom Leigh was with us. The latter had wholly changed his style, by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the First-Fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the Crown rents, which the Queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week: I believe oo will have it next. Nite MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior Fellows,[15] who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the College pleases, unless the Queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the Ministers yesterday about it; but they say the Queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your Government recommended him to the Duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused, the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tisdall's outlandish would[16] at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at Court to-day, and I hear the Queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day. Have oo such weather? Nite MD.

30. Morning. I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor and sickly; and t'other, that

first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the City, at Pontack's,[17] with Lord Dupplin, and some others. We were treated by one Colonel Cleland,[18] who has a mind to be Governor of Barbados, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interests for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was an agreeable surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Nite MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she suppose(d) I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the Bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the Duke of Kent's,[19] who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, etc. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad, and taken the air. This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble,[20] who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Nite MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses, to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Darteneuf[21] to-day. You have heard of Darteneuf: I have told you of Darteneuf. After dinner we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trapp[22] upon the peace. The Swedish Envoy told me to-day at Court that he was in great apprehensions about his master;[23] and indeed we are afraid that prince has[24] died among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on Lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play of his acted on Friday in Easter Week: 'tis a tragedy, called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago.[25] Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the Guardian?[26] they say good for nothing. I have not seen it. Nite dee MD.

2. I was this morning with Lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come, with the news that the King of Spain has agreed to everything that the Queen desires; and the Duke d'Ossuna has left Paris in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trapp,

and read his poem and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed, Sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to Lord Orkney's at Cliffden;[27] but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with Lord Treasurer; but going to see Colonel Disney, who lives with General Withers,[28] I liked the General's little dinner so well, that I stayed and took share of it, and did not go to Lord Treasurer till six, where I found Dr. Sacheverell, who told us that the bookseller had given him 100 pounds for his sermon,[29] preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000: I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April has begun, against my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Nite dee logues MD.

3. I was at the Queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the Ministers there, but those of the Emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and sat with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and Lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began Lord Somers's health, which went about; but I bid him not name Lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison loved Lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, etc. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the Trimmer, are not you? As for DD I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! 'Tis late. Nite MD.

4. This Passion Week, people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did, faith; and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverell's long dull sermon, which he sent me. It is the first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in it upon the occasion, except two or three remote hints. The Bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun, which the Bishop had made, and designed to send to him, but delayed it; and Lord Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the Bishop was wondering to Lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter Day. Nite dee MD.

5. Warburton[30] wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter, General Gorges[31] had recommended a friend of his to the Duke of

Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the Provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Gorges recommended the other: for Warburton's last letter said that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. — This has prevented me from serving Warburton, as I would have done, if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at Court; and Lord Abingdon[32] was like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out with me for refusing him; but I hate dining with them, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter Day a fine day with you? I have sat with Lady Worsley till now. Nite dee MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter,[33] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The Bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with Lord Treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's[34] country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to Lord Treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with Sir A. Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making IFS for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; nevle saw ze rike.[35] This letter shall go to-morrow; remember, ung oomens, it is seven weeks since oor last, and I allow oo but five weeks; but oo have been galloping into the country to Swanton's.[36] O pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a Governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a Lord Lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Nite, dee MD.

7. Morning. I have had a visitor here, that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, oo may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I rove MD bettle zan ever, if possibbere. I will put this in the post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the Dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the Dean, which he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, etc. But he must not know that you know so much.[37] Does this perplex you? Hat care I? But rove Pdfr, saucy Pdfr. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD FW FW FW,... ME, MD Lele.

LETTER 63.[1]

LONDON, April 7, 1713.

I fancy I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the Parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The Parliament will now certainly sit, and everybody's expectations are ready to burst. At a Council to-night the Lord Chief-Justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace; so did Lord Chomley,[2] another Whig, who is Treasurer of the Household. My Lord Keeper[3] was this night made Lord Chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Nite, dee sollahs; Late. Rove Pdfr.[4]

8. Lord Chomley (the right name is Cholmondeley) is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and Sir Richard Temple,[5] Lieutenant-General, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned out; and Lieutenant-General Palmes[6] will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell MD what it was.... [7] for zat. The Parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Maccartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of the Duke of Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord Treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Nite MD.

9. I was this morning with Lord Treasurer, to present to him a young son[8] of the late Earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for Lord Treasurer, who was going to Parliament. Our Society met to-day; but I expected the Houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to Lord Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanmer. The Queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for the Address[9] was moved, and opposed by Lord Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord Treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; Lord Peterborow flirted[10] against the Duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany, you know), but it was in answer to one of Halifax's impertinences. The order for an Address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the Houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at

Lord Orkney's. The Bishop of Chester,[11] a high Tory, was against the Court. The Duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the Queen, and showed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted. Nite MD.

10. I dined with a cousin in the City, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Port-Mahon. The Whigs are much down; but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This Parliament-time hinders our Court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre, with Dr. Pratt and another. I have been to see t'other day the Bishop of Clogher and lady, but did not see Miss. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds. Nite MD.

11. I dined at Lord Treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual. Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were absent. I stayed till near ten. Lord Treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the Queen, which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the Duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord Treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that Duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. Takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Nite deelest MD.

12. I went to Court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley,[12] one of your Fellows of Dublin College, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the Ministers, and given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world. The Queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at Lord Orkney's with the Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, Secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Nite MD.

13. This morning my friend, Mr. Lewis, came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell Lord Treasurer that I took nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me. At noon, Lord Treasurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the Duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe for all oo... [13] oo may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world. — Hat care I? Nite deelest logues, MD.

14. I dined in the City to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord Treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it should be determined to-night: and so he will for[14] a hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the City, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Nite dee MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day; he[15] was as good company as ever; and told me the Queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me that Lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow. Nite deelest MD.

16. I was this noon at Lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the Queen and Lord Treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, etc. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your Fellows, whom I have recommended to the Doctor, and to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me that the Duke of Ormond has been to-day with

the Queen; and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came Lord Treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied but that I must be Prebend(ary) of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham says she will speak to purpose to the Queen to-morrow. Nite,... dee MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the Queen last night, but had not much time. The Queen says she will determine to-morrow with Lord Treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think anything will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the meantime, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see Lord Treasurer any more, if I go. Lord Treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Nite MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that Lord Treasurer told him the Queen would determine at noon. At three Lord Treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the Queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the Duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the Queen, Lord Treasurer, and the Duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the Ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Nite MD.

19. I forgot to tell you that Lord Treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company; which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at Court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me a note, that the Queen stayed till she knew whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for Bishop. I went this evening, and found the Duke of Ormond at the Cock-pit, and told him, and desired he would go to the Queen, and approve of Sterne. He made objections, desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the Archbishop of Dublin, etc.; so all now is broken again. I sent out for Lord Treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than anything else. Nite MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cock-pit, to talk with the Duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, etc. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me, etc. And he will speak to the Queen today or to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Nite dee dee logues, MD.

21. The Duke of Ormond has told the Queen he is satisfied that Sterne

should be Bishop, and she consents I shall be Dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an ale-house with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the Ministers, though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and Lord Treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense. Nite deelest MD.

22. The Queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the Queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Nite deelest MD.[16]

23. I dined yesterday with General Hamilton.[17] I forgot to tell oo. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the Queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is Bishop of Dromore, and the Duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me Dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now passed. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells.[18] But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the Bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing,[19] before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will dun them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, and whatever comes on it. MD's allowance must be increased, and shall be too, fais... [20] I received oor rettle No. 39 to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to Bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies of Ireland[21] as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The Archbishop of York,[22] my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer oo rettle soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from hence forward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? If it be, the overplus shall be divided between MD and FW beside usual allowance of MD.... [23] Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here 'tis much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Nite dee sollahs.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. Oo performed oor commission well, dood dallars both.[24] I made mistakes the three last days, and am forced to alter the number.[25] I dined in the City to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to (be) busy with my

work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill, to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Nite MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be yet ready from the Duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by tonight. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished. Mollow,[26] sollahs.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten; and he said the Bishop of Killaloe[27] had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again, that the Bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe, that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pounds a year out of the deanery, and divide it between MD and Pr,[28] and so be one year longer in paying the debt; but we'll talk of zis hen I come over. So nite dear sollahs. Lele.[29]

26. I was at Court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with Lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with Lord Treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The Archbishop of York says he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note to prove she is alive. I'll answer oo rettle.... Nite.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, etc. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon.... MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele, lele.

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 64.[1]

LONDON, May 16 (1713).

I had yours, No. 40, yesterday. Your new Bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of it as he deserved. I begged at the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me that I ought to think of employing some body to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders; one to Parvisol, and t'other to Parvisol, and a blank for whatever fellow it is whom the last Dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with Bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed for him to get that living of Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence, you may keep the two papers, and advise well in the meantime; and whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy Bishop Sterne's hair as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the Queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord Treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, quando? I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What? at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, DD... [2] your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them as far as oo poo Pdfr can.[3] The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before; but an accident hindered it; and, I assure oo, I wam very akkree[4] MD did not write to Dean Pdfr, and I think oo might have had a Dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my Treatise,[5] and must be ten days correcting it. Farewell, deelest MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele.

You'll seal the two papers after my name.

"LONDON, May 16, 1713.

"I appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol and Mr. to set and let the tithes of the Deanery of St. Patrick's for this present year. In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

(JONAT. SWIFT."[6])

"LONDON, May 16, 1713.

"I do hereby appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the Deanery of St. Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

Table of Contents for the Notes

LETTER 65.[1]

CHESTER, June 6, 1713.

I am come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, fais! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am. 'Tis good for my health, mam. When I came here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you writ a post sooner I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy, and would not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say hat oo will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain 'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths;[2] otherwise I must wait to a quarter sessions. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor Dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the Duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the Duke, and gave him the Bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to Lord Treasurer about Mrs. South[3] to-morrow. Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. Mrs. Tisdall[4] is very big, ready to lie down. Her husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still? The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME ME.

Lele lele
lele logues and
Ladies bose fair
and slender.
(On flyleaf.)

I mightily approve Ppt's project of hanging the blind parson. When I read that passage upon Chester walls, as I was coming into town, and just received your letter, I said aloud — Agreeable B-tch.

NOTES.

CONTENTS

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION.
LETTER 1.
LETTER 2.
LETTER 3.
LETTER 4.
LETTER 5.
LETTER 6.
LETTER 7.
LETTER 8.
LETTER 9.
LETTER 10.
LETTER 11.
LETTER 12.
LETTER 13.
LETTER 14.
LETTER 15.
LETTER 16.
LETTER 17.
LETTER 18.
LETTER 19.
LETTER 20.
LETTER 21.
LETTER 22.
LETTER 23.
LETTER 24.
LETTER 25.
LETTER 26.
LETTER 27.
LETTER 28.
LETTER 29.
LETTER 30.
LETTER 31.
LETTER 32.
LETTER 33.
LETTER 34.

LETTER 35.
LETTER 36.
LETTER 37.
LETTER 38.
LETTER 39.
LETTER 40.
LETTER 41.
LETTER 42.
LETTER 43.
LETTER 44.
LETTER 45.
LETTER 46.
LETTER 47.
LETTER 48.
LETTER 49.
LETTER 50.
LETTER 51.
LETTER 52.
LETTER 53.
LETTER 54.
LETTER 55.
LETTER 56.
LETTER 57.
LETTER 58.
LETTER 59.
LETTER 60.
LETTER 61.
LETTER 62.
LETTER 63.
LETTER 64.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION.

[1] Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, x. 287.

[2] See letter from Swift to John Temple, February 1737. She was then "quite sunk with years and unwieldliness."

[3] Athenaeum, Aug. 8, 1891.

[4] Journal, May 4, 1711.

[5] Craik's Life of Swift, 269.

[6] Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, pp. 189-96.

[7] In 1730 he wrote, "Those who have been married may form juster ideas of that estate than I can pretend to do" (Dr. Birkbeck Hill's Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, p. 237).

[8] Scott added a new incident which has become incorporated in the popular conception of Swift's story. Delany is said to have met Swift rushing out of Archbishop King's study, with a countenance of distraction, immediately after the wedding. King, who was in tears, said, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Will it be believed that Scott — who rejects Delany's inference from this alleged incident — had no better authority for it than "a friend of his (Delany's) relict"?

[9] This incident, for which there is probably some foundation of fact — we cannot say how much — has been greatly expanded by Mrs. Woods in her novel Esther Vanhomrigh. Unfortunately most of her readers cannot, of course, judge exactly how far her story is a work of imagination.

[10] In October Swift explained that he had been in the country "partly to see a lady of my old acquaintance, who was extremely ill" (Unpublished Letters of

Dean Swift, p. 198).

[11] There is a story that shortly before her death Swift begged Stella to allow herself to be publicly announced as his wife, but that she replied that it was then too late. The versions given by Delany and Theophilus Swift differ considerably, while Sheridan alters the whole thing by representing Swift as brutally refusing to comply with Stella's last wishes.

[12] There has also been the absurd suggestion that the impediment was Swift's knowledge that both he and Stella were the illegitimate children of Sir William Temple — a theory which is absolutely disproved by known facts.

[13] It is curious to note the intimate knowledge of some of Swift's peculiarities which was possessed by the hostile writer of a pamphlet called A Hue and Cry after Dr. S — t, published in 1714. That piece consists, for the most part, of extracts from a supposed Diary by Swift, and contains such passages as these: "Friday. Go to the Club... Am treated. Expenses one shilling." "Saturday. Bid my servant get all things ready for a journey to the country: mend my breeches; hire a washerwoman, making her allow for old shirts, socks, dabbs and markees, which she bought of me... Six coaches of quality, and nine hacks, this day called at my lodgings." "Thursday. The Earl looked queerly: left him in a huff. Bid him send for me when he was fit for company... Spent ten shillings."

[14] The "little language" is marked chiefly by such changes of letters (e.g., l for r, or r for l) as a child makes when learning to speak. The combinations of letters in which Swift indulges are not so easy of interpretation. For himself he uses Pdfr, and sometimes Podefar or FR (perhaps Poor dear foolish rogue). Stella is Ppt (Poor pretty thing). MD (my dears) usually stands for both Stella and Mrs. Dingley, but sometimes for Stella alone. Mrs. Dingley is indicated by ME (Madam Elderly), D, or DD (Dear Dingley). The letters FW may mean Farewell, or Foolish Wenches. Lele seems sometimes to be There, there, and sometimes Truly.

LETTER 1.

[1]. Addressed "To Mrs. Dingley, at Mr. Curry's house over against the Ram in Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland," and endorsed by Esther Johnson, "Sept. 9. Received." Afterwards Swift added, "MD received this Sept. 9," and "Letters to Ireland from Sept.1710, begun soon after the change of Ministry. Nothing in this."

[2]. Beaumont is the "grey old fellow, poet Joe," of Swift's verses "On the little house by the Churchyard at Castlenock." Joseph Beaumont, a linen-merchant, is described as "a venerable, handsome, grey-headed man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning." His inventions and mathematical speculations, relating to the longitude and other things, brought on mental troubles, which were intensified by bankruptcy, about 1718. He was afterwards removed from Dublin to his home at Trim, where he rallied; but in a few years his madness returned, and he committed suicide.

[3]. Vicar of Trim, and formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. In various places in his correspondence Swift criticises the failings of Dr. Anthony Raymond, who was, says Scott, "a particular friend." His unreliability in money matters, the improvidence of his large family, his peculiarities in grammar, his pride in his good manners, all these points are noticed in the journal and elsewhere. But when Dr. Raymond returned to Ireland after a visit to London, Swift felt a little melancholy, and regretted that he had not seen more of him. In July 1713 Raymond was presented to the Crown living of Moyenet.

[4]. A small township on the estuary of the Dee, between twelve and thirteen miles north-west of Chester. In the early part of the eighteenth century Parkgate was a rival of Holyhead as a station for the Dublin packets, which started, on the Irish side, from off Kingsend.

[5]. Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards Bishop of Derry, who had been Swift's tutor at Trinity College, Dublin. He died in 1718. It is this lifelong friend who is said to have married Swift and Esther Johnson in 1716.

[6]. The Commission to solicit for the remission of the First-Fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the Crown by the Irish clergy, was signed by the

Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Cashel, and the Bishops of Kildare, Meath, and Killala.

7. Dr. William Lloyd was appointed Bishop of Killala in 1690. He had previously been Dean of Achonry.

8. Dr. John Hough (1651-1743). In 1687 he had been elected President of Magdalen College, Oxford, in place of the nominee of James II. Hough was Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worcester successively, and declined the primacy in 1715.

9. Steele was at this time Gazetteer. The Cockpit, in Whitehall, looked upon St. James's Palace, and was used for various Government purposes.

10. This coffee-house, the resort of the Whig politicians, was kept by a man named Elliot. It is often alluded to in the Tatler and Spectator.

11. William Stewart, second Viscount Mountjoy, a friend and correspondent of Swift's in Ireland. He was the son of one of William's generals, and was himself a Lieutenant-General and Master-General of the Ordnance; he died in 1728.

12. Catherine, daughter of Maurice Keating, of Narraghmore, Kildare, and wife of Garret Wesley, of Dangan, M.P. for Meath. She died in 1745. On the death of Garret Wesley without issue in 1728, the property passed to a cousin, Richard Colley, who was afterwards created Baron Mornington, and was grandfather to the Duke of Wellington.

13. The landlady of Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

14. Swift's housekeeper at Laracor. Elsewhere Swift speaks of his "old Presbyterian housekeeper," "who has been my Walpole above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom." "Joe Beaumont is my oracle for public affairs in the country, and an old Presbyterian woman in town."

15. Isaiah Parvisol, Swift's tithe-agent and steward at Laracor, was an Irishman of French extraction, who died in 1718 (Birkbeck's Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, 1899, p.85).

LETTER 2.

[1]. In some MS. Accounts of Swift's, in the Forster Collection at South Kensington there is the following entry:—"Set out for England Aug. 31st on Thursday, 10 at night; landed at Parkgate Friday 1st at noon. Sept. 1, 1710, came to London. Thursday at noon, Sept. 7th, with Lord Mountjoy, etc. Mem.: Lord Mountjoy bore my expenses from Chester to London."

[2]. In a letter to Archbishop King of the same date Swift says he was "equally caressed by both parties; by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of, and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power."

[3]. The Earl of Godolphin, who was severely satirised by Swift in his Sid Hamet's Rod, 1710. He had been ordered to break his staff as Treasurer on August 8. Swift told Archbishop King that Godolphin was "altogether short, dry, and morose."

[4]. Martha, widow of Sir Thomas Giffard, Bart., of County Kildare, the favourite sister of Sir William Temple, had been described by Swift in early pindaric verses as "wise and great." Afterwards he was to call her "an old beast" (Journal, Nov. 11, 1710). Their quarrel arose, towards the close of 1709, out of a difference with regard to the publication of Sir William Temple's Works. On the appearance of vol. v. Lady Giffard charged Swift with publishing portions of the writings from an unfaithful copy in lieu of the originals in his possession, and in particular with printing laudatory notices of Godolphin and Sunderland which Temple intended to omit, and with omitting an unfavourable remark on Sunderland which Temple intended to print. Swift replied that the corrections were all made by Temple himself.

[5]. Lord Wharton's second wife, Lucy, daughter of Lord Lisburn. She died in 1716, a few months after her husband. See Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters.

[6]. Mrs. Bridget Johnson, who married, as her second husband, Ralph Mose or Moss, of Farnham, an agent for Sir William Temple's estate, was waiting-woman or companion to Lady Giffard. In her will (1722) Lady Giffard left Mrs. Moss 20 pounds, "with my silver cup and cover." Mrs. Moss died in 1745, when letters of administration were granted to a creditor of the deceased.

[7]. Dr. William King (1610-1729), a Whig and High Churchman, had more than one difference with Swift during the twenty years following Swift's first visit to London in connection with the First-Fruits question.

[8]. Swift's benefice, in the diocese of Meath, two miles from Trim.

[9]. Steele, who had been issuing the Tatler thrice weekly since April. He lost the Gazetteership in October.

[10]. James, second Duke of Ormond (1665-1745) was appointed Lord Lieutenant on the 26th of October. In the following year he became Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief. He was impeached of high treason and attainted in 1715; and he died in exile.

[11]. "Presto," substituted by the original editor for "Pdfr," was suggested by a passage in the Journal for Aug. 2, 1711, where Swift says that the Duchess of Shrewsbury "could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for Swift."

[12]. Charles Jervas, the popular portrait-painter, has left two portraits of Swift, one of which is in the National Portrait Gallery, and the other in the Bodleian Library.

[13]. Sir William Temple's nephew, and son of Sir John Temple (died 1704), Solicitor and Attorney-General, and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. "Jack" Temple acquired the estate of Moor Park, Surrey, by his marriage with Elizabeth, granddaughter of Sir William Temple, and elder daughter of John Temple, who committed suicide in 1689. As late as 1706 Swift received an invitation to visit Moor Park.

[14]. Dr. Benjamin Pratt, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was appointed Dean of Down in 1717. Swift calls him "a person of wit and learning," and "a gentleman of good birth and fortune,... very much esteemed among us" (Short Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton). On his death in 1721 Swift wrote, "He was one of the oldest acquaintance I had, and the last that I expected to die. He has left a young widow, in very good circumstances. He had schemes of long life.... What a ridiculous thing is man!" (Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, 1899, p. 106).

[15]. A Westmeath landlord, whom Swift met from time to time in London. The Leighs were well acquainted with Esther Johnson.

[16]. Dr. Enoch Sterne, appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in 1704. Swift was his successor in the deanery on Dr. Sterne's appointment as Bishop of Dromore in 1713. In 1717 Sterne was translated to the bishopric of Clogher. He spent much money on the cathedrals, etc., with which he was connected.

[17]. Archdeacon Walls was rector of Castle Knock, near Trim. Esther Johnson was a frequent visitor at his house in Queen Street, Dublin.

[18]. William Frankland, Comptroller of the Inland Office at the Post Office, was the second son of the Postmaster-General, Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. Luttrell (vi. 333) records that in 1708 he was made Treasurer of the Stamp Office, or, according to Chamberlayne's Mag. Brit. Notitia for 1710, Receiver-General.

[19]. Thomas Wharton, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Wharton, had been one of Swift's fellow-travellers from Dublin. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Whig Government, from 1708 to 1710, Wharton was the most thorough-going party man that had yet appeared in English politics; and his political enemies did not fail to make the most of his well-known immorality. In his Notes to Macky's Characters Swift described Wharton as "the most universal villain that ever I knew." On his death in 1715 he was succeeded by his profligate son, Philip, who was created Duke of Wharton in 1718.

[20]. This money was a premium the Government had promised Beaumont for his Mathematical Sleying Tables, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufacture.

[21]. The bellman was both town-crier and night-watchman.

LETTER 3.

[1]. Dr. William Cockburn (1669-1739), Swift's physician, of a good Scottish family, was educated at Leyden. He invented an electuary for the cure of fluxes, and in 1730, in The Danger of Improving Physick, satirised the academical physicians who envied him the fortune he had made by his secret remedy. He was described in 1729 as "an old very rich quack."

[2]. Sir Matthew Dudley, Bart., an old Whig friend, was M.P. for Huntingdonshire, and Commissioner of the Customs from 1706 to 1712, and again under George I., until his death in 1721.

[3]. Isaac Manley, who was appointed Postmaster-General in Ireland in 1703 (Luttrell, v. 333). He had previously been Comptroller of the English Letter Office, a post in which he was succeeded by William Frankland, son of Sir Thomas Frankland. Dunton calls Manley "loyal and acute."

[4]. Sir Thomas Frankland was joint Postmaster-General from 1691 to 1715. He succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, Sir William Frankland, in 1697, and he died in 1726. Macky describes Sir Thomas as "of a sweet and easy disposition, zealous for the Constitution, yet not forward, and indulgent to his dependants." On this Swift comments, "This is a fair character."

[5]. Theophilus Butler, elected M.P. for Cavan, in the Irish Parliament, in 1703, and for Belturbet (as "the Right Hon. Theophilus Butler") in 1713. On May 3, 1710, Luttrell wrote (Brief Relation of State Affairs, vi. 577), "'Tis said the Earl of Montrath, Lord Viscount Mountjoy... and Mr. Butler will be made Privy Councillors of the Kingdom of Ireland." Butler — a contemporary of Swift's at Trinity College, Dublin — was created Baron of Newtown-Butler in 1715, and his brother, who succeeded him in 1723, was made Viscount Lanesborough. Butler's wife was Emilia, eldest daughter and co-heir of James Stopford, of Tara, County Meath.

[6]. No. 193 of the Tatler, for July 4, 1710, contained a letter from Downes the Prompter — not by Steele himself — in ridicule of Harley and his proposed Ministry.

[7]. Charles Robartes, second Earl of Radnor, who died in 1723. In the Journal for Dec. 30, 1711, Swift calls him "a scoundrel."

[8]. Benjamin Tooke, Swift's bookseller or publisher, lived at the Middle Temple Gate. Dunton wrote of him, "He is truly honest, a man of refined sense, and is unblemished in his reputation." Tooke died in 1723.

[9]. Swift's servant, of whose misdeeds he makes frequent complaints in the Journal.

[10]. Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. In one place Swift calls him Captain Pratt; and in all probability he is the John Pratt who, as we learn from Dalton's English Army Lists, was appointed captain in General Erle's regiment of foot in 1699, and was out of the regiment by 1706. In 1702 he obtained the Queen's leave to be absent from the regiment when it was sent to the West Indies. Pratt seems to have been introduced to Swift by Addison.

[11]. Charles Ford, of Wood Park, near Dublin, was a great lover of the opera and a friend of the Tory wits. He was appointed Gazetteer in 1712. Gay calls him "joyous Ford," and he was given to over-indulgence in conviviality. See Swift's poem on Stella at Wood Park.

[12]. Lord Somers, to whom Swift had dedicated The Tale of a Tub, with high praise of his public and private virtues. In later years Swift said that Somers "possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue."

[13]. At the foundation school of the Ormonds at Kilkenny. (see note 22.)

[14]. A Whig haberdasher.

[15]. Benjamin Hoadley, the Whig divine, had been engaged in controversy with Sacheverell, Blackall, and Atterbury. After the accession of George I. he became Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester in success.

[16]. Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose impeachment and trial had led to the fall of the Whig Government.

[17]. Sir Berkeley Lucy, Bart., F.R.S., married Katherine, daughter of Charles

Cotton, of Beresford, Staffordshire, Isaac Walton's friend. Lady Lucy died in 1740, leaving an only surviving daughter, Mary, who married the youngest son of the Earl of Northampton, and had two sons, who became successively seventh and eighth Earls of Northampton. Forster and others assumed that "Lady Lucy" was a Lady Lucy Stanhope, though they were not able to identify her. It was reserved for Mr. Ryland to clear up this difficulty. As he points out, Lady Lucy's elder sister, Olive, married George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, and left a daughter Mary, — Swift's "Moll Stanhope," — a beauty and a madcap, who married, in 1712, William Burnet, son of Bishop Burnet, and died in 1714. Mary, another sister of Lady Lucy's, married Augustine Armstrong, of Great Ormond Street, and is the Mrs. Armstrong mentioned by Swift on Feb. 3, 1711, as a pretender to wit, without taste. Sir Berkeley Lucy's mother was a daughter of the first Earl of Berkeley, and it was probably through the Berkeleys that Swift came to know the Lucys.

18. Ann Long was sister to Sir James Long, and niece to Colonel Strangeways. Once a beauty and toast of the Kit-Cat Club, she fell into narrow circumstances through imprudence and the unkindness of her friends, and retired under the name of Mrs. Smythe to Lynn, in Norfolk, where she died in 1711 (see Journal, December 25, 1711). Swift said, "She was the most beautiful person of the age she lived in; of great honour and virtue, infinite sweetness and generosity of temper, and true good sense" (Forster's Swift, 229). In a letter of December 1711, Swift wrote that she "had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteemed."

19. Said, I know not on what authority, to be Swift's friend, Mrs. Barton. But Mrs. Barton is often mentioned by Swift as living in London in 1710-11.

20. One of Swift's cousins, who was separated from her husband, a man of bad character, living abroad. Her second husband, Lancelot, a servant of Lord Sussex, lived in New Bond Street, and there Swift lodged in 1727.

21. 100,000 pounds.

22. Francis Stratford's name appears in the Dublin University Register for 1686 immediately before Swift's. Budgell is believed to have referred to the friendship of Swift and Stratford in the Spectator, No. 353, where he describes two schoolfellows, and says that the man of genius was buried in a country parsonage of 160 pounds a year, while his friend, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, had gained an estate of above 100,000 pounds.

[23]. William Cowper, afterwards Lord Cowper.

[24]. Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Viscount Harcourt, had been counsel for Sacheverell. On Sept. 19, 1710, he was appointed Attorney-General, and on October 19 Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. In April 1713 he became Lord Chancellor.

[25]. This may be some relative of Dr. John Freind (see Letter 9), or, more probably, as Sir Henry Craik suggests, a misprint for Colonel Frowde, Addison's friend (see Journal, Nov. 4, 1710). No officer named Freind or Friend is mentioned in Dalton's English Army Lists.

[26]. See the Tatler, Nos. 124, 203. There are various allusions in the "Wentworth Papers" to this, the first State Lottery of 1710; and two bluecoat boys drawing out the tickets, and showing their hands to the crowd, as Swift describes them, are shown in a reproduction of a picture in a contemporary pamphlet given in Ashton's Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, i. 115.

[27]. A few weeks later Swift wrote, "I took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off."

[28]. Sir John Holland, Bart., was a leading manager for the Commons in the impeachment of Sacheverell. He succeeded Sir Thomas Felton in the Comptrollership in March 1710.

[29]. Dryden Leach. (see Letter 7.)

[30]. William Pate, "bel esprit and woollen-draper," as Swift called him, lived opposite the Royal Exchange. He was Sheriff of London in 1734, and died in 1746. Arbuthnot, previous to matriculating at Oxford, lodged with Pate, who gave him a letter of introduction to Dr. Charlett, Master of University College; and Pate is supposed to have been the woollen-draper, "remarkable for his learning and good-nature," who is mentioned by Steele in the Guardian, No. 141.

[31]. James Brydges, son of Lord Chandos of Sudeley, was appointed Paymaster-General of Forces Abroad in 1707. He succeeded his father as Baron Chandos in 1714, and was created Duke of Chandos in 1729. The "princely Chandos" and his house at Canons suggested to Pope the Timon's

villa of the "Epistle to Lord Burlington." The Duke died in 1744.

[32]. Charles Talbot, created Duke of Shrewsbury in 1694, was held in great esteem by William III., and was Lord Chamberlain under Anne. In 1713 he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and held various offices under George I., until his death in 1718. "Before he was o. age," says Macaulay, "he was allowed to be one of the finest gentlemen and finest scholars of his time."

[33]. See No. 230.

[34]. William Cavendish, second Duke of Devonshire (1673-1729), who was Lord Steward from 1707 to 1710 and from 1714 to 1716. Afterwards he was Lord President of the Council. Swift's comment on Macky's character of this Whig nobleman was, "A very poor understanding."

[35]. John Annesley, fourth Earl of Anglesea, a young nobleman of great promise, had only recently been appointed joint Vice-Treasurer, Receiver-General, and Paymaster of the Forces in Ireland, and sworn of the Privy Council.

[36]. Nichols, followed by subsequent editors, suggested that "Durham" was a mistake for "St. David's," because Dr. George Bull, Bishop of St. David's, died in 1710. But Dr. Bull died on Feb. 17, 1710, though his successor, Dr. Philip Bisse, was not appointed until November; and Swift was merely repeating a false report of the death of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, which was current on the day on which he wrote. Luttrell says, on Sept. 19, "The Lord Crewe.. . died lately"; but on the 23rd he adds, "The Bishop of Durham is not dead as reported" (Brief Relation, vi. 630, 633.

[37]. Lady Elizabeth ("Betty") Butler, who died unmarried in 1750.

[38]. Swift wrote in 1734, "Once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril: which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed."

[39]. Charles, second Earl of Berkeley (1649-1710), married Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. The Earl died on Sept. 24, 1710, and his widow in 1719. Swift, it will be remembered, had been chaplain to Lord

Berkeley in Ireland in 1699.

[40]. Lady Betty and Lady Mary Butler. (see Letter 7, notes 2 and 3.)

[41]. Henry Boyle, Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1702 to 1708, was Secretary of State from 1708 to 1710, when he was succeeded by St. John. In 1714 he was created Baron Carleton, and he was Lord President from 1721 until his death in 1725.

[42]. On Sept. 29 Swift wrote that his rooms consisted of the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week. On his last visit to England, in 1726, he lodged "next door to the Royal Chair" in Bury Street. Steele lived in the same street from 1707 to 1712; and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was Swift's next-door neighbour.

[43]. In Exchange Alley. Cf. Spectator, No. 454: "I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the fivepenny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates."

LETTER 4.

[1] John Molesworth, Commissioner of the Stamp Office, was sent as Envoy to Tuscany in 1710, and was afterwards Minister at Florence, Venice, Geneva, and Turin. He became second Viscount Molesworth in 1725, and died in 1731.

[2] Misson says, "Every two hours you may write to any part of the city or suburbs: he that receives it pays a penny, and you give nothing when you put it into the Post; but when you write into the country both he that writes and he that receives pay each a penny." The Penny Post system had been taken over by the Government, but was worked separately from the general Post.

[3] The Countess of Berkeley's second daughter, who married, in 1706, Sir John Germaine, Bart. (1650-1718), a soldier of fortune. Lady Betty Germaine is said to have written a satire on Pope (Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, ii. 11), and was a constant correspondent of Swift's. She was always a Whig, and shortly before her death in 1769 she made a present of 100 pounds to John Wilkes, then in prison in the Tower. Writing of Lady Betty Butler and Lady Betty Germaine, Swift says elsewhere, "I saw two Lady Bettys this afternoon; the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of either, would have made a fine woman." Germaine obtained the estate at Drayton through his first wife, Lady Mary Mordaunt — Lord Peterborough's sister — who had been divorced by her first husband, the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Betty was thirty years younger than her husband, and after Sir John's death she remained a widow for over fifty years.

[4] The letter in No. 280 of the Tatler.

[5] Discover, find out. Cf. Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well, iii. 6: "He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu."

[6] A village near Dublin.

[7] Excellent.

[8] John Molesworth, and, probably, his brother Richard, afterwards third

Viscount Molesworth, who had saved the Duke of Marlborough's life at the battle of Ramillies, and had been appointed, in 1710, colonel of a regiment of foot.

[9] Presumably at Charles Ford's.

[10] The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod, published as a single folio sheet, was a satire on Godolphin.

[11] Apparently Marcus Antonius Morgan, steward to the Bishop of Kildare (Craik). Swift wrote to the Duke of Montagu on Aug. 12, 1713 (Buccleuch MSS., 1899, i. 359). "Mr. Morgan of Kingstrope is a friend, and was, I am informed, put out of the Commission of justice for being so."

[12] Dr. Raymond is called Morgan's "father" because he warmly supported Morgan's interests.

[13] The Rev. Thomas Warburton, Swift's curate at Laracor, whom Swift described to the Archbishop as "a gentleman of very good learning and sense, who has behaved himself altogether unblamably."

[14] The tobacco was to be used as snuff. About this time ladies much affected the use of snuff, and Steele, in No. 344 of the Spectator, speaks of Flavilla pulling out her box, "which is indeed full of good Brazil," in the middle of the sermon. People often made their own snuff out of roll tobacco, by means of rasps. On Nov. 3, 1711, Swift speaks of sending "a fine snuff rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco."

[15] Katherine Barton, second daughter of Robert Barton, of Brigstock, Northamptonshire, and niece of Sir Isaac Newton. She was a favourite among the toasts of the Kit-Cat Club, and Lord Halifax, who left her a fortune, was an intimate friend. In 1717 she married John Conduitt, afterwards Master of the Mint.

[16] William Connolly, appointed a Commissioner of the Revenue in 1709, was afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He died in 1729. Francis Robarts, appointed a Commissioner of the Revenue in 1692, was made a Teller of the Exchequer in England in 1704, and quitted that office, in September 1710, on his reappointment, in Connolly's place, as Revenue

Commissioner in Ireland. In 1714 Robarts was removed, and Connolly again appointed Commissioner.

[17] Enoch Sterne, Collector of Wicklow and Clerk to the Irish House of Lords. Writing to Dr. Sterne on Sept. 26, Swift said, "I saw Collector Sterne, who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about business."

[18] In his "Character of Mrs. Johnson" Swift says, "She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach." The passage in the text is obscure. Apparently Esther Johnson had boasted of saving money by walking, instead of riding, like a coward.

[19] John Radcliffe (1650-1714), the well-known physician and wit, was often denounced as a clever empiric. Early in 1711 he treated Swift for his dizziness. By his will, Radcliffe left most of his property to the University of Oxford.

[20] Charles Barnard, Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, and Master of the Barber Surgeons' Company. His large and valuable library, to which Swift afterwards refers, fetched great prices. Luttrell records Barnard's death in his diary for Oct. 12, 1710.

[21] Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in August 1710. In May 1711 he was raised to the peerage and made Lord High Treasurer; and he is constantly referred to in the Journal as "Lord Treasurer." He was impeached in 1715, but was acquitted to 1717; he died in 1724.

[22] The Right Hon. Thomas Bligh, M.P., of Rathmore, County Meath, died on Aug. 28, 1710. His son, mentioned later in the Journal, became Earl of Darnley.

LETTER 5.

[1] Penalty.

[2] Erasmus Lewis, Under Secretary of State under Lord Dartmouth, was a great friend of Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot. He had previously been one of Harley's secretaries, and in his Horace Imitated, Book I. Ep. vii., Swift describes him as "a cunning shaver, and very much in Harley's favour." Arbuthnot says that under George I. Lewis kept company with the greatest, and was "principal governor" in many families. Lewis was a witness to Arbuthnot's will. Pope and Esther Vanhomrigh both left him money to buy rings. Lewis died in 1754, aged eighty-three.

[3] Charles Darteneuf, or Dartiquenave, was a celebrated epicure, who is said to have been a son of Charles II. Lord Lyttleton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, recalling Pope's allusions to him, selects him to represent modern bon vivants in the dialogue between Darteneuf and Apicius. See Tatler 252. Darteneuf was Paymaster of the Royal Works and a member of the Kit-Cat Club. He died in 1737.

[4] No. 230.

[5] Good, excellent.

[6] Captain George Delaval, appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Portugal in Oct, 1710, was with Lord Peterborough in Spain in 1706. In May 1707 he went to Lisbon with despatches for the Courts of Spain and Portugal, from whence he was to proceed as Envoy to the Emperor of Morocco, with rich presents (Luttrell, vi. 52, 174, 192).

[7] Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, as Ranger of Bushey Park and Hampton Court, held many offices under William III., and was First Lord of the Treasury under George I., until his death in 1715. He was great as financier and as debater, and he was a liberal patron of literature.

[8] John Manley, M.P. for Bossiney, was made Surveyor-General on Sept. 30, 1710, and died in 1714. In 1706 he fought a duel with another Cornish

member (Luttrell, vi. 11, 535, 635). He seems to be the cousin whom Mrs. De la Riviere Manley accuses of having drawn her into a false marriage. For Isaac Manley and Sir Thomas Frankland, see Letter 3, notes 3 and 4.

[9] The Earl of Godolphin (see Letter 2, note 3).

[10] Sir John Stanley, Bart., of Northend, Commissioner of Customs, whom Swift knew through his intimate friends the Pendarves. His wife, Anne, daughter of Bernard Granville, and niece of John, Earl of Bath, was aunt to Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany, who lived with the Stanleys at their house in Whitehall.

[11] Henry, Viscount Hyde, eldest son of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, succeeded his father in the earldom in 1711, and afterwards became Earl of Clarendon. His wife, Jane, younger daughter of Sir William Leveson Gower, — who married a daughter of John Granville, Earl of Bath, — was a beauty, and the mother of two beauties — Jane, afterwards Countess of Essex (see journal, Jan. 29, 1712), and Catherine, afterwards Countess of Queensberry. Lady Hyde was complimented by Prior, Pope, and her kinsman, Lord Lansdowne, and is said to have been more handsome than either of her daughters. She died in 1725; her husband in 1753. Lord Hyde became joint Vice-Treasurer for Ireland in 1710; hence his interest with respect to Pratt's appointment.

[12] See Letter 3, note 10.

[13] Sir Paul Methuen (1672-1757), son of John Methuen, diplomatist and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Methuen was Envoy and Ambassador to Portugal from 1697 to 1708, and was M.P. for Devizes from 1708 to 1710, and a Lord of the Admiralty. Under George I. he was Ambassador to Spain, and held other offices. Gay speaks of "Methuen of sincerest mind, as Arthur grave, as soft as womankind," and Steele dedicated to him the seventh volume of the Spectator. In his Notes on Macky's Characters, Swift calls him "a profligate rogue... without abilities of any kind."

[14] Sir James Montagu was Attorney-General from 1708 to Sept. 1710, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Sir Simon Harcourt. Under George I. Montagu was raised to the Bench, and a few months before his death in 1723 became Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

[15] The turnpike system had spread rapidly since the Restoration, and had already effected an important reform in the English roads. Turnpike roads were as yet unknown in Ireland.

[16] Ann Johnson, who afterwards married a baker named Filby.

[17] An infusion of which the main ingredient was cowslip or palsy-wort.

[18] William Legge, first Earl of Dartmouth (1672-1750), was St. John's fellow Secretary of State. Lord Dartmouth seems to have been a plain, unpretending man, whose ignorance of French helped to throw important matters into St. John's hands.

[19] Richard Dyot was tried at the Old Bailey, on Jan. 13, 1710-11, for counterfeiting stamps, and was acquitted, the crime being found not felony, but only breach of trust. Two days afterwards a bill of indictment was found against him for high misdemeanour.

[20] Sir Philip Meadows (1626-1718) was knighted in 1658, and was Ambassador to Sweden under Cromwell. His son Philip (died 1757) was knighted in 1700, and was sent on a special mission to the Emperor in 1707. A great-grandson of the elder Sir Philip was created Earl Manvers in 1806.

[21] Her eyes were weak.

[22] The son of the Sir Robert Southwell to whom Temple had offered Swift as a "servant" on his going as Secretary of State to Ireland in 1690. Edward Southwell (1671-1730) succeeded his father as Secretary of State for Ireland in 1702, and in 1708 was appointed Clerk to the Privy Council of Great Britain. Southwell held various offices under George I. and George II., and amassed a considerable fortune.

[23] Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), dramatist and poet laureate, and one of the first editors of Shakespeare, was at this time under-secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, Secretary of State for Scotland.

[24] No. 238 contains Swift's "Description of a Shower in London."

[25] This seems to be a vague allusion to the text, “Cast thy bread upon the waters,” etc.

[26] Sir Godfrey Kneller (1646-1723), the fashionable portrait-painter of the period.

[27] At the General election of 1710 the contest at Westminster excited much interest. The number of constituents was large, and the franchise low, all householders who paid scot and lot being voters. There were, too, many houses of great Whig merchants, and a number of French Protestants. But the High Church candidates, Cross and Medlicott, were returned by large majorities, though the Whigs had chosen popular candidates — General Stanhope, fresh from his successes in Spain, and Sir Henry Dutton Colt, a Herefordshire gentleman.

[28] Sir Andrew Fountaine (1676-1753), a distinguished antiquary, of an old Norfolk family, was knighted by William III. in 1699, and inherited his father’s estate at Norfolk in 1706. He succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Warden of the Mint in 1727, and was Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline. He became acquainted with Swift in Ireland in 1707, when he went over as Usher of the Black Rod in Lord Pembroke’s Court.

[29] See Letter 2, note 17. The Bishop was probably Dr. Moreton, Bishop of Meath (see Journal, July 1, 1712).

[30] The game of ombre — of Spanish origin — is described in Pope’s Rape of the Lock. See also the Compleat Gamester, 1721, and Notes and Queries, April 8, 1871. The ace of spades, or Spadille, was always the first trump; the ace of clubs (Basto) always the third. The second trump was the worst card of the trump suit in its natural order, i.e. the seven in red and the deuce in black suits, and was called Manille. If either of the red suits was trumps, the ace of the suit was fourth trump (Punto). Spadille, Manille, and Basto were “matadores,” or murderers, as they never gave suit.

[31] See Letter 3, note 30,

[32] In the Spectator, No. 337, there is a complaint from “one of the top China women about town,” of the trouble given by ladies who turn over all the goods in a shop without buying anything. Sometimes they cheapened tea, at others examined screens or tea-dishes.

[33] The Right Hon. John Grubham Howe, M.P. for Gloucestershire, an extreme Tory, had recently been appointed Paymaster of the Forces. He is mentioned satirically as a patriot in sec. 9 of The Tale of a Tub.

[34] George Henry Hay, Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the sixth Earl of Kinnoull, was made a Teller of the Exchequer in August, and a peer of Great Britain in December 1711, with the title of Baron Hay. He married, in 1709, Abigail, Harley's younger daughter, and he succeeded his father in the earldom of Kinnoull in 1719.

[35] Edward Harley, afterwards Lord Harley, who succeeded his father as Earl of Oxford in 1724. He married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, but died without male issue in 1741. His interest in literature caused him to form the collection known as the Harleian Miscellany.

[36] William Penn (1644-1718), the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania. Swift says that he "spoke very agreeably, and with much spirit."

[37] This "Memorial to Mr. Harley about the First-Fruits" is dated Oct. 7, 1710.

[38] Henry St. John, created Viscount Bolingbroke in July 1712. In the quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke in 1714, Swift's sympathies were with Oxford.

[39] I.e., it is decreed by fate. So Tillotson says, "These things are fatal and necessary."

[40] See Letter 3, note 8.

[41] Obscure. Hooker speaks of a "blind or secret corner."

[42] Ale served in a gill measure.

[43] Scott suggests that the allusion is to The Tale of a Tub.

[44] An extravagant compliment.

[45] See Letter 8.

[46] L'Estrange speaks of "trencher-flies and spungers."

[47] See Letter 1, note 10.

[48] Samuel Garth, physician and member of the Kit-Cat Club, was knighted in 1714. He is best known by his satirical poem, The Dispensary, 1699.

[49] Gay speaks of "Wondering Main, so fat, with laughing eyes" (Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece, st. xvii.).

[50] See Letter 5, note 10.

[51] See the letter of Oct. 10, 1710, to Archbishop King.

[52] See Letter 1.

[53] Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand." (Deane Swift).

LETTER 6.

[1]. I.e., Lord Lieutenant.

[2] Tatler, No. 238.

[3] See Letter 1, note 12.

[4] Charles Coote, fourth Earl of Mountrath, and M.P. for Knaresborough. He died unmarried in 1715.

[5] Henry Coote, Lord Mountrath's brother. He succeeded to the earldom in 1715, but died unmarried in 1720.

[6] The Devil Tavern was the meeting-place of Ben Jonson's Apollo Club. The house was pulled down in 1787.

[7] Addison was re-elected M.P. for Malmesbury in Oct. 1710, and he kept that seat until his death in 1719.

[8] Captain Charles Lavallee, who served in the Cadiz Expedition of 1702, and was appointed a captain in Colonel Hans Hamilton's Regiment of Foot in 1706 (Luttrell, v. 175, vi. 640; Dalton's English Army Lists, iv. 126).

[9] See Letter 5.

[10] The Tatler, No. 230, Sid Hamet's Rod, and the ballad (now lost) on the Westminster Election.

[11] The Earl of Galway (1648-1720), who lost the battle of Almanza to the Duke of Berwick in 1707. Originally the Marquis de Ruvigny, a French refugee, he had been made Viscount Galway and Earl of Galway successively by William III.

[12] William Harrison, the son of a doctor at St. Cross, Winchester, had been recommended to Swift by Addison, who obtained for him the post of governor to the Duke of Queensberry's son. In Jan. 1711 Harrison began the issue of a continuation of Steele's Tatler with Swift's assistance, but without success. In May 1711, St. John gave Harrison the appointment of secretary to Lord Raby, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague, and in Jan. 1713 Harrison brought the Barrier Treaty to England. He died in the following month, at the age of twenty-seven, and Lady Strafford says that "his brother poets buried him, as Mr. Addison, Mr. Philips, and Dr. Swift." Tickell calls him "that much loved youth," and Swift felt his death keenly. Harrison's best poem is Woodstock Park, 1706.

[13] The last volume of Tonson's Miscellany, 1708.

[14] James Douglas, second Duke of Queensberry and Duke of Dover (1662-1711), was appointed joint Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1708, and third Secretary of State in 1709. Harrison must have been "governor" either to the third son, Charles, Marquis of Beverley (born 1698), who succeeded to the dukedom in 1711, or to the fourth son, George, born in 1701.

[15] Anthony Henley, son of Sir Robert Henley, M.P. for Andover, was a favourite with the wits in London. He was a strong Whig, and occasionally contributed to the Tatler and Maynwaring's Medley. Garth dedicated The Dispensary to him. Swift records Henley's death from apoplexy in August 1711.

[16] Sir William Ashurst, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and Mr. John Ward were replaced by Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, and Mr. John Cass at the election for the City in 1710. Scott was wrong in saying that the Whigs lost also the fourth seat, for Sir William Withers had been member for the City since 1707.

[17] Sir Richard Onslow, Bart., was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1708. Under George I. he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Onslow in 1716. He died in the following year.

[18] "The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it" (Deane Swift).

[19] John Bolton, D.D., appointed a prebendary of St. Patrick's in 1691, became Dean of Derry in 1699. He died in 1724. Like Swift, Bolton was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, the Lord Lieutenant, and, according to Swift, he obtained the deanery of Derry through Swift having declined to give a bribe of 1000 pounds to Lord Berkeley's secretary. But Lord Orrery says that the Bishop of Derry objected to Swift, fearing that he would be constantly flying backwards and forwards between Ireland and England.

[20] See Letter 2, note 16.

[21] "That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first" (Deane Swift).

[22] See Letter 4, note 15.

[23] Joshua Dawson, secretary to the Lords Justices. He built a fine house in Dawson Street, Dublin, and provided largely for his relatives by the aid of the official patronage in his hands.

[24] He had been dead three weeks (see Letters 3 and 5).

[25] In The Importance of the Guardian Considered, Swift says that Steele, "to avoid being discarded, thought fit to resign his place of Gazetteer."

[26] As Swift never used the name "Stella" in the Journal, this fragment of his "little language" must have been altered by Deane Swift, the first editor. Forster makes the excellent suggestion that the correct reading is "sluttikins," a word used in the Journal on Nov. 28, 1710. Swift often calls his correspondents "sluts."

[27] Godolphin, who was satirised in Sid Hamel's Rod (see Letter 2, note 3).

[28] No. 230.

[29] "This appears to be an interjection of surprise at the length of his journal" (Deane Swift).

[30] Matthew Prior, poet and diplomatist, had been deprived of his

Commissionership of Trade by the Whigs, but was rewarded for his Tory principles in 1711 by a Commissionership of Customs.

[31] "The twentieth parts are 12 pence in the pound paid annually out of all ecclesiastical benefices as they were valued at the Reformation. They amount to about 500 pounds per annum; but are of little or no value to the Queen after the offices and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy" (Swift's "Memorial to Mr. Harley").

[32] Charles Mordaunt, the brilliant but erratic Earl of Peterborough, had been engaged for two years, after the unsatisfactory inquiry into his conduct in Spain by the House of Lords in 1708, in preparing an account of the money he had received and expended. The change of Government brought him relief from his troubles; in November he was made Captain-General of Marines, and in December he was nominated Ambassador Extraordinary to Vienna.

[33] Tapped, nudged.

[34] I.e., told only to you.

[35] Sir Hew Dalrymple (1652-1737), Lord President of the Court of Session, and son of the first Viscount Stair.

[36] Robert Benson, a moderate Tory, was made a Lord of the Treasury in August 1710, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following June, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Bingley in 1713. He died in 1731.

[37] The Smyrna Coffee-house was on the north side of Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House. In the Tatler (Nos. 10, 78) Steele laughed at the "cluster of wise heads" to be found every evening at the Smyrna; and Goldsmith says that Beau Nash would wait a whole day at a window at the Smyrna, in order to receive a bow from the Prince or the Duchess of Marlborough, and would then look round upon the company for admiration and respect.

[38] See Letter 4, note 14.

[39] See Letter 5, note 17.

[40] An Irish doctor, with whom Swift invested money.

[41] Enoch Sterne, Collector of Wicklow and Clerk to the House of Lords in Ireland.

[42] Claret.

[43] Colonel Ambrose Edgworth, a famous dandy, who is supposed to have been referred to by Steele in No. 246 of the Tatler. Edgworth was the son of Sir John Edgworth, who was made Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in 1689 (Dalton, iii, 59). Ambrose Edgworth was a Captain in the same regiment, but father and son were shortly afterwards turned out of the regiment for dishonest conduct in connection with the soldiers' clothing. Ambrose was, however, reappointed a Captain in General Eric's Regiment of Foot in 1691. He served in Spain as Major in Brigadier Gorge's regiment; was taken prisoner in 1706; and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Colonel Thomas Allen's Regiment of Foot in 1707.

[44] This volume of Miscellanies in Prose and Verse was published by Morphew in 1711.

[45] Dr. Thomas Lindsay, afterwards Bishop of Raphoe.

LETTER 7.

[1] The first mention of the Vanhomrighs in the Journal. Swift had made their acquaintance when he was in London in 1708.

[2] Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary (see Letter 3, note 40 and below).

[3] John, third Lord Ashburnham, and afterwards Earl of Ashburnham (1687-1737), married, on Oct. 21, 1710, Lady Mary Butler, younger daughter of the Duke of Ormond. She died on Jan. 2, 1712-3, in her twenty-third year. She was Swift's "greatest favourite," and he was much moved at her death.

[4] Edward Wortley Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and M.P. for Huntingdon. He was a great friend of Addison's, and the second volume of the Tatler was dedicated to him. In 1712 he married the famous Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and under George I. he became Ambassador Extraordinary to the Porte. He died in 1761, aged eighty.

[5] See Letter 5, note 27. No copy of these verses is known.

[6] Henry Alexander, fifth Earl of Stirling, who died without issue in 1739. His sister, Lady Judith Alexander, married Sir William Trumbull, Pope's friend.

[7] "These words, notwithstanding their great obscurity at present, were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. Johnson: they referred to conversations, which passed between her and Dr. Tisdall seven or eight years before; when the Doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful divine, but a zealous Church-Tory, frequently entertained her with Convocation disputes. This gentleman, in the year 1704, paid his addresses to Mrs. Johnson" (Deane Swift). The Rev. William Tisdall was made D.D. in 1707. Swift never forgave Tisdall's proposal to marry Esther Johnson in 1704, and often gave expression to his contempt for him. In 1706 Tisdall married, and was appointed Vicar of Kerry and Ruavon; in 1712 he became Vicar of Belfast. He published several controversial pieces, directed against Presbyterians and other Dissenters.

[8] No. 193 of the Tatler, for July 4, 1710, contained a letter from Downes the Prompter in ridicule of Harley's newly formed Ministry. This letter, the

authorship of which Steele disavowed, was probably by Anthony Henley.

[9] William Berkeley, fourth Baron Berkeley of Stratton, was sworn of the Privy Council in September 1710, and was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He married Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John Temple, of East Sheen, Surrey, and died in 1740.

[10] Probably the widow of Sir William Temple's son, John Temple (see Letter 2, note 13). She was Mary Duplessis, daughter of Duplessis Rambouillet, a Huguenot.

[11] The Rev. James Sartre, who married Addison's sister Dorothy, was Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster. He had formerly been French pastor at Montpelier. After his death in 1713 his widow married a Mr. Combe, and lived until 1750.

[12] William Congreve's last play was produced in 1700. In 1710, when he was forty, he published a collected edition of his works. Swift and Congreve had been schoolfellows at Kilkenny, and they had both been pupils of St. George Ashe — afterwards Bishop of Clogher — at Trinity College, Dublin. On Congreve's death, in 1729, Swift wrote, "I loved him from my youth."

[13] See Letter 4, note 11.

[14] Dean Sterne.

[15] See Letter 6, note 19.

[16] When he became Dean he withheld from Swift the living of St. Nicholas Without, promised in gratitude for the aid rendered by Swift in his election.

[17] Crowe was a Commissioner for Appeals from the Revenue Commissioners for a short time in 1706, and was Recorder of Blessington, Co. Wicklow. In his Short Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton, 1710, Swift speaks of Whartons "barbarous injustice to... poor Will Crowe."

[18] See Letter 3, note 10.

[19] See Letter 3, note 35.

[20] See Letter 1, note 15.

[21] Richard Tighe, M.P. for Belturbet, was a Whig, much disliked by Swift. He became a Privy Councillor under George I.

[22] Dryden Leach, of the Old Bailey, formerly an actor, was son of Francis Leach. Swift recommended Harrison to employ Leach in printing the continuation of the Tatler; but Harrison discarded him. (See Journal, Jan. 16, 1710-11, and Timperley's Literary Anecdotes, 600, 631).

[23] The Postman, which appeared three days in the week, written by M. Fonvive, a French Protestant, whom Dunton calls "the glory and mirror of news writers, a very grave, learned, orthodox man." Fonvive had a universal system of intelligence, at home and abroad, and "as his news is early and good, so his style is excellent."

[24] Sir William Temple left Esther Johnson the lease of some property in Ireland.

[25] See Letter 5, note 23.

[26] An out-of-the-way or obscure house. So Pepys (Diary, Oct. 15, 1661) "To St. Paul's Churchyard to a blind place where Mr. Goldsborough was to meet me."

[27] Sir Richard Temple, Bart., of Stowe, a Lieutenant-General who saw much service in Flanders, was dismissed in 1713 owing to his Whig views, but on the accession of George I. was raised to the peerage, and was created Viscount Cobham in 1718. He died in 1749. Congreve wrote in praise of him, and he was the "brave Cobham" of Pope's first Moral Essay.

[28] Richard Estcourt, the actor, died in August 1712, when his abilities on the stage and as a talker were celebrated by Steele to No. 468 of the Spectator. See also Tatler, Aug. 6, 1709, and Spectator, May 5, 1712. Estcourt was "providore" of the Beef-Steak Club, and a few months before his death opened the Bumper Tavern in James Street, Covent Garden.

[29] See Letter 5, note 49.

[30] Poor, mean. Elsewhere Swift speaks of "the corrector of a hedge press in Little Britain," and "a little hedge vicar."

[31] Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, was Lord Lieutenant from April 1707 to December 1708. A nobleman of taste and learning, he was, like Swift, very fond of punning, and they had been great friends in Ireland.

[32] See Letter 3, note 11.

[33] See Letter 3, note 18.

[34] A small town and fortress in what is now the Pas de Calais.

[35] Richard Stewart, third son of the first Lord Mountjoy (see Letter 1, note 11), was M.P. at various times for Castlebar, Strabane, and County Tyrone. He died in 1728.

LETTER 8.

[1] See Letter 3, note 1.

[2] Swift, Esther Johnson, and Mrs. Dingley seem to have begun their financial year on the 1st of November. Swift refers to "MD's allowance" in the Journal for April 23, 1713.

[3] Samuel Dopping, an Irish friend of Stella's, who was probably related to Anthony Dopping, Bishop of Meath (died 1697), and to his son Anthony (died 1743), who became Bishop of Ossory.

[4] See Letter 2, note 17.

[5] The wife of Alderman Stoyte, afterwards Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mrs. Stoyte and her sister Catherine; the Walls; Isaac Manley and his wife; Dean Sterne, Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, and Swift, were the principal members of a card club which met at each other's houses for a number of years.

[6] See Letter 1, note 12.

[7] "This cypher stands for Presto, Stella, and Dingley; as much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world" (Deane Swift).

[8] Steele's "dear Prue," Mary Scurlock, whom he married as his second wife in 1707, was a lady of property and a "cried-up beauty." She was somewhat of a prude, and did not hesitate to complain to her husband, in and out of season, of his extravagance and other weaknesses. The other lady to whom Swift alludes is probably the Duchess of Marlborough.

[9] See Letter 7, note 7.

[10] Remembers: an Irish expression.

[11] This new Commission, signed by Narcissus Marsh, Archbishop of Armagh,

and William King, was dated Oct. 24, 1710. In this document Swift was begged to take the full management of the business of the First-Fruits into his hands, the Bishops of Ossory and Killala — who were to have joined with him in the negotiations — having left London before Swift arrived. But before this commission was despatched the Queen had granted the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts to the Irish clergy.

[12] Lady Mountjoy, wife of the second Viscount Mountjoy (see Letter 1), was Anne, youngest daughter of Murrough Boyle, first Viscount Blessington, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of Charles Coote, second Earl of Mountrath. After Lord Mountjoy's death she married John Farquharson, and she died in 1741.

[13] Forster suggests that Swift wrote "Frond " or "Frowde" and there is every reason to believe that this was the case. No Colonel Proud appears in Dalton's Army Lists. A Colonel William Frowde, apparently third son of Sir Philip Frowde, Knight, by his third wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Ashburnham, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in Colonel Farrington's (see note 18) Regiment of Foot in 1694. He resigned his commission on his appointment to the First Life Guards in 1702, and he was in this latter regiment in 1704. In November and December 1711 Swift wrote of Philip Frowde the elder (Colonel William Frowde's brother) as "an old fool," in monetary difficulties. It is probable that Swift's Colonel Proud (? Frowde) was not Colonel William Frowde, but his nephew, Philip Frowde, junior, who was Addison's friend at Oxford, and the author of two tragedies and various poems. Nothing seems known of Philip Frowde's connection with the army, but he is certainly called "Colonel" by Swift, Addison, and Pope (see Forster's Swift, 159; Addison's Works, v. 324; Pope's Works, v. 177, vi. 227). Swift wrote to Ambrose Philips in 1705, "Col. Frond is just as he was, very friendly and grand reveur et distrait. He has brought his poems almost to perfection." It will be observed that when Swift met Colonel "Proud" he was in company with Addison, as was also the case when he was with Colonel "Freind" (see Letter 3, note 25).

[14] Charles Davenant, LL.D., educated at Balliol College, Oxford, was the eldest son of Sir William Davenant, author of Gondibert. In Parliament he attacked Ministerial abuses with great bitterness until, in 1703, he was made secretary to the Commissioners appointed to treat for a union with Scotland. To this post was added, in 1705, an Inspector-Generalship of Exports and Imports, which he retained until his death in 1714. Tom Double, a satire on his change of front after obtaining his place, was published in 1704. In a Note on Macky's character of Davenant, Swift says, "He ruined his estate, which

put him under a necessity to comply with the times." Davenant's True Picture of a Modern Whig, in Two Parts, appeared in 1701-2; in 1707 he published "The True Picture of a Modern Whig revived, set forth in a third dialogue between Whiglove and Double," which seems to be the piece mentioned in the text, though Swift speaks of the pamphlet as "lately put out."

[15] Hugh Chamberlen, the younger (1664-1728), was a Fellow of the College of Physicians and Censor in 1707, 1717, and 1721. Atterbury and the Duchess of Buckingham and Normanby were among his fashionable patients. His father, Hugh Chamberlen, M.D., was the author of the Land Bank Scheme of 1693-94.

[16] Sir John Holland (see Letter 3, note 28).

[17] Swift may mean either rambling or gambolling.

[18] Thomas Farrington was appointed Colonel of the newly raised 29th Regiment of Foot in 1702. He was a subscriber for a copy of the Tatler on royal paper (Aitken, Life of Steele, i. 329, 330).

[19] In The History of Vanbrugh's House, Swift described everyone as hunting for it up and down the river banks, and unable to find it, until at length they —

" — in the rubbish spy

A thing resembling a goose pie."

Sir John Vanbrugh was more successful as a dramatist than as an architect, though his work at Blenheim and elsewhere has many merits.

[20] For the successes of the last campaign.

[21] John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, was created Duke of Buckingham and Normanby in 1703, and died in 1721. On Queen Anne's accession he became Lord Privy Seal, and on the return of the Tories to power in 1710 he was Lord Steward, and afterward (June 1710) Lord President of the Council. The Duke was a poet, as well as a soldier and statesman, his best known work being the Essay on Poetry. He was Dryden's patron, and Pope prepared a

collected edition of his works.

[22] Laurence Hyde, created Earl of Rochester in 1682, died in 1711. He was the Hushai of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, "the friend of David in distress." In 1684 he was made Lord President of the Council, and on the accession of James II., Lord Treasurer; he was, however, dismissed in 1687. Under William III. Rochester was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an office he resigned in 1703; and in September 1710 he again became Lord President. His imperious temper always stood in the way of popularity or real success.

[23] Sir Thomas Osborne, Charles II.'s famous Minister, was elevated to the peerage in 1673, and afterwards was made successively Earl of Danby, Marquis of Caermarthen, and Duke of Leeds. On Nov. 29, 1710, a few days after this reference to him, the Duke was granted a pension of 3500 pounds a year out of the Post Office revenues. He died in July 1712, aged eighty-one, and soon afterwards his grandson married Lord Oxford's daughter.

[24] This is, of course, a joke; Swift was never introduced at Court.

[25] Captain Delaval (see Letter 5, note 6).

[26] Admiral Sir Charles Wager (1666-1743) served in the West Indies from 1707 to 1709, and gained great wealth from the prizes he took. Under George I. he was Comptroller of the Navy, and in 1733 he became First Lord of the Admiralty, a post which he held until 1742.

[27] See Letter 7, note 27.

[28] See Letter 5, note 13.

[29] Isaac Bickerstaff's "valentine" sent him a nightcap, finely wrought by a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth (Tatler, No. 141). The "nightcap" was a periwig with a short tie and small round head, and embroidered nightcaps were worn chiefly by members of the graver professions.

[30] Tatler, No. 237.

[31] Tatler, No. 230.

[32] “Returning home at night, you’ll find the sink

Strike your offended sense with double stink.”

(“Description of a City Shower, 11. 5, 6.)

[33] Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.

[34] See Letter 1, note 3.

[35] See Letter 8, note 5.

[36] See Letter 6, note 4.

[37] See Letter 1, note 11.

[38] The bellman’s accents. Cf. Pepys’ Diary, Jan. 16, 1659-60: “I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, ‘Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.’”

LETTER 9.

[1] John Freind, M.D. (1675-1728), was a younger brother of the Robert Freind, of Westminster School, mentioned elsewhere in the Journal. Educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster, he was in 1694 elected a student of Christ Church, where he made the acquaintance of Atterbury, and supported Boyle against Bentley in the dispute as to the authorship of the letters of Phalaris. In 1705 he attended the Earl of Peterborough to Spain, and in the following year wrote a defence of that commander (Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain). A steady Tory, he took a share in the defence of Dr. Sacheverell; and in 1723, when M.P. for Launceston, he fell under the suspicion of the Government, and was sent to the Tower. On the accession of George II., however, he came into favour with the Court, and died Physician to the Queen.

[2] See Letter 8, note 19.

[3] St. John was thirty-two in October 1710. He had been Secretary at War six years before, resigning with Harley in 1707. Swift repeats this comparison elsewhere. Temple was forty-six when he refused a Secretaryship of State in 1674.

[4] Sir Henry St. John seems to have continued a gay man to the end of his life. In his youth he was tried and convicted for the murder of Sir William Estcourt in a duel (Scott). In 1716, after his son had been attainted, he was made Viscount St. John. He died in 1742, aged ninety.

[5] "Swift delighted to let his pen run into such rhymes as these, which he generally passes off as old proverbs" (Scott). Many of the charming scraps of "Old Ballads" and "Old Plays" at the head of Scott's own chapters are in reality the result of his own imagination.

[6] See Letter 3, note 18.

[7] Sir Richard Levinge, Bart., had been Solicitor-General for Ireland from 1704 to 1709, and was Attorney-General from 1711 to 1714. Afterwards he was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons and Chief-Justice of the Common

Pleas in Ireland.

[8] See Letter 2, note 18.

[9] Thomas Belasyse, second Viscount Fauconberg, or Falconbridge (died 1700), a nobleman of hereditary loyalty, married, in 1657, the Protector's youngest daughter, Mary Cromwell, who is represented as a lady of high talent and spirit. She died on March 14, 1712. Burnet describes her as "a wise and worthy woman," who would have had a better prospect of maintaining her father's post than either of her brothers.

[10] Richard Freeman, Chief Baron, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1707 until his death in November 1710.

[11] See Letter 7, note 17.

[12] Sir Richard Cox, Bart. (1650-1733), was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1703 to 1707. In 1711 he was appointed Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, but he was removed from office on the death of Queen Anne. His zealous Protestantism sometimes caused his views to be warped, but he was honest and well-principled.

[13] Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. (1676-1746), succeeded Bromley as Speaker in 1714. In February 1713 Swift said, "He is the most considerable man in the House of Commons." His edition of Shakespeare was published by the University of Oxford in 1743-44. Pope called it "pompous," and sneered at Hanmer's "superior air" (Dunciad, iv. 105).

[14] See Letter 5, note 8.

[15] Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffee-house (see Letter 1).

[16] Forster suggested that the true reading is "writhing." If so, it is not necessary to suppose that Lady Giffard was the cause of it. Perhaps it is the word "tiger" that is corrupt.

[17] The Hon. Charles Boyle (1676-1731), of the Boyle and Bentley controversy, succeeded to the peerage as Lord Orrery in 1703. When he

settled in London he became the centre of a Christ Church set, a strong adherent of Harley's party, and a member of Swift's "club." His son John, fifth Earl of Orrery, published Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift in 1751.

[18] William Domville, a landed proprietor in County Dublin, whom Swift called "perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know."

[19] On May 16, 1711, Swift wrote, "There will be an old to do." The word is found in Elizabethan writers in the sense of "more than enough." Cf. Macbeth, ii. 3: "If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key."

[20] See Letter 3, note 10. Clements was related to Pratt, the Deputy Vice-Treasurer, and was probably the Robert Clements who became Deputy Vice-Treasurer, and whose grandson Robert was created Earl of Leitrim in 1795.

[21] Letter 5, note 11.

[22] Swift's sister Jane, who had married a currier in Bride Street, named Joseph Fenton, a match to which Swift strongly objected. Deane Swift says that Swift never saw his sister again after the marriage; he had offered her 500 pounds if she would show a "proper disdain" of Fenton. On her husband's dying bankrupt, however, Swift paid her an annuity until 1738, when she died in the same lodging with Esther Johnson's mother, Mrs. Bridget Mose, at Farnham (Forster's Swift, pp. 118-19).

[23] Welbore Ellis, appointed Bishop of Kildare in 1705. He was translated to Meath in 1731, and died three years later.

[24] The expression of the Archbishop is, "I am not to conceal from you that some expressed a little jealously, that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers; intimating that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power" (King to Swift, Nov. 2, 1710).

[25] This indignant letter is dated Nov. 23, 1710. It produced an apologetic reply from the Archbishop (Nov. 30, 1710), who represented that the letter to Southwell was a snare laid in his way, since if he declined signing it, it might have been interpreted into disrespect to the Duke of Ormond. Of the bishops

King said, “You cannot do yourself a greater service than to bring this to a good issue, to their shame and conviction.”

LETTER 10.

[1] William Bromley (died 1732) was M.P. for the University of Oxford. A good debater and a strong High Churchman, he was Secretary of State from August 1713 until the Queen's death in the following year.

[2] Colonel, afterwards Major-General, John Hill (died 1735) was younger brother of Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, and a poor relation of the Duchess of Marlborough. He was wounded at Mons in 1709, and in 1711 was sent on an unsuccessful expedition to attack the French settlements in North America. In 1713 he was appointed to command the troops at Dunkirk.

[3] "The footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament used at this time to form themselves into a deliberative body, and usually debated the same points with their masters. It was jocularly said that several questions were lost by the Court party in the menial House of Lords which were carried triumphantly in the real assembly; which was at length explained by a discovery that the Scottish peers whose votes were sometimes decisive of a question had but few representatives in the convocation of lacqueys. The sable attendant mentioned by Swift, being an appendage of the brother of Mrs. Masham, the reigning favourite, had a title to the chair, the Court and Tory interest being exerted in his favour" (Scott). Steele alludes to the "Footmen's Parliament" in No. 88 of the Spectator.

[4] See Letter 1, note 3.

[5] A Court of Equity abolished in the reign of Charles I. It met in the Camera Alba, or Whitehall, and the room appears to have retained the name of the old Court.

[6] See Letter 6, note 2.

[7] Swift's first contribution to the Examiner (No. 13) is dated Nov. 2, 1710.

[8] Seduced, induced. Dryden (Spanish Friar) has "To debauch a king to break his laws."

[9] Freeman (see Letter 9, note 10).

[10] "To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the words 'this fortnight', in the preceding sentence, were first written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards scratched out and written plain. It must be confessed this little language, which passed current between Swift and Stella, has occasioned infinite trouble in the revisal of these papers" (Deane Swift).

[11] Trim. An attack upon the liberties of this corporation is among the political offences of Wharton's Lieutenancy of Ireland set forth in Swift's Short Character of the Earl of Wharton.

[12] Apologies.

[13] "A Description of the Morning," in No. 9 of the Tatler.

[14] See Letter 6, note 19.

[15] William Palliser (died 1726).

[16] See Letter 4, note 15.

[17] "Here he writ with his eyes shut; and the writing is somewhat crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been open" (Deane Swift).

[18] Tatler, No. 249; cf. p. 93. During this visit to London Swift contributed to only three Tatlers, viz. Nos. 230, 238, and 258.

[19] St. Andrew's Day.

[20] No. 241.

[21] Tatler, No. 258.

[22] Lieutenant-General Philip Bragg, Colonel of the 28th Regiment of Foot, and M.P. for Armagh, died in 1759.

[23] James Cecil, fifth Earl of Salisbury, who died in 1728.

[24] See Letter 2, note 13.

[25] See Letter 8, note 22.

[26] Kneller seems never to have painted Swift's portrait.

[27] On Nov. 25 and 28.

[28] Arthur Annesley, M.P. for Cambridge University, had recently become fifth Earl of Anglesea, on the death of his brother (see Letter 3, note 35). Under George I. he was Joint Treasurer of Ireland, and Treasurer at War.

[29] A Short Character of the Earl of Wharton, by Swift himself, though the authorship was not suspected at the time. "Archbishop King," says Scott, "would have hardly otherwise ventured to mention it to Swift in his letter of Jan. 9, 1710, as 'a wound given in the dark.'" Elsewhere, however, in a note, Swift hints that Archbishop King was really aware of the authorship of the pamphlet.

[30] A false report. (See Letter 11, note 4.)

[31] None of these Commissioners of Revenue lost their places at this time. Samuel Ogle was Commissioner from 1699 to 1714; John South from 1696 until his death in 1711; and Sir William St. Quintin, Bart., from 1706 to 1713. Stephen Ludlow succeeded South in September 1711.

[32] See Letter 7, note 35.

[33] James Hamilton, sixth Earl of Abercorn (1656-1734), a Scotch peer who had strongly supported the Union of 1706.

LETTER 11.

[1] L'Estrange speaks of "insipid twittle twattles." Johnson calls this "a vile word."

[2] A cousin of Swift's; probably a son of William Swift.

[3] Nicholas Sankey (died 1722) succeeded Lord Lovelace as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in Ireland in 1689. He became Brigadier-General in 1704, Major-General 1707, and Lieutenant-General 1710. He served in Spain, and was taken prisoner at the battle of the Caya in 1709.

[4] See Letter 10, note 30.

[5] The Earl of Abercorn (see Letter 10, note 33) married, in 1686, Elizabeth, only child of Sir Robert Reading, Bart., of Dublin, by Jane, Dowager Countess of Mountrath. Lady Abercorn survived her husband twenty years, dying in 1754, aged eighty-six.

[6] Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond and Gordon (1672-1723), was the illegitimate son of Charles II. by Madame de Querouaille.

[7] Sir Robert Raymond, afterwards Lord Raymond (1673-1733), M.P. for Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, was appointed Solicitor-General in May 1710, and was knighted in October. He was removed from office on the accession of George I., but was made Attorney-General in 1720, and in 1724 became a judge of the King's Bench. In the following year he was made Lord Chief-Justice, and was distinguished both for his learning and his impartiality.

[8] Lynn-Regis.

[9] Richard Savage, fourth Earl Rivers, the father of Richard Savage, the poet. Under the Whigs Lord Rivers was Envoy to Hanover; and after his conversion by Harley, he was Constable of the Tower under the Tories. He died in 1712.

[10] Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland from 1695 until his death in 1717.

[11] Lord Shelburne's clever sister, Anne, only daughter of Sir William Petty, and wife of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Lord of Kerry, afterwards created first Earl of Kerry.

[12] Mrs. Pratt, an Irish friend of Lady Kerry, lodged at Lord Shelburne's during her visit to London. The reference to Clements (see Letter 9, note 20), Pratt's relative, in the Journal for April 14, 1711, makes it clear that Mrs. Pratt was the wife of the Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, to whom Swift often alludes (see Letter 3, note 10).

[13] Lieutenant-General Thomas Meredith, Major-General Maccartney, and Brigadier Philip Honeywood. They alleged that their offence only amounted to drinking a health to the Duke of Marlborough, and confusion to his enemies. But the Government said that an example must be made, because various officers had dropped dangerous expressions about standing by their General, Marlborough, who was believed to be aiming at being made Captain General for life. For Maccartney see the Journal for Nov. 15, 1712, seq. Meredith, who was appointed Adjutant-General of the Forces in 1701, was made a Lieutenant-General in 1708. He saw much service under William III., and Marlborough, and was elected M.P. for Midhurst in 1709. He died in 1719 (Dalton's Army Lists, III. 181). Honeywood entered the army in 1694; was at Namur; and was made a Brigadier-General before 1711. After the accession of George I. he became Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons, and commanded a division at Dettingen. At his death in 1752 he was acting as Governor of Portsmouth, with the rank of General (Dalton, iv. 30).

[14] Or "malkin"; a counterfeit, or scarecrow.

[15] William Cadogan, Lieutenant-General and afterwards Earl Cadogan (1675-1726), a great friend of Marlborough, was Envoy to the United Provinces and Spanish Flanders. Cadogan retained the post of Lieutenant to the Tower until 1715.

[16] Earl Cadogan's father, Henry Cadogan, barrister, married Bridget, daughter of Sir Hardresse Waller, and sister of Elizabeth, Baroness Shelburne in her own right.

[17] See Letter 5, note 30.

[18] Cadogan married Margaretta, daughter of William Munter, Counsellor of the Court of Holland.

[19] Presumably the eldest son, William, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Kerry in 1741, and died in 1747. He was at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was afterwards a Colonel in the Coldstream Guards.

[20] Henry Petty, third Lord Shelburne, who became Earl of Shelburne in 1719. His son predeceased him, without issue, and on Lord Shelburne's death, in 1751, his honours became extinct. His daughter Anne also died without issue.

[21] The menagerie, which had been one of the sights of London, was removed from the Tower in 1834. In his account of the Tory Fox Hunter in No. 47 of the Freeholder, Addison says, "Our first visit was to the lions."

[22] Bethlehem Hospital, for lunatics, in Moorfields, was a popular "sight" in the eighteenth century. Cf. the Tatler, No. 30: "On Tuesday last I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a rambling, in a hackney coach, to show them the town: as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam."

[23] The Royal Society met at Gresham College from 1660 to 1710. The professors of the College lectured on divinity, civil law, astronomy, music, geometry, rhetoric, and physic.

[24] The most important of the puppet-shows was Powell's, in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, which is frequently mentioned in the Tatler.

[25] The precise nature this negligent costume is not known, but it is always decried by popular writers of the time.

[26] Retched. Bacon has "Patients must not keck at them at the first."

[27] Swift was born on November 30.

[28] Mrs. De la Riviere Manley, daughter of Sir Roger Manley, and cousin of John Manley, M.P., and Isaac Manley (see Letter 3, note 3), wrote poems and plays, but is best known for her "Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several

Persons of Quality, of both sexes. From the New Atalantis, 1709," a book abounding in scandalous references to her contemporaries. She was arrested in October, but was discharged in Feb. 1710. In May 1710 she brought out a continuation of the New Atalantis, called "Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century." In June 1711 she became editress of the Tory Examiner, and wrote political pamphlets with Swift's assistance. Afterwards she lived with Alderman Barber, the printer, at whose office she died in 1724. In her will she mentioned her "much honoured friend, the Dean of St. Patrick, Dr. Swift."

[29] "He seems to have written these words in a whim; for the sake of what follows" (Deane Swift).

[30] See Letter 8, note 33.

[31] No. 249 (see Letter 10, note 18).

[32] See Letter 5, note 34.

[33] In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, of Dec. 16, 1703, Swift said: "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you, 'Madam, there's a bite!' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in Court, and everywhere else among the great people." See, too, the Tatler, No. 12, and Spectator, Nos. 47, 504: "In a word, a Biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave."

[34] See Letter 9, note 4.

[35] "As I hope to be saved;" a favourite phrase in the Journal.

[36] See Letter 7, note 12.

[37] This statement receives some confirmation from a pamphlet published in September 1710, called "A Condoling Letter to the Tatler: On Account of the Misfortunes of Isaac Bickerstaf Esq., a Prisoner in the —— on Suspicion of Debt."

[38] Dr. Lambert, chaplain to Lord Wharton, was censured in Convocation for being the author of a libellous letter.

[39] Probably the same person as Dr. Griffith, spoken of in the Journal for March 3, 1713, — when he was ill, — as having been "very tender of" Stella.

[40] See Letter 9, note 22.

[41] Vexed, offended. Elsewhere Swift wrote, "I am apt to grate the ears of more than I could wish."

[42] Ambrose Philips, whose Pastorals had been published in the same volume of Tonson's Miscellany as Pope's. Two years later Swift wrote, "I should certainly have provided for him had he not run party mad." In 1712 his play, The Distrest Mother, received flattering notice in the Spectator, and in 1713, to Pope's annoyance, Philips' Pastorals were praised in the Guardian. His pretty poems to children led Henry Carey to nickname him "Namby Pamby."

[43] An equestrian statue of William III., in College Green, Dublin. It was common, in the days of party, for students of the University of Dublin to play tricks with this statue.

[44] Lieutenant-General Richard Ingoldsby (died 1712) was Commander of the Forces in Ireland, and one of the Lords Justices in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant.

[45] This seems to have been a mistake; cf. Journal for July 13, 1711, Alan Brodrick, afterwards Viscount Midleton, a Whig politician and lawyer, was made Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland in 1709, but was removed from office in June 1711, when Sir Richard Cox succeeded him. On the accession of George I. he was appointed Lord Chancellor for Ireland. Afterwards he declined to accept the dedication to him of Swift's Drapiers Letters, and supported the prosecution of the author. He died in 1728.

[46] Robert Doyne was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland in 1695, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1703. This appointment was revoked on the accession of George I.

[47] See Letter 9, note 12.

[48] Of the University of Dublin.

[49] See Letter 2, note 18 and Letter 3, note 4. Sir Thomas Frankland's eldest son, Thomas, who afterwards succeeded to the baronetcy, acquired a fortune with his first wife, Dinah, daughter of Francis Topham, of Agelthorpe, Yorkshire. He died in 1747.

[50] See Letter 8, note 21.

[51] see Letter 4, note 15.

[52] Mary, daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., and widow of Charles Petty, second Lord Shelburne, who died in 1696. She had married, as her second husband, Major-General Conyngham, and, as her third husband, Colonel Dallway.

[53] Dr. John Vesey became Bishop of Limerick in 1672, and Archbishop of Tuam in 1678. He died in 1716.

[54] See Letter 3, note 39.

[55] Sex.

[56] Toby Caulfeild, third son of the fifth Lord Charlemont. In 1689 he was Colonel to the Earl of Drogheda's Regiment of Foot, and about 1705 he succeeded to the command of Lord Skerrin's Regiment of Foot. After serving in Spain his regiment was reduced, having lost most of its men (Luttrell, vi. 158).

[57] John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle (1680-1743), was installed a Knight of the Garter in December 1710, after he had successfully opposed a vote of thanks to Marlborough, with whom he had quarrelled. It was of this nobleman that Pope wrote—"Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield, And shake alike the senate and the field." In a note to Macky's Memoirs, Swift describes the Duke as an "ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot, who had no principle but his own interests and greatness."

[58] Harley's second wife, Sarah, daughter of Simon Middleton, of Edmonton, and sister of Sir Hugh Middleton, Bart. She died, without issue, in 1737.

[59] Elizabeth Harley, then unmarried, the daughter of Harley's first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Foley, of Whitley Court, Worcestershire. She subsequently married the Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds.

[60] Harcourt (see Letter 3, note 24).

[61] William Stawel, the third baron, who succeeded to the title in 1692, was half-brother to the second Baron Stawel. The brother here referred to was Edward, who succeeded to the title as fourth baron in 1742.

LETTER 12.

[1] Charles Finch, third Earl of Winchelsea, son of Lord Maidstone, and grandson of Heneage, second Earl of Winchelsea. On his death in 1712 Swift spoke of him as "a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine."

[2] Vedeau was a shopkeeper, who abandoned his trade for the army (Journal, March 28, April 4, 1711). Swift calls him "a lieutenant, who is now broke, and upon half pay" (Journal, Nov. 18, 1712)

[3] Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart. (died 1721), of Herringflat, Suffolk, succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1686.

[4] The reverse at Brihuega.

[5] See Letter 8, note 12.

[6] John Barber, a printer, became Lord Mayor of London in 1732, and died in 1741. Mrs. Manley was his mistress, and died at his printing office. Swift speaks of Barber as his "very good and old friend."

[7] Bernage was an officer serving under Colonel Fielding. In August 1710 a difficulty arose through Arbuthnot trying to get his brother George made Captain over Bernage's head; but ultimately Arbuthnot waived the business, because he would not wrong a friend of Swift's.

[8] See Letter 1, note 52.

[9] George Smalridge (1663-1719), the High Church divine and popular preacher, was made Dean of Carlisle in 1711, and Bishop of Bristol in 1714. Steele spoke of him in the Tatler (Nos. 73, 114) as "abounding in that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful."

[10] St. Albans Street, Pall Mall, was removed in 1815 to make way for Waterloo Place. It was named after Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans.

[11] Ben Portlack, the Duke of Ormond's secretary.

[12] Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford (1684-1750), only son of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset. Lord Hertford succeeded to the dukedom in 1748. From 1708 to 1722 he was M.P. for Northumberland, and from 1708 to 1713 he took an active part in the war in Flanders.

[13] See Letter 4.

[14] A Short Character of the Earl of Wharton (see Letter 10. note 29).

[15] See Letter 9.

[16] Henry Herbert, the last Baron Herbert of Cherbury, succeeded to the peerage in 1709, and soon afterwards married a sister of the Earl of Portsmouth. A ruined man, he committed suicide in 1738.

[17] Nos. 257, 260.

[18] See Letter 6, note 12.

[19] "AFTER is interlined" (Deane Swift).

[20] With this account may be compared what Pope says, as recorded in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 223: "Lord Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it when Ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each of them in his turn what he was to write. One perhaps was a letter to the emperor, another to an old friend, a third to a mistress, a fourth to a statesman, and so on: yet he carried so many and so different connections in his head, all at the same time."

[21] Francis Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, had taken an active part in the defence of Dr. Sacheverell. After a long period of suspense he received the appointment of Dean of Christ Church, and in 1713 he was made Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. Atterbury was on intimate terms with Swift, Pope, and other writers on the Tory side, and Addison — at whose

funeral the Bishop officiated — described him as “one of the greatest geniuses of his age.”

[22] John Carteret, second Baron Carteret, afterwards to be well known as a statesman, succeeded to the peerage in 1695, and became Earl Granville and Viscount Carteret on the death of his brother in 1744. He died in 1763. In October 1710, when twenty years of age, he had married Frances, only daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., of Appuldurcombe, Isle of Wight.

[23] Dillon Ashe, D.D., Vicar of Finglas, and brother of the Bishop of Clogher. In 1704 he was made Archdeacon of Clogher, and in 1706 Chancellor of Armagh. He seems to have been too fond of drink.

[24] Henley (see Letter 6, note 15) married Mary, daughter of Peregrine Bertie, the second son of Montagu, Earl of Lindsey, and with her obtained a fortune of 30,000 pounds. After Henley’s death his widow married her relative, Henry Bertie, third son of James, Earl of Abingdon.

[25] Hebrews v. 6.

LETTER 13.

[1] Probably Mrs. Manley and John Barber (see Letter 11, note 28 and Letter 12, note 6).

[2] Sir Andrew Fountaine's (see Letter 5, note 28) father, Andrew Fountaine, M.P., married Sarah, daughter of Sir Thomas Chicheley, Master of the Ordnance. Sir Andrew's sister, Elizabeth, married Colonel Edward Clent. The "scoundrel brother," Brig, died in 1746, aged sixty-four (Blomefield's Norfolk, vi. 233-36).

[3] Dame Overdo, the justice's wife in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

[4] See Letter 3, note 5.

[5] Atterbury, who had recently been elected Prolocutor to the Lower House of Convocation.

[6] Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, was not married.

[7] January 6 was Twelfth-night.

[8] Garraway's Coffee-house, in Change Alley, was founded by Thomas Garway, the first coffee-man who sold and retailed tea. A room upstairs was used for sales of wine "by the candle."

[9] Sir Constantine Phipps, who had taken an active part in Sacheverell's defence. Phipps' interference in elections in the Tory interest made him very unpopular in Dublin, and he was recalled on the death of Queen Anne.

[10] Joseph Trapp, one of the seven poets alluded to in the distich: —

"Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas, Bubb, Stubb, Gru

Trapp wrote a tragedy in 1704, and in 1708 was chosen the first

Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1710 he published pamphlets on behalf

of Sacheverell, and in 1712 Swift secured for him the post of chaplain

to Bolingbroke. During his latter years he held several good livings.

Elsewhere Swift calls him a "coxcomb."

[11] See Letter 7, note 21.

[12] The extreme Tories, who afterwards formed the October Club.

[13] Crowd. A Jacobean writer speaks of "the lurry of lawyers," and "a lurry and rabble of poor friars."

[14] See Letter 5, note 10.

[15] St. John's first wife was Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Winchcombe, Bart., of Berkshire, and in her right St. John enjoyed the estates of Bucklebury, which on her death in 1718 passed to her sister. In April 1711 Swift said that "poor Mrs. St. John" was growing a great favourite of his; she was going to Bath owing to ill-health, and begged him to take care of her husband. She "said she had none to trust but me, and the poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes." Though the marriage was, naturally enough, unhappy, she did not leave St. John's house until 1713, and she returned to him when he fell from power. There are letters from her to Swift as late as 1716, not only doing her best to defend his honour, but speaking of him with tenderness.

[16] "Battoon" means (1) a truncheon; (2) a staff of office. Luttrell, in 1704, speaks of "a battoon set with diamonds sent him from the French king."

[17] Edward Harley, second son of Sir Edward Harley, was M.P. for Leominster and Recorder of the same town. In 1702 he was appointed Auditor of the Imposts, a post which he held until his death in 1735. His wife, Sarah, daughter of Thomas Foley, was a sister of Robert Harley's wife, and his eldest

son eventually became third Earl of Oxford. Harley published several books on biblical subjects.

[18] See Letter 6, note 12. The last number of Steele's Tatler appeared on Jan. 2, 1711; Harrison's paper reached to fifty-two numbers.

[19] Dryden Leach (see Letter 7, note 22).

[20] Cf. Letter 7, October 28th.

[21] Published by John Baker and John Morphew. See Aitken's Life of Steele, i. 299-301.

[22] In No. 224 of the Tatler, Addison, speaking of polemical advertisements, says: "The inventors of Strops for Razors have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness." See also Spectator, Nos. 428, 509, and the Postman for March 23, 1703: "The so much famed strops for setting razors, etc., are only to be had at Jacob's Coffee-house.... Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad."

[23] Sir John Holland (see Letter 3, note 28).

[24] Addison speaks of a fine flaxen long wig costing thirty guineas (Guardian, No. 97), and Duumvir's fair wig, which Phillis threw into the fire, cost forty guineas (Tatler, No. 54)

[25] Swift's mother, Abigail Erick, was of a Leicestershire family, and after her husband's death she spent much of her time with her friends near her old home. Mr. Worrall, vicar of St. Patrick's, with whom Swift was on terms of intimacy in 1728-29, was evidently a relative of the Worralls where Mrs. Swift had lodged, and we may reasonably suppose that he owed the living to Swift's interest in the family.

[26] The title of a humorous poem by Lydgate. A "lickpenny" is a greedy or grasping person.

[27] Small wooden blocks used for lighting fires. See Swift ("Description

of the Morning"), "The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,

Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;" and Gay (Trivia, ii.

35), "When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,

From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat."

28 The Tory Ministers.

LETTER 14.

[1] See Letter 7, note 22.

[2] Thomas Southerne's play of Oroonoko, based on Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel of the same name, was first acted in 1696.

[3] "Mrs." Cross created the part of Mrs. Clerimont in Steele's Tender Husband in 1705.

[4] See Letter 12, note 7.

[5] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was M.P. for Cornwall, and Secretary at War. In December 1711 he was raised to the peerage, and in 1712 was appointed Comptroller of the Household. He died in 1735, when the title became extinct. Granville wrote plays and poems, and was a patron of both Dryden and Pope. Pope called him "Granville the polite." His Works in Verse and Prose appeared in 1732.

[6] Samuel Masham, son of Sir Francis Masham, Bart., had been a page to the Queen while Princess of Denmark, and an equerry and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Prince George. He married Abigail Hill (see Letter 16, note 7), daughter of Francis Hill, a Turkey merchant, and sister of General John Hill, and through that lady's influence with the Queen he was raised to the peerage as Baron Masham, in January 1712. Under George I. he was Remembrancer of the Exchequer. He died in 1758.

[7] A roughly printed pamphlet, The Honourable Descent, Life, and True Character of the... Earl of Wharton, appeared early in 1711, in reply to Swift's Short Character; but that can hardly be the pamphlet referred to here, because it is directed against libellers and backbiters, and cannot be described as "pretty civil."

[8] "In that word (the seven last words of the sentence huddled into one) there were some puzzling characters" (Deane Swift).

[9] Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., married, in 1690, Frances, only daughter of the first Viscount Weymouth. Their daughter Frances married Lord Carteret (see Letter 12, note 22) in 1710. In a letter to Colonel Hunter in March 1709 Swift spoke of Lady (then Mrs.) Worsley as one of the principal beauties in town. See, too, Swift's letter to her of April 19, 1730: "My Lady Carteret has been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together."

[10] See Letter 3, note 1.

[11] See Letter 5, note 17.

[12] William Stratford, son of Nicholas Stratford, Bishop of Chester, was Archdeacon of Richmond and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, until his death in 1729.

[13] See Letter 3, note 22.

[14] James, third Earl of Berkeley (1680-1736), whom Swift calls a "young rake" (see Letter 16, note 15). The young Countess of Berkeley was only sixteen on her marriage. In 1714 she was appointed a lady of the bed-chamber to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and she died of smallpox in 1717, aged twenty-two. The Earl was an Admiral, and saw much service between 1701 and 1710; under George I. he was First Lord of the Admiralty.

[15] Edward Wettenhall was Bishop of Kilmore from 1699 to 1713.

[16] In the Dedication to The Tale of a Tub Swift had addressed Somers in very different terms: "There is no virtue, either in public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world."

[17] Their lodgings, opposite to St. Mary's Church in Stafford Street, Dublin.

LETTER 15.

[1] The Stamp Act was not passed until June 1712: see the Journal for Aug. 7, 1712.

[2] Both in St. James's Park. The Canal was formed by Charles II. from several small ponds, and Rosamond's Pond was a sheet of water in the south-west corner of the Park, "long consecrated," as Warburton said, "to disastrous love and elegiac poetry." It is often mentioned as a place of assignation in Restoration plays. Evelyn (Diary, Dec. 1, 1662) describes the "scheets" used on the Canal.

[3] Mrs. Beaumont.

[4] The first direct mention of Hester Vanhomrigh. She is referred to only in two other places in the Journal (Feb. 14, 1710-11, and Aug, 14, 1711).

[5] See Letter 3, note 17.

[6] No. 27, by Swift himself.

[7] No. 7 of Harrison's series.

[8] The printers of the original Tatler.

[9] Harley had forwarded to Swift a banknote for fifty pounds (see Journal, March 7, 1710-11).

[10] At Moor Park.

[11] Scott says that Swift here alludes to some unidentified pamphlet of which he was the real or supposed author.

[12] See Letter 11, note 13.

[13] The Examiner.

[14] See Letter 6, note 43.

[15] Mistaken.

[16] Mrs. De Caudres, “over against St. Mary’s Church, near Capel Street,” where Stella now lodged.

[17] “A crease in the sheet” (Deane Swift).

[18] “In the original it was, good mallows, little sollahs. But in these words, and many others, he writes constantly ll for rr” (Deane Swift).

[19] See Letter 4, note 19.

[20] “Those letters which are in italics in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead” (Deane Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

[21] I.e., to ask whether.

LETTER 16.

[1] Harcourt.

[2] “A shilling passes for thirteenpence in Ireland” (Deane Swift).

[3] Robert Cope, a gentleman of learning with whom Swift corresponded.

[4] Archdeacon Morris is not mentioned in Cotton’s Fasti Ecclesiae Hiberniae.

[5] See Letter 14, note 6.

[6] See Letter 10, note 2.

[7] Abigail Hill, afterwards Lady Masham, had been introduced into the Queens service as bed-chamber woman by the Duchess of Marlborough. Her High Church and Tory views recommended her to Queen Anne, and in 1707 she was privately married to Mr. Samuel Masham, a gentleman in the service of Prince George (see Letter 14, note 6). The Duchess of Marlborough discovered that Mrs. Masham’s cousin, Harley, was using her influence to further his own interests with the Queen; and in spite of her violence the Duchess found herself gradually supplanted. From 1710 Mrs. Masham’s only rival in the royal favour was the Duchess of Somerset. Afterwards she quarrelled with Harley and joined the Bolingbroke faction.

[8] See Letter 4, note 16.

[9] No. 14 of Harrison’s series.

[10] See Letter 15, note 4.

[11] Richard Duke, a minor poet and friend of Dryden’s, entered the Church about 1685. In July 1710 he was presented by the Bishop of Winchester to the living of Witney, Oxfordshire, which was worth 700 pounds a year.

[12] Sir Jonathan Trelawney, one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower in 1688, was translated to Winchester in 1707, when he appointed Duke to be his chaplain.

[13] See Letter 4, note 3.

[14] See Letter 3, note 39.

[15] See Letter 14, note 14.

[16] See Letter 7, note 28.

[17] Cf. Feb. 22, 1711.

[18] Esther Johnson lodged opposite St. Mary's in Dublin.

[19] This famous Tory club began with the meeting together of a few extreme Tories at the Bell in Westminster. The password to the Club—"October" — was one easy of remembrance to a country gentleman who loved his ale.

[20] "Duke" Disney, "not an old man, but an old rake," died in 1731. Gay calls him "facetious Disney," and Swift says that all the members of the Club "love him mightily." Lady M. W. Montagu speaks of his

"Broad plump face, pert eyes, and ruddy skin,

Which showed the stupid joke which lurked within."

Disney was a French Huguenot refugee, and his real name was Desaulnais. He commanded an Irish regiment, and took part in General Hill's expedition to Canada in 1711 (Kingsford's Canada, ii. 465). By his will (Wentworth papers, 109) he "left nothing to his poor relations, but very handsome to his bottle companions."

[21] There were several Colonel Fieldings in the first half of the eighteenth century, and it is not clear which is the one referred to by Swift. Possibly he was the Edmund Fielding — grandson of the first Earl of Denbigh — who

died a Lieutenant-General in 1741, at the age of sixty-three, but is best known as the father of Henry Fielding, the novelist.

[22] Cf. Feb. 17, 1711.

[23] See Letter 3, note 37.

[24] "It is a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the finest square in London" (Deane Swift).

[25] "The common fare for a set-down in Dublin" (ib.).

[26] "Mrs. Stoyte lived at Donnybrook, the road to which from Stephen's Green ran into the country about a mile from the south-east corner" (ib.).

[27] "Those words in italics are written in a very large hand, and so is the word large" (ib.). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

[28] Deane Swift alters "lele" to "there," but in a note states how he here altered Swift's "cypher way of writing." No doubt "lele" and other favourite words occurred frequently in the MS., as they do in the later letters.

LETTER 17.

[1] Sir Thomas Mansel, Bart., Comptroller of the Household to Queen Anne, and a Lord of the Treasury, was raised to the peerage in December 1711 as Baron Mansel of Margam. He died in 1723.

[2] Lady Betty Butler and Lady Betty Germaine (see Letter 3, note 40 and Letter 4, note 3).

[3] James Eckershall, "second clerk of the Queen's Privy Kitchen." Chamberlayne (Magnae Britanniae Notitia, 1710, p. 536) says that his wages were 11 pounds, 8 shillings and a penny-ha'penny, and board-wages 138 pounds, 11 shillings and tenpence-ha'penny, making 150 pounds in all. Afterwards Eckershall was gentleman usher to Queen Anne; he died at Drayton in 1753, aged seventy-four. Pope was in correspondence with him in 1720 on the subject of contemplated speculations in South Sea and other stocks.

[4] In October 1710 (see Letter 6, note 44) Swift wrote as if he knew about the preparation of these Miscellanies. The volume was published by Morphew instead of Tooke, and it is frequently referred to in the Journal.

[5] In 1685 the Duke of Ormond (see Letter 2, note 10) married, as his second wife, Lady Mary Somerset, eldest surviving daughter of Henry, first Duke of Beaufort.

[6] Arthur Moore, M.P., was a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations from 1710 until his death in 1730. Gay calls him "grave," and Pope ("Prologue to the Satires," 23) says that Moore blamed him for the way in which his "giddy son," James Moore Smythe, neglected the law.

[7] James, Lord Paisley, who succeeded his father (see Letter 10, note 33) as seventh Earl of Abercorn in 1734, married, in 1711, Anne, eldest daughter of Colonel John Plumer, of Blakesware, Herts.

[8] Harley's ill-health was partly due to his drinking habits.

[9] Crowd or confusion.

[10] The first wife of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, was Lady Elizabeth Percy, only daughter of Joscelyn, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, and heiress of the house of Percy. She married the Duke, her third husband, at the age of eighteen.

[11] John Richardson, D.D., rector of Armagh, Cavan, and afterwards chaplain to the Duke of Ormond. In 1711 he published a Proposal for the Conversion of the Popish Natives of Ireland to the Established Religion, and in 1712 a Short History of the Attempts to Convert the Popish Natives of Ireland. In 1709 the Lower House of Convocation in Ireland had passed resolutions for printing the Bible and liturgy in Irish, providing Irish preachers, etc. In 1711 Thomas Parnell, the poet, headed a deputation to the Queen on the subject, when an address was presented; but nothing came of the proposals, owing to fears that the English interest in Ireland might be injured. In 1731 Richardson was given the small deanery of Kilmacluagh.

[12] See Feb. 27, 1711.

[13] Harley.

[14] "Bank bill for fifty pound," taking the alternate letters (see Letter 15, note 9).

[15] See Letter 5, note 17.

[16] See Nos. 27 and 29, by Swift himself.

[17] "Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters" (Deane Swift).

[18] See Letter 8, note 2.

[19] "Here is just one specimen given of his way of writing to Stella in these journals. The reader, I hope, will excuse my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is: 'And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate Presto, pray? Yes, and so

you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good-morrow'" (Deane Swift). What Swift really wrote was probably as follows: "Oo must cly Lele and Lele and Lele aden. Must oo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so oo sall. And so lele's fol oo rettle. Dood-mallow."

[20] Lady Catherine Morice (died 1716) was the eldest daughter of Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and wife of Sir Nicholas Morice, Bart., M.P. for Newport.

[21] Perhaps Henry Arundell, who succeeded his father as fifth Baron Arundell of Wardour in 1712, and died in 1726.

[22] Antoine, Abbe de Bourlie and Marquis de Guiscard, was a cadet of a distinguished family of the south of France. He joined the Church, but having been driven from France in consequence of his licentious excesses, he came to England, after many adventures in Europe, with a recommendation from the Duke of Savoy. Godolphin gave him the command of a regiment of refugees, and employed him in projects for effecting a landing in France. These schemes proving abortive, Guiscard's regiment was disbanded, and he was discharged with a pension of 500 pounds a year. Soon after the Tories came to power Guiscard came to the conclusion that there was no hope of employment for him, and little chance of receiving his pension; and he began a treacherous correspondence with the French. When this was detected he was brought before the Privy Council, and finding that everything was known, and wishing a better death than hanging, he stabbed Harley in the breast. Mrs. Manley, under Swift's directions, wrote a Narrative of Guiscard's Examination, and the incident greatly added to the security of Harley's position, and to the strength of the Government.

[23] Harley's surgeon, Mr. Green.

[24] See Letter 9, note 20.

[25] Mrs. Walls' baby (see Feb 5, 1711).

[26] The phrase had its origin in the sharp practices in the horse and cattle markets. Writing to Arbuthnot in 1727, Swift said that Gay "had made a pretty good bargain (that is a Smithfield) for a little place in the Custom House."

27 “There.”

LETTER 18.

[1] See Swift's paper in the Examiner, No. 32, and Mrs. Manley's pamphlet, already mentioned.

[2] Presumably Mrs. Johnson's palsy-water (see Letter 5, note 17).

[3] Thomas Wentworth, Baron Raby (1672-1739), was created Viscount Wentworth and Earl of Strafford in June 1711. Lord Raby was Envoy and Ambassador at Berlin for some years, and was appointed Ambassador at the Hague in March 1711. In November he was nominated as joint Plenipotentiary with the Bishop of Bristol to negotiate the terms of peace. He objected to Prior as a colleague; Swift says he was "as proud as hell." In 1715 it was proposed to impeach Strafford, but the proceedings were dropped. In his later years he was, according to Lord Hervey, a loquacious and illiterate, but constant, speaker in the House of Lords.

[4] A beauty, to whom Swift addressed verses in 1708. During the frost of January 1709 Swift wrote: "Mrs. Floyd looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw; but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever." She was a great friend of Lady Betty Germaine's.

[5] Swift never had the smallpox.

[6] See Letter 12, note 22.

[7] Heart.

[8] The first number of the Spectator appeared on March 1, 1711.

[9] In one of his poems Swift speaks of Stella "sossing in an easy-chair."

[10] See Letter 4, note 20.

[11] "It is reasonable to suppose that Swift's acquaintance with Arbuthnot

commenced just about this time; for in the original letter Swift misspells his name, and writes it Arthbuthnet, in a clear large hand, that MD might not mistake any of the letters" (Deane Swift). Dr. John Arbuthnot had been made Physician in Ordinary to the Queen; he was one of Swift's dearest friends.

[12] Clobery Bromley, M.P. for Coventry, son of William Bromley, M.P. (see Letter 10, note 1), died on March 20, 1711, and Boyer (Political State, i. 255) says that the House, "out of respect to the father, and to give him time, both to perform the funeral rites and to indulge his just affliction," adjourned until the 26th.

[13] See Letter 5, note 4.

[14] See Letter 17, note 11.

[15] Sir John Perceval, Bart. (died 1748), was created Baron Perceval 1715, Viscount Perceval 1722, and Earl of Egmont 1733, all in the Irish peerage. He married, in 1710, Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir Philip Parker A'Morley, Bart., of Erwarton, Suffolk; and his son (born Feb. 27, 1710-11) was made Baron Perceval and Holland, in the English peerage, in 1762.

[16] This report was false. The Old Pretender did not marry until 1718, when he was united to the Princess Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince James Sobieski.

LETTER 19.

[1] John Hartstonge, D.D. (died 1717), was Bishop of Ossory from 1693 to 1714, when he was translated to Derry.

[2] See Letter 15, note 16.

[3] Thomas Proby was Chirurgeon-General in Ireland from 1699 until his death in 1761. In his Short Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Swift speaks of him as "a person universally esteemed," who had been badly treated by Lord Wharton. In 1724 Proby's son, a captain in the army, was accused of popery, and Swift wrote to Lord Carteret that the charge was generally believed to be false: "The father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station.... You cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than in inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family." Proby was probably a near relative of Sir Thomas Proby, Bart., M.P., of Elton, Hunts, at whose death in 1689 the baronetcy expired. Mrs. Proby seems to have been a Miss Spencer.

[4] Meliora, daughter of Thomas Coningsby, Baron of Clanbrassil and Earl of Coningsby, and wife of Sir Thomas Southwell, afterwards Baron Southwell, one of the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland, and a member of the Irish Privy Council. Lady Southwell died in 1736.

[5] Lady Betty Rochfort was the daughter of Henry Moore, third Earl of Drogheda. Her husband, George Rochfort, M.P. for Westmeath, was son of Robert Rochfort, an Irish judge, and brother of Robert Rochford, M.P., to whose wife Swift addressed his Advice to a very Young Lady on her Marriage. Lady Betty's son Robert was created Earl of Belvedere in 1757.

[6] See Letter 17, note 23. Mr. Bussiere, of Suffolk Street, had been called in directly after the outrage, but Radcliffe would not consult him.

[7] The letter from Dr. King dated March 17, 1711, commenting on Guiscard's attack upon Harley.

[8] See Feb. 10, 1710-11.

[9] The word “trangram” or “tangram” ordinarily means a toy or gimcrack, or trumpery article. Cf. Wycherley (Plain Dealer, iii. 1), “But go, thou trangram, and carry back those trangrams which thou hast stolen or purloined.” Apparently “trangum” here means a tally.

[10] See Letter 12, note 2.

[11] Swift means Godolphin, the late Lord Treasurer.

[12] Sir John Holland (see Letter 3, note 28).

[13] “It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original” (Deane Swift).

[14] “He forgot here to say, ‘At night.’ See what goes before” (Deane Swift).

[15] See Letter 17, note 1.

[16] Irishman. “Teague” was a term of contempt for an Irishman.

[17] To “Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiscard.” In this piece Prior said, “Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound,” a wound which could not have been inflicted by any but a stranger to our land.

[18] Sir Thomas Mansel married Martha, daughter and heiress of Francis Millington, a London merchant.

[19] Slatterning, consuming carelessly.

[20] “The candle grease mentioned before, which soaked through, deformed this part of the paper on the second page” (Deane Swift).

[21] Harcourt.

[22] William Rollinson, formerly a wine merchant, settled afterwards in

Oxfordshire, where he died at a great age. He was a friend of Pope, Bolingbroke, and Gay.

[23] In relation to the banknote (see Letter 17, note 14).

[24] “Swift was, at this time, their great support and champion” (Deane Swift).

[25] See Letter 14, note 15.

[26] See Letter 17, note 25.

[27] “Stella, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill; and Dr. Swift insisted greatly upon women spelling well” (Deane Swift).

[28] “The slope of the letters in the words THIS WAY, THIS WAY, is to the left hand, but the slope of the words THAT WAY, THAT WAY, is to the right hand” (Deane Swift).

[29] See Letter 17, note 24.

[30] See Letter 5, note 11 and Letter 10, note 28.

LETTER 20.

[1] By the Act 9 Anne, cap. 23, the number of hackney coaches was increased to 800, and it was provided that they were to go a mile and a half for one shilling, two miles for one shilling and sixpence, and so on.

[2] See Letter 11, note 39.

[3] In a letter to Swift, of March 17, 1711, King said that it might have been thought that Guiscard's attack would have convinced the world that Harley was not in the French interest; but it did not have that effect with all, for some whispered the case of Fenius Rufus and Scevinus in the 15th book of Tacitus: "Accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant." Next month Swift told King that it was reported that the Archbishop had applied this passage in a speech made to his clergy, and explained at some length the steps he had taken to prevent the story being published in the Postboy. King thanked Swift for this action, explaining that he had been arguing on Harley's behalf when someone instanced the story of Rufus.

[4] A Tory paper, published thrice weekly by Abel Roper.

[5] Sir Charles Duncombe, banker, died on April 9, 1711. The first wife of the Duke of Argyle (see Letter 11, note 57) was Duncombe's niece, Mary Browne, daughter of Ursula Duncombe and Thomas Browne, of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Duncombe was elected Lord Mayor in 1700, and was the richest commoner in England.

[6] The Rev. Dillon Ashe (see Letter 12, note 23).

[7] John, fourth Baron Poulett, was created Earl Poulett in 1706, after serving as one of the Commissioners for the Treaty of Union with Scotland. From August 1710 to May 1711 he was First Lord of the Treasury, and from June 1711 to August 1714 he was Lord Steward of the Household.

[8] Lost or stupid person.

[9] Sir William Read, a quack who advertised largely in the Tatler and other papers. He was satirised in No. 547 of the Spectator. In 1705 he was knighted for his services in curing many seamen and soldiers of blindness gratis, and he was appointed Oculist in Ordinary to the Queen. Read died in 1715, but his business was continued by his widow.

[10] General John Webb was not on good terms with Marlborough. He was a Tory, and had gained distinction in the war at Wynendale (1708), though the Duke's secretary gave the credit, in the despatch, to Cadogan. There is a well-known account of Webb in Thackeray's Esmond. He was severely wounded at Malplaquet in 1709, and in 1710 was given the governorship of the Isle of Wight. He died in 1724.

[11] Henry Campion, M.P. for Penryn, is mentioned in the Political State for February 1712 as one of the leading men of the October Club. Campion seems to have been Member, not for Penryn, but for Bossiney.

[12] See Letter 3, note 32.

[13] Sir George Beaumont, Bart., M.P. for Leicester, and an acquaintance of Swift's mother, was made a Commissioner of the Privy Seal in 1712, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1714. He died in 1737.

[14] Heneage Finch, afterwards second Earl of Aylesford, was the son of Heneage Finch, the chief counsel for the seven bishops, who was created Baron Guernsey in 1703, and Earl of Aylesford in 1714.

[15] James, Lord Compton, afterwards fifth Earl of Northampton, was the eldest son of George, the fourth Earl. He was summoned to the House of Lords in December 1711, and died in 1754.

[16] See Letter 11, note 12.

LETTER 21.

[1] In 1670 Temple thanked the Grand Duke of Tuscany for "an entire vintage of the finest wines of Italy" (Temple's Works, 1814, ii. 155-56).

[2] Mrs. Manley (see Letter 17, note 22).

[3] Charles Caesar, M.P. for Hertford, was appointed Treasurer of the Navy in June 1711, in the room of Robert Walpole.

[4] Joseph I. His successor was his brother Charles, the King of Spain recognised by England.

[5] Simon Harcourt, M.P. for Wallingford. He married Elizabeth, sister of Sir John Evelyn, Bart., and died in 1720, aged thirty-five, before his father. He was secretary to the society of "Brothers," wrote verses, and was a friend of the poets. His son Simon was created Earl Harcourt in 1749, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[6] Doiley, a seventeenth-century linen-draper, — probably "Thomas Doyley, at the Nun, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden," — invented stuffs which "might at once be cheap and genteel" (Spectator, No. 283).

[7] A special envoy. The Resident from Venice in 1710 was Signor Bianchi.

[8] See Letter 17, note 5.

[9] Nanfan Coote, second Earl of Bellamont, who died in 1708, married, in 1705, Lucia Anna, daughter of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, and sister of Henry, first Earl of Grantham. She died in 1744.

[10] "Farnese" (Deane Swift).

[11] See Letter 20, note 3.

[12] Swift's changes of residence during the period covered by the Journal were numerous. On Sept. 20, 1710, he moved from Pall Mall to Bury Street, "where I suppose I shall continue while in London." But on Dec. 28 he went to new lodgings in St. Albans Street, Haymarket. On April 26, 1711, he moved to Chelsea, and from there to Suffolk Street, to be near the Vanhomrighs. He next moved to St. Martins Street, Leicester Fields; and a month later to Panton Street, Haymarket. In 1712 he lodged for a time at Kensington Gravel Pits.

[13] At raffling for books.

[14] James Brydges, Paymaster-General, and afterwards Duke of Chandos (see Letter 3, note 31).

[15] Thomas Foley, M.P. for Worcestershire, was created Baron Foley in December 1711, and died in 1733.

[16] See 25th April, 1711 and Letter 20, note 3.

[17] See Letter 19, note 3.

[18] Charles Dering, second son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., M.P. for Kent, was Auditor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and M.P. for Carlingford.

[19] See Letter 11, note 44.

[20] See Letter 17, note 4.

[21] A Whig paper, for the most part by Mainwaring and Oldmixon, in opposition to the Examiner. It appeared weekly from October 1710 to August 1711.

[22] See Letter 17, note 22.

[23] See Spectator, No. 50, by Addison.

[24] In all probability a mistake for "Wesley" (see Letter 1, note 12).

LETTER 22.

[1] Lord Paisley (see Letter 17, note 7).

[2] See Letter 11, note 5.

[3] Sir Hovenden Walker. The "man midwife" was Sir Chamberlen Walker, his younger brother. The "secret expedition" against Quebec conveyed upwards of 5000 soldiers, under the command of General John Hill (see Letter 10, note 2), but owing to the want of due preparations and the severe weather encountered, the fleet was compelled to return to England without accomplishing anything.

[4] Robert Freind, elder brother of John Freind, M.D. (see Letter 9, note 1), became headmaster of Westminster School in 1711, and held the appointment until 1733. He was Rector of Witney, and afterwards Canon of Windsor, Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church. He died in 1751, aged eighty-four.

[5] Christopher Musgrave was Clerk of the Ordnance.

[6] Atterbury's wife, Katherine Osborn, has been described as "the inspiration of his youth and the solace of his riper years."

[7] The original Chelsea Bun House, in Jew's Row, was pulled down in 1839. Sir R. Philips, writing in 1817, said, "Those buns have afforded a competency, and even wealth, to four generations of the same family; and it is singular that their delicate flavour, lightness, and richness have never been successfully imitated."

[8] See Letter 8, note 22. King wrote to Swift (May 15, 1711), "The death of the Earl of Rochester is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do justice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs God only knows."

[9] See Letter 11, note 11.

[10] See Letter 17, note 6.

[11] See Letter 18, note 4.

[12] See Letter 20, note 13.

[13] Swift's curate at Laracor.

[14] Queen Anne was the last sovereign who exercised the supposed royal gift of healing by touch. Dr. Johnson was touched by her, but without effect.

[15] Richard Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey on May 18, 1711, for the murder of Sir Cholmley Dering, M.P. for Kent, and found guilty of manslaughter only; but he was shortly afterwards assassinated (see Journal for Aug. 21, 1711; Spectator, No. 84). The quarrel began on April 27, when they fell to blows, and Thornhill being knocked down, had some teeth struck out by Sir C. Dering stamping on him. The spectators then interfered, and Dering expressed himself as ready to beg pardon; but Thornhill not thinking this was sufficient satisfaction, gave Dering the lie, and on May 9 sent him a challenge.

[16] Tothill Fields, Westminster, was a favourite place for duels in the seventeenth century.

[17] See Letter 13, note 17.

[18] Benjamin Burton, a Dublin banker, and brother-in-law of Swift's friend Stratford (see Letter 3, note 22). Swift says he hated this "rogue."

LETTER 23.

[1] The day on which the Club met. See letter from Swift to St. John, May 11, 1711.

[2] Henry Barry, fourth Lord Barry of Santry (1680-1734), was an Irish Privy Councillor, and Governor of Derry. In 1702 he married Bridget, daughter of Sir Thomas Domville, Bart., and in an undated letter (about 1735) to Lady Santry Swift spoke of his esteem for her, "although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct." Lord Santry's only son and heir, who was born in 1710, was condemned to death for the murder of a footman in 1739, when the barony became extinct by forfeiture. See B. W. Adams's History of Santry.

[3] Probably Captain Cammock, of the Speedwell, of 28 guns and 125 men (Luttrell, vi. 331), who met on July 13, 1708, off Scotland, two French privateers, one of 16, the other of 18 guns, and fought them several hours. The first privateer got off, much shattered; the other was brought into Carrickfergus.

[4] See Letter 7, note 21.

[5] See Letter 13, note 10.

[6] This valuable pamphlet is signed "J.G.," and is believed to be by John Gay.

[7] Edmund Curll's collection of Swift's Miscellanies, published in 1711, was an expansion of a pamphlet of 1710, "A Meditation upon a Broomstick, and somewhat beside, of the same Author's."

[8] "In this passage DD signifies both Dingley and Stella" (Deane Swift).

[9] Sir Henry Craik's reading. The old editions have, "It would do: DD goes as well as Presto," which is obviously corrupt.

[10] Cf. Journal, June 17, 1712.

[11] Cf. “old doings” (see Letter 9, note 19.)

[12] See Letter 17, note 11.

[13] Rymer’s Foedera, in three volumes, which Swift obtained for Trinity College, Dublin.

[14] See Letter 6, note 43 and 9th Feb. 1710-11.

[15] Stephen Colledge, “the Protestant joiner,” was hanged in 1681. He had published attacks on the Roman Catholics, and had advocated resistance to Charles II.

[16] See Letter 3, note 39.

[17] Mitford Crowe was appointed Governor of Barbados in 1706, and before his departure for that island went to Spain, “to settle the accounts of our army there, of which he is paymaster” (Luttrell, vi. 104). In 1710 charges of bribery brought against him by merchants were inquired into by the Privy Council, but he seems to have cleared himself, for in June 1711 Swift speaks of him as Governor of Jamaica. He died in 1719.

[18] See Letter 8, note 21.

[19] Swift’s uncle Adam “lived and died in Ireland,” and left no son. Another daughter of his became Mrs. Whiteway.

[20] William Lowndes, M.P., secretary to the Treasury, whom Walpole called “as able and honest a servant as ever the Crown had.”

[21] The Lord Treasurer’s staff: since the dismissal of Godolphin, the Treasurership had been held in commission.

[22] “As I hope to be saved.”

[23] Stella's maid.

[24] See letter from King to Swift, May 15, 1711. Alderman Constantine, a High Churchman, indignant at being passed over by a junior in the contest for the mayoralty, brought the matter before the Council Board, and produced an old by-law by which aldermen, according to their ancientry, were required to keep their mayoralty. King took the side of the city, but the majority was for the by-law, and disapproved of the election; whereupon the citizens repealed the by-law and re-elected the same alderman as before.

LETTER 24.

[1] The Lord Treasurer's staff.

[2] Swift's "little parson cousin," the resident chaplain at Moor Park. He pretended to have had some part in The Tale of a Tub, and Swift always professed great contempt for him. Thomas Swift was son of an Oxford uncle of Swift's, of the same name, and was at school and college with Swift. He became Rector of Puttenham, Surrey, and died in 1752, aged eighty-seven.

[3] The Duke of Ormond's daughter, Lady Mary Butler (see Letter 7, notes 2 and 3.)

[4] Thomas Harley, the Lord Treasurer's cousin, was secretary to the Treasury.

[5] Lord Oxford's daughter Elizabeth married, in 1712, the Marquis of Caermarthen.

[6] Henry Tenison, M.P. for County Louth, was one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland from 1704 until his death in 1709 (Luttrell, v. 381, vi. 523). Probably he was related to Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Meath, who died in 1705.

[7] Anne Finch (died 1720), daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, and wife of Heneage Finch, who became fourth Earl of Winchelsea in 1712. Lady Winchelsea published a volume of poems in 1713, and was a friend of Pope and Rowe. Wordsworth recognised the advance in the growth of attention to "external nature" shown in her writings.

[8] See Letter 23, note 24 and Letter 30, note 13.

[9] This was a mistake. Charles Hickman, D.D., Bishop of Derry, died in November 1713.

[10] "These words in italics are written in a large round hand" (Deane Swift).

(Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

[11] "This entry is interlined in the original" (Deane Swift).

[12] Colonel James Graham (1649-1730) held various offices under James II., and was granted a lease of a lodge in Bagshot Park. Like his brother, Viscount Preston, he was suspected of treasonable practices in 1691, and he was arrested in 1692 and 1696. Under Queen Anne and George I., Colonel Graham was M.P. for Appleby and Westmorland.

[13] Mr. Leslie Stephen has pointed out that this is the name of an inn (now the Jolly Farmer) near Frimley, on the hill between Bagshot and Farnborough. This inn is still called the Golden Farmer on the Ordnance map.

[14] "Soley" is probably a misreading for "sollah," a form often used by Swift for "sirrah," and "figgarkick" may be "pilgarlick" (a poor creature) in Swift's "little language" (cf. 20th Oct. 1711).

[15] See Letter 14, note 14.

[16] Probably a misprint for "Bertie." This Mr. Bertie may have been the Hon. James Bertie, second son of the first Earl of Abingdon, and M.P. for Middlesex.

[17] Evelyn Pierrepont, fifth Earl of Kingston, was made Marquis of Dorchester in 1706. He became Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull in 1715, and died in 1726. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was his daughter.

[18] See Letter 12, note 22.

[19] Sir Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth, who died in 1714, aged seventy-four, married Frances, daughter of Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchelsea.

[20] See Letter 7, note 31.

[21] Swift is referring to St. John's defence of Brydges (see Letter 21, note 14.)

[22] "He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff" (Deane Swift).

[23] Beaumont (see Letter 1, note 2).

[24] Sir Alexander Cairnes, M.P. for Monaghan, a banker, was created a baronet in 1706, and died in 1732.

[25] See Letter 6, note 44 and Letter 17, note 4.

[26] Isaac Manley (see Letter 3, note 3.)

[27] Sir Thomas Frankland.

[28] See Letter 5, note 8.

[29] Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell, a place of public diversion, was famous for its bear and bull baitings.

[30] Sir William Seymour, second son of Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., of Berry Pomeroy, retired from the army in 1717, and died in 1728 (Dalton's Army Lists). He was wounded at Landen and Vigo, and saw much service between his appointment as a Captain of Fusiliers in 1686 and his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1707.

[31] No. 45.

[32] "And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers is fully executed. A great majority of the nation is at length thoroughly convinced that the Queen proceeded with the highest wisdom, in changing her Ministry and Parliament" (Examiner, No. 45).

[33] Edward Harley (see Letter 13, note 17).

[34] See Letter 24, note 2.

[35] Tom Ashe was an elder brother of the Bishop of Clogher. He had an estate of more than 1000 pounds a year in County Meath, and Nichols describes him as of droll appearance, thick and short in person: “a facetious, pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster that ever lived.”

[36] “Even Joseph Beaumont, the son, was at this time an old man, whose grey locks were venerable; yet his father lived until about 1719” (Deane Swift).

LETTER 25.

[1] Sir William Wyndham, Bart. (1687-1740), was M.P. for Somerset. He was a close partisan of Bolingbroke's, and in 1713 introduced the Schism Bill, which drove Oxford from office. Wyndham became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was afterwards a leading opponent of Walpole. His wife, Lady Catherine Seymour (died 1713), was the second daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset (see Letter 28, note 8).

[2] Swift was afterwards President of this Club, which is better known as "the Society."

[3] Perhaps Daniel Reading, M.P. for Newcastle, Co. Dublin.

[4] Afterwards Congreve formed a friendship with the Whigs; or, as Swift

put it, "Took proper principles to thrive,

And so might every dunce alive."

[5] Atterbury.

[6] This pamphlet, published in February 1712, was called "A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue, in a Letter to the... Lord High Treasurer."

[7] No. 47

[8] Francis Gastrell, Canon of Christ Church, was made Bishop of Chester in 1713. His valuable Notitia Cestriensis was published in 1845-50.

[9] Near Fulham.

[10] See Letter 12, note 21.

[11] The daughters of Meinhardt Schomberg, Duke of Leinster, in Ireland, and third Duke of Schomberg. Lady Mary married Count Dagenfeldt, and Lady Frederica married, first, the Earl of Holderness, and, secondly, Earl Fitz Walter.

[12] Thomas Harley.

[13] See Letter 19, note 3.

LETTER 26.

[1] The widow of Sir John Lyndon, who was appointed a justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland in 1682, and died in 1699.

[2] "Marmaduke Coghill, LL.D., was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. About this time he courted a lady, and was soon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cause was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was sued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Doctor gave his opinion, 'That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with such a little cane or switch as he then held in his hand, a husband was at liberty, and was invested with a power, to give his wife moderate correction'; which opinion determined the lady against having the Doctor. He died an old man and a bachelor" (Deane Swift). See also Lascelles, Liber Muner. Hibern., part ii. p. 80.

[3] This was a common exclamation of the time, but the spelling varies in different writers. It seems to be a corruption of "God so," or "God ho," but there may have been a confusion with "cat-so," derived from the Italian "cazzo."

[4] See Letter 9, note 28. Mrs. Manley was now editing the Examiner.

[5] Sir Henry Belasyse was sent to Spain as Commissioner to inquire into the state of the English forces in that country. The son of Sir Richard Belasyse, Knight of Ludworth, Durham, Sir Henry finished a chequered career in 1717, when he was buried in Westminster Abbey (Dalton's Army Lists, ii. 228). In his earlier years he served under the United Provinces, and after the accession of William was made a Brigadier-General in the English army, and in 1694, Lieutenant-General. In 1702 he was second in command of the expedition to Cadiz, but he was dismissed the service in consequence of the looting of Port St. Mary. Subsequently he was elected M.P. for Durham, and in 1713 was appointed Governor of Berwick.

[6] Atterbury.

[7] See Letter 3, note 20.

[8] Sir John Powell, a Judge of the Queen's Bench, died in 1713, aged sixty-eight. He was a kindly as well as able judge.

[9] See June 7th, 1711.

[10] This Tisdall has been described as a Dublin merchant; but in all probability he was Richard Tisdall, Registrar of the Irish Court of Chancery, and M.P. for Dundalk (1707-1713) and County Louth (1713-1727). He married Marian, daughter of Richard Boyle, M.P., and died in 1742. Richard Tisdall was a relative of Stella's suitor, the Rev. William Tisdall, and years afterwards Swift took an interest in his son Philip, who became a Secretary of State and Leader of the Irish House of Commons.

[11] "In Ireland there are not public paths from place to place, as in England" (Deane Swift).

[12] See Letter 24, note 6.

[13] Probably a son of John Manley, M.P. (see Letter 5, note 8).

[14] See Letter 11, note 45.

[15] Dr. George Stanhope, who was Vicar of Lewisham as well as of Deptford. He was a popular preacher and a translator of Thomas a Kempis and other religious writers.

[16] See Letter 3, note 17.

[17] A favourite word with Swift, when he wished to indicate anything obscure or humble.

[18] See Letter 17, note 11.

[19] See June 7th, 1711 and notes.

[20] See Letter 17, note 23.

[21] Thomas Mills (1671-1740) was made Bishop of Waterford and Lismore in 1708. A man of learning and a liberal contributor to the cost of church restorations, he is charged by Archbishop King with giving all the valuable livings in his gift to his non-resident relatives.

[22] Tooke was appointed printer of the London Gazette in 1711 (see Letter 3, note 8).

[23] See Letter 5, note 10

[24] Lady Jane Hyde, the elder daughter of Henry Hyde, Earl of Rochester (see Letter 5, note 11), married William Capel, third Earl of Essex. Her daughter Charlotte's husband, the son of the Earl of Jersey, was created Earl of Clarendon in 1776. Lady Jane's younger sister, Catherine, who became the famous Duchess of Queensberry, Gay's patroness, is represented by Prior, in The Female Phaeton, as jealous, when a young girl, of her sister, "Lady Jenny," who went to balls, and "brought home hearts by dozens."

[25] See Letter 3, note 2.

[26] John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, had held the Privy Seal from 1705, and was regarded by the Ministers as a possible plenipotentiary in the event of their negotiations for a peace being successful. He married Lady Margaret Cavendish, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Cavendish, second Duke of Newcastle, and was one of the richest nobles in England. His death, on July 15, 1711, was the result of a fall while stag-hunting. The Duke's only daughter married, in 1713, Edward, Lord Harley, the Earl of Oxford's son.

LETTER 27.

[1] Alexander Forbes, fourth Lord Forbes, who was afterwards attainted for his share in the Rebellion of 1745.

[2] Obscure (cf. Letter 7, note 30).

[3] Jacob Tonson the elder, who died in 1736, outlived his nephew, Jacob Tonson the younger, by a few months. The elder Tonson, the secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, published many of Dryden's works, and the firm continued to be the chief publishers of the time during the greater part of the eighteenth century.

[4] John Barber.

[5] By his will Swift left to Deane Swift his "large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, and a sand-box."

[6] I.e., we are only three hours in getting there.

[7] Cf. Letter 15, note 9.

[8] The Examiner was revived in December 1711, under Oldisworth's editorship, and was continued by him until 1714.

[9] James Douglas, fourth Duke of Hamilton, was created Duke of Brandon in the English peerage in September 1711, and was killed by Lord Mohun in a duel in 1712. Swift calls him "a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding." He married, in 1698, as his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Digby, Lord Gerard, a lady to whom Swift often refers in the Journal. She outlived the Duke thirty-two years.

[10] See August 27th, 1711.

[11] William Fitzmaurice (see Letter 11, note 19).

[12] The Duke of Shrewsbury (see Letter 3, note 32) married an Italian lady, Adelhida, daughter of the Marquis of Paliotti, of Bologna, descended maternally from Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. Lady Cowper (Diary, pp. 8, 9) says that the Duchess "had a wonderful art of entertaining and diverting people, though she would sometimes exceed the bounds of decency;... but then, with all her prate and noise, she was the most cunning, designing woman alive, obliging to people in prosperity, and a great party-woman." As regards the name "Presto," see Letter 2, note 11.

[13] Probably a cousin.

[14] Presumptuous: claiming much.

[15] See Letter 13, note 15. John Winchcombe, a weaver of Newbury, marched with a hundred of his workmen, at his own expenses, against the Scots in 1513.

[16] Thomas Coke, M.P., of Derbyshire, was appointed a Teller of the Exchequer in 1704, and Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen in 1706. In 1706 he married — as his second wife — Mrs. Hale, one of the maids of honour (Luttrell, v. 411, 423; vi. 113, 462; Lady Cowper's Diary, 15, 16), a lady whose "piercing" beauty it was, apparently, that Steele described under the name of Chloe, in No. 4 of the Tatler. Jervas painted her as a country girl, "with a liveliness that shows she is conscious, but not affected, of her perfections." Coke was the Sir Plume of Pope's Rape of the Lock.

[17] The committee of management of the Royal household.

[18] Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the famous singer, and principal rival of Mrs. Tofts, came to England in 1692, and constantly sang in opera until her retirement in 1718, when she married Dr. Pepusch. She died in 1746. Her sister, Maria Gallia, also a singer, did not attain the same popularity.

[19] Charles Scarborow and Sir William Foster were the Clerks of the Board of Green Cloth.

[20] See Letter 27, note 16 on Thomas Coke.

[21] The Earl of Sunderland's second wife, Lady Anne Churchill, who died in 1716, aged twenty-eight. She was the favourite daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and was called "the little Whig." Verses were written in honour of her beauty and talent by Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, Dr. Watts and others, and her portrait was painted by Lely and Kneller.

[22] Mary, daughter of Sir William Forester, of Dothill, Shropshire. In 1700, at the age of thirteen, she had been secretly married to her cousin, George Downing, a lad of fifteen. Three years later, Downing, on his return from abroad, refused to acknowledge his wife, and in 1715 both parties petitioned the House of Lords for leave to bring in a Bill declaring the marriage to be void; but leave was refused (Lords' Journals, xx. 41, 45). Downing had become Sir George Downing, Bart., in 1711, and had been elected M.P. for Dunwich; he died without issue in 1749, and was the founder of Downing College, Cambridge.

[23] In a discussion upon what would be the result if beards became the fashion, Budgell (Spectator, No. 331) says, "Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs."

LETTER 28.

[1] Horse-racing was much encouraged by Charles II., who, as Strutt tells us, appointed races to be made in Datchet Mead, when he was residing at Windsor. By Queen Anne's time horse-racing was becoming a regular institution: see Spectator, No. 173.

[2] John Montagu, second Duke of Montagu, married Lady Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

[3] Of Clogher.

[4] John Adams, Prebendary of Canterbury and Canon of Windsor. He was made Provost of King's College, Cambridge, in 1712, and died in 1720.

[5] The Hon. and Rev. George Verney, Canon of Windsor (died 1728), became fourth Lord Willoughby de Broke on the death of his father (Sir Richard Verney, the third Baron), in July 1711. Lord Willoughby became Dean of Windsor in 1713.

[6] Thomas Hare, Under Secretary of State in Bolingbroke's office.

[7] Richard Sutton was the second son of Robert Sutton, the nephew of the Robert Sutton who was created Viscount Lexington by Charles I. Sutton served under William III. and Marlborough in Flanders, and was made a Brigadier-General in 1710, in which year also he was elected M.P. for Newark. In 1711 he was appointed Governor of Hull, and he died, a Lieutenant-General, in 1737 (Dalton's Army Lists, iii. 153)

[8] Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset (1662-1748), known as "the proud Duke of Somerset." Through the influence which his wife — afterwards Mistress of the Robes (see Letter 17, note 10) — had obtained over the Queen, he bore no small part in bringing about the changes of 1710. His intrigues during this period were, however, mainly actuated by jealousy of Marlborough, and he had really no sympathies with the Tories. His intrigues with the Whigs caused the utmost alarm to St. John and to Swift.

[9] The third and last reference to Vanessa in the Journal.

[10] "Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance" (Swift to Archbishop King, Aug. 15, 1711). St. John was at this moment very anxious to conciliate Mrs. Masham, as he felt that she was the only person capable of counteracting the intrigues of the Duchess of Somerset with the Queen.

[11] Pontack, of Abchurch Lane, son of Arnaud de Pontac, President of the Parliament of Bordeaux, was proprietor of the most fashionable eating-house in London. There the Royal Society met annually at dinner until 1746. Several writers speak of the dinners at a guinea a head and upwards served at Pontack's, and Swift comments on the price of the wine.

[12] "His name was Read" (Scott).

[13] Up to the end of 1709 the warrants for the payment of the works at Blenheim had been regularly issued by Godolphin and paid at the Treasury; over 200,000 pounds was expended in this manner. But after the dismissal of the Whigs the Queen drew tight the purse-strings. The 20,000 pounds mentioned by Swift was paid in 1711, but on June 1, 1712, Anne gave positive orders that nothing further should be allowed for Blenheim, though 12,000 pounds remained due to the contractors.

[14] The piercing of the lines before Bouchain, which Villars had declared to be the non plus ultra of the Allies, one of the most striking proofs of Marlborough's military genius.

[15] See Letter 22, note 15.

[16] A fashionable gaming-house in St. James's Street.

[17] See Letter 6, note 15. The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, was Henley's seat. His wife (see Letter 12, note 24) was the daughter of Peregrine Bertie, son of Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey; and Earl Poulett (see Letter 20, note 7) married Bridget, an elder daughter of Bertie's.

[18] William Henry Hyde, Earl of Danby, grandson of the first Duke of Leeds (see Letter 8, note 22), and eldest son of Peregrine Osborne, Baron Osborne and Viscount Dunblane, who succeeded to the dukedom in 1712. Owing to

this young man's death (at the age of twenty-one), his brother, Peregrine Hyde, Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Harley's daughter Elizabeth, afterwards became third Duke of Leeds.

[19] See Letter 8, note 2.

[20] See Letter 3, note 7.

[21] William Gregg was a clerk in Harley's office when the latter was Secretary of State under the Whig Administration. In 1707-8 he was in treasonable correspondence with M. de Chamillart, the French Secretary of State. When he was detected he was tried for high treason, and hanged on April 28. The Lords who examined Gregg did their utmost to establish Harley's complicity, which Gregg, however, with his dying breath solemnly denied.

[22] By Swift himself. The title was, Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet entitled, A Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee appointed to examine Gregg.

[23] See Letter 13, note 10. There is no copy in the British Museum.

[24] Thomas Parnell, the poet, married, in 1706, Anne, daughter of Thomas Minchin, of Tipperary. In 1711 Parnell was thirty-two years of age, and was Archdeacon of Clogher and Vicar of Clontibret. Swift took much trouble to obtain for Parnell the friendship of Bolingbroke and other persons of note, and Parnell became a member of the Scriblerus Club. In 1716 he was made Vicar of Finglas, and after his death in 1718 Pope prepared an edition of his poems. The fits of depression to which Parnell was liable became more marked after his wife's death, and he seems to have to some extent given way to drink. His sincerity and charm of manner made him welcome with men of both parties.

[25] Dr. Henry Compton had been Bishop of London since 1675. He was dangerously ill early in 1711, but he lived until 1713, when he was eighty-one.

[26] See Letter 26, note 10.

[27] See Letter 7, note 21.

[28] L'Estrange speaks of "a whiffling fop" and Swift says, "Every whiffler in a laced coat, who frequents the chocolate-house, shall talk of the Constitution."

[29] Prior's first visit to France with a view to the secret negotiations with that country which the Ministers were now bent on carrying through, had been made in July, when he and Gaultier reached Calais in a fishing-boat and proceeded to Fontainbleau under assumed names. He returned to England in August, but was recognised at Dover, whence the news spread all over London, to the great annoyance of the Ministers. The officer who recognised Prior was John Macky, reputed author of those Characters upon which Swift wrote comments. Formerly a secret service agent under William III., Macky had been given the direction of the Ostend mail packets by Marlborough, to whom he communicated the news of Prior's journey. Bolingbroke threatened to hang Macky, and he was thrown into prison; but the accession of George I. again brought him favour and employment.

[30] See Letter 12, note 7.

LETTER 29.

[1] See Letter 3, note 4.

[2] See Letter 6, note 4.

[3] Edward Villiers (1656-1711), created Viscount Villiers in 1691, was made Earl of Jersey in 1697. Under William III. he was Lord Chamberlain and Secretary of State, but he was dismissed from office in 1704. When he died he had been nominated as a plenipotentiary at the Congress of Utrecht, and was about to receive the appointment of Lord Privy Seal. Lord Jersey married, in 1681, when she was eighteen, Barbara, daughter of William Chiffinch, closet-keeper to Charles II.; she died in 1735.

[4] Lord Paisley was the Earl of Abercorn's eldest surviving son (see Letter 17, note 7).

[5] The Hon. John Hamilton, the Earl's second surviving son, died in 1714.

[6] Dr. John Robinson (1650-1723) had gone out as chaplain to the Embassy at the Court of Sweden in 1682, and had returned in 1708 with the double reputation of being a thorough Churchman and a sound diplomatist. He was soon made Dean of Windsor, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol. He was now introduced to the Council Board, and it was made known to those in the confidence of Ministers that he would be one of the English plenipotentiaries at the coming Peace Congress. In 1713 Dr. Robinson was made Bishop of London.

[7] John Erskine, Earl of Mar (1675-1732), who was attainted for his part in the Rebellion of 1715. His first wife, Lady Margaret Hay, was a daughter of Lord Kinnoull.

[8] Thomas Hay, sixth Earl of Kinnoull (died 1719), a Commissioner for the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, and one of the Scotch representative peers in the first Parliament of Great Britain. His son and heir, Viscount Dupplin, afterwards Baron Hay (see Letter 5, note 34), who married Harley's daughter Abigail, is often mentioned in the Journal.

[9] See Letter 3, note 5.

[10] The title of the pamphlet was, "A New Journey to Paris, together with some Secret Transactions between the French King and an English Gentleman. By the Sieur du Baudrier. Translated from the French."

[11] See Letter 11, note 44.

[12] See Letter 28, note 6.

[13] The Earl of Strafford (see Letter 18, note 3) married, on Sept. 6, 1711, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnson, of Bradenham, Buckinghamshire, a wealthy shipbuilder. Many of Lady Strafford's letters to her husband are given in the Wentworth Papers, 1883.

[14] Samuel Pratt, who was also Clerk of the Closet.

[15] Alice Hill, woman of the bed-chamber to the Queen, died in 1762.

[16] Enniscorthy, the name of a town in the county of Wexford.

[17] Scrambling.

[18] "These words in italics are written in strange, misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing" (Deane Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

[19] Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

[20] John Pooley, appointed Bishop of Raphoe in 1702.

[21] These words in italics are miserably scrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand (Deane Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

[22] See Letter 8, note 2.

LETTER 30.

[1] See Letter 25, note 1.

[2] See Letter 9, note 22.

[3] See Letter 29, note 10.

[4] Cf. the entry on the 11th (note 3 above).

[5] See Letter 6, note 4.

[6] William, Lord Villiers, second Earl of Jersey (died 1721), a strong Jacobite, had been M.P. for Kent before his father's death. He married, in 1704, Judith, only daughter of a City merchant, Frederick Herne, son of Sir Nathaniel Herne, Alderman; she died in 1735. Lord Jersey, one of "the prettiest young peers in England," was a companion of Bolingbroke, and stories in the Wentworth Papers (pp. 149, 230, 395, 445), show that he had a bad reputation.

[7] See Letter 28, note 4.

[8] The name of Arbuthnot's wife is not known: she died in 1730.

[9] James Lovet, one of the "Yeomen Porters" at Court.

[10] Richard Jones, Earl of Ranelagh, who died without male issue in January 1712. Writing to Archbishop King on Jan. 8, Swift said, "Lord Ranelagh died on Sunday morning; he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of a pension which used to be paid him."

[11] Arabella Churchill, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and mistress of James II., afterwards married Colonel Charles Godfrey, Clerk Comptroller of the Green Cloth and Master of the Jewel Office. Her second son by James II. was created Duke of Albemarle.

[12] See Letter 28, note 4.

[13] The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of Dublin, elected in August 1711, "not being approved of by the Government, the City was obliged to proceed to another election, which occasioned a great ferment among the vulgar sort" (Boyer, Political State, 1711, p. 500). After two other persons had been elected and disapproved of, Alderman Gore was elected Lord Mayor, and approved (ib. pp. 612-17).

[14] "These words in italics are written enormously large" (Deane Swift). (Italics replaced by capitals for the transcription of this etext.)

[15] See Letter 3, note 39.

[16] Henry Lowman, First Clerk of the Kitchen.

[17] "The Doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or anything else; and this is one of his rapid computations. For, as Stella was seven days in journey, although Dr. Swift says only six, she might well have spent four days at Inish-Corthy, and two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's, the distance from Wexford to Dublin being but two easy days' journey" (Deane Swift).

[18] Mrs. Fenton.

LETTER 31.

[1] See Letter 10, note 31.

[2] Charles Paulet, second Duke of Bolton, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1717, and died in 1722. In a note on Macky's character of the Duke, Swift calls him "a great booby"; and Lady Cowper (Diary, p. 154) says that he was generally to be seen with his tongue lolling out of his mouth.

[3] Stella's maid.

[4] See Letter 12, note 7.

[5] Colonel Fielding (see Letter 16, note 21).

[6] The envoys were Menager and the Abbe du Bois; the priest was the Abbe Gaultier.

[7] See Letter 18, note 3.

[8] Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, General, who died in 1702, married Eleanor, daughter of Richard Wall, of Rogane, Tipperary. She died in 1732, and Swift described her as so "cunning a devil that she had great influence as a reconciler of the differences at Court." One of her sons was General James Oglethorpe, the philanthropist, and friend of Dr. Johnson.

[9] "Worrit," trouble, tease.

[10] Sir John Walter, Bart. (died 1722), was M.P. for the city of Oxford. He and Charles Godfrey (see Letter 30, note 11) were the Clerks Comptrollers of the Green Cloth.

[11] See Letter 17, note 3.

[12] No doubt one of the daughters of Mervyn Tuchet, fourth Earl of Castlehaven, who died in 1686.

[13] Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles Scarborow (see Letter 27, note 19). She married, in 1712, Sir Robert Jenkinson, Bart., M.P. for Oxfordshire, who died without issue in 1717. See Wentworth Papers, 244.

[14] In July 1712 a Commission passed empowering Conyers Darcy and George Fielding (an equerry to the Queen) to execute the office of Master of the Horse.

[15] At Killibride, about four miles from Trim.

[16] Swift's "mistress," Lady Hyde (see Letter 5, note 11), whose husband had become Earl of Rochester in May 1711. She was forty-one in 1711.

[17] See Sept. 19, 1711.

[18] See Letter 29, note 14.

[19] See Letter 22, note 3.

[20] See Letter 27, note 9.

[21] See Letter 26, note 10.

[22] "This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this use of it" (Deane Swift).

LETTER 32.

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, of Colonel Kane's regiment.

[2] A nickname for the High Church party.

[3] See Letter 29, note 10.

[4] "From this pleasantry of my Lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus Scriblerus took its rise" (Deane Swift).

[5] Cf. the Imitation of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace, 1714, where Swift says that, during their drives together, Harley would

"gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs."

[6] See Letter 23, note 15.

[7] See Letter 18, note 4.

[8] See Letter 23, note 17.

[9] Lord Pembroke (see Letter 7, note 31) married, in 1708, as his second wife, Barbara, Dowager Baroness Arundell of Trerice, formerly widow of Sir Richard Mauleverer, and daughter of Sir Thomas Slingsby. She died in 1722.

[10] Caleb Coatesworth, who died in 1741, leaving a large fortune.

[11] Abel Boyer, Whig journalist and historian, attacked Swift in his pamphlet, An Account of the State and Progress of the Present Negotiations for Peace. Boyer says that he was released from custody by Harley; and in the Political State for 1711 (p. 646) he speaks of Swift as "a shameless and most

contemptible ecclesiastical turncoat, whose tongue is as swift to revile as his mind is swift to change." The Postboy said that Boyer would "be prosecuted with the utmost severity of the law" for this attack.

[12] The "Edgar." Four hundred men were killed.

[13] William Bretton, or Britton, was made Lieutenant-Colonel in 1702, Colonel of a new Regiment of Foot 1705, Brigadier-General 1710, and Colonel of the King's Own Borderers in April 1711 (Dalton, Army Lists, iii. 238). In December 1711 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Prussia (Postboy, Jan. 1, 1712), and he died in December 1714 or January 1715.

[14] See Letter 24, note 14.

[15] It is not clear which of several Lady Gores is here referred to. It may be (1) the wife of Sir William Gore, Bart., of Manor Gore, and Custos Rotulorum, County Leitrim, who married Hannah, eldest daughter and co-heir of James Hamilton, Esq., son of Sir Frederick Hamilton, and niece of Gustavus Hamilton, created Viscount Boyne. She died 1733. Or (2) the wife of Sir Ralph Gore, Bart. (died 1732), M.P. for County Donegal, and afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He married Miss Colville, daughter of Sir Robert Colville, of Newtown, Leitrim, and, as his second wife, Elizabeth, only daughter of Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Or (3) the wife of Sir Arthur Gore, Bart. (died 1727), of Newtown Gore, Mayo, who married Eleanor, daughter of Sir George St. George, Bart., of Carrick, Leitrim, and was ancestor of the Earls of Arran.

[16] "Modern usage has sanctioned Stella's spelling" (Scott). Swift's spelling was "wast."

[17] Mrs. Manley.

[18] Swift's own lines, "Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition."

[19] Thomas Coote was a justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland, from 1692 until his removal in 1715.

[20] Probably a relative of Robert Echlin, Dean of Tuam, who was killed by some of his own servants in April 1712, at the age of seventy-three. His son

John became Prebendary and Vicar-General of Tuam, and died in 1764, aged eighty-three. In August 1731 Bolingbroke sent Swift a letter by the hands of "Mr. Echlin," who would, he said, tell Swift of the general state of things in England.

[21] "This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand" (Deane Swift).

LETTER 33.

[1] Swift's verses, "The Description of a Salamander," are a scurrilous attack on John, Lord Cutts (died 1707), who was famous for his bravery. Joanna Cutts, the sister who complained of Swift's abuse, died unmarried.

[2] See Letter 6, note 5.

[3] Fourteen printers or publishers were arrested, under warrants signed by St. John, for publishing pamphlets directed against the Government. They appeared at the Court of Queens Bench on Oct. 23, and were continued on their own recognisances till the end of the term.

[4] Robert Benson (see Letter 6, note 36).

[5] "The South Sea Whim," printed in Scott's Swift, ii. 398.

[6] See Letter 21, Apr. 24, 1711, Letter 22, Apr. 28, 1711, and Letter 34, 17 Nov. 1711.

[7] Count Gallas was dismissed with a message that he might depart from the kingdom when he thought fit. He published the preliminaries of peace in the Daily Courant.

[8] William, second Viscount Hatton, who died without issue in 1760. His half-sister Anne married Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Hatton was therefore uncle to his fellow-guest, Mr. Finch.

[9] Crinkle or contract. Gay writes: "Showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain."

[10] The Countess of Jersey (see Letter 30, note 6), like her husband, was a friend of Bolingbroke's. Lady Strafford speaks of her having lately (November 1711) "been in pickle for her sins," at which she was not surprised. Before the Earl succeeded to the title, Lady Wentworth wrote to her

son: “It’s said Lord Villors Lady was worth fower scoar thoussand pd; you might have got her, as wel as Lord Villors.... He (Lord Jersey) has not don well by his son, the young lady is not yoused well as I hear amongst them, which in my openion is not well.” Wentworth Papers (pp. 214, 234).

[11] Cf. Letter 9, Nov. 11, 1710, and Letter 9, note 3.

[12] Charles Crow, appointed Bishop of Cloyne in 1702.

[13] Swift.

[14] Mrs. Manley.

[15] The titles of these pamphlets are as follows: (1) A True Narrative of.. . the Examination of the Marquis de Guiscard; (2) Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet entitled, A Letter to the Seven Lords; (3) A New Journey to Paris; (4) The Duke of Marlborough’s Vindication; (5) A Learned Comment on Dr. Hare’s Sermon.

[16] See the pun this day above.

LETTER 34.

[1] See Letter 3, note 17.

[2] See Letter 11, note 44.

[3] Pratt (see Letter 2, note 14).

[4] Stella and Dingley.

[5] "Noah's Dove, an Exhortation to Peace, set forth in a Sermon preached on the Seventh of November, 1710, a Thanksgiving Day, by Thomas Swift, A.M., formerly Chaplain to Sir William Temple, now Rector of Puttenham in Surrey." Thomas Swift was Swift's "little parson cousin" (see Letter 24, note 2).

[6] See Letter 6, note 11. The book referred to is, apparently, An Impartial Enquiry into the Management of the War in Spain, post-dated 1712.

[7] Lord Harley (afterwards second Earl of Oxford) (see Letter 5, note 35) married, on Oct. 31, 1713, Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter of John Holles, last Duke of Newcastle of that family (see Letter 26, note 26).

[8] Bolingbroke afterwards said that the great aim (at length accomplished) of Harley's administration was to marry his son to this young lady. Swift wrote a poetical address to Lord Harley on his marriage.

[9] Thomas Pelham, first Baron Pelham, married, as his second wife, Lady Grace Holles, daughter of the Earl of Clare and sister of the Duke of Newcastle. Their eldest son, Thomas, who succeeded to the barony in 1712, was afterwards created Earl of Clare and Duke of Newcastle,

[10] Francis Higgins, Rector of Baldruddery, called "the Sacheverell of Ireland," was an extreme High Churchman, who had been charged with sedition on account of sermons preached in London in 1707. In 1711 he was again

prosecuted as "a disloyal subject and disturber of the public peace." At that time he was Prebendary of Christ Church, Dublin; in 1725 he was made Archdeacon of Cashel.

[11] Swift's pamphlet, The Conduct of the Allies.

[12] Lord Oxford's daughter Abigail married, in 1709, Viscount Dupplin, afterwards seventh Earl of Kinnoull (see Letter 5, note 34). She died in 1750, and her husband in 1758, when the eldest son, Thomas, became Earl. The second son, Robert, was made Archbishop of York in 1761.

[13] Kensington Gravel Pits was then a famous health resort.

[14] Draggled. Pope has, "A puppy, daggled through the town."

[15] Writing of Peperharrow, Manning and Bray state (Surrey, ii. 32, 47) that Oxenford Grange was conveyed to Philip Froud (died 1736) in 1700, and was sold by him in 1713 to Alan Broderick, afterwards Viscount Midleton. This Froud (Swift's "old Frowde") had been Deputy Postmaster-General; he was son of Sir Philip Frowde, who was knighted in 1665 (Le Neve's Knights, Harleian Society, p. 190), and his son Philip was Addison's friend (see Letter 8, note 13).

[16] Probably the Charles Child, Esq., of Farnham, whose death is recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754.

[17] Grace Spencer was probably Mrs. Proby's sister (see Letter 19, note 3).

[18] Cf. Shakespeare, As You Like It, v. 3: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?"

[19] In the "Verses on his own Death," 1731, Swift says

"When daily howd'y's come of course,

And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!'"

Cf. Steele (Tatler, No. 109),

"After so many howdies, you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune,"

and (Spectator, No. 143),

"the howd'ye servants of our women."

LETTER 35.

[1] See Letter 31, note 8.

[2] See Letter 14, note 9.

[3] The Tories alleged that the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Montagu, Steele, etc., were to take part in the procession (cf. Spectator, No. 269). Swift admits that the images seized were worth less than 40 pounds, and not 1000 pounds, as he had said, and that the Devil was not like Harley; yet he employed someone to write a lying pamphlet, A True Relation of the Several Facts and Circumstances of the Intended Riot and Tumult, etc.

[4] A brother of Jemmy Leigh (see Letter 2, note 16), and one of Stella's card-playing acquaintances.

[5] Of The Conduct of the Allies (see Letter 34, Nov. 10, 1711, and Letter 35, Nov. 24, 1711).

[6] Sir Thomas Hanmer (see Letter 9, note 13) married, in 1698, Isabella, widow of the first Duke of Grafton, and only daughter and heiress of Henry, Earl of Arlington. She died in 1723.

[7] James, Duke of Hamilton (see Letter 27, note 9), married, in 1698, as his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Digby, Lord Gerard. She died in 1744.

[8] The Conduct of the Allies.

[9] See Letter 25, note 6.

[10] Sir Matthew Dudley (see Letter 3, note 2) married Lady Mary O'Bryen, youngest daughter of Henry, Earl of Thomond.

[11] See Letter 31, note 10.

[12] Sir John St. Leger (died 1743) was M.P. for Doneraile and a Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland from 1714 to 1741. His elder brother, Arthur, was created Viscount Doneraile in 1703.

[13] "Relation of the Facts and Circumstances of the Intended Riot on Queen Elizabeth's Birthday."

[14] The Conduct of the Allies.

[15] See Letter 9, note 18.

[16] The first motto was "Partem tibi Gallia nostri eripuit," etc. (Horace, 2 Od. 17-24).

[17] See Plautus's Amphitrus, or Dryden's Amphitryon.

[18] It is not known whether or no this was Dr. William Savage, Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. No copy of the sermon — if it was printed — has been found. See Courtenay's Memoirs of Sir William Temple.

[19] Of The Conduct of the Allies, a pamphlet which had a very wide circulation. See a paper by Edward Solly in the Antiquarian Magazine, March 1885.

[20] Allen Bathurst, M.P. (1684-1775), created Baron Bathurst in December 1711, and Earl Bathurst in 1772. His second and eldest surviving son was appointed Lord Chancellor in the year preceding the father's death. Writing to her son in January 1711 (Wentworth Papers, 173), Lady Wentworth said of Bathurst, "He is, next to you, the finest gentleman and the best young man I know; I love him dearly."

[21] See Letter 9, note 17.

[22] See Letter 16, note 20.

[23] Swift is alluding to the quarrel between Lord Santry (see Letter 23, note 2)

and Francis Higgins (see Letter 34, note 10), which led to Higgins's prosecution. The matter is described at length in Boyer s Political State, 1711, pp. 617 seq.

[24] See Letter 19, note 1.

[25] No doubt the same as Colonel Newburgh (see Journal, March 5, 1711-12).

[26] Beaumont (see Letter 1, note 2 and Letter 26, Jul. 6, 1711).

[27] See Letter 31, note 1.

[28] Cf. Letter 15, Feb. 9, 1710-11.

[29] See Letter 35, note 3.

LETTER 36.

[1] See Letter 34, note 15. Debtors could not be arrested on Sunday.

[2] Sir George Pretyman, Bart., dissipated the fortune of the family. The title became dormant in 1749.

[3] See the Introduction.

[4] For the Whites of Farnham, see Manning and Bray's Surrey, iii. 177.

[5] The Conduct of the Allies.

[6] The Percevals were among Swift's principal friends in the neighbourhood of Laracor. In a letter to John Temple in 1706 (Forster's Life of Swift, 182) Swift alludes to Perceval; in spite of different views in politics, "I always loved him," says Swift, "very well as a man of very good understanding and humour." Perceval was related to Sir John Perceval, afterwards Earl of Egmont (see Letter 18, note 15).

[7] See Letter 1, note 12.

[8] See Letter 8, note 14.

[9] The Examiner was resumed on Dec. 6, 1711, under Oldisworth's editorship, and was continued by him until July 1714.

[10] Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, a staunch Tory, had quarrelled with the Government and the Court. On Dec. 7, 1711, he carried, by six votes, an amendment to the Address, to the effect that no peace would be acceptable which left Spain in the possession of the House of Bourbon. Harley's counter-stroke was the creation of twelve new peers. The Whigs rewarded Nottingham by withdrawing their opposition to the Occasional Conformity Bill:

[11] This "Song" begins:

"An orator dismal of Nottinghamshire,

Who had forty years let out his conscience for hire."

[12] The Conduct of the Allies.

[13] Robert Bertie, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and fourth Earl of Lindsey, was created Marquis of Lindsay in 1706, and Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven in 1715. He died in 1723.

[14] Lady Sunderland (see Letter 27, note 21) and Lady Rialton, ladies of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

[15] Hugh Cholmondeley (died 1724), the second Viscount, was created Viscount Malpas and Earl of Cholmondeley in 1706, and in 1708 was appointed Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, an office which he held until 1713, in spite of his Whig sympathies. "Good for nothing, so far as ever I knew," Swift wrote of him.

[16] Prov. xxv. 3.

[17] See Letter 31, note 8.

[18] Thomas Parker, afterwards created Earl of Macclesfield, was appointed Lord Chief-Justice in March 1710. In September 1711 he declined Harley's offer of the Lord Chancellorship, a post which he accepted under a Whig Government in the next reign.

[19] The Bill against Occasional Conformity.

LETTER 37.

[1] The proposed visit to London of Prince Eugene of Savoy, the renowned General, and friend of Marlborough, was viewed by the Government with considerable alarm.

[2] Swift's "An excellent new Song; being the intended Speech of a famous orator against Peace," a ballad "two degrees above Grub Street" (see Letter 36, note 11).

[3] Robert Walpole was then M.P. for King's Lynn, and Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. He had been Secretary at War from February 1708 to September 1710, and the Commissioners of Public Accounts having reported, on Dec. 21, 1711, that he had been guilty of venality and corruption, he was expelled from the House of Commons, and taken to the Tower.

[4] William King, D.C.L., author of the Journey to London in 1698, Dialogues of the Dead, The Art of Cookery, and other amusing works, was, at the end of the month, appointed Gazetteer, in succession to Steele, on Swift's recommendation. Writing earlier in the year, Gay said that King deserved better than to "languish out the small remainder of his life in the Fleet Prison." The duties of Gazetteer were too much for his easy-going nature and failing health, and he resigned the post in July 1712. He died in the following December.

[5] At the bottom of St. James's Street, on the west side.

[6] The Rev. John Shower, pastor of the Presbyterian Congregation at Curriers' Hall, London Wall.

[7] The Windsor Prophecy, in which the Duchess of Somerset (see Letter 17, note 10) is attacked as "Carrots from Northumberland."

[8] Merlin's Prophecy, 1709, written in pseudo-mediaeval English.

[9] See Letter 3, note 18.

[10] Dorothy, daughter of Sir Edward Leach, of Shipley, Derbyshire.

[11] Sir James Long, Bart. (died 1729), was at this time M.P. for Chippenham.

[12] The number containing this paragraph is not in the British Museum.

[13] Joseph Beaumont (see Letter 1, note 2, Letter 26, Jul. 6, 1711 and Letter 35, note 26)

[14] See Letter 4, note 13.

[15] Apparently a misprint for “whether.”

[16] See Letter 32, note 19.

[17] James Compton, afterwards fifth Earl of Northampton (died 1754), was summoned to the House of Lords as Baron Compton in December 1711. Charles Bruce, who succeeded his father as third Earl of Aylesbury in 1741, was created Lord Bruce, of Whorlton, at the same time.

[18] James, Lord Compton, eldest son of the Earl of Northampton; Charles, Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury; Henry Paget, son of Lord Paget; George Hay, Viscount Dupplin, the son-in-law of the Lord Treasurer, created Baron Hay; Viscount Windsor, created Baron Montjoy; Sir Thomas Mansel, Baron Mansel; Sir Thomas Willoughby, Baron Middleton; Sir Thomas Trevor, Baron Trevor; George Granville, Baron Lansdowne; Samuel Masham, Baron Masham; Thomas Foley, Baron Foley; and Allen Bathurst, Baron Bathurst.

LETTER 38.

[1] Juliana, widow of the second Earl of Burlington, and daughter of the Hon. Henry Noel, was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne. She died in 1750, aged seventy-eight.

[2] Thomas Windsor, Viscount Windsor (died 1738), an Irish peer, who had served under William III. in Flanders, was created Baron Montjoy, of the Isle of Wight, in December 1711. He married Charlotte, widow of John, Baron Jeffries, of Wem, and daughter of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

[3] The Hon. Russell Robartes, brother of Lord Radnor (see Letter 3, note 7), was Teller of the Exchequer, and M.P. for Bodmin. His son became third Earl of Radnor in 1723.

[4] Gay (Trivia, ii. 92) speaks of "the slabby pavement."

[5] See Letter 17, note 1.

[6] George Granville (see Letter 14, note 5), now Baron Lansdowne, married Lady Mary Thynne, widow of Thomas Thynne, and daughter of Edward, Earl of Jersey (see Letter 29, note 3). In October 1710 Lady Wentworth wrote to her son, "Pray, my dear, why will you let Lady Mary Thynne go? She is young, rich, and not unhandsome, some say she is pretty; and a virtuous lady, and of the nobility, and why will you not try to get her?" (Wentworth papers, 149).

[7] See Letter 24, note 4.

[8] Harness.

[9] On his birthday Swift read the third chapter of Job.

[10] See Letter 33, note 12.

[11] Sir George St. George of Dunmore, Co. Galway, M.P. for Co. Leitrim from 1661 to 1692, and afterwards for Co. Galway, died in December 1711.

[12] See Letter 35, note 11 and Letter 31, note 10.

[13] See Letter 4, note 16.

[14] Dr. Pratt (see Letter 2, note 14).

[15] King Henry VIII., act iv. sc. 2; "An old man broken with the storms," etc.

[16] "These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way" (Deane Swift),

[17] Archibald Douglas, third Marquis of Douglas, was created Duke of Douglas in 1703. He died, without issue, in 1761.

[18] Arbuthnot and Freind.

LETTER 39.

1 Sir Stephen Evance, goldsmith, was knighted in 1690.

2 Because of the refusal of the House of Lords to allow the Duke of Hamilton (see Letter 27, note 9), a Scottish peer who had been raised to the peerage of Great Britain as Duke of Brandon, to sit under that title. The Scottish peers discontinued their attendance at the House until the resolution was partially amended; and the Duke of Hamilton always sat as a representative Scottish peer.

3 Sir William Robinson (1655-1736), created a baronet in 1689, was M.P. for York from 1697 to 1722. His descendants include the late Earl De Grey and the Marquis of Ripon.

4 See Letter 16, note 19. The full title was, Some Advice humbly offered to the Members of the October Club, in a Letter from a Person of Honour.

5 See Letter 38, note 11.

6 "It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper" (Deane Swift).

7 Henry Somerset, second Duke of Beaufort. In September 1711 the Duke — who was then only twenty-seven — married, as his third wife, Mary, youngest daughter of the Duke of Leeds. In the following January Lady Strafford wrote, "The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are the fondest of one another in the world; I fear 'tis too hot to hold.... I own I fancy people may love one another as well without making so great a rout" (Wentworth Papers, 256). The Duke died in 1714, at the age of thirty.

8 "Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the Examiner was very severe upon the Duke of Marlborough, and in consequence of this report pursued him with greater virulence in the following course of his papers" (Deane Swift).

9 A term of execration. Scott (Kenilworth) has, "A pize on it."

[10] See Letter 11, note 13.

[11] In a letter to Swift of Jan. 31, 1712, Sacheverell, after expressing his indebtedness to St. John and Harley, said, "For yourself, good Doctor, who was the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the obligation," and in a postscript he hinted that a place in the Custom House which he heard was vacant might suit his brother.

[12] Thomas Yalden, D.D., (1671-1736), Addison's college friend, succeeded Atterbury as preacher of Bridewell Hospital in 1713. In 1723 he was arrested on suspicion of being involved in the Atterbury plot.

[13] Tablets.

[14] Sir Solomon de Medina, a Jew, was knighted in 1700.

[15] Davenant had been said to be the writer of papers which Swift contributed to the Examiner.

[16] Henry Withers, a friend of "Duke" Disney (see Letter 16, note 20), was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1707, and Major-General in 1712. On his death in 1729 he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[17] See Letter 36, note 18.

[18] Dyer's News Letter, the favourite reading of Sir Roger de Coverley (Spectator, No. 127), was the work of John Dyer, a Jacobite journalist. In the Tatler (No. 18) Addison says that Dyer was "justly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country has produced." Lord Chief-Justice Holt referred to the News Letter as "a little scandalous paper of a scandalous author" (Howell's State Trials, xiv. 1150).

LETTER 40.

[1] Dr. John Sharp, made Archbishop of York in 1691, was called by Swift "the harmless tool of others' hate." Swift believed that Sharp, owing to his dislike of The Tale of a Tub, assisted in preventing the bishopric of Hereford being offered to him. Sharp was an excellent preacher, with a taste for both poetry and science.

[2] An edition of the Countess d'Aulnoy's Les Contes des Fees appeared in 1710, in four volumes.

[3] Francis Godolphin, Viscount Rialton, the eldest son of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, succeeded his father as second Earl on Sept. 15, 1712. He held 3 various offices, including that of Lord Privy Seal (1735-1740), and died in 1766, aged eighty-eight. He married, in 1698, Lady Henrietta Churchill, who afterwards was Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. She died in 1733.

[4] See Letter 26, note 24. Ladies of the bed-chamber received 1000 pounds a year.

[5] William O'Brien, third Earl of Inchiquin, succeeded his father in 1691, and died in 1719.

[6] Lady Catherine Hyde was an unmarried daughter of Laurence Hyde, first Earl of Rochester (see Letter 8, note 22). Notwithstanding Swift's express statement that the lady to whom he here refers was the late Earl's daughter, and the allusion to her sister, Lady Dalkeith, in Letter 60, note 26, she has been confused by previous editors with her niece, Lady Catherine Hyde (see Letter 26, note 24), daughter of the second Earl, and afterwards Duchess of Queensberry. That lady, not long afterwards to be celebrated by Prior, was a child under twelve when Swift wrote.

[7] Sir John Trevor (1637-1717), formerly Speaker of the House of Commons.

[8] See Letter 11, note 44.

[9] See Letter 34, note 10.

[10] See Letter 23, note 2.

[11] Charles Trimnel, made Bishop of Norwich in 1708, and Bishop of Winchester in 1721, was strongly opposed to High Church doctrines.

[12] Jibe or jest.

[13] See Letter 22, note 4.

[14] The treaty concluded with Holland in 1711.

[15] Feb. 2 is the Purification of the Virgin Mary.

[16] See Letter 29, note 7.

[17] See Letter 11, note 53.

[18] Lady Mary Butler (see Letter 7, note 2 and Letter 3, note 40), daughter of the Duke of Ormond, who married, in 1710, John, third Lord Ashburnham, afterwards Earl of Ashburnham.

[19] See Letter 2, note 5.

[20] See Letter 36, note 14.

[21] Scroop Egerton, fifth Earl and first Duke of Bridgewater, married, in 1703, Lady Elizabeth Churchill, third daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. She died in 1714, aged twenty-six.

[22] See Letter 30, note 6.

[23] Heart.

[24] Edward Fowler, D.D., appointed Bishop of Gloucester in 1691, died in 1714.

[25] Isaac Manley (see Letter 3, note 3).

LETTER 41.

[1] This letter, the first of the series published by Hawkesworth, of which we have the originals (see Preface), was addressed "To Mrs. Johnson at her Lodgings over against St. Mary's Church, near Capell Street, Dublin, Ireland"; and was endorsed by her "Recd. Mar. 1st."

[2] See Letter 10, note 28.

[3] See Letter 12, note 22.

[4] See Letter 23, note 2.

[5] Charles Ross, son of the eleventh Baron Ross, was Colonel of the Royal Irish Dragoons from 1695 to 1705. He was a Lieutenant-General under the Duke of Ormond in Flanders, and died in 1732 (Dalton, ii. 212, iii. 34).

[6] Charles Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, succeeded his father (see Letter 31, note 2) as third Duke of Bolton in 1722. He married, as his second wife, Lavinia Fenton, the actress who took the part of Polly Peacham in Gay's Beggars Opera in 1728, and he died in 1754.

[7] John Blith, or Bligh, son of the Right Hon. Thomas Bligh, M.P. of Rathmore, Co. Meath (see Letter 4, note 22). In August 1713 he married Lady Theodosia Hyde, daughter of Edward, third Earl of Clarendon. Lord Berkeley of Stratton wrote, "Lady Theodosia Hyde... is married to an Irish Mr. Blythe, of a good estate, who will soon have enough of her, if I can give any guess" (Wentworth Papers, 353). In 1715 Bligh was made Baron Clifton, of Rathmore, and Earl of Darnley in 1725. He died in 1728.

[8] Obliterated.

[9] Word obliterated; probably "found." Forster reads "oors, dee MD."

[10] Words obliterated.

[11] See Letter 31, note 1 and Letter 10, note 31.

[12] See Letter 20, Apr. 13-14, 1711 and Letter 9, note 20.

[13] Words obliterated. Forster reads “fourth. Euge, euge, euge.”

[14] Words obliterated; one illegible.

[15] See Letter 2, note 14.

[16] See Letter 1, note 12.

[17] Service.

[18] “Aplon” — if this is the right word — means, of course, apron — the apron referred to on Letter 39, Jan. 25, 1711-12.

[19] Words obliterated.

[20] As the son of a “brother” of the Club.

[21] The Archbishop, Dr. King.

[22] See Tacitus, Annals, book ii. Cn. Calpurnius Piso, who was said to have poisoned Germanicus, was found with his throat cut.

[23] This satire on Marlborough concludes—”And Midas now neglected stands, With asses’ ears and dirty hands.”

[24] Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.

[25] Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty.

[26] Several words are obliterated. Forster reads “MD MD, for we must always

write to MD MD MD, awake or asleep;" but the passage is illegible.

[27] See Letter 11, note 39 and Letter 61, note 5.

[28] A long erasure. Forster reads "Go to bed. Help pdfr. Rove pdfr. MD MD. Nite darling rogues."

[29] Word obliterated. Forster reads "saucy."

[30] Letter from.

[31] Words partially obliterated.

[32] Swift wrote by mistake, "On Europe Britain's safety lies"; the slip was pointed out by Hawkesworth. All the verse is written in the MSS. as prose.

[33] "Them" (MS.).

[34] See Wyons Queen Anne, ii. 366-7.

[35] A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue, in a Letter to the Most Honourable Robert, Earl of Oxford, 1712.

[36] "Help him to draw up the representation" (omitting every other letter).

[37] See Letter 23, note 13.

[38] Robert Benson.

[39] The Story of the St. Albans Ghost, 1712.

[40] "Usually" (MS.).

[41] These words are partially obliterated.

[42] This sentence is obliterated. Forster reads, “Farewell, mine deelest rife deelest char Ppt, MD MD MD Ppt, FW, Lele MD, ME ME ME ME aden FW MD Lazy ones Lele Lele all a Lele.”

LETTER 42.

[1] Endorsed by Stella "Recd. Mar. 19."

[2] "Would" (MS.).

[3] Conversation.

[4] John Guillim's Display of Heraldrie appeared first in 1610. The edition to which Swift refers was probably that of 1679, which is wrongly described as the "fifth edition," instead of the seventh.

[5] "One of the horses here mentioned may have been the celebrated Godolphin Arabian from whom descends all the blue blood of the racecourse, and who was the grandfather of Eclipse" (Larwood's Story of the London Parks, 99).

[6] See Letter 36, note 6.

[7] Dorothea, daughter of James Stopford, of New Hall, County Meath, and sister of Lady Newtown-Butler, was the second wife of Edward, fourth Earl of Meath, who died without issue in 1707. She afterwards married General Richard Gorges (see Journal, April 5, 1713), of Kilbrue, County Meath, and Swift wrote an epitaph on them—"Doll and Dickey."

[8] Here follow some obliterated words.

[9] Barber (see Letter 12, note 6).

[10] "The editors supposed Zinkerman (which they printed in capitals) to mean some outlandish or foreign distinction; but it is the little language for 'gentleman'" (Forster).

[11] The Hon. Charles Butler, second son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, eldest son of James, Duke of Ormond, was elevated to the peerage of Ireland in 1693 as Earl of Arran, and was also created a peer of England, as Baron Butler. He

held various offices under William III. and Queen Anne, and died without issue in 1759.

[12] "They" (MS.).

[13] See Letter 31, Jan. 12, 1711-12 and Letter 3, note 22.

[14] See Letter 11, note 13.

[15] Sir William Wyndham, Bart., of Orchard Wyndham, married Lady Catherine Seymour, daughter of the sixth Duke of Somerset (see Letter 25, note 1). Their eldest son, Charles, succeeded his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, as Earl of Egremont; and the second son, Percy, was afterwards created Earl of Thomond. The Wyndhams' house was in Albemarle Street; the loss was over 20,000 pounds; but they were "much more concerned for their servants than for all the other losses" (Wentworth Papers, 274). The Duke of Ormond "worked as hard as any of the ordinary men, and gave many guineas about to encourage the men to work hard." The Queen gave the Wyndhams temporary lodgings in "St. James's house."

[16] See Letter 3, note 31.

[17] What.

[18] Devil's.

[19] "To" (MS.).

[20] See Letter 35, note 25.

[21] See Letter 41, note 34.

[22] See Letter 12, Jan. 1, 1710-11.

[23] Peregrine Hyde Osborne, Earl of Danby, afterwards Marquis of Caermarthen and third Duke of Leeds (see Letter 56, note 6). His sister Mary was married to the Duke of Beaufort (see Letter 39, note 7).

[24] See Letter 9, note 17.

[25] Several undecipherable words. Forster reads, “Pidy Pdfr, deelest Sollahs.”

[26] “K” (MS.). It should, of course, be “Queen’s.”

[27] See Letter 22, note 18.

LETTER 43.

[1] Addressed "To Mrs. Johnson, at her lodgings over against St. Mary's Church, near Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland." Endorsed "Mar. 30."

[2] See Letter 9, note 1.

[3] The Mohocks succeeded the Scowrers of William III.'s reign. Gay (Trivia, iii. 325) says "Who has not heard the Scowrers' midnight fame?

Who has not trembled at the Mohocks' name?"

Lady Wentworth (Wentworth Papers, 277) says: "They put an old woman into a hogshead, and rolled her down a hill; they cut off some noses, others' hands, and several barbarous tricks, without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen; they never take any money from any." See also the Spectator, Nos. 324, 332, and 347 (where Budgell alludes to "the late panic fear"), and Defoe's Review for March 15, 1712. Swift was in considerable alarm about the Mohocks throughout March, and said that they were all Whigs. The reports that numbers of persons, including men of figure, had joined together to commit assaults in the streets, made many fear to leave their houses at night. A proclamation was issued for

the suppressing of riots and the discovery of those guilty of the

late outrages; but it seems probable that the disorders were not more

frequent than might be expected from time to time in a great city.

[4] Henry Davenant, son of Charles Davenant (see Letter 8, note 14), was Resident at Frankfort. Macky described him as "very giddy-headed, with some wit," to which Swift added, "He is not worth mentioning."

[5] Thomas Burnet, youngest son of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was at this time a young man about town of no good reputation. Afterwards he turned his attention to the law, and was appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1741. He was knighted in 1745, and died in 1753.

[6] By Arbuthnot, written to recommend the peace proposals of the Government. The full title was, Law is a Bottomless Pit. Exemplified in the case of the Lord Strutt, John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon; who spent all they had in a Law Suit.

[7] See Letter 25, note 6 and Letter 41, note 35.

[8] Our little language.

[9] Forster reads, "two deelest nauty nown MD."

[10] See Letter 6, note 12.

[11] William Diaper, son of Joseph Diaper of Bridgewater, was sent to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1699, at the age of fourteen. He entered the Church, and was curate at Brent, Somerset; but he died in 1717, aged twenty-nine.

[12] The Examiner (vol. ii. No. 15) complained of general bribery and oppression on the part of officials and underlings in the public service, especially in matters connected with the army; but the writer said that the head (Lord Lansdowne) was just and liberal in his nature, and easy in his

fortune, and a man of honour and virtue.

[13] Sealed documents given to show that a merchant's goods are entered.

[14] Thomas Lawrence, First Physician to Queen Anne, and Physician-General to the Army, died in 1714 (Gentleman's Magazine, 1815, ii. 17). His daughter Elizabeth was second wife to Lord Mohun.

[15] See Letter 17, note 11.

[16] See Letter 26, note 2.

[17] No officer named Newcomb appears in Dalton's Army Lists; but the allusion to General Ross, further on in Letter 43, adds to the probability that Swift was referring to one of the sons of Sir Thomas Newcomen, Bart., who was killed at the siege of Enniskillen. Beverley Newcomen (Dalton, iii. 52, iv. 60), who was probably Swift's acquaintance, was described in a petition of 1706 as a Lieutenant who had served at Killiecrankie, and had been in Major-General Ross's regiment ever since 1695.

[18] Atterbury.

[19] Evidently a familiar quotation at the time. Forster reads, incorrectly, "But the more I lite MD."

[20] See Letter 41, note 5.

[21] See Letter 12, note 1.

[22] In 1681, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of John Ayres, of the City of London, then aged about twenty, became the fourth and last wife of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, who died in 1689. She lived until 1745.

[23] See Letter 23, note 17.

[24] Enoch Sterne (see Letter 4, note 17).

[25] Lieut.-Col. Robert Sterne was in Col. Frederick Hamilton's Regiment in 1695.

[26] Letter.

[27] See Letter 13, note 10.

[28] The title was, John Bull in his Senses: being the Second Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit.

[29] See Letter 36, note 6.

[30] Cf. note 9 above. Forster reads "nautyas," when the words would mean "as naughty as nine," apparently.

[31] See note 19 above.

[32] In 1549, James, second Earl of Arran, was made Duke of Chatelherault by Henry II. of France. His eldest son died without issue; the second, John, became first Marquis of Hamilton, and was great-grandfather of Lady Anne Hamilton (Duchess of Hamilton), mother of the Duke of Swift's Journal. The Earl of Abercorn, on the other hand, was descended from Claud, third son of the Earl of Arran, but in the male line; and his claim was therefore the stronger, according to the French law of inheritance.

[33] Madams.

[34] This word is doubtful. Forster reads "cobbled."

[35] A mistake, apparently, for "writing." The letter was begun on March 8.

[36] Silly jade.

[37] O Lord, what a clutter.

[38] On the death of Dr. William Graham, Dean of Wells, it was reported that

Swift was to be his successor. Dr. Brailsford, however, received the appointment.

[39] Abel Roper (1665-1726), a Tory journalist, published, thrice weekly, the Postboy, to which Swift sometimes sent paragraphs. Boyer (Political State, 1711, p. 678) said that Roper was only the tool of a party; "there are men of figure and distinction behind the curtain, who furnish him with such scandalous reflections as they think proper to cast upon their antagonists."

[40] Joe Beaumont.

[41] Beg your pardon, Madams, I'm glad you like your apron (see Letter 41, note 18).

[42] This word was smudged by Swift.

[43] I cannot find Somers in contemporary lists of officials. Cf. Letter 30, note 16 and Letter 17, note 3.

[44] Obliterated and doubtful.

[45] Words obliterated and illegible. Forster reads, conjecturally, "Pray send Pdfr the ME account that I may have time to write to Parvisol."

LETTER 44.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Apr. 14.”

[2] “Is” (MS.).

[3] The words after “yet” are partially obliterated.

[4] See Letter 7, note 35.

[5] John Cecil, sixth Earl of Exeter (died 1721).

[6] See Letter 22, note 5.

[7] Arbuthnot.

[8] A resort of the Tories.

[9] Deane Swift, a son of Swift’s uncle Godwin, was a merchant in Lisbon.

[10] Winces. Lyly says, “Rubbe there no more, least I winch.”

[11] Probably William Whiston, who was deprived of the Lucasian professorship at Cambridge in 1710 for his heterodox views. Parliament having offered a reward for the discovery of means of finding the longitude, Whiston made several attempts (1714 and 1721).

[12] Word obliterated.

[13] Distilled water prepared with rosemary flowers. In Fielding’s Joseph Andrews, a lady gives up to a highway robber, in her fright, a silver bottle which, the ruffian said, contained some of the best brandy he had ever tasted; this she “afterwards assured the company was a mistake of her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary water.”

[14] As I hope to be saved.

[15] Added on the fourth page, as the letter was folded.

LETTER 45.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Johnson,” etc. Endorsed “May 1st.”

[2] A kind of clover, used for soothing purposes.

LETTER 46.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “May 15.”

[2] Madam Ayris.

[3] Simpleton.

[4] Robert Benson (see Letter 6, note 36).

[5] See Letter 41, note 35 and Letter 43, note 7.

[6] The title was, An Appendix to John Bull still in his Senses: or, Law is a Bottomless Pit.

[7] Arbuthnot.

[8] Enquiries by servants.

[9] See Letter 17, note 5.

[10] Sick.

[11] Afterwards Rector of Letcombe, Berks. It was to his house that Swift repaired a few weeks before the Queen’s death. On June 8, 1714, he wrote, “I am at a clergyman’s house, whom I love very well, but he is such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. His wife has been this month twenty miles off at her father’s, and will not return these ten days, and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes.” Swift spells the name “Geree”; later on in the Journal he mentions two of Mr. Gery’s sisters, Betty (Mrs. Elwick) and Moll (Mrs. Wigmore); probably he made the acquaintance of the family when he was living with the Temples at Moor Park (see Letter 59, note 11).

[12] Because she is a good girl in other things.

LETTER 47.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “June 5.”

[2] Sice, the number six at dice.

[3] At Laracor Swift had “a canal and river-walk and willows.”

[4] Splenetic fellow.

[5] One of them was by Oldmixon: Reflections on Dr. Swift’s Letter to the Earl of Oxford.

[6] Beg your pardon.

[7] See Letter 25, note 9.

[8] On May 28, Lord Halifax moved an Address to the Queen that the instructions given to the Duke of Ormond might be laid before the House, and that further orders might be issued to him to act offensively, in concert with the Allies. Wharton and Nottingham supported the motion, but it was negatived by 68 votes against 40. A similar motion in the House of Commons was defeated by 203 against 73.

[9] See Letter 34, note 10.

[10] See Letter 23, note 13.

[11] “Some Reasons to prove that no Person is obliged by his Principles, as a Whig, to oppose Her Majesty: in a Letter to a Whig Lord.”

[12] Several words obliterated.

[13] Several words obliterated.

[14] The bellman.

[15] This present writing.

[16] Please.

LETTER 48.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Rebecca Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “June 23d.”

[2] Mr. Ryland reads “second.”

[3] As I hope to be saved.

[4] See Letter 30, Sept. 18, 1711.

[5] Glad at heart.

[6] The threepenny pamphlet mentioned in Letter 47, note 11.

[7] I.e., for.

LETTER 49.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley.” Endorsed “July 8.”

[2] See Letter 28, note 24.

[3] See Letter 10, note 2.

[4] See Letter 3, note 11.

[5] See Letter 48, note 4.

[6] Dr. William Lloyd — one of the Seven Bishops of 1688 — was eighty-four years of age at this time; he died five years later. He was a strong antipapist, and a great student of the Apocalypse, besides being a hard-working bishop. A curious letter from him to Lord Oxford about a coming war of religion is given in the Welbeck Papers (Hist. MSS. Comm.) v. 128.

[7] “Toland’s Invitation to Dismal to dine with the Calf’s Head Club.” The Earl of Nottingham (Dismal) had deserted the Tories, and Swift’s imitation of Horace (Epist. I. v.) is an invitation from Toland to dine with “his trusty friends” in celebration of the execution of Charles I. The Calf’s Head Club was in the habit of toasting “confusion to the race of kings.”

[8] Bolingbroke.

[9] George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland (died 1716), a natural son of Charles II., was also Viscount Falmouth and Baron of Pontefract. See Notes and Queries, viii. i. 135.

[10] Enoch Sterne.

[11] Templeoag (see Letter 48, Jun. 17, 1712).

[12] Swift probably was only repeating an inaccurate rumour, for there is no evidence that Steele was arrested. His gambling scheme was withdrawn directly an information was laid under the new Act of Parliament against gambling (Aitken's Life of Steele, i. 347).

[13] Dr. William Moreton (1641-1715), Swift's diocesan, was translated from the see of Kildare to that of Meath in 1705.

[14] Words obliterated. Forster reads conjecturally, "when ME wants me to send. She ought to have it," etc.

LETTER 50.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “July 23.”

[2] “N.33” seems a mistake. Letter No. 32 was received after Swift had left Kensington and gone to Windsor; see Letter 51, Aug. 7, 1712 and Letter 52, Sept. 18, 1712 (Ryland).

[3] Dr. Moreton (see Letter 49, note 13).

[4] Memoranda.

[5] Again.

[6] O Lord, drunken slut.

[7] There’s for you now, and there’s for your letter, and every kind of thing.

[8] Bolingbroke.

[9] See Letter 13, note 10.

[10] Grub Street pamphlet. The title was, A Supposed Letter from the Pretender to another Whig Lord.

[11] Arnold Joost Van Keppel, created Earl of Albemarle in 1697. He died in 1718. The action referred to was at Denain, where the Dutch were defeated by Villars.

LETTER 51.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Aug. 14.”

[2] Perhaps this was influenza.

[3] By the Stamp Act passed on June 10, 1712 — which was repealed in 1859 — a duty of one halfpenny was levied on all pamphlets and newspapers contained in half a sheet or less, and a duty of one penny on those of more than half but not exceeding a whole sheet. Swift opposed the idea in January 1711 (see Letter 15, note 1), and Defoe argued against the Bill in the Review for April 26, 1712, and following numbers. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 445, spoke of the mortality among authors resulting from the Stamp Act as “the fall of the leaf.”

[4] The title is, “Lewis Baboon turned honest, and John Bull politician. Being the Fourth Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit.” This pamphlet — really the fifth of the series — appeared on July 31, 1712.

[5] Poor Laracor.

[6] See Letter 12, note 1.

[7] On the death of the third Earl in 1712, the title of Earl of Winchelsea passed to his uncle, Heneage Finch, who had married Anne, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill (see Letter 24, note 7).

LETTER 52.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Oct. 1st. At Portraune” (Portraine).

[2] Oxford and Bolingbroke.

[3] Including Hester Vanhomrigh.

[4] He died on Sept. 15, 1712.

[5] Elizabeth Villiers, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, Knight Marischal of England, and sister of the first Earl of Jersey. In 1695 she married Lord George Hamilton (son of Lord William Douglas, afterwards Duke of Hamilton), who was raised to the peerage of Scotland in 1696 as Earl of Orkney. William III. gave her an Irish estate worth 26,000 pounds a year. Swift’s opinion of her wisdom is confirmed by Lord Lansdowne, who speaks, in his Progress of Poetry, of

“Villiers, for wisdom and deep judgment famed,

Of a high race, victorious beauty brings

To grace our Courts, and captivate our Kings.”

The “beauty” seems a poetic licence; Swift says the lady squinted “like a dragon.”

[6] Cliefden.

[7] See Letter 12, note 7.

[8] Swift’s sister (see Letter 9, note 22).

[9] Forster reads “returned.”

[10] See Swift’s letter to General Hill of Aug. 12, 1712

[11] Swift’s housekeeper at Laracor.

[12] I.e., be made freemen of the City.

LETTER 53.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Octr. 18. At Portraune.”

[2] “Sometimes, when better company was not to be had, he (Swift) was honoured by being invited to play at cards with his patron; and on such occasions Sir William was so generous as to give his antagonist a little silver to begin with” (Macaulay, History of England, chap. xix.).

[3] The History of the Works of the Learned, a quarto periodical, was published from 1699 to 1711.

[4] See Letter 35, note 4.

[5] See Letter 28, note 25.

[6] Lady Elizabeth Savage, daughter of Richard, fourth Earl Rivers (see Letter 11, note 9), was the second wife of James Barry, fourth Earl of Barrymore. Of Earl Rivers’ illegitimate children, one, Bessy, married (1) Frederick Nassau, third Earl of Rochford, and (2) a clergyman named Carter; while another, Richard Savage, was the poet. Earl Rivers’ successor, John Savage, the fifth Earl, was a Roman Catholic priest, the grandson of John, first Earl Rivers. On his death in 1728 the title became extinct.

[7] No. 32.

[8] Very sick.

[9] From “but I” to “agreeable” is partially obliterated.

[10] Mrs. Swanton was the eldest daughter of Willoughby Swift, and therefore Swift’s second cousin. In her will Esther Johnson left to Swift “a bond of thirty pounds, due to me by Dr. Russell, in trust for the use of Mrs. Honoria Swanton.”

[11] This sentence is partially obliterated.

[12] See Letter 51, note 2.

[13] See Letter 5, note 16.

[14] The latter half of this sentence is partially obliterated.

[15] Partly obliterated.

[16] See Letter 8, note 2.

[17] Wise.

[18] Partly obliterated.

[19] See Letter 6, note 45.

[20] This sentence is almost obliterated.

LETTER 54.

[1] The MS. of this letter has not been preserved.

[2] See Letter 26, note 2.

[3] Swift's friend, Dr. Pratt (see Letter 2, note 14), was then Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

[4] Samuel Molyneux, then aged twenty-three, was the son of William Molyneux (1656-1698), M.P. for Dublin University, a writer on philosophical and scientific subjects, and the friend of Locke. Samuel Molyneux took his M.A. degree in Dublin in 1710, and in 1712 visited England. He was befriended by the Duke of Marlborough at Antwerp, and in 1714 was sent by the Duke on a mission to the Court of Hanover. He held office under George I., but devoted most of his attention to astronomical research, until his death in 1728.

[5] Probably "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated" (1698).

[6] Oxford and Bolingbroke.

[7] See Letter 36, note 18.

[8] See Letter 51, Aug. 7, 1712.

[9] George Ridpath (died 1726), a Whig journalist, of whom Pope (Dunciad, i. 208) wrote—"To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist." He edited the Flying Post for some years, and also wrote for the Medley in 1712. In September William Hurt and Ridpath were arrested for libellous and seditious articles, but were released on bail. On October 23 they appeared before the Court of Queen's Bench, and were continued on their recognizances. In February 1713 Ridpath was tried and, in spite of an able defence by leading Whig lawyers, was convicted. Sentence was postponed, and when Ridpath failed to appear, as ordered, in April, his recognizances were escheated, and a reward offered

for his discovery; but he had fled to Scotland, and from thence to Holland.

[10] See Letter 52, note 5.

[11] Lady Orkney's sister, Barbara Villiers, who married John Berkeley, fourth Viscount Fitz-Hardinge, had been governess to the Duke of Gloucester, Queen Anne's son. She died in 1708, in her fifty-second year; and on her husband's death four years later the peerage became extinct.

[12] For the street criers, see the Spectator, No. 251.

LETTER 55.

[1] Addressed to "Mrs. Dingley." Endorsed "Nov. 26, just come from Portraine"; and "The band-box plot — D: Hamilton's murther."

[2] Charles Mohun, fifth Baron Mohun, had been twice arraigned of murder, but acquitted; and during his short but turbulent life he had taken part in many duels. Even Burnet could say nothing in his favour.

[3] This duel between the Duke of Hamilton (see Letter 27, note 9) and Lord Mohun, who had married nieces of Lord Macclesfield, had its origin in a protracted dispute about some property. The challenge came from Lord Mohun, and the combatants fought like "enraged lions." Tory writers suggested that the duel was a Whig conspiracy to get rid of the Duke of Hamilton (Examiner, Nov. 20, 1712). The whole subject is discussed from the Whig point of view in Boyer's Political State for 1712, pp. 297-326.

[4] "Will" (MS.).

[5] See Letter 27, note 9.

[6] George Maccartney (see Letter 11, note 13 and Letter 39, Jan. 22, 1711-12) fought at Almanza, Malplaquet, and Douay. After the duel, Maccartney escaped to Holland, but on the accession of George I. he returned to England, and was tried for murder (June 1716), when Colonel Hamilton gave evidence against him. Hamilton's evidence was discredited, and he found it necessary to sell his commission and leave the country. Maccartney was found guilty as an accessory, and "burnt" in the hand. Within a month he was given an appointment in the army; and promoted to be Lieutenant-General. He died in 1730.

[7] Colonel John Hamilton, of the Scots Guards. He surrendered himself, and was tried at the Old Bailey on Dec. 12, 1712, when he was found guilty of manslaughter, on two indictments; and on the following day he was "burnt" in the hand. Hamilton died in October 1716, soon after Maccartney's trial, from a sudden vomiting of blood.

[8] "That" (MS.).

[9] The story (as told in the Tory Postboy of Nov. 11 to 13) was that on Nov. 4 a bandbox was sent to the Earl of Oxford by post. When he began to open it he saw a pistol, whereupon a gentleman present (Swift) asked for the box, and opening it, by the window, found powder, nails, etc., so arranged that, if opened in the ordinary way, the whole would have been fired, and two barrels discharged different ways. No doubt a box so packed was received, but whether anything serious was intended, or whether it was a hoax, cannot be said with any certainty. The Earl of Oxford is said to have met allusions to the subject with a smile, and Swift seems to have been annoyed at the reports which were put into circulation.

[10] "We have received a more particular account relating to the box sent to the Lord Treasurer, as mentioned in our last, which is as follows," etc. (Evening News, Nov. 11 to 13, 1712).

[11] Either "A Letter to the People, to be left for them at the Booksellers, with a word or two of the Bandbox Plot" (by T. Burnet), 1712, or "An Account of the Duel..., with Previous Reflections on Sham Plots" (by A. Boyer), 1712. Swift's connection with the Bandbox Plot was ridiculed in the Flying Post for Nov. 20 to 22.

[12] Cf. Letter 16, Feb. 20, 1710-11.

[13] This sentence is partially obliterated.

[14] Part of this sentence has been obliterated.

[15] See Letter 43, note 39. I have not been able to find a copy of the paper containing Swift's paragraph.

[16] This sentence is partially obliterated.

[17] See Letter 12, note 2.

[18] Apparently Humphrey Griffith, who was one of the Commissioners of Salt; but Swift gives the name as "Griffin" throughout.

[19] See Letter 53, note 13 and Letter 5, note 16.

[20] For these shorter letters Swift folded the folio sheet before writing.

LETTER 56.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Decr. 18.”

[2] Vengeance.

[3] Charles Connor, scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, who took his B.A. degree in the same year as Swift (1686), and his M.A. degree in 1691.

[4] The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

[5] See Letter 55, note 7.

[6] Lord Oxford’s daughter Elizabeth married, on Dec. 16, 1712, Peregrine Hyde, Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards third Duke of Leeds (see Letter 42, note 23 and Letter 24, note 5). She died on Nov. 20, 1713, a few days after the birth of a son. Swift called her “a friend I extremely loved.”

[7] “Is” (MS.).

[8] Disorders.

[9] See Letter 34, note 10.

[10] John Francis, Rector of St. Mary’s, Dublin, was made Dean of Leighlin in 1705.

[11] See Letter 9, note 7.

[12] Possibly “have.”

[13] See Letter 55, notes 9, 10, 11.

[14] This clause is omitted by Mr. Ryland.

[15] See Letter 31, note 6.

[16] See Letter 54, Oct. 30, 1712.

[17] Thomas Jones, Esq., was M.P. for Trim in the Parliament of 1713-4.

[18] A Dutch agent employed in the negotiations with Lewis XIV.

[19] When I come home.

LETTER 57.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Jan. 13.”

[2] “Ay, marry, this is something like.” The earlier editions give, “How agreeable it is in a morning.” The words in the MS. are partially obliterated.

[3] In this letter (Dec. 20, 1712) Swift paid many compliments to the Duchess of Ormond (see Letter 17, note 5): “All the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in the heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory.”

[4] Tisdall’s Conduct of the Dissenters in Ireland (see Letter 61, note 7).

[5] See Letter 9, note 20 and Letter 20, Apr. 13, 1711.

[6] Monteleon.

[7] See Letter 5, note 8 and Letter 3, note 3.

[8] Utrecht, North and South Holland, and West Frieseland.

[9] See Letter 46, note 11.

[10] See Letter 46, note 11.

[11] “On Queen Anne’s Peace.”

[12] See Letter 43, note 11. The poem was “Dryades, or the Nymph’s Prophecy.”

[13] See Letter 35, note 4.

[14] See Letter 17, note 3.

[15] Dr. Tobias Pullen (1648-1713) was made Bishop of Dromore in 1695.

[16] Lord Charles Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, died unmarried in 1739. When his father, William, first Earl of Selkirk, married Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, the Duchess obtained for her husband, in 1660, the title of Duke of Hamilton, for life. James II. conferred the Earldom of Selkirk on his Grace's second and younger sons, primogenitively; and the second son having died without issue, the third, Charles, became Earl. The fifth son, George, was created Earl of Orkney (see Letter 52, note 5). The difference between Lord Selkirk and the Earl of Abercorn (see Letter 10, note 33) to which Swift alludes was in connection with the claim to the Dukedom of Chatelherault (see Letter 43, note 32).

[17] Heart.

[18] This sentence is almost illegible.

[19] A reward of 500 pounds was offered by the Crown for Maccartney's apprehension, and 200 pounds by the Duchess of Hamilton.

[20] In the proposed History of the Peace of Utrecht.

[21] Mr. Ryland's reading. Forster has "Iss." These words are obliterated.

[22] Hoist. Cf."Hoised up the mainsail" (Acts xxvii. 40).

[23] It was afterwards found that Miss Ashe was suffering from smallpox.

[24] We are told in the Wentworth Papers, p. 268, that the Duchess of Shrewsbury remarked to Lady Oxford, "Madam, I and my Lord are so weary of talking politics; what are you and your Lord?" whereupon Lady Oxford sighed and said she knew no Lord but the Lord Jehovah. The Duchess rejoined, "Oh, dear! Madam, who is that? I believe 'tis one of the new titles, for I never heard of him before."

[25] A thousand merry new years. The words are much obliterated.

[26] Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of James, first Duke of Hamilton, became Duchess on the death of her uncle William, the second Duke, at the battle of Worcester.

[27] The quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke.

[28] See Letter 19, note 1.

[29] Burnet (History, iv. 382) says that the Duc d'Aumont was "a goodnatured and generous man, of profuse expense, throwing handfuls of money often out of his coach as he went about the streets. He was not thought a man of business, and seemed to employ himself chiefly in maintaining the dignity of his character and making himself acceptable to the nation."

[30] Partially obliterated.

[31] For the most part illegible. Forster reads, "Go, play cards, and be melly, deelest logues, and rove Pdfr. Nite richar MD, FW oo roves Pdfr. FW lele lele ME ME MD MD MD MD MD MD. MD FW FW FW ME ME FW FW FW FW FW ME ME ME."

[32] On the third page of the paper.

[33] See Letter 7, note 3.

LETTER 58.

[1] To “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Feb. 4.”

[2] This sentence is scribbled over. Forster reads the last word as “lastalls,” i.e. rascals, but it seems rather to be “ledles.”

[3] Dr. Peter Brown was appointed Bishop of Cork in 1709.

[4] See Letter 5, note 22.

[5] See Letter 5, note 3.

[6] See Letter 5, note 11.

[7] Dr. H. Humphreys, Bishop of Hereford, died on Nov. 20, 1712. His successor was Dr. Philip Bisse (1667-1721), Bishop of St. David’s (see Letter 3, note 36).

[8] Thomas Keightley, a Commissioner of the Great Seal in Ireland.

[9] Nearly obliterated. Mr. Ryland reads, “deelest MD.”

[10] See Letter 57, note 14.

[11] In the Examiner for Jan. 5 to 9, 1712(-13), there is an account of the game of Similitudes. One person thinks of a subject, and the others, not knowing what it is, name similitudes, and when the subject is proclaimed, must make good the comparisons. On the occasion described, the subject chosen was Faction. The prize was given to a Dutchman, who argued that Faction was like butter, because too much fire spoiled its consistency.

[12] Earl Poulett (see Letter 20, note 7).

[13] “Say” (MS.).

[14] Dr. Pratt.

[15] See Letter 13, Jan. 6, 1710-11.

[16] This sentence is partially obliterated.

[17] See Letter 31, note 10 and, in the same letter, Oct. 5, 1711.

[18] Cf. the account of Beatrix’s feelings on the death of the Duke in “Esmond”, book iii. chaps. 6 and 7.

[19] See Letter 21, note 3.

[20] “Her Majesty is all goodness and tenderness to her people and her Allies. She has now prorogued the best Parliament that ever assembled in her reign and respited her own glory, and the wishes, prayers, and wants of her people, only to give some of her Allies an opportunity to think of the returns they owe her, and try if there be such a thing as gratitude, justice, or humanity in Europe. The conduct of Her Majesty is without parallel. Never was so great a condescension made to the unreasonable clamours of an insolent faction now dwindled to the most contemptible circumstances.” — Examiner, Jan. 12-16, 1712(-13).

[21] Mr. Collins’s “Discourse of Freethinking, put into plain English by way of Abstract, for the use of the Poor,” an ironical pamphlet on Arthur Collins’s Discourse of Freethinking, 1713.

[22] The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

[23] A line here has been erased. Forster imagined that he read, “Nite dear MD, drowsy drowsy dear.”

[24] Hereford.

[25] Very well.

[26] Sentence obliterated. Forster professes to read, “Pay can oo walk oftener — oftener still?”

[27] See Letter 57, note 15.

[28] Dr. Bisse, translated from St. David’s.

[29] See Letter 58, note 7 and Letter 19, note 1.

LETTER 59.

[1] To “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Febr. 26.”

[2] See Letter 58, note 21.

[3] See Letter 28, note 11.

[4] See Letter 55, note 9.

[5] A result of confusion between Erasmus Lewis and Henry Lewis, a Hamburg merchant. See Swift’s paper in the Examiner of Jan. 30 to Feb. 2, reprinted in his Works under the title, “A Complete Refutation of the Falsehoods alleged against Erasmus Lewis, Esq.”

[6] Lord Dupplin (see Letter 5, note 34) had been created Baron Hay in December 1711.

[7] A composition of inflammable materials.

[8] Assessors.

[9] See Letter 6, note 12.

[10] See Letter 59, note 5.

[11] See Letter 46, note 11.

[12] See Letter 3, notes 21 and 22, Letter 39, Jan. 12, 1711-12 and Letter 42, Mar. 1, 1711-12.

[13] Dr. Bisse.

[14] See Letter 33, note 10.

[15] Forster reads, "something."

[16] Hardly legible.

[17] See Letter 7, note 31.

[18] Stella's brother-in-law (See Letter 53, note 13, Letter 5, note 16 and Letter 55, Nov. 18, 1712).

[19] Forster guesses, "Oo are so 'recise; not to oor health."

[20] For "poo Ppt's." Mr. Ryland reads, "people's."

[21] See Letter 57, 21 Dec. 1712.

[22] See Letter 57, note 23.

[23] See Letter 14, note 9.

[24] Obliterated; Forster's reading.

[25] Writing in October 1713, Lord Berkeley of Stratton told Lord Strafford of "a fine prank of the widow Lady Jersey" (see Letter 29, note 3). "It is well known her lord died much in debt, and she, after taking upon her the administration, sold everything and made what money she could, and is run away into France without paying a farthing of the debts, with only one servant and unknown to all her friends, and hath taken her youngest son, as 'tis supposed to make herself a merit in breeding him a papist. My Lord Bolingbroke sent after her, but too late, and they say the Queen hath writ a letter with her own hand to the King of France to send back the boy" (Wentworth Papers, p. 357). See also Letter 63, note 8. I am not sure whether in the present passage Swift is referring to the widow or the younger Lady Jersey (see Letter 33, note 10).

[26] Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart. (died 1759), M.P. for Lostwithiel, married

Barbara, youngest daughter of John Berkeley, fourth Viscount Fitz-Hardinge, and of Barbara Villiers (see Letter 54, note 11), daughter of Sir Edward Villiers.

[27] See Letter 43, Mar. 21, 1711-12 and Letter 49, Jul. 1, 1712.

[28] Altered from "11" in the MS. It is not certain where the error in the dates began; but the entry of the 6th must be correctly dated, because the Feb. 6 was the Queen's Birthday.

[29] See Letter 43, note 11 and Letter 57, note 12.

LETTER 60.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Mar. 7.”

[2] See Letter 5, note 23.

[3] Sedan chairs were then comparatively novel (see Gay’s Trivia).

[4] Some words obliterated. Forster reads, “Nite MD, My own deelest MD.”

[5] Peter Wentworth wrote to Lord Strafford, on Feb. 17, 1713, “Poor Mr. Harrison is very much lamented; he died last Saturday. Dr. Swift told me that he had told him... he owed about 300 pounds, and the Queen owed him 500 pounds, and that if you or some of your people could send an account of his debts, that I might give it to him, he would undertake to solicit Lord Treasurer and get this 500 pounds, and give the remainder to his mother and sister” (Wentworth Papers, 320).

[6] George St. John (eldest son of Sir Harry St. John by his second marriage) was Secretary to the English Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. He died at Venice in 1716 (Lady Cowper’s Diary, 65).

[7] Forster wrongly reads, “poor.”

[8] “Putt” (MS.).

[9] See Letter 59, note 26.

[10] Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Abingdon (died 1743), was a strong Tory.

[11] See Letter 11, note 61. These friends were together again on an expedition to Bath in 1715, when Jervas wrote to Pope (Aug. 12, 1715) that Arbuthnot, Disney, and he were to meet at Hyde Park Corner, proceed to Mr. Hill’s at Egham, meet Pope next day, and then go to Lord Stawell’s to lodge the night. Lord Stawell’s seat, Aldermaston, was seventeen miles from Binfield.

[12] See Letter 16, note 20.

[13] "I" (MS.).

[14] Obliterated. Forster reads, "devil," and Mr. Ryland, "bitch."

[15] See Letter 40, note 6.

[16] Victor Marie, duc d'Estrees, Marshal of France (died 1727).

[17] See Letter 55, note 18.

[18] Several words are obliterated. Forster reads, "the last word, God 'give me"; but "'give me" is certainly wrong.

[19] See Letter 9, note 13. Sir Thomas Hanmer married, in 1698, at the age of twenty-two, Isabella, Dowager Duchess of Grafton, daughter of Henry, Earl of Arlington, and Countess of Arlington in her own right. Hanmer was not made Secretary of State, but he succeeded Bromley as Speaker of the House of Commons.

[20] William Fitzmaurice (see Letter 11, note 19 and Letter 27, note 11) entered Christ Church, Oxford, matriculating on March 10, 1712-13, at the age of eighteen.

[21] See Letter 11, note 11.

[22] William Bromley, second son of Bromley the Speaker (see Letter 10, note 1), was a boy of fourteen at this time. In 1727 he was elected M.P. for Warwick, and he died in 1737, shortly after being elected Member for Oxford University.

[23] See Letter 14, note 12.

[24] Sometimes "list" means to border or edge; at others, to sew together, so as

to make a variegated display, or to form a border. Probably it here means the curling of the bottom of the wig.

[25] The last eight words have been much obliterated, and the reading is doubtful.

[26] Lady Henrietta Hyde, second daughter of Laurence Hyde, first Earl of Rochester (see Letter 8, note 22), married James Scott, Earl of Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Monmouth. Lord Dalkeith died in 1705, leaving a son, who succeeded his grandmother (Monmouth's widow) as second Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Catherine Hyde (see Letter 40, note 6) was a younger sister of Lady Dalkeith.

[27] Swift first wrote "I frequent."

[28] See Letter 52, note 5.

[29] D'Estrees.

[30] Little (almost illegible).

LETTER 61.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Mar. 27.”

[2] See Letter 3, note 20.

[3] Formerly Lady Rialton (see Letter 40, note 3).

[4] See Letter 58, note 8.

[5] See Letter 11, note 39 and Letter 41, note 27.

[6] Pun on “gambol.”

[7] See Letter 57, note 4.

[8] See Letter 41, note 7.

[9] “Upon Tuesday last, the house where His Grace the late Duke of Hamilton and Brandon lived was hired for that day, where there was a fine ball and entertainment; and it is reported in town, that a great lady, lately gone to travel, left one hundred guineas, with orders that it should be spent in that manner, and in that house” (Postboy, Feb. 26-28, 1712-13). The “great lady” was, presumably, the Duchess of Marlborough.

[10] See Letter 36, note 14 and Letter 40, note 21.

[11] Trinity College, Dublin.

[12] See Letter 60, note 19.

[13] See Letter 36, note 15.

[14] Dr. Pratt, Provost of Trinity College.

[15] Obliterated, and doubtful.

[16] A deal at cards, that draws the whole tricks.

[17] Previous editors have misread "Trevor" as "Treasurer." Thomas Trevor, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, was created Baron Trevor, of Bromham, in January 1712. By commission of March 9, 1713, he occupied the woolsack during the illness of the Lord Keeper, Harcourt.

[18] This is the only reference to Pope in the Journal. In his "Windsor Forest" the young poet assisted the Tories by his reference to the peace of Utrecht, then awaiting ratification.

[19] Several words have been obliterated. Forster reads, "Rove Pdfr, poo Pdfr, Nite MD MD MD," but this is more than the space would contain.

[20] William Oldisworth (1680-1734), a Tory journalist and pamphleteer, who published various works, including a translation of the Iliad. He died in a debtors' prison.

[21] Some words obliterated. The reading is Forster's, and seems to be correct.

[22] Susan Armine, elder daughter of Sir William Armine, Bart., of Osgodby, Lincolnshire, was created a life peeress in 1674, as Baroness Belasyse of Osgodby. She died March 6, 1713. Her first husband was the Honourable Sir Henry Belasyse, son and heir of John, Baron Belasyse, of Worlaby; and her second, Mr. Fortney, of Chequers.

[23] See Letter 7, note 9.

[24] A word before "Ppt" is illegible. Forster's reading, "yes," does not seem right.

[25] In November 1711 it was reported that Miss Kingdom was privately married to Lord Conway (Wentworth Papers, 207), but this was not the case. Lord Conway was a widower in 1713, but he married an Irish lady named

Bowden.

[26] Forster reads, “Nite, my own dee sollahs. Pdfr roves MD”; but the last three words, at least, do not seem to be in the MS.

[27] Probably the Bishop of Raphoe’s son (see Letter 29, note 20).

[28] What.

[29] As Master of the Savoy.

[30] William Burgh was Comptroller and Accountant-General for Ireland from 1694 to 1717, when his patent was revoked. He was succeeded by Eustace Budgell.

[31] William Paget, sixth Lord Paget, died in March 1713, aged seventy-six. He spent a great part of his life as Ambassador at Vienna and Constantinople.

[32] Pocket.

[33] Forster reads, “Lele lele logues”; Mr. Ryland, “Lele lele... “

LETTER 62.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Apr. 13.”

[2] Esther Johnson’s brother-in-law, Filby (see Letter 55, note 19).

[3] Earl Poulett (see Letter 20, note 7).

[4] Francis Annesley, M.P. for Westbury. His colleague in the representation of that borough was Henry Bertie (third son of James, Earl of Abingdon), who married Earl Poulett’s sister-in-law, Anthony Henley’s widow (see Letter 12, note 24).

[5] “Has” (MS.).

[6] A dozen words are erased. The reading is Forster’s, and appears to be correct.

[7] The British Ambassadress’s Speech to the French King. The printer was sent to the pillory and fined.

[8] The Examiner (vol. iii. No. 35) said that Swift—”a gentleman of the first character for learning, good sense, wit, and more virtues than even they can set off and illustrate” — was not the author of that periodical. “Out of pure regard to justice, I strip myself of all the honour that lucky untruth did this paper.”

[9] A purgative electuary.

[10] Bargains.

[11] Three or four words illegible. Forster reads, “Nite, nite, own MD.”

[12] Forster reads, “devil’s brood “; probably the second word is “bawd:” Cf.

Letter 60, note 14 and Feb. 18, 1712-13.

[13] Several "moving pictures," mostly brought from Germany, were on view in London at about this time. See Tatler, No. 129, and Gay's Fables, No. 6.

[14] See Letter 6, note 45.

[15] "Mr. Charles Grattan, afterwards master of a free school at Enniskillen" (Scott).

[16] So given in the MS. Forster suggests that it is a mistake for "wood."

[17] See Letter 28, note 11.

[18] It is probable that this is Pope's friend, William Cleland, who died in 1741, aged sixty-seven. William Cleland served in Spain under Lord Rivers, but was not a Colonel, though he seems to have been a Major. Afterwards he was a Commissioner of Customs in Scotland and a Commissioner of the Land Tax in England. Colonel Cleland cannot, as Scott suggested (Swift's Works, iii. 142, xviii. 137-39, xix. 8), have been the son of the Colonel William Cleland, Covenanter and poet, who died in 1689, at the age of twenty-eight. William Cleland allowed his name to be appended to a letter of Pope's prefixed to the Dunciad, and Pope afterwards described him as "a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friends, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country." Swift, referring to this letter, wrote to Pope, "Pray tell me whether your Colonel (sic) Cleland be a tall Scots gentleman, walking perpetually in the Mall, and fastening upon everybody he meets, as he has often done upon me?" (Pope's Works, iv. 48, vii. 214).

[19] Henry Grey, Lord Lucas (died 1741), who became twelfth Earl of Kent in 1702, was made Duke of Kent in 1710. He held various offices under George I. and George II.

[20] Forster found, among the MSS. at Narford, the "lie" thus prepared for All Fools' Day. Richard Noble, an attorney, ran away with a lady who was the wife of John Sayer and daughter of Admiral Nevill; and he killed Sayer on the discovery of the intrigue. The incident was made use of by Hogarth in the fifth scene of "Marriage a la Mode."

[21] See Letter 5, note 3.

[22] See Letter 13, note 10.

[23] Charles XII.

[24] "Is" (MS.).

[25] Cibber says that he saw four acts of Cato in 1703; the fifth act, according to Steele, was written in less than a week. The famous first performance was on April 14, 1713.

[26] The first number of the Guardian appeared on March 12, and the paper was published daily until Oct. 1, 1713. Pope, Addison, and Berkeley were among the contributors.

[27] See Letter 52, note 6.

[28] See Letter 39, note 16.

[29] The first preached after the period of his suspension by the House of Lords. It was delivered at St. Saviour's, Southwark, before his installation at St. Andrew's, and was published with the title, "The Christian's Triumph, or the Duty of praying for our Enemies".

[30] Swift's curate at Laracor.

[31] Richard Gorges (died 1728) was eldest son and heir of Dr. Robert Gorges, of Kilbrue, County Meath, by Jane, daughter of Sir Arthur Loftus, and sister of Adam, Viscount Lisburne. He was appointed Adjutant-General of the Forces in Ireland 1697, Colonel of a new Regiment of Foot 1703, Major-General of the Forces 1707, and Lieutenant-General 1710 (Dalton's Army Lists, iii. 75).

[32] See Letter 60, note 10.

[33] Mrs. Oldfield.

[34] See Letter 56, note 6.

[35] Never saw the like.

[36] See Letter 53, note 10.

[37] The remainder has been partially obliterated.

LETTER 63.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “May 4.”

[2] Lord Cholmondeley (see Letter 36, note 15).

[3] Harcourt.

[4] Forster’s reading; the last two words are doubtful.

[5] See Letter 7, note 27.

[6] Francis Palmes, who was wounded at Blenheim, was made a Lieutenant-General in 1709. In 1707 he was elected M.P. for West Loo; in 1708 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to the Duke of Savoy, and in 1710 to Vienna.

[7] Apparently “so heed.”

[8] Henry Villiers (died 1743), second son of the first Earl of Jersey and of Barbara, daughter of William Chiffinch (see Letter 29, note 3 and Letter 59, note 25).

[9] See Letter 61, Mar. 8, 1712-13. The Speech and Address are in the Commons’ Journals, xvii. 278, 280. For the draft Address, in Swift’s handwriting, see the Portland Papers (1899), v. 276.

[10] Scoffed, jeered.

[11] Dr. Gastrell (see Letter 25, note 8).

[12] George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, but then a young man of twenty-eight, came to London in January 1713. He was already known by his “New Theory of Vision” and “Treatise on the Principles of Human Knowledge”, and he brought with him his “Three Dialogues between Hylas

and Philonous". Steele was among the first to welcome him, and he soon made the acquaintance of Addison, Pope, and Swift. On March 27, Berkeley wrote to Sir John Perceval of the breach between Swift and the Whigs: "Dr. Swift's wit is admired by both of them (Addison and Steele), and indeed by his greatest enemies, and... I think him one of the best-matured and agreeable men in the world." In November 1713 Swift procured for Berkeley the chaplaincy and secretaryship to Lord Peterborough, the new Envoy to Sicily.

[13] Forster reads, "all oo sawcy Ppt can say oo may see me"; but the words are illegible.

[14] Possibly "see," written in mistake for "say."

[15] "J" (MS.).

[16] Obliterated. Forster imagined that he read, "Nite dee logues. Poo Mr."

[17] There were two General Hamiltons at this time; probably Swift's acquaintance was Gustavus Hamilton (1639-1723), who was created Viscount Boyne in 1717. Hamilton distinguished himself at the battle of the Boyne and the capture of Athlone, and was made Brigadier-General in 1696, and Major General in 1703. He took part in the siege of Vigo, and was made a member of the Privy Council in 1710.

[18] See Letter 43, note 38.

[19] The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

[20] This is Forster's reading, and appears to be correct. The last word, which he gives as "iss truly," is illegible.

[21] Belonging to Ireland.

[22] See Letter 40, note 1.

[23] Another excellent reading of Forster's. I cannot decipher the last word, which he gives as "dee rogues."

[24] Sentence obliterated.

[25] The number at the beginning of each entry in the Journal.

[26] Mr. Ryland's reading. Forster has "morning, dee."

[27] Dr. Thomas Lindsay (see Letter 6, note 45).

[28] I think the "MD" is right, though Forster gives "M." The "Pr" is probably an abbreviation of "Pdfr."

[29] The last three lines have been obliterated.

LETTER 64.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “May 22.”

[2] Illegible. Forster reads, “and dee deelest Ppt.”

[3] The last few words have been partially obliterated.

[4] Am very angry. The last word is scribbled over.

[5] The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

[6] The signature has been cut off.

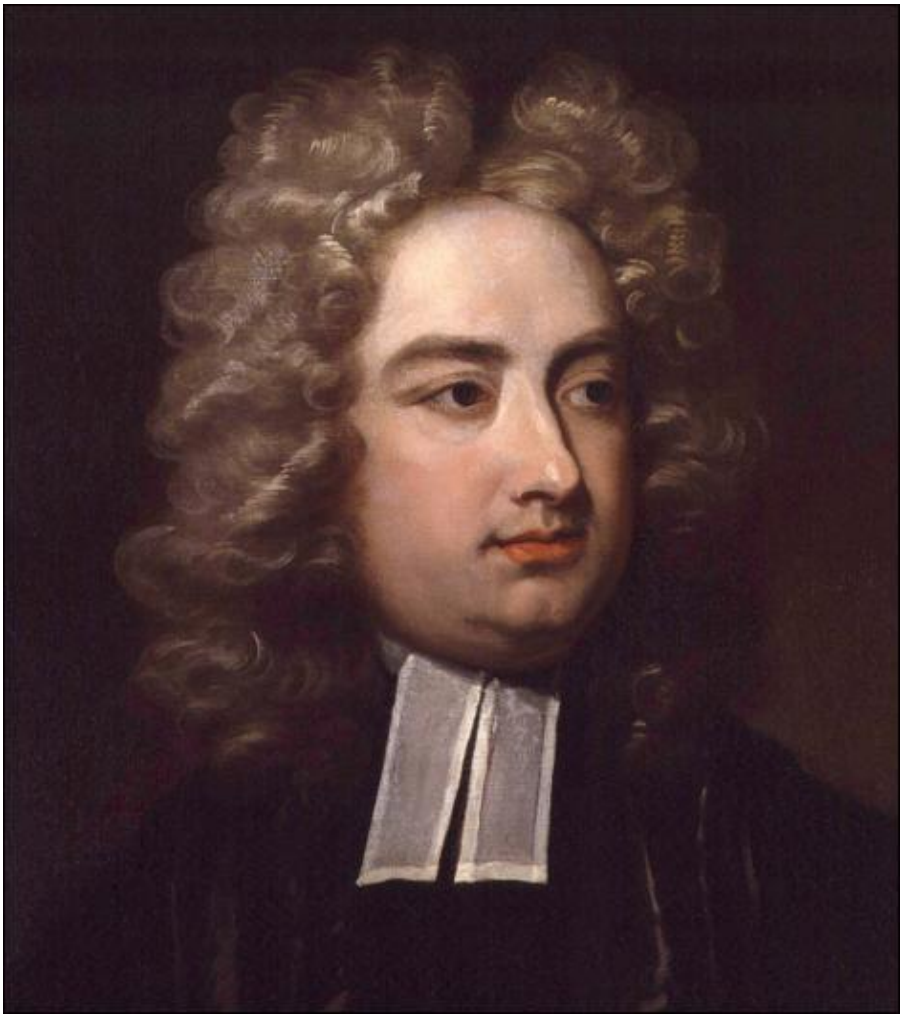
Letter 65.

[1] Addressed to “Mrs. Dingley,” etc. Endorsed “Chester Letter.”

[2] “Others” (MS.).

[3] See Letter 10, note 31 and Letter 31, note 1.

[4] See Letter 7, note 7.



Jonathan Swift, by Charles Jervas

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. JONATHAN SWIFT
by R. Phillips

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT was descended from the younger branch of an ancient family in Yorkshire, of considerable rank and property. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, and was not more highly distinguished for his courage and attachment to Charles the First, than for the great sufferings he endured in support of the royal cause; his house being plundered two-and-fifty times, and five times set on fire by the Parliament forces his wife and thirteen children being at the same time exposed to every species of barbarity and distress. Thus ruined in property and expectations, five of the sons went in search of fortune to Ireland, the fourth of whom, Jonathan, was father to the subject of the present memoir.

Dr, Jonathan Swift, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, was born in Hoey's-court, Dublin, on the 30th November 1667, his father being then dead about seven months. His mother was Miss Abigail Erick, descended from a very ancient family of that name in Leicestershire; but bringing her husband little or no fortune, and his death happening before he could make any provision for his family, she was left in very indifferent circumstances; the consequences of which, Jonathan, their only son, was often heard to declare he felt not only during the whole course of his education, but for the greatest part of his life.

When Jonathan was but a year old, his nurse, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, carried him to Whitehaven, of which town she was a native. He remained there almost three years, during which time the nurse was so attentive to him, that before he returned he had learnt to spell, and by the time that he was three years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible. At the age of six he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, from whence, in April 1682, being then between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he was removed to the University of Dublin. The expense of his education was defrayed by his uncle, Mr. Godwin Swift, the eldest of the brothers who had settled in Ireland. Mr. Swift was a lawyer of considerable eminence, and Attorney-general of the palatinate of Tipperary; but, being of a speculative disposition, squandered away his property in idle projects; by which means he was involved in considerable difficulties at the time his nephew entered the College. This circumstance, added to his being the father of a numerous family, compelled him to reduce the allowance to his nephew as low as possible, who was consequently obliged to struggle under the depression of a very confined stipend for seven years, having no allowance from his other relations, who did not think their aid necessary, his uncle Godwin being still esteemed much the

richest of the family. Although it is highly probable that the parsimonious allowance of Mr. Godwin Swift was not voluntary, but dictated by necessity, it is certain that Jonathan never loved, or could bear the mention of, his uncle; nor did he ever exert the smallest influence for any of his posterity: so early in life was the fine feeling of gratitude benumbed in his bosom by the emptiness of his pocket.

The uneasiness under which Swift laboured during his residence at College, seems to have depressed his spirits, and given him a total inaptitude to serious study, having, according to his own declaration, chiefly passed his time in reading books of history and poetry, which might banish all reflection upon his forlorn situation, instead of Burgersdicius, and other old treatises on logic; a branch of learning then in high estimation, and held essentially necessary for taking a degree. All the entreaties of his tutor could not alter his resolution; to which he so pertinaciously adhered, that, on applying for his bachelor's degree, after a residence of four years in the University, he was so ill prepared in this branch of science, as to be rejected: a mortification which, to his temper and his circumstances, must have been serious indeed. On his second application he had nearly shared the same fate, had not the interest of some friends, who knew the inflexibility of his temper, obtained the degree for him, though in a manner little to his credit, the words *speciali gratiâ* being inserted in the College registry.

The three following years Swift passed at College, little known and less regarded, pursuing his course of reading in history and poetry. Yet, under the depression of such circumstances, the force of his genius appeared in a rude sketch of the Tale of a Tub, which he communicated to no one but his friend Mr. Waryng, who, after its publication, declared he had read a rough draught of it, about this period.

The death of Mr. Godwin Swift in the year 1688, and the consequent discovery of the embarrassed state of his affairs, deprived Jonathan of his narrow stipend. His uncle William, however, continued the allowance, in a manner which gained his nephew's gratitude, who always spoke of him as the best of his relations. Swift's income was still, however, nothing more than was absolutely necessary for his support, and his situation was consequently not at all improved during the remainder of his residence at College, with the exception of a handsome present, which he received from his cousin Willoughby Swift, who had settled as a merchant at Lisbon.

Thus did Swift pass his early years in the want of money, want of learning, and want of friends. His studies were not of that useful kind which is necessary to advance a young man in the world; his seclusion at College had rendered him little known; and a temper, naturally splenetic, soured by the misery of his situation, did not qualify him for making personal friends. From such early sources may be traced that habit of repining and complaint which increased to so great an extent, and which embittered his latter years. Swift's genius was indeed, from its very dawn, the solemn inspiration of discontent.

The breaking out of the war in Ireland in 1688, determined Swift, then in his twenty-first year, to leave that kingdom, and to visit his mother at Leicester, in order to consult with her, upon what future plan of life he had better resolve to pursue. Mrs. Swift, without hesitation, advised him to communicate his situation to Sir William Temple, who had married a relation of hers, and with whom a cousin of Swift's then resided. This advice Swift resolved immediately to pursue, and he accordingly set off on foot (his usual mode of travelling at an early period of life) for Sheen, where Sir William Temple then resided. Sir William received him with great kindness, and Swift's first visit continued nearly two years.

Sir William Temple, during the most eventful period of English history, had been educated in the school of diplomacy. He was, at the same time, the fine scholar and the Statesman; and, in a long discharge of public duty, maintained, with exemplary firmness and ability, the interests, not only of his own country, but of Europe. Having been ambassador and mediator of the general peace at Nimeguen, previous to the revolution, he had become known to the Prince of Orange, who, after his accession to the throne of England, frequently visited him at Sheen, to receive the benefit of his advice and experience. Sir William being much afflicted with the gout, Swift used frequently to attend his Majesty in his walks about the gardens, which were laid out with peculiar taste; and the King, on one occasion, treated his attendant with so much familiarity as to shew him the Dutch manner of cutting asparagus, and even offered him a troop of horse.

Sir William Temple is distinguished among English authors for the classical purity of his language; and to him perhaps may, in a great measure, be attributed the correctness of Swift's style. Indeed, during his residence with this illustrious man, Swift seems principally to have laid the foundation of his future greatness. His political information must also have been greatly increased from the conversation of Sir William Temple, who was intimately acquainted with all the revolutions of party, and secrets of state, during the reigns of King Charles the Second and King James; and he seems at this time to have first adopted that digested system of study so necessary to give effect to his former irregular reading, and to direct his incessantly active mind to some practical object.

About the year 1693, Swift was attacked with the return of a disorder which he had contracted at a very early period, by eating an improper quantity of fruit, and his complaint was so violent that he took a journey to Ireland, by advice of his physicians, to try the benefit of his native air; but, receiving little advantage from the change, he returned to Sir William Temple's (who had then removed to Moor Park, near Farnham), being ever afterwards afflicted with that giddiness, which gradually increased,

Until it terminated in total debility of body and mind. As an antidote against this complaint, Swift was recommended to use very vicient exercise, which he daily practised at Moor Park, by running up a hill near the house and

back again, every two hours, the distance being about half a mile, which he used to perform in about six minutes.

About a year after Swift's return from Ireland, he seems to have resolved upon an ecclesiastical life; most probably under the confidence that the interest of Sir William Temple, and his own slight acquaintance with the King, would ensure him some preferment. He accordingly procured the necessary certificate of having taken his batchelor's degree; and, on the 14th of June, 1692, he was admitted at Oxford, *ad eundem,* and on the 5th of the following July took his master's degree. On leaving Oxford he returned to Moor Park, where he assisted Sir William Temple in the revision of his works, and corrected and improved his rough draught of the Tale of a Tub. But Swift's restless, suspicious temper now began to display itself: feeling his own powers, and panting for independence, he concluded from Sir William Temple's not immediately providing for him, that he never intended it, and, in the year 1694, a quarrel ensued, and they parted.

During all this period, Swift's attention in visiting his mother, who resided at Leicester, was as exemplary, as his mode of travelling was extraordinary. He journied on foot, excepting when the weather compelled him to take shelter in a waggon: he dined in hedge-alehouses with pedlars and hostlers; and slept where lodgings were let for a penny; but never failed to bribe the maid for a single bed and clean sheets. In this manner he went down to Leicester, after his quarrel with Sir William Temple, where he remained, until a recommendation to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, procured him the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year.

Swift had not enjoyed this his first preferment many months, when Sir William Temple, who had been too long accustomed to his conversation not to feel his absence a serious deprivation in his declining state, prevailed upon him to resign his prebend to a friend, and return to Moor Park. Swift's compliance pleased Sir William so much that, for the remaining four years of his *life,* the utmost harmony subsisted between them. Swift vindicated his patron from the harsh reflections which had been heaped upon him, in the celebrated controversy on Ancient and Modern Learning, by the *Battle of the Books*; and Sir William at his death left him a legacy, and entrusted to him the publication of his posthumous works. Swift lost no time in discharging this duty; and, to enforce his petition to King William for the first vacant prebend of London or Westminster, which had been promised him, he dedicated the posthumous works to his Majesty. The promise was, however, forgotten, and the dedication unnoticed; in consequence of which Swift relinquished attendance at Court, with disappointment and disgust; and this failure probably increased the natural gloominess and austerity of his character.

Swift, during his attendance at Court, had formed a pretty extensive acquaintance with the great, and upon the Earl of Berkeley being appointed one of the Lords Justices Ireland, he was invited by his Lordship *to*

accompany him as chaplain and private secretary; an offer which he readily accepted. Disappointment, however, again attended him; for, after acting as secretary during the whole journey, one Bush found means to convince Lord Berkeley that a clergyman could not, with propriety, fill that post. Swift was in consequence civilly removed, and Bush succeeded him.

Swift was, Dot long after, doomed to meet a more serious mortification. Lord Berkeley, upon taking away his office of secretary, had promised him the first preferment which should happen to be in his gift; and upon the deanery of Derry becoming vacant, Swift claimed the performance of his Lordship's promise. A handsome bribe, however, to Mr. Secretary Bush, and the interference of archbishop King, who insisted that Swift was too young, although he was then upwards of thirty years of age, procured the appointment for Dr. Bolton; and Swift was obliged to content himself with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, and the rectory of Augher, in the diocese of Meath, which had been held by Dr. Bolton, and were not of one half the value of the deanery. To these livings Swift received institution on the 22d March 1699, and on the 23d of September 1700, he was appointed prebendary of Dunlavan, in the chapter of St. Patrick, being the only preferment he enjoyed until his appointment to the deanery of St. Patrick's.

At Laracor Swift immediately fixed his residence, and there he passed the most tranquil, and probably the happiest part of his life. He nearly rebuilt the house, repaired the church, which was in a very ruinous state, laid out the garden, dug the canals, and planted the willows, of which he speaks so frequently in his journal. Perhaps no spot in the whole kingdom could possess greater inducements for Swift to fix his principal residence at than Laracor. The neighbourhood was principally inhabited by protestant families of English origin, who had been settled there since the time of Queen Elizabeth; and the diocese of Meath has been generally called the Literary See of Ireland. To Laracor, Swift always looked as a place of retreat, during his connection With Lord Oxford's administration, the ruin of which he long foresaw, and there he hoped to escape the fury of the storm.

Swift Was received with great attention and respect on his first visit to his livings, and was not a little flattered by the constant attendance of all the neighbouring families at church on every Sunday that he preached: and so predominant was his anxiety to discharge his religious duty with the most scrupulous attention, that he made a point, of reading public prayers on every Wednesday and Friday; a labour which he voluntarily imposed upon himself; and used frequently to declare, that he hoped by labour and application so far to excel, that the sexton might sometimes be asked on a Sunday morning, " Pray does the Doctor preach to-day."

He appears at length to have become weary of this constant and strict discharge of his duty. Mrs. Johnson (the afterwards celebrated Stella) arrived in Ireland about this time; she was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, with some independence, and with the finest accomplishments. She

became first his neighbour) then his pupil, and, it is believed, at length his wife; though it is not known that he ever saw or conversed with her but in the presence of some third person. During his absence from Stella he continued his curious Journal, in which be opened to her the inmost recesses of his heart. It is probable the cynical Swift was never a lover; and that even at this time a greater passion than love tyrannised over his breast; that passion was ambition.

Urged by this restless spirit, he paid annual visits to England, He dipped his pen in politics, and, in 1701, published his able "Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome;" written with great knowledge of the English Constitution, and skilfully applied to the then state of parties.

On the accession of Queen Anne, Swift revived his baffled hopes of a settlement in England; but was again disappointed by being promoted to a deanery in Ireland. In 1710 began his acquaintance with Lord Oxford (then Mr. Harley), and he was soon caressed by the rest of the Ministry, and particularly by the celebrated Bolingbroke, who no doubt was attached to him by the congeniality of great talents. It cannot, however, be doubted that Swift gradually felt his own importance, and the value of his ready pen, in their service; in time he affected to dictate to his employers; they allowed him to enjoy his ideal sovereignty, that they might squeeze the orange at their will; he was afterwards duped, and found that it was his fate to be only the dried peel. Hence all his lamentations, and his bitterness of mind; hence that emphatic complaint he utters in one of his letters, that "he dies like a poisoned rat in his hole!" a memorable instance of the self-complacency of genius, and the gratitude of Ministers!

In 1713, he arrived at the deanery of St. Patrick, where he found the rage of party so prevalent, that the common people considered him as a Jacobite, and threw stones at him as he walked. To organise his reverend brethren of the chapter into some system, and to calm that Irish rabble who detested, and not long afterwards adored him, was, to his genius and humour, neither a tedious nor laborious task; for when he returned to London in the next year, he left behind him a name equally beloved and venerated.

In 1714, he found his great friends divided among themselves; his presence was necessary to the existence of his party, and having reconciled them more than once, and always in vain, Swift at length retired in disgust to a friend's house in Berkshire. With the Queen's death closed all his noble designs of public benefit, and future prospects. He exiled himself to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued many years.

We find him, till 1720, employed in literary studies, generally in little pieces of humour, if we except the Travels of Gulliver. His attendance on the public service of the church was regular, and he did not in the least meddle with public affairs. During this interval, the unfortunate Vanessa had become acquainted with him in London, and, with a romantic cast of character, felt a violent affection for poetry, and necessarily for the Poet. Swift refused her

offer of marriage. She followed him into Ireland; and his life was embittered with the mutual jealousies of Stella and Vanessa.

The latter, who, it is conjectured, was at length informed of his secret marriage with Stella, did not survive many weeks the fatal communication; and in a frenzy of despair and disgust, cancelled a will she had made in his favour. Poor Stella was not less unfortunate. On her death-bed she adjured him to let her have the satisfaction of dying his wife. He heard her entreaty in the sternest silence; he quitted her death-bed without ever returning to it; and the dying wife summoned her last resolution, in her last agonies, to bequeath her fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses. Such a mysterious lover was Swift! Yet he regretted the loss of Stella with the keenest sensibility; and most certainly, by his peculiarity of conduct, shortened her days.

It was in 1720, that he re-assumed the character of a political writer, and published his first political tract relative to Ireland, entitled, "A Proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures." His patriotism now was as generally acknowledged as his wit; and his person was regarded with pleasure by the common people.

But it was in 1724, that the publication of the celebrated Drapier's Letters united all ranks and professions in his applause. One William Wood, an obscure man, projected a coinage of 180,000l of half-pence, and obtained a patent. In the character of a Draper, Swift addressed a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this base coin. Wood, though supported by the. British Minister, was compelled to withdraw his patent, and suppress his coinage. Swift became the idol of Dublin; every where received with acclamations, while his health was daily toasted in Irish bumpers.

In 172*6* appeared Gulliver's Travels, and, without communicating the work to his friends, he enjoyed for some time a silent triumph. When he returned to Dublin, he was welcomed on shore by a grateful multitude, and "long live the Drapier" resounded to the ringing of bells, and the illumination of bonfires — perhaps it was the proudest day of his life; the only one in which his politics had not disappointed him.

In occasional visits to London he spent some of his years; but after the death of Stella in 1727, he became very retired, and with a temper ill adapted to bear with the tranquillity of solitude. He wasted his talents in literary trifles, which would have disgraced a magazine, as magazines were then conducted; and became morose, cynical, and capricious, in his domestic habits. In 1736 he lost his memory, and the faculties of his imagination and intellects gradually decayed; and from 1739 to 1744, his passions were so violent and disordered, that strangers were not allowed to visit him. He exhibited a melancholy picture of Genius preying on itself; and dotage, and sometimes madness, then took possession of the brightest faculties, and the clearest understanding, that ever adorned man.

He died in October 1745, and left his whole fortune, about 12,000l some *few* legacies excepted, to the building of an hospital for idiots and lunatics;

and, it is presumed, not without a caustic allusion to his Irish friends.

DEAN SWIFT by James McGee

An Anecdotal Biography

HIS BIRTH.

Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, was born a.d. 1667, in Hoey's Court, Dublin, the fourth house, right hand side, as you enter from Werburgh-street. The houses in this court still bear evidence of having been erected for the residence of respectable folks. The "Dean's House," as it is usually designated, had marble chimney-pieces, was wainscotted from hall to garret, and had panelled oak doors, one of which is in possession of Doctor Willis, Rathmines — a gentleman who takes a deep interest in all matters connected with the history of his native city.

SINGULAR EVENT.

When Swift was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under the absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the Dublin University.

A CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

Swift, in one of his pedestrian journeys from London towards Chester, is reported to have taken shelter from a summer tempest under a large oak on the road side, at no great distance from Litchfield. Presently, a man, with a pregnant woman, wore driven by the like impulse to avail themselves of the same covert. The Dean, entering into conversation, found the parties were

destined for Litchfield to be married. As the situation of the woman indicated no time should be lost, a proposition was made on his part to save them the rest of the journey, by performing the ceremony on the spot. The offer was gladly accepted, and thanks being duly returned, the bridal pair, as the sky brightened, was about to return: but the bridegroom suddenly recollecting that a certificate was requisite to authenticate the marriage, requested one, which the Dean wrote in these words:

Under an oak, in stormy weather, I joined this rogue and wench together, And none but he who rules the thunder, Can put this wench and rogue asunder.

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

Swift was once invited by a rich miser with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace: —

Thanks for this miracle! — this is no less Than to eat manna in the wilderness. Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,

And seen that wondrous thing, a piece of beef. Here chimneys smoke, that never smok'd before, And we've all ate, where we shall eat no more!

THE THREE CROSSES.

Swift in his journeys on foot from Dublin to London, was accustomed to stop for refreshments or rest at the neat little ale-houses at the road's side. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly distinguished by the sign of the *Three Crosses*, in reference to the three intersecting ways which fixed the site of the house. At this the Dean called for his breakfast, but the landlady, being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers, some wagoners, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on every pane of glass in her best room: —

TO THE LANDLORD.

There hang three crosses at thy door: Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITSHED.

Swift, in a letter to Pope, thus mentions the conduct of this worthy Chief Justice: —

"I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched

people to wear their own manufactures instead of those from England: this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of a whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste to Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance, directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: after this trial the jury brought him in *not guilty*, although they had been culled with the greatest industry. The Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the arrival of the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Lieutenant, his Grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *nolle prosequi*."

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITSHED'S MOTTO ON HIS COACH.

Libertas et natale solum. Liberty and my native country.

Libertas et natale solum; Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em: Could nothing but thy chief reproach Serve for a motto on thy coach? But let me now the words translate: *Natale solum*: — my estate: My dear estate, how well I love it! My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it. They swear I am so kind and good, I hug them till I squeeze their blood. *Libertas* bears a large import: First, how to swagger in a court; And, secondly, to show my fury Against an uncomplying Jury; And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention To favor Wood, and keep my pension: And fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick, Get the Great Seal, and turn out *Brod'rick*. And, fifthly, you know whom I mean, To humble that vexatious Dean; And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it For fifty times its worth to Carteret. Now since your motto thus you construe, I must confess you've spoken once true. *Libertas et natale solum*, You had good reason when you stole 'em.

ON THE SAME UPRIGHT CHIEF JUSTICE WHITSHED.

In church your grandsire cut his throat: To do the job too long he tarried, He should have had my hearty vote, To cut his throat before he married.

TO QUILCA.

This was a country house of Dr. Sheridan's, where Swift and some of his friends spent a summer in the year 1725, and being in very bad repair, Swift wrote the following lines on the occasion: —

Let me thy properties explain; A rotten cabin dropping rain: Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke: Stools, tables, chairs and bedsteads broke. Here elements have lost their uses, Air ripens not, nor earth produces: In vain we make poor Shelah toil, Fire will not roast, nor water boil. Through all the valleys, hills, and plains, The *goddess Want* in triumph reigns; And her chief officers of state; Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

MR. PULTENEY.

Swift says, in a letter to Mr. Pulteney: "I will do an unmannerly thing, which is to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends; but it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attach twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot wheels. But no more of this: I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing."

RESOLUTIONS WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

These resolutions seem to be of that kind which are easily formed, and the propriety of which we readily admit at the time we make them, but secretly never design to put them in practice.

1. Not to marry a young woman.
2. Not to keep young company, unless they really desire it.
3. Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.
4. Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, &c.

5. Not to be fond of children.

6. Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

7. Not to be covetous.

8. Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

9. Not to be over severe with young people, but to give allowance for their youthful follies and weaknesses.

10. Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.

11. Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.

12. To desire some good friends to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein; and reform accordingly.

13. Not to talk much, nor of myself.

14. Not to boast of my former beauty or favor with ladies, &c.

15. Not to hearken to flatteries, or believe I can be beloved by a young woman.

16. Not to be positive or opiniative.

17. Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

MISS BENNET.

This lady was a celebrated beauty in her day, and often mentioned by Swift. Dr. Arbuthnot thus speaks of her in one of his letters: "Amongst other things, I had the honor to carry an Irish lady to court that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honors done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the King's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet."

This circumstance gave rise to the following lines by the Dean: —

For when as Nelly came to France, (Invited by her cousins) Across the *Tuileries* each glance Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The king, as he at dinner sat, Did beckon to his hussar, And bid him bring his tabby cat For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd, To see her so respected; The men look'd arch as Nelly strok'd, And puss her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ, Except on pretty Nelly; Then said the Duke de Villeroi, Ah! *qu'elle est bien jolie*!

The courtiers all with one accord, Broke out in Nelly's praises: Admir'd her rose, and *lis sans farde*, Which are your terms *Francaises*.

THE FEAST OF O'ROURKE.

Swift had been heard to say more than once that he should like to pass a few days in the county of Leitrim, as he was told that the native Irish in that part were so obstinately attached to the rude manners of their ancestors, that they could neither be induced by *promises*, nor forced by *threats*, to exchange them

for those of their neighbors. Swift, no doubt, wished to know what they would get by the exchange. Mr. Core was resolved that the Dean should be indulged to the fullest extent of his wish; for this purpose he had a person posted in Cavan, who was to give him immediate notice when the Dean arrived in that town, which he usually did once a year, and where he remained a day or two or longer, if the weather was not fair enough to travel. The instant Mr. Gore was informed of the Dean's arrival, he called and invited him to pass a few days at a noble mansion which he had just finished on a wing of his own estate in that county. The Dean accepted the invitation; and, as the season was fine, every thing as he advanced excited his attention; for, like other men, he was at times subject to "the skyey influence," and used to complain of the winds of March, and the gloom of November.

Mr. Gore had heard so much of Swift's peculiar manners that he was determined he should have his way in every thing; but was resolved, however, that he should be entertained in the old Irish style of hospitality, which Mr. Gore always kept up to such a degree, that his house might be called a public inn without sign. The best pipers and harpers were collected from every quarter, as well as the first singers, for music is an essential ingredient in every Irish feast. The Dean was pleased with many of the Irish airs, but was peculiarly struck with the Feast of O'Rourke, which was played by Jeremy Dignum, the Irish Timotheus, who swept the lyre with flying fingers, when he was told that in the judgment of the Dean, he carried off the *spolia opima* from all the rest of the musical circle. The words of the air were afterwards sung by a young man with so much taste and execution, that the Dean expressed a desire to have them translated into English. Dr. Gore told him that the author, a Mr. Macgowran, lived at a little distance, and that he would be proud to furnish a literal translation of his own composition either in Latin or English, for he was well skilled in both languages. Mr. Gore accordingly sent for the bard, the Laureate of the Plains, as he called himself, who came immediately. "I am very well pleased," said the Dean, "with your composition. The words seem to be what my friend Pope calls 'an echo to the sense.'" "I am pleased and proud," answered Macgowran, "that it has afforded you any amusement: and when you, Sir," addressing himself to the Dean, "put all the strings of the Irish harp in tune, it will yield your Reverence a double pleasure, and perhaps put me out of my senses with joy." Macgowran, in a short time, presented the Dean with a literal translation, for which he rewarded him very liberally, and recommended him to the protection of Mr. Gore, who behaved with great kindness to him as long as he lived. To this incident we are indebted for the translation of a song or poem, which may be called a true picture of an Irish feast, where every one was welcome to eat what he pleased, to drink what he pleased, to say what he pleased, to sing what he pleased, to fight when he pleased, to sleep when he pleased, and to dream what he pleased; where all was native — their dress the produce of their own shuttle — their cups and tables the growth of their own woods —

their whiskey *warm from the still and faithful to its fires*! The Dean, however, did not translate the whole of the poem; the remaining stanzas were translated some years since by Mr. Wilson, as follow: —

Who rais'd this alarm? Says one of the clergy, And threat'ning severely, Cease fighting, I charge ye.

A good knotted staff, The full of his hand, Instead of the *Spiradis*, Back'd his command.

So falling to thrash, Fast as he was able, A trip and a box Stretch'd him under the table.

Then rose a big friar, To settle them straight, But the back of the fire Was quickly his fate.

From whence he cried out, Do you thus treat your *pastors*! Ye that scarcely were bred To the *sewn wise masters*;

That when with the Pope I was getting my lore, Ye were roasting potatoes At the foot of *Sheemor*.

SWIFT'S BEHAVIOR AT TABLE.

Swift's manner of entertaining his guests, and his behavior at table, were curious. A frequent visitor thus described them: He placed himself at the head of the table, and opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see whatever his servants did at the marble side-board behind his chair. He was served entirely in plate, and with great elegance. The beef being once over-roasted, he called for the cook-maid to take it down stairs and do it less. The girl very innocently replied that she could not. "Why, what sort of a creature are you," exclaimed he, "to commit a fault which cannot be mended?" Then, turning to one that sate next to him, he said very gravely, that he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's time, to convince her she had better send up the meat too little than too much done: at the same time he charged the men-servants, that whenever they thought the meat was ready, to take it up, spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to assist them in case the cook resisted. Another time the Dean turning his eye towards the looking-glass, espied the butler opening a bottle of ale, and helping himself. "Ha, friend," said the Dean, "sharp is the word with you, I find: you have drunk my ale, for which I stop two shillings out of your board wages this week, for I scorn to be outdone in any thing, even in cheating."

COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON.

Swift was dining one day with the Earl of Burlington soon after his lordship's marriage, when that nobleman, expecting some diversion from Swift's oddities of behavior, purposely neglected to name him to his lady, who was entirely ignorant of the Dean's person. The Dean generally wore his gowns

till they were quite rusty, which being the case, she supposed him to be some clergyman of no great consequence. After dinner, the Dean said to her, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; come, sing me a song." The Lady, disgusted with this unceremonious way of asking such a favor, positively refused him. He said she could sing, or he would make her. "What, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor paltry English hedge-parsons; sing, when I bid you!" As the Earl did nothing but laugh at his freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears, and retired. His first compliment when he saw her a little time afterwards was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?" To which she replied with the greatest good humor, "No, Mr. Dean; I will sing for you now, if you please." From this time he conceived the greatest esteem for her, and always behaved with the utmost respect. Those who knew Swift, took no offence at his bluntness of behavior. It seems Queen Caroline did not, if we may credit his words in the verses on his own death.

SWIFT'S POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

In a letter to Pope, alluding to the days when he took part in politics, he thus expresses himself: —

"I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy to standing armies in times of peace. Because I always took standing armies to be only servants, hired by the master of the family to keep his own children in slavery; and because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects.

"As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual, and I was confident that our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find account, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffic would neither answer the design nor expense, if parliaments met once a year.

"I ever abominated that scheme of politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to that of the landed: for I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South Sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

"I could never see the necessity *of suspending any law* upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depend: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued, and plot discovered, contributes to

the firmer establishment of the Prince: in the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape than one innocent suffer, but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind."

SWIFT'S CHARITY.

One cold morning a poor ancient woman sat at the deanery steps a considerable time, during which the dean saw her through a window, and, no doubt, commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to go to the door, and the poor creature besought him to give a paper to his reverence. The servant read it, and told her his master had something else to do than to mind her petition. "What is that you say, fellow?" said the dean, putting his head out of the window; "come up here directly." The man obeyed him, and was ordered to tell the woman to come up to him. After bidding her to be seated, he directed some bread and wine to be given to her; after which, turning round to the man, he said, "At what time did I order you to open and read a paper directed to me? or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark you, sirrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idleness, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service: so pull off your clothes, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you."

PUBLIC ABSURDITIES IN IRELAND.

Among the public absurdities in Ireland, Swift notices the insurance office against fire; the profits of which to the amount of several thousand pounds, were annually remitted to England. "For," observes he, "as if we could well spare the money, the society-marks upon our houses spread faster and further than the colony of frogs; and we are not only indebted to England for the materials to light our own fires, but for engines to put them out."

SWIFT'S PECULIARITY OF HUMOR.

Trifles become of some consequence when connected with a great name, or when they throw any light on a distinguished character. Spence thus relates a story told by Pope: "Dr. Swift had an odd blunt way that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature. It is so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to

see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Hey-day, gentlemen (says the Doctor), what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the Lords that you are so fond of, to come here to see a poor Dean?" "Because we would rather see you than any of them." "Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose." "No, Doctor, we have supped already." "Supped already, that's impossible! why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange! But, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings: tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket." "No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you." "But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings — two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

DR. BOLTON.

Dr. Theophilus Bolton was not only a learned divine, but a very fine gentleman. His merit as a preacher was so eminent that it was early rewarded with a mitre. Swift went to congratulate him on the occasion, when he observed that as his lordship was a native of Ireland, and had now a seat in the House of Peers, he hoped he would employ his eloquence in the service of his distressed country. The prelate told him the bishopric was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better if he disobliged the court. "Very well," said Swift; "then it is to be hoped when you have a better you will become an honest man." "Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean." "Till then, my lord, farewell," answered Swift. The prelate was soon translated to a richer see, on which occasion Swift called to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose: there was an arch-bishopric in view, and till that was obtained nothing could be done. Having in a few years attained this object likewise, he then waited on the Dean, and told him, "I am now at the top of my preferment, for I well know that no Irishman will ever be made primate; therefore, as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will most zealously promote the good of my country." From that he became a most active patriot.

THE SCRIBLERUS CLUB.

Before Swift retired to Ireland, Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Jervas, and Swift formed themselves into a society called the

Scriblerus Club. They wrote a good many things in conjunction, and, according to Goldsmith, Gay was usually the amanuensis. The connection between these wits advanced the fame and interest of them all. They submitted their several productions to the review of their friends, and readily adopted alterations dictated by taste and judgment, unmixed with envy, or any sinister motive.

When the members of the Scriblerus Club were in town, they were generally together, and often made excursions into the country. They generally preferred walking to riding, and all agreed once to walk down to Lord Burlington's about twelve miles from town. It was Swift's custom in whatever company he might visit to travel, to endeavor to procure the best bed for himself. To secure that, on the present occasion, Swift, who was an excellent walker, proposed, as they were leaving town, that each should make the best of his way. Dr. Parnell, guessing the Dean's intentions, pretended to agree; but as his friend was out of sight, he took a horse, and arrived at his Lordship's by another way, before Swift. Having acquainted his noble host with the other's design, he begged of him to disappoint it. It was resolved that Swift should be kept out of the house. Swift had never had the small-pox, and was, as all his friends knew, very much afraid of catching that distemper. A servant was despatched to meet him as he was approaching the gate, and to tell him that the small-pox was raging in the house, that it would be unsafe for him to enter the doors, but that there was a field-bed in the summer house in the garden, at his service. Thither the Dean was under the necessity of betaking himself. He was forced to be content with a cold supper, whilst his friends, whom he had tried to outstrip, were feasting in the house. At last after they thought they had sufficiently punished his too eager desire for his own accommodation, they requested his lordship to admit him into the company. The Dean was obliged to promise he would not afterwards, when with his friends, attempt to secure the best bed to himself. Swift was often the butt of their waggery, which he bore with great good humor, knowing well, that though they laughed at his singularities, they esteemed his virtues, admired his wit, and venerated his wisdom.

Many were the frolics of the Scriblerus Club. They often evinced the truth of an observation made by the poet, "*dulce est desipere in loco*."

The time for wits to play the fool, is when they are met together, to relax from the severity of mental exertion. Their follies have a degree of extravagance much beyond the phlegmatic merriment of sober dulness, and can be relished by those only, who having wit themselves, can trace the extravagance to the real source.

This society carefully abstained from their frolics before the stupid and ignorant, knowing that on no occasion ought a wise man to guard his words and actions more than when in the company of fools.

How long the Scriblerus Club lasted is not exactly ascertained, or whether it existed during the intimacy between Swift and Addison, previous to the

Doctor's connection with the Tory ministry.

THE UPSTART.

There was one character which, through life, always kindled Swift's indignation, *the haughty, presuming, tyrannizing upstart*! A person of this description chanced to reside in the parish of Laracor. Swift omitted no opportunity of humbling his pride; but, as he was as ignorant as insolent, he was obliged to accommodate the coarseness of the lash to the callosity of the back. The following lines have been found written by Swift upon this man: —

The rascal! that's too mild a name; Does he forget from whence he came; Has he forgot from whence he sprung; A mushroom in a bed of dung; A maggot in a cake of fat, The offspring of a beggar's brat. As eels delight to creep in mud, To eels we may compare his blood; His blood in mud delights to run; Witness his lazy, lousy son! Puff'd up with pride and insolence, Without a grain of common sense, See with what consequence he stalks, With what pomposity he talks; See how the gaping crowd admire The stupid blockhead and the liar. How long shall vice triumphant reign? How long shall mortals bend to gain? How long shall virtue hide her face, And leave her votaries in disgrace? —— Let indignation fire my strains, Another villain yet remains — Let purse-proud C —— n next approach, With what an air he mounts his coach! A cart would best become the knave, A dirty parasite and slave; His heart in poison deeply dipt, His tongue with oily accents tipt, A smile still ready at command, The pliant bow, the forehead bland ——

MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk. It is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air. It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself. At length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed and said within myself, *Surely, mortal man is a broomstick*! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew upon his head; but now, should this, *our broomstick*, pretend to enter the scene, proud of those

birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomstick*, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, groveling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, * * sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the stumps like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

COSSING A DOG.

In a humorous paper written in 1732, entitled, "An Examination of certain Abuses, Corruptions, and Enormities in the city of Dublin," Swift mentions this diversion, which he ludicrously enough applies to the violent persecutions of the political parties of the day. The ceremony was this: A strange dog happens to pass through a flesh market; whereupon an expert butcher immediately cries in a loud voice and proper tone, *coss, coss*, several times. The same word is repeated by the people. The dog, who perfectly understands the terms of art, and consequently the danger he is in, immediately flies. The people, and even his own brother animals, pursue: the pursuit and cry attend him perhaps half a mile; he is well worried in his flight; and sometimes hardly escapes. "This," adds Swift, "our ill-wishers of the Jacobite kind are pleased to call a persecution; and affirm, that it always falls upon dogs of the *Tory* principles."

TRADE OF IRELAND.

Swift being one day at a sheriffs feast, among other toasts the chairman called out, "Mr. Dean, the Trade of Ireland." The Dean answered, "Sir, *I drink no memories*." The idea of the answer was evidently taken from Bishop Brown's book against "Drinking the Memories of the dead," which had just then appeared, and made much noise.

A BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

As Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the

neighborhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither disguised as a blind fiddler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with joyful shouts. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyful wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c., in a vein of humor more entertaining to the two guests than they probably could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out the leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely.

The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about in different parts of the road and the neighboring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding, others stone-blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated these sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery; and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labor, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

THE PIES.

Swift, in passing through the county of Cavan, called at a homely but hospitable house, where he knew he should be well received. The Lady Bountiful of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, runs up to him, and with great eagerness and flippancy asks him what he will have for dinner. “Will you have an apple-pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? Will you have a cherry-pie, sir? Will you have a currant-pie, sir? Will you have a plum-pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon-pie, sir?” “Any pie, madam, but a *magpie*.”

SHORT CHARITY SERMON.

The Dean once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick’s Cathedral, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors; which, coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was, “He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the

Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The Dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatical tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust." The quaintness and brevity of the sermon produced a very large contribution.

A COURTIER'S RETORT.

While the prosecution for the Draper's fourth letter was depending, Swift one day waited at the Castle for an audience of Lord Carteret, the Lord Lieutenant, till his patience was exhausted; upon which he wrote the following couplet on a window, and went away: —

"My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard task, For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

The Earl, upon this being shown to him, immediately wrote the following answer underneath: —

"My very good Dean, there are few who come here, But have something to ask, or something to fear."

LYING.

Swift could not bear to have any lies told him, which his natural shrewdness and knowledge of the world generally enabled him to detect; and when the party attempted to palliate them, his usual reply was—"Come, come, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs."

DR. SACHEVERELL.

Some time after the expiration of Dr. Sacheverell's punishment, having been silenced three years from preaching, and his sermon ordered to be burned, the ministry treated him with great indifference, and he applied in vain for the vacant rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Having, however, a slender acquaintance with Swift, he wrote to him for his interest with government in his behalf, stating how much he had suffered in the cause of the ministry. Swift immediately carried his letter to Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State, who railed much at Sacheverell, calling him a busy intermeddling fellow; a prig and an incendiary, who had set the kingdom in a flame which could not be extinguished, and therefore deserved censure instead of reward. Although Swift had not a much better opinion of the Doctor than Lord Bolingbroke, he replied, "True, my Lord; but let me tell you a story. In a sea fight in the reign of Charles the Second, there was a very bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, in the heat of which a Scotch sea-man was very severely bit by a louse on his neck, which he caught; and stooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the sailors near him had their

heads taken off by a chain-shot from the enemy, which dashed their blood and brains about him; on which he had compassion upon the poor louse, returned him to his place and bid him live there at discretion, for as he had saved his life, he was bound in gratitude to save his." This recital threw my Lord Bolingbroke into a violent fit of laughing, who, when it was over, said, "The louse shall have the living for your story." And soon after Sacheverell was presented to it.

TAXING THE AIR.

Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

WISDOM.

Wisdom (said the Dean) is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: it is a *cheese*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat, and whereof to a judicious palate the maggots are the best; it is a *sack-posset*, wherein the deeper you go you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a *hen*, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly, it is a *nut*, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.

EPITAPH ON JUDGE BOAT.

Here lies Judge *Boat* within a coffin, Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffin'; A *Boat* a judge! yes, where's the blunder A *wooden* Judge is no such wonder! And in his robes you must agree, No *Boat* was better *dekt* than he. 'Tis needless to describe him fuller, In short he was an able *sculler*.

ON STEPHEN DUCK, THE THRESHER AND FAVORITE POET.

The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail, The proverb says, "*no fence against a flail*." From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh his brains*, For which her Majesty allows him gains. Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw His poems, think them all not worth a straw!

Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing *stubble*, Thy toil is lessen'd and thy profits double.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SWIFT AND HIS LANDLORD.

The three towns of Navan, Kells, and Trim, which lay in Swift's route on his first journey to Laracor, seem to have deeply arrested his attention, for he has been frequently heard to speak of the beautiful situation of the first, the antiquity of the second, and the time-shaken towers of the third. There were three inns in Navan, each of which claims to this day the honor of having entertained Dr. Swift. It is probable that he dined at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn in that town on the English model, which still exists, and, in point of capaciousness and convenience, would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems to have won so far upon Swift as to have produced some conversation. "You're an Englishman, Sir?" said Swift. "Yes, Sir." "What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, Sir." "An Englishman and Jonathan too, in the town of Kells — who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, Sir; and I believe I could reckon fifty Jonathans in my family, Sir." "Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, Sir; I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould." "Have you been long out of your native country?" "Thirty years, Sir." "Do you ever expect to visit it again?" "Never." "Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, Sir; my family is my country!" "Why, Sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject. Then you are reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and, though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it and that's the same thing." Swift paused in deep thought for near a minute, and then with much energy repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute — *Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—"(*The English) are more Irish than the Irish themselves*."

ROGER COX.

What perhaps contributed more than any thing to Swift's enjoyment, was the constant fund of amusement he found in the facetious humor and oddity of the parish clerk, Roger Cox. Roger was originally a hatter in the town of Cavan, trot, being of a lively jovial temper, and fonder of setting the fire-side of a village alehouse in a roar, over a tankard of ale or a bowl of whiskey, with his flashes of merriment and jibes of humor, than pursuing the dull routine of business to which fate had fixed him, wisely forsook it for the honorable function of a parish clerk, which he considered as an office appertaining in some wise to ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, no small part of the ornament of the Protestant clergy, he thought he might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, "*a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron*." Nor was Roger one of those worthy parish clerks who could be accused of merely humming

the psalms through the nostrils as a sack-butt, but much oftener instructed and amused his fellow-parishioners with the amorous ditties of the *Waiting Maid's Lamentation*, or one of those national songs which awake the remembrance of glorious deeds, and make each man burn with the enthusiasm of the conquering hero. With this jocund companion Swift relieved the tediousness of his lonesome retirement; nor did the easy freedom which he indulged with Roger ever lead his humble friend beyond the bounds of decorum and respect.

Roger's dress was not the least extraordinary feature of his appearance. He constantly wore a full-trimmed scarlet waistcoat of most uncommon dimensions, a light grey coat, which altogether gave him an air of singularity and whim as remarkable as his character.

To repeat all the anecdotes and witticisms which are recorded of the prolific genius of Roger in the simple annals of Laracor, would fill a little volume. He died at the good old age of ninety.

Soon after Swift's arrival at Laracor, he gave public notice that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. On the first of those days after he had summoned his congregation, he ascended the desk, and after sitting some time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger, he rose up and with a composure and gravity that, upon this occasion, were irresistibly ridiculous, began—"Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," and so proceeded to the end of the service. The story is not quite complete. But the fact is, that when he went into the church he found Roger *alone*, and exclaimed with evident surprise, "*What, Roger! none here but you*?" "*Yes, sir*," replied Roger drily (turning over the book to find the lessons, for the day), "*sure you are here too*."

ROGER AND THE POULTRY.

There happened, while Swift was at Laracor, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction just as a pen of poultry had been put up. Roger bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer of the name of Hatch. "What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?" exclaimed Swift. "No, sir," said Roger, "I see they are *just a'going to Hatch*."

KELLY THE BLACKSMITH.

Although Roger took the lead, he did not monopolize all the wit, of the parish. It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, was returning home on horseback in the evening, which was pretty dark. Just before he reached Kellistown, a neighboring village, his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that condition, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a *candle*. "No," replied the smutty son of Vulcan, "but I can with a *hammer*." Swift,

struck with the reply, determined to have a little more conversation with him. Accordingly, he alighted and went into the cabin, which was literally rotten, but supported, wherever it had given way at different times, with pieces of timber. Swift, as was usual with him, began to rate poor Kelly soundly for his indolence in not getting his house put into better repair, in which the wife joined. "Hold, Doctor, for one moment!" exclaimed Kelly, "and tell me, whether you ever saw a *rotten* house *better* supported in all your life."

BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.

It was for many years a regular custom with Swift's most intimate friends to make him some presents on his birth day. On that occasion, 30th November, 1732, Lord Orrery presented him with a paper book, finely bound, and Dr Delany with a silver standish, accompanied with the following verses; —

TO DR. SWIFT, WITH A PAPER BOOK, BY JOHN, EARL OF ORRERY

To thee, Dear Swift, those spotless leaves I send; Small is the present, but sincere the friend. Think not so poor a book below thy care; Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear? Tho' tawdry now, and like Tyralla's face, The spacious front shines out with borrow'd grace; Tho' pasteboards, glitt'ring like a tinsell'd coat, A *rasa tabula* within denote; Yet if a venal and corrupted age, And modern vices should provoke thy rage; If, warn'd once more by their impending fate, A sinking country and an injured state Thy great assistance should again demand, And call forth Reason to defend the land; Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise Inspired with thought, and speaking to our eyes: Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense True force of eloquence and nervous sense; Inform the judgment, animate the heart, And sacred rules of policy impart. The spangled cov'ring, bright with splendid ore, Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more; But lead us inward to those golden mines, Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.

So when the eye surveys some lovely fair, With bloom of beauty, graced with shape and air, How is the rapture heightened when we find The form excelled by her celestial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN'S DESK, BY DR. DELANY.

Hither from Mexico I came, To serve a proud Iernian dame; Was long submitted to her will, At length she lost me at Quadrille. Through various shapes I often passed, Still hoping to have rest at last; And still ambitious to obtain Admittance to the patriot Dean; And sometimes got within his door,

But soon turn'd out to serve the poor; Not strolling idleness to aid, But honest industry decay'd. At length an artist purchased me, And wrought me to the shape you see. This done, to Hermes I applied: "O Hermes! gratify my pride! Be it my fate to serve a sage, The greatest genius of his age; That matchless pen let me supply, Whose living lines will never die!" "I grant your suit," the god replied, And here he left me to reside.

VERSES BY SWIFT, ON THE OCCASION.

A paper Book is sent by *Boyle,* Too neatly gilt for me to soil: Delany sends a Silver Standish, When I no more a pen can brandish.

Let both around my tomb be placed, As trophies of a muse deceas'd: And let the friendly lines they writ, In praise of long departed wit, Be graved on either side in columns, More to my praise than all my volumes; To burst with envy, spite, and rage, The Vandals of the present age.

THE DEAN'S CONTRIBUTORY DINNER.

Dean Swift once invited to dinner several of the first noblemen and gentlemen in Dublin. A servant announced the dinner, and the Dean led the way to the dining-room. To each chair was a servant, a bottle of wine, a roll, and an inverted plate. On taking his seat, the Dean desired the guests to arrange themselves according to their own ideas of precedence, and fall to. The company were astonished to find the table without a dish or any provisions. The Lord Chancellor, who was present, said, "Mr. Dean, we do not see the joke." "Then I will show it you," answered the Dean, turning up his plate, under which was half-a-crown and a bill of fare from a neighboring tavern. "Here, sir," said he, to his servant, "bring me a plate of goose." The company caught the idea, and each man sent his plate and half-a-crown. Covers, with everything that the appetites of the moment dictated, soon appeared. The novelty, the peculiarity of the manner, and the unexpected circumstances, altogether excited the plaudits of the noble guests, who declared themselves particularly gratified by the Dean's entertainment. "Well," said the Dean, "gentlemen, if you have dined, I will order *dessert*." A large roll of paper, presenting the particulars of a splendid dinner, was produced, with an estimate of expense. The Dean requested the accountant-general to deduct the half-crowns from the amount, observing, "that as his noble guests were pleased to express their satisfaction with the dinner, he begged their advice and assistance in disposing of the *fragments* and *crumbs*," as he termed the balance mentioned by the accountant-general — which was two hundred and fifty pounds. The company said, that no person was capable of instructing the Dean in things of that nature. After the circulation of the finest wines, the most judicious remarks on charity and its abuse were introduced, and it was agreed that the proper objects of liberal relief were well-educated families,

who from affluence, or the expectation of it, were reduced through misfortune to silent despair. The Dean then divided the sum by the number of his guests, and addressed them according to their respective private characters, with which no one was, perhaps, better acquainted. "You, my Lords," said the Dean to several young noblemen, "I wish to introduce to some new acquaintance, who will at least make their acknowledgment for your favors with sincerity. You, my reverend Lords," addressing the bishops present, "adhere so closely to the spirit of the Scriptures, that your left hands are literally ignorant of the beneficence of your right. You, my Lord of Kildare, and the two noble lords near you, I will not entrust with any part of this money, as you have been long in the *usurious* habits of lending your own on such occasions; but your assistance, my Lord of Kerry, I must entreat, as charity covereth a multitude of sins."

SWIFT AND BETTESWORTH.

Dean Swift having taken a strong dislike to Sergeant Bettesworth, revenged himself by the following lines in one of his poems:

So at the bar the booby Bettesworth, Tho' half-a-crown outpays his sweat's worth, Who knows in law nor text nor margent, Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth, when he was in company with some of his friends. He read it aloud, till he had finished the lines relating to himself. He then flung it down with great violence, trembled and turned pale. After some pause, his rage for a while depriving him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and swore he would cut off the Dean's ears with it. Soon after he went to seek the Dean at his house; and not finding him at home, followed him to a friend's, where he had an interview with him. Upon entering the room, Swift desired to know his commands. "Sir," says he, "I am Sergeant Bet-tes-worth;" in his usual pompous way of pronouncing his name in three distinct syllables. "Of what regiment, pray?" says Swift. "O, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of his majesty's sergeants-at-law." "What then, sir?" "Why then, sir, I am come to demand of you, whether you are the author of this poem (producing it), and the villanous lines on me?" at the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and much gesticulation. "Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because, if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterwards would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now, sir, I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and as such have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." Bettesworth replied, "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, that your gown is alone your protection," and then left

the room.

The sergeant continuing to utter violent threats against the Dean, there was an association formed and signed by all the principal inhabitants of the neighborhood, to stand by and support their generous benefactor against any one who should attempt to offer the least injury to his person or fortune. Besides, the public indignation became so strong against the sergeant, that although he had made a considerable figure at the bar, he now lost his business, and was seldom employed in any suit afterwards.

SWIFT AMONG THE LAWYERS.

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the Judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counsellors, who plead causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean; and after several altercations, the counsellor asked him, "If the devil was to die, whether a *parson* might not be found, who, for money, would preach his funeral?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the *devil* his due, as I have this day done his *children*."

PREACHING PATRIOTISM.

Dean Swift is said to have jocularly remarked, that he never preached but twice in his life, and then they were not sermons, but pamphlets. Being asked, upon what subject? he replied, they were against Wood's halfpence. One of these sermons has been preserved, and is from this text, "As we have the opportunity, let us do good to all men." Its object was to show the great want of public spirit in Ireland, and to enforce the necessity of practising that virtue. "I confess," said he, "it was chiefly the consideration of the great danger we are in, which engaged me to discourse to you on this subject, to exhort you to a love of your country, and a public spirit, when all you have is at stake; to prefer the interest of your prince and your fellow subjects before that of one destructive impostor, and a few of his adherents."

"Perhaps it may be thought by some, that this way of discoursing is not so proper from the pulpit; but surely when an open attempt is made, and far carried on, to make a great kingdom one large poor-house; to deprive us of all means to excite hospitality or charity; to turn our cities and churches into ruins; to make this country a desert for wild beasts and robbers; to destroy all arts and sciences, all trades and manufactures, and the very tillage of the ground, only to enrich one obscure ill-designing projector, and his followers; it is time for the pastor to cry out that the wolf is getting into his flock, to warn them to stand together, and all to consult the common safety. And God be praised for his infinite goodness, in raising such a spirit of union among us at

least in this point, in the midst of all our former divisions; which union, if it continues, will in all probability defeat the pernicious design of this pestilent enemy to the nation."

It will scarcely be credited, that this dreadful description, when stripped of its exaggerations, meant no more than that Ireland might lose about six thousand a year during Wood's patent for coining halfpence!

SWIFT AND HIS BUTLER

During the publication of the Drapers Letters, Swift was particularly careful to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret, were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as an amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. It happened, that on the very evening before the proclamation, offering a reward of £300 for discovering the author of these letters, was issued, Robert Blakely stopped out later than usual without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before his master with marks of great contrition. Swift would hear no excuses, but abusing him severely, bade him strip off his livery, and quit the house instantly. "What!" said he, "is it because I am in your power that you dare to take these liberties with me? get out of my house, and receive the reward of your treachery."

Mrs. Johnson (Stella), who was at the deanery, did not interfere, but immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, who on his arrival found Robert walking up and down the hall in great agitation. The doctor bade him not be uneasy, as he would try to pacify the dean, so that he should continue in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied Robert, "though to be sure I should be sorry to lose so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul, is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me, as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever." When this was related to the dean, he was so struck with the honor and generosity of sentiment, which it exhibited in one so humble in life, that he immediately restored him to his situation, and was not long in rewarding his fidelity.

The place of verger to the cathedral becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery? Robert replying in the affirmative, he desired him to take off his livery, and put them on. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed, that he was to be discharged. The dean bade him do as he was ordered; and when he returned in his new dress, the dean called all the other servants into the room, and told them that they were no longer to consider him as their fellow-servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral; an office which he had bestowed on him for his faithful services, and as a proof of that sure reward, which honesty and fidelity would always obtain.

HIS SATURNALIA.

Dean Swift, among other eccentricities, determined upon having a feast once a year, in imitation of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. In this project he engaged several persons of rank, and his plan was put in execution at the deanery house. When all the servants were seated, and every gentleman placed behind his own servant, the Dean's footman, who presided, found fault with some meat that was not done to his taste; and imitating his master on such occasions, threw it at him. But the Dean was either so mortified by the reproof, or so provoked at the insult, that he flew into a violent passion, beat the fellow, and dispersed the whole assembly. — Thus abruptly terminated the Dean's Saturnalia.

THE DEAN AND FAULKNER.

George Faulkner, the Dublin printer, once called on Dean Swift on his return from London, dressed in a rich coat of silk brocade and gold lace, and seeming not a little proud of the adorning of his person: the Dean determined to humble him. When he entered the room, and saluted the Dean with all the respectful familiarity of an old acquaintance, the Dean affected not to know him; in vain did he declare himself as George Faulkner, the Dublin printer; the Dean declared him an impostor, and at last abruptly bade him begone. Faulkner, perceiving the error he had committed, instantly returned home, and resuming his usual dress, again went to the Dean, when he was very cordially received. "Ah, George," said he, "I am so glad to see you, for here has been an impudent coxcomb, bedizened in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself off for you; but I soon sent the fellow about his business; for I knew you to be *always* a plain dressed and honest man, just as you now appear before me."

SWIFT, ARBUTHNOT, AND PARNELL.

Swift, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, taking the advantage of a fine frosty morning, set out together upon a walk to a little place which Lord Bathurst had, about eleven miles from London. Swift, remarkable for being an old traveller, and for getting possession of the best rooms and warmest beds, pretended, when they were about half way, that he did not like the slowness of their pace; adding, that he would walk on before them, and acquaint his lordship with their journey. To this proposal they readily agreed; but as soon as he was out of sight, sent off a horseman by a private way (suspecting their friend's errand), to inform his lordship of their apprehensions. The man arrived in time enough to deliver his message before Swift made his appearance. His lordship then recollecting that the dean never had the small-pox, thought of the following stratagem. Seeing him coming up the avenue, he ran out to meet

him, and expressed his happiness at the sight of him. “But I am mortified at one circumstance,” continued his lordship, “as it must deprive me of the pleasure of your company; there is a raging small-pox in the house: I beg, however, that you will accept of such accommodation as a small house at the bottom of the avenue can afford you.” Swift was forced to comply with this request: and in this solitary situation, fearful of speaking to any person around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, the wits thought proper to release him, by going down to him in a body, to inform him of the deception, and to tell him that the first best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift, though he might be inwardly chagrined, deemed it prudent to join in the laugh against himself; they adjourned to the mansion-house, and spent the evening in a manner easily to be conceived by those who are in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their powers.

DEAN SWIFT AND THE PREACHER WHO STOLE HIS SERMON.

The eccentric Dean Swift, in the course of one of those journies to Holyhead, which, it is well known, he several times performed *on foot*, was travelling through Church Stretton, Shropshire, when he put up at the sign of the Crown, and finding the host to be a communicative good-humored man, inquired if there was any agreeable person in town, with whom he might partake of a dinner (as he had desired him to provide one), and that such a person should have nothing to pay. The landlord immediately replied, that the curate, Mr. Jones, was a very agreeable, companionable man, and would not, he supposed, have any objection to spend a few hours with a gentleman of his appearance. The Dean directed him to wait on Mr. Jones, with his compliments, and say that a traveller would be glad to be favored with his company at the Crown, if it was agreeable. When Mr. Jones and the Dean had dined, and the glass began to circulate, the former made an apology for an occasional absence, saying that at three o’clock he was to read prayers and preach at the church. Upon this intimation, the Dean replied, that he also should attend prayers. Service being ended, and the two gentlemen having resumed their station at the Crown, the Dean began to compliment Mr. Jones on his delivery of a very appropriate sermon; and remarked, that it must have cost him (Mr. Jones) some time and attention to compose such a one.

Mr. Jones observed, that his duty was rather *laborious*, as he served another parish church at a distance; which, with the Sunday and weekly service at Church Stretton, straitened him much with respect to the time necessary for the composition of sermons; so that when the subjects pressed, he could only devote a few days and nights to that purpose.

“Well,” says the Dean, “it is well for you to have such a talent; for my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon, cost me some *months* in the composing.” On this observation, Mr. Jones began to look very gloomy, and to recognize his companion. “However,” rejoined the Dean, “don’t you be

alarmed; you have so good a talent at delivery, that I hereby declare, you have done more honor to my sermon this day, than I *could* do myself; and by way of compromising the matter, you must accept of this half-guinea for the justice you have done in the delivery of it."

SWIFT'S QUEER TESTIMONIAL TO HIS SERVANT.

Dean Swift, standing one morning at the window of his study, observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused in an insolent and surly manner. The woman however pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The dean, whose very soul was compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. The dean could bear no longer; he threw up the sash, and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal!" cried the enraged dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed. With Swift, to know distress was to pity it; to pity to relieve. The poor woman was instantly made happy, and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct. "The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the dean forgave him; and in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

SWIFT AT THOMASTOWN.

Dean Swift had heard much of the hospitable festivities of Thomastown, the seat of Mr. Matthew (See Anecdotes of Conviviality), from his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had been often, a welcome guest, both on account of his convivial qualities, and as being the preceptor of the nephew of Mr. Matthew. He, at length, became desirous of ascertaining with his own eyes, the truth of a report, which he could not forbear considering as greatly exaggerated. On receiving an intimation of this from Sheridan, Mr. Matthew wrote a polite letter to the Dean, requesting the honor of a visit, in company with the doctor, at his next school vacation. They accordingly set out on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation to Mr. Matthew.

They had scarcely reached the inn where they intended to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when they were surprised by the arrival of a coach and six horses, sent to convey them the remainder of the journey to Thomastown; and at the same time, bringing a supply of the choicest viands, wines, and other liquors, for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him; and the coach proved particularly acceptable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey.

When they came in sight of the house, the Dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out, "What, in the name of God, can be the use of such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied the fellow traveller before mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us." Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman, to stop, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he, immediately afterwards, "there is no remedy, I must submit, but I have lost a fortnight of my life."

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartments, after some compliments, made his usual speech, acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after, the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper; and the butler at the same time, with a list of wines, and other liquors. "And is all this really so?" said Swift, "and may I command here, as in my own house?" His companion assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of the mansion, than that all under his roof should live comformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. "Well then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests, while I stay; for I think I shall scarcely be tempted to mix with the mob below."

Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the various improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the guests; nor were the company below much concerned at the dean's absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him, with awe; and they were afraid that his presence would put an end to the ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew, in a strain of the highest compliment, expatiating on all the beauties of his improvements, with all the skill of an artist, and with the taste of a connoisseur. Such an address for a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was, at the same time, the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one, who was supposed to deal more largely in satire, than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossessed the rest of the company in his favor. He concluded his speech by saying: "And now, ladies and

gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine, if we do not pass our time agreeably."

In a short time, all restraint on his account disappeared, he entered readily into all the little schemes for promoting mirth; and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. In short, never were such joyous scenes know at, Thomastown before. When the time came, which obliged Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through a rule which he observed, of never soliciting the stay of any guest. Swift found himself so happy, that he readily yielded to their solicitations; and instead of a fortnight, passed four months there, much to his satisfaction, and that of all those who visited the place during that time.

SWIFT'S LAST LINES.

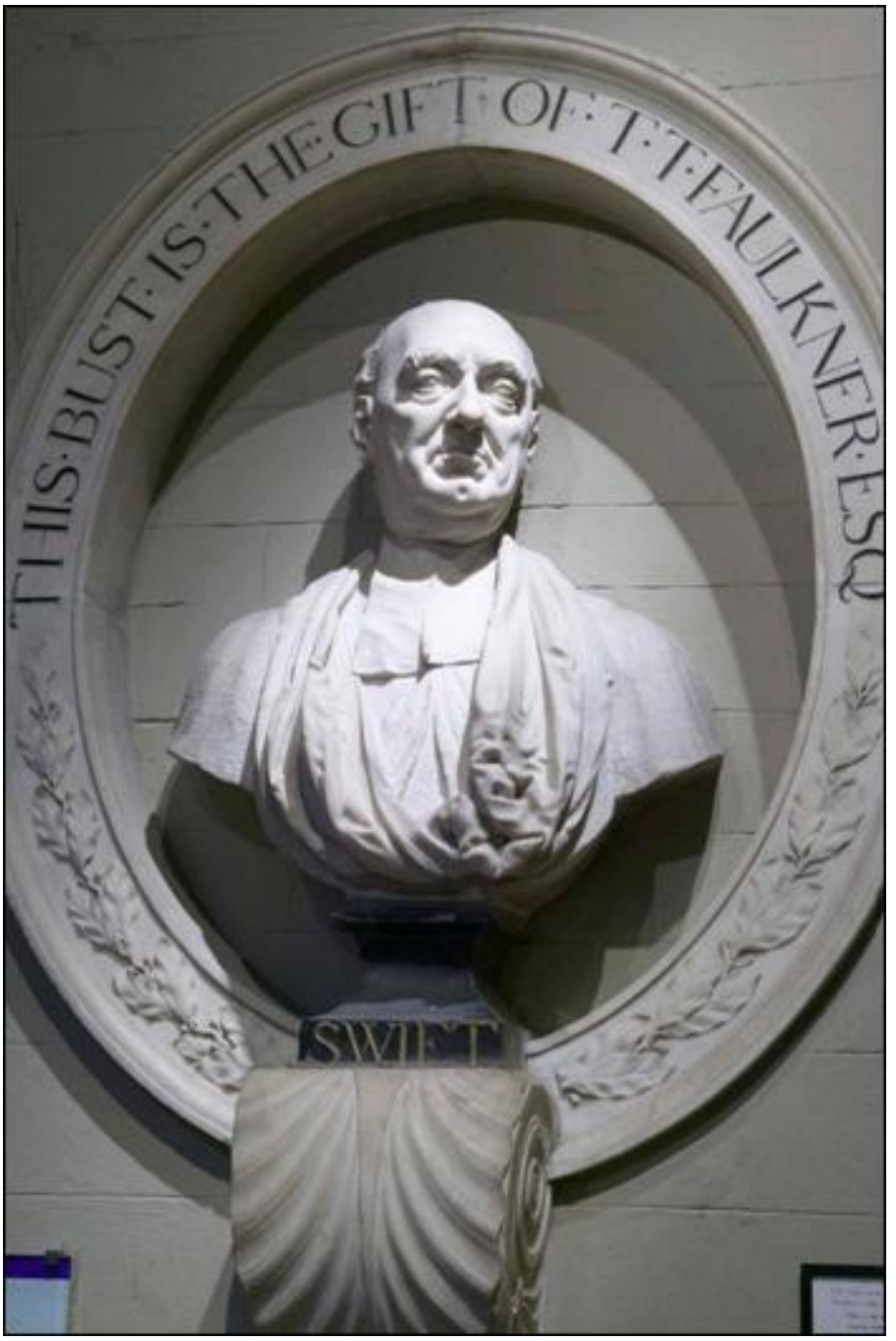
In one of those lucid intervals which varied the course of Swift's unhappy lunacy, his guardians or physicians took him out to give him an airing. When they came to the Phœnix park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking; my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets — memory, put down that." He then produced the following lines, being the last he ever wrote:

Behold! a proof of Irish sense! Here Irish wit is seen, When nothing's left for our defence, We build a magazine.

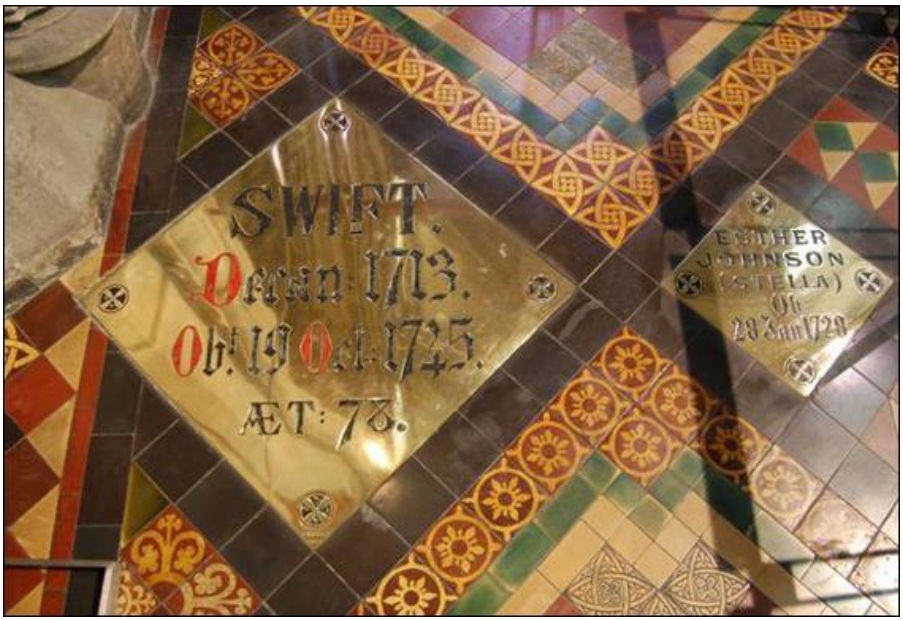
The Dean then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and clenching it with, "After the steed's stolen, shut the stable door."

Swift's death mask

St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin — Swift's final resting place



A commemorative bust of Swift in the Cathedral



Swift's grave. He was buried close to Esther Johnson (Stella) who died twelve years before him.